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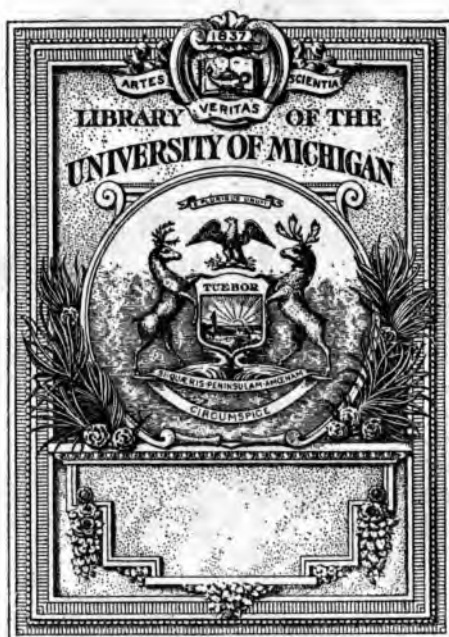
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## CONTENTS OF VOLUME VII

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A VISIT TO BELGIUM, . . . . .	NO. 49
STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD, . . . . .	" 50
MATHILDE: A TALE, . . . . .	" 51
LACE AND LACEMAKING, . . . . .	" 52
HISTORY OF THE MORMONS, . . . . .	" 53
THE ROCK REPUBLIC: A TALE, . . . . .	" 54
MIGUEL DE CERVANTES, . . . . .	" 55
SPIRIT OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED, . . . . .	" 56

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# CHAMBERS'S REPOSITORY.



## A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

**B**ELGIUM is that portion of the Netherlands lying on the south-west of the lower branches of the Rhine, as Holland lies on the north-east, and consists of the provinces of Brabant, Antwerp, East and West Flanders, Hainault, Namur, and Liege. These unitedly form a compact country, now a distinct kingdom, with about four millions of inhabitants. The political history of the country (the province of Liege excepted) is nearly the same as that of the northern provinces of the Netherlands, until the epoch of Dutch independence in 1579. The southern provinces

#### A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

were less successful in freeing themselves from the Spanish yoke, and hence their period of national freedom has been postponed to a much later date. In 1714, they were ceded by Philip III. of Spain to his daughter Isabella, when she espoused Albert, Archduke of Austria, by which change of masters they became known as the Austrian Netherlands. In 1795, they were united with France, and continued under its dominion till 1814, when they were attached to the northern provinces, to compose the kingdom of the Netherlands. Their separation in 1830, to form the Belgian monarchy, and to depend, for the first time, on their own united resources, is known to every one. More French in character and language than the Dutch, and almost entirely Roman Catholic in their religious profession, the Belgians differ in various respects from their neighbours in Holland; they are, however, not less distinguished by their industry and love of order, and have attained a considerably higher taste for art.

Travellers from England usually approach Belgium by way of Ostend, to which port steamers ply from London and Dover. Some prefer entering the country by the Scheldt to Antwerp; and others, less inclined to a sea-voyage, take the route by Dover to Calais, and thence by railway across the frontier at Lille. The visit to Belgium which it is now proposed to describe, was made by way of Ostend, which was reached after an agreeable voyage of about four hours from Dover.

In approaching the country in this direction, the eye has at first little to exercise itself upon. The coast, consisting of sandy knolls or downs, is barren and monotonous, and little is seen of Ostend from the sea except the tops of the walls and a few bathing-houses on the shore. On our arrival, a few minutes served for the *douaniers* to make their examinations of baggage, and for the police to inspect passports, after which our party were at liberty to proceed to their hotel. Here we remained half a day, which was fully sufficient for all purposes of curiosity. The town has really nothing to recommend it. It occupies a low and confined situation within high walls, and is generally ill paved and worse drained. The streets are built in straight lines; with a modern aspect, the town, indeed, being almost wholly constructed anew since its destruction during the wars of Louis XIV. Latterly, the port has increased in its traffic. We found the harbour full of shipping, and the daily arrival and departure of steamers appeared to bring a concourse of tourists to the place. This concentration of traffic has been greatly promoted by the opening of the line of railway to Brussels and the Rhine.

A run by railway of less than an hour brought us to Bruges, a town of an entirely different character from Ostend; for it bears marks of high antiquity, and is exceedingly picturesque in architectural forms and decorations. The streets are neat, clean, and dull, as if demonstrative of the little business which now prevails in this old mart of Flemish trade. The place is chiefly

#### A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

known in the present day for its retired character, and its suitability as a place of living for those English who wish to make slender incomes go a great way in housekeeping. From the levelness of the surrounding region, and its many sluggish water-courses, we should apprehend that the air was humid, and it is said to be exceedingly cold in winter: this latter quality, however, is common to the climate of Belgium generally. In Bruges, the peculiar costume of the females, consisting of long dark cloaks with hoods—a relic of Spanish usages—will be seen for the first time by tourists.

The Belgian towns are so near each other, that, since their connection by railway, several of them may be seen in a day. Quitting Bruges, our next town, speedily reached, was Ghent, where there is not a little to interest strangers. In approaching Ghent, the country appears to be thickly studded with villages, and we pass different walled-towns and localities celebrated in the wars of Marlborough. Ghent occupies a favourable situation for commerce, in the midst of the richest and most beautiful part of Flanders, on the banks of the Scheldt, Lis, and Lieve, which here unite, and, with their innumerable ramifications in the form of deep canals, pass through the town. The appearance of Ghent is very much like that of the Dutch towns, in which the walls of long rows of houses seem to grow out of the water; and hence, however well adapted the town may be for trade, I cannot conceive it to be suitable as a place of residence for persons accustomed to a dry climate. I believe it has upwards of a hundred bridges.

Ghent is the ancient capital of Flanders; and in its days of glory, prior to the Spanish oppression, it was as populous and wealthy as Antwerp. At the commencement of the fifteenth century, it was distinguished as the chief seat of the cloth manufacture on the continent, and contained 40,000 weavers. These formed the strongest and boldest corporation of craftsmen in Europe, and to their invincible love of freedom are we owing much of the constitutional liberty we now enjoy. The town, it is almost needless to relate, was effectually ruined by the measures of Charles V. and his son Philip II., and its revival is only of comparatively recent date. In 1801, the cotton manufacture was introduced into it by a native who had received instructions at Manchester, and succeeded in a very remarkable manner. There are now a number of cotton-factories driven by steam-power, the indications of which, in the shape of tall brick-chimneys, appear in all directions. The situation, on canals which bring the raw material to the very doors—the large population of the place, among whom are many poor—and the cheapness of living, render it advantageous for this or any other species of manufacture on a large scale. The railway to Ostend on the one hand, and to Liege and the Rhine on the other, must in time accelerate the progress of the town in all branches of traffic.

The spectacle of cotton-spinneries placed amidst rows of antique

#### A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

buildings, old gloomy churches and monasteries, is at variance with our ordinary conceptions of social improvement. We passed from the contemplation of spinning-jennies moved by steam-engines to that of an object of an entirely different character—the cathedral or church of St Bavon, an edifice of the thirteenth century, enriched with twenty-four chapels, and possessing some carved rails and sculptures in marble, executed in a style of exquisite beauty. Before the grand altar in the choir stand four massive silver-gilt candlesticks, each at least five feet in height. They originally belonged to St Paul's in London, and were sold during the protectorate of Cromwell. The tower of the cathedral is less conspicuous in the town than an isolated square turret, which is called the Belfry, and was anciently used as a post of outlook by the citizens. Its date is 1183. On the summit is a gilt dragon, which was originally brought from Constantinople during one of the crusades by a detachment of the citizens of Bruges. At the conquest of Bruges by the inhabitants of Ghent—these towns were always fighting against each other—in 1445, the gilt dragon was carried off as a trophy, and has been here ever since.

Wandering from church to church, we at length came to the conventual establishment called the Beguinage. This is a very curious place. It consists of an entire square surrounded with houses, with a church in the open space in the centre; also several lanes lined with houses—the whole being enclosed, and entered by a single gateway. In front of the houses there was a secluding wall, in which were doors leading to the respective dwellings. Each door had inscribed upon it a particular motto or saint's name, by which in all probability the dwelling within was known. All these houses are residences of nuns, and the number of the establishments must be nearly 100—the whole, indeed, form a distinct town of nunneries. There were lately 600 inmates, of whom we saw several, both here and on the streets, in their black stuff-garments and white head-coverings: they were all elderly women, of a respectable appearance; and I was informed that they devote themselves to the duty of sick-nurses, and are to be found wherever there is either sorrow or suffering. Some are ladies possessing considerable wealth, and to these others act as attendants or domestics; but all meet on an equal footing in the religious services of the church. They are bound by no vow, as other nuns usually are, and may therefore be described as single women of a religious turn of mind, who devote themselves to works of charity and mercy.

Ghent contains a university, which was founded by William when king of the Netherlands; also a botanic garden, and several educational establishments, including a school of arts. It likewise possesses a Casino, situated in a pleasing part of the environs, and at which musical entertainments are given: it is surrounded by a garden for the recreation of visitors during fine weather.

From Ghent, the railway conducts the traveller to Mechlin or

#### A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

Malines, where the series of lines converge; and we have the choice of proceeding in different directions. At this centering-point we took the train to Antwerp. After quitting Malines, we are made sensible of approaching the low-lying coast of the country. The land assumes all the appearance of polders reclaimed from the sea, the ditches are full of water, and canals are seen on the tops of the broad mounds or dikes. Rich green fields devoted to the pasturing of cattle, the neat farm-steadings of the Flemish peasants, and church steeples projecting from the midst of clumps of leafy trees, all serve to remind us of Holland. The first indication we have of approaching Antwerp is the sight of the tall Gothic tower of the cathedral rising from the verdant plain before us. The town itself is concealed from view till we are close upon it, by a number of outflanking bulwarks, in the form of high grassy mounds.

Antwerp, or Anvers, as it is called by the French and Belgians, is strongly guarded on the east and south by high walls and deep wet ditches; on the west it has the fortification called the citadel; and on the north it is bounded by the Scheldt, a river as broad as the Thames at Blackwall, and as well fitted for navigation. The Scheldt, after passing the town, flows in a north-easterly direction to the sea at Flushing—a distance of sixty-two miles. The whole country around is perfectly flat. Immediately opposite Antwerp, on the left bank of the river, stand a few houses, fortified by walls, and forming a station for a ferry: this is the Tête de Flandre. Behind this fortified station there is a large flat expanse of land, bare, brown, and marshy, and which could be easily flooded. Plantations of trees border the horizon in the distance.

The interior of Antwerp consists of generally narrow streets, lined with high houses of a sombre antique appearance, and obviously built according to the old Spanish taste. In niches on the projecting angles of some of the houses forming the corners of the streets, are seen large gilt wooden figures of the Virgin and Child, which may be assumed as an evidence that the town is Roman Catholic. It was the first time we had observed such representations in the open thoroughfares in Belgium; and we learned that they were generally falling into a state of neglect. Nothing of the kind, at least, was seen by us in Brussels. Some of the streets contain houses of a modern architecture, and there are some good shops; but the air of the whole place is decidedly prison-like and monastic. We observed that many windows were stanchioned with iron bars, and that some of the doors of the houses had small openings in them, covered with gratings, through which the inmates could spy those who demanded admittance, and thus protect themselves from violent intrusion. Antwerp has been so frequently attacked and taken possession of by Spaniards, French, English, and Dutch, that these and such like evidences of a state of turbulence can excite no surprise. I know of few towns in Western Europe which have suffered so much from war. Previous to the disastrous reign of Philip II., it was

#### A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

the greatest commercial city in the world. From 2000 to 3000 vessels were constantly in the Scheldt, loading and unloading cargoes of goods; 500 wagons entered the gates daily; and the inhabitants amounted to 200,000 in number. The dreadful severities of Alva drove thousands of the merchants and artisans to England; and when the Dutch finally made their peace with Spain in 1679, the last great blow was given to the trade of the town, it being then settled that the Scheldt should in future be closed against the entrance of shipping. After this, Antwerp dwindled down to the condition of a poor neglected town, known only for its churches and the pictures which ornamented them. Napoleon, having conceived the plan of making it the greatest of the French naval arsenals in the northern part of his empire, if not a rival of the port of London, for both of which it was eminently suited, greatly improved the town by constructing a beautiful quay along the bank of the river, also two large docks for the reception of shipping, and a complete suite of ship-building yards, an arsenal, and other important accommodations. At the peace of 1814, by the treaty of Paris, the whole establishment was broken up, the storehouses and docks ordered to be demolished, and the shipping and materials divided between the French and Dutch. These measures were forthwith carried into effect, with the exception of the destruction of the docks or basins, these being spared at the anxious solicitation of the citizens, who wished to preserve them for their trading vessels. These basins are situated within the eastern boundary of the town, and possess commodious entrances from the Scheldt. In winter, when the river is apt to bring down masses of ice, they serve the important purpose of protecting the shipping from injury. The quay forms a most agreeable promenade; when we visited it in the evening, we found hundreds of persons enjoying themselves in walking, or sitting on benches at the doors of the houses. Only a few vessels lay in the river or alongside the quay; altogether the number did not exceed seventeen, exclusive of barges, and a steam-vessel which was to sail next day for London. The trade of the town, which suffered by the events of the Revolution of 1830, is, we were told, improving, though greatly hampered by certain dues levied by the Dutch at the entrance to the Scheldt. The town now contains about 80,000 inhabitants.

Being desirous of visiting the interior of the citadel of Antwerp, rendered famous by its protracted siege in 1832, we were fortunate in procuring a recommendation to the officer in command, and were therefore admitted on presenting ourselves at the entrance. I had expected to find something like a castellated fortress, and was never more surprised than when we were brought in front of certain green mounds, over the tops of which nothing could be seen. Pursuing a crooked path between the mounds, we are led  
a wooden bridge across a broad wet ditch, thence through a  
ed way, which opens on another ditch beyond; having

#### A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

crossed that, we enter another vaulted passage in the walls, and are shortly in the interior of the garrison. Previous to the bombardment, the interior contained a populous village and church, besides barracks and storehouses. The whole of these were completely destroyed, and at present the visitor perceives only an open space, or smooth grassy park, with two or three recently erected houses for the soldiery. During the siege, the French artillery fired 64,000 shots, including nearly 20,000 bombs which were thrown into the garrison. The Dutch are proud of the defence made by Chassé on this occasion; but as it could not, and really did not, tend to any useful purpose, we may be excused for viewing his conduct, or that of the parties for whom he acted, as merely an instance of irrational obstinacy.

Antwerp is usually styled the cradle of the Flemish school of painting; and it is more frequently visited for its treasures in this branch of the fine arts, than for the inspection of the many scenes of historical interest by which it is surrounded. From the window of our hotel we looked across the Allée Verte, an open place lined with rows of trees, to an object which would have charmed the eye of an architect. This was the cathedral, with its tall elegant square tower and richly decorated transepts raised in airy proportions above the level of the houses in the Place. The cathedral of Notre Dame of Antwerp is one of the largest and finest specimens of the Gothic style of architecture now existing in the Netherlands. It was commenced in 1422, and finished in 1518, the work having thus required ninety-six years. Properly speaking, it was never finished: according to the original design, two towers were intended to be raised at the east end of the edifice; but only one, that on the right of the main doorway, has been erected, the other being cut short and brought to a point a little above the roof of the church. Notwithstanding this deficiency, the building is a wonder of architectural beauty, although almost entirely hung round with paltry parasitical structures occupied as shops. The interior is one entire open sweep from end to end, except an enclosed space in the choir, containing the grand altar. The side aisles are filled with chapels, each with an altar and pictorial embellishments. Entering by the door in the northern transept, and advancing a few steps, we have the vast open expanse before us, the choir on the right, and the ample nave on the left. On the wall of the transepts on our right, one on each side of the choir, hang the two pictures of Rubens, which artists have made pilgrimages to visit for the last 200 years. The first we come to is the Descent from the Cross, a picture justly esteemed as the master-piece of Rubens, and which is in some degree familiar to the whole civilised world, in consequence of having been so frequently copied and engraved. The figure of the dead Christ, in the process of being lowered from the cross, is strikingly faithful to nature, and forms the central and principal object in the piece. The picture has two wings to fold over it, and on these

#### A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

are representations of the Salutation and Purification. We went to see this great production six times during our stay in Antwerp—the church being constantly open—and always with increased delight. The companion to the picture on the wall of the further transept represents the Elevation of the Cross, the body of Christ being seen nailed to it, while a number of figures are exerting themselves in raising it into its place. This piece, though less celebrated, is not less remarkable for fidelity of drawing than the other. The Assumption of the Virgin is a third picture by Rubens, placed over the grand altar; and a fourth, representing the Resurrection of Christ from the tomb, is pointed out in one of the side-chapels. It would be an oft-repeated tale for me to make a single remark on these admirable productions. Nearly 250 years have elapsed since they were painted; yet they are still in a good state of preservation, though a little faded and old in their appearance, and though the substance on which they have been painted exhibits a few cracks. Before quitting the edifice, we mounted to nearly the summit of the tower, whence a view was obtained, including the borders of Holland, Breda, and Bergen-op-Zoom, on the east, Brussels on the south, Ghent on the west, and the verge of the sea at Flushing on the north. The tower is 466 feet in height: at the period of our visit, the tower and the eastern entrance were undergoing considerable repairs.

We visited a number of other churches noted for pictures of Rubens, Vandyke, and other eminent artists; also for carvings in marble and oak, some of which, such as rails to altars twisted with garlands of flowers sculptured in pure white marble, were among the most elegant works of art which had ever come under our observation. The Museum of Antwerp was likewise visited in the course of our ramble through the town. It contains a collection of pictures from suppressed churches and convents, including fourteen productions of Rubens; but though these have commanded universal admiration, we could not look upon them with any degree of complacency. There is a certain point, beyond which, in examining representations of crucifixions, martyrdoms, and other physical sufferings, the mind becomes bewildered with the reiteration of horrors, and the spectacle ceases to interest. This point we had now gained, and were glad to make our escape from the collection into the open air.

‘A journey to Antwerp,’ says Emerson Tennant, ‘is a pilgrimage to the shrine of Rubens.’ It is so: and here, in the very beautiful church of St Jacques, immediately behind the high altar, is the small chapel which formerly belonged to his family, and which is now their consecrated mausoleum. On the 30th May 1640, Peter Paul Rubens died, and the rites with which his remains were carried to this their last resting-place, were performed with the most imposing solemnity. The surrounding walls and aisles were hung with black cloth, and the clergy belonging to the church in advance of the funeral procession. Next came sixty

#### A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

orphan boys, two bearing a crown of gold, followed by others carrying lighted tapers in their hands; and then the coffin, surrounded by the more immediate relatives and friends of the deceased. The chief officers of the city, many noblemen of distinction, and merchants, and all the members of the Academy of Painting, attended; and in the midst of this vast assemblage, while the requiem for the dead was being chanted, his body was lowered into the vault before us, which now contains all that may yet remain of that dust which is 'even in itself an immortality.' Nor does it sleep there alone; for on each side are likewise deposited the remains of the two dear companions who were the chosen partners of his life. Looking through the rails which divide this sacred spot from the aisle at the back of the choir, we behold a plain white marble altar, over which is one of his own most beautiful paintings, representing the Virgin Mary and infant Saviour, with the adoration of St Bonaventura. In this singularly effective picture, the colouring of which, says Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'is yet as bright as if the sun shone upon it,' he has introduced the portraits of his two wives, his father, his grandfather, and himself in the character of St George, in compliment to King Charles I., who conferred on him, when in England, the honour of knighthood. The life of Rubens is singularly interesting. He lived in an eventful age; and while, as a diplomatist, he enjoyed the friendship and confidence of kings and princes, as a private individual he was respected and esteemed by all classes of society. His habits were frugal; his diligence extraordinary; and nothing can inspire us with a more favourable idea of his disposition, than his conduct towards other artists. His doors were open to them at all hours, even when he was himself at the easel; and although he seldom paid visits, he was ever ready to inspect the work of any artist who wished his advice, and often would take up the brush himself to touch such parts as required it. In every picture he sought to discover something good; for it was his great delight to acknowledge merit, and encourage upon every occasion his brother artists. He used to rise very early—in summer, at four o'clock in the morning—and immediately afterwards attended mass. He then went to work, and while painting, employed a person to read to him from one of his favourite classical authors; for he was an excellent scholar, and delighted in Plutarch, Livy, Cicero, and Seneca, which, with Horace and Virgil, were his favourite authors. An hour before dinner he devoted to recreation, which consisted chiefly in conversing with visitors, who, being aware of his habits, knew at what hour their company would be agreeable to him. He indulged sparingly in the pleasures of the table, and drank but little wine. After working again until the evening, he usually rode out for an hour or two. He was extremely fond of horses, and his stables generally contained some of remarkable beauty. On his return home, it was his custom to receive a few friends, principally men

#### A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

of learning, or artists, with whom he shared his frugal supper-meal, and passed the evening in instructive and cheerful conversation. Such were the domestic habits of this illustrious artist, the details of whose life cannot be perused without conveying a lively conviction of the truth of the observation, that when industry is allied with genius, men may command success, and often attain the highest honours of the state.

Among the churches visited by us during our stay in the town, was that of the Jesuits, which we found decorated with flowers and growing shrubs, disposed in a tasteful manner among the aisles and on the high altar. Adjoining the building, and near the entrance, the visitor is shewn through a door, opening into a place called 'the Calvary'—a small plot of apparently garden-ground, covered with a motley collection of the statues of patriarchs, prophets, and martyrs, all heterogeneously huddled together, like so many figures in a sculptor's yard, without any regard to proportion, arrangement, or consistency of design. Immediately before us, upon a mass of small round stones, walled up to a considerable height, was a clumsy piece of sculpture-work, exhibiting the crucifixion, with figures above, below, and around, which we abstain from describing. Underneath this unseemly pile was the most remarkable part of the spectacle, which assumes to be a model taken from Jerusalem of the holy sepulchre. Upon entering a narrow opening, intended to represent a chasm in the rock, we found ourselves before an iron grating, railing in a recess, upon the floor of which is a bier, covered over with a white sheet, and the hand apparently of the dead body protruding through it. The walls of this cavernous-looking place were covered with figures in different attitudes, with their faces smeared with coarse red paint, to depict the tortures of the wicked in purgatory. How strange, that such things should be presented with a view to excite to piety!

Trade having departed from Antwerp, its people seem to make a business of religion; and it may be said that gloom and silence exercise an overmastering influence in the place. Latterly, a spirit of modern life has been attempted to be introduced, the most significant token of which is a newly erected theatre on a rather considerable scale, in which we found tolerable acting by a company of French players. The Bourse, or Exchange, where, in days of yore, 5000 merchants congregated daily, is an elegant old structure, with a central court and piazzas, which formed a model for the Royal Exchange in London. It is unfortunately placed in a confined situation, but is still resorted to for the purposes to which it was originally destined.

Returning on our track, it was necessary again to pass through Malines, and thence a run of half an hour brought us to Brussels. The railway terminates at the outskirts of the lower part of the town, on a level plain, through which flows the river Senne. On a small island formed by the Senne, a chapel and a few houses

#### A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

were built about the year 600, and thus was commenced a town which spread to both sides of the river, and, gradually ascending the face of a sloping hill, was surrounded with walls, and named Bruxelles, or Brussels—a term said to be equivalent to Bridgetown in the old Flemish tongue.

In the present day, Brussels is found to have stretched all over the face of the rising-ground to its broad summit, where now the finer part of the town is situated. The hill fronting the south and south-west is of that easy inclination which permits streets to be built upon it in regular order; and though inconveniently steep in some places for the passage of wheeled-carriages or horses, it is nowhere unsuitable for walking. The lower and upper town, as they are called, differ in many respects from each other. The markets, the theatre, the Exchange, the Post-office, and the Hôtel de Ville, also some splendid old family mansions, fashionable in their day, and a large infusion of mean thoroughfares, occupy the lower division. The upper consists almost exclusively of the elegant mansions of the gentry, the finest kind of hotels, the palaces, senate-house, and other structures of a superior description. The Park is likewise here. Along the western Boulevards, an exterior road leading down to the lower town, there are also many mansions of modern date, the residences of persons of the higher classes. Brussels is a town of stone, not brick. In the upper part of the city every edifice is painted white (in oil), and this, with the white jalousies of the windows, imparts a strikingly brilliant appearance to the streets, particularly in the sunshine of summer. Some of the descending streets of the best order are likewise painted; but the further down you proceed, the darker and more ancient is the aspect of the houses. Another peculiarity is observable. The names of the streets and the words on the sign-boards in the higher town are in French, and in the lower they are in Flemish. In some cases they are both in French and Flemish in the lower, as if to suit two sets of people which the town contains—as, for example, ‘Oude Kirk Straat—Rue de l’Ancienne Eglise,’ which may be observed marked together on the corner of one of the streets. Latterly, the town has been lighted with gas, but as yet the supply of water is entirely from public or private wells.

It may be seen at a glance that Brussels is a remarkably fine town, and that, although not large, it is in other respects entitled to rank with Paris and other first-rate continental cities. Within the last ten years, it has been vastly improved as regards paving, lighting, and the construction of new streets and covered galleries or passages, these latter being of an elegant style of architecture. The Park of Brussels resembles the garden of the Tuileries, but with lofty trees instead of shrubs. I do not know any city-view more imposing and more beautiful than that which we obtain from the Place Royale across to the entrance of the Park. The Place Royale is a large open square (no enclosure in the centre of it as in

#### A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

our English squares), surrounded with tall handsome edifices, with the Church of St Jacques in the centre of its northern side; opposite this church the Rue Montagne de la Cour, in which are the principal shops, leads down a mile in length to the lower town; and on the western side of the Place there is an opening which leads to, and exposes to view, the grand entrance to the Park, and the long terrace-like street called the Rue Royale, bounding the Park on its southern side. The appearance of everything in this part of the upper town is on a scale of princely magnificence. The Park, to which a stranger usually proceeds on his first excursion through the city, is planted with rows of trees at the sides, and also radiating from a centre, where there is a pond in which goldfish are confined for the amusement of the promenaders. Thick shrubberies, light coppices, two deep dells, and patches of green-sward, variously disposed between the divisions, give variety to the scene, while at different points are disposed marble statues, busts, and vases, in the style of the gardens of the Tuileries. The prettily wooded and well-kept piece of ground forms, as we observed, the chief place of promenade on Sundays. On this day, which is one of general recreation in Brussels, a military band takes its station in one of the clumps of wood near a central plot, where there are numerous seats scattered about for the visitors. All classes move hither in crowds on these occasions; and from the immense concourse which is seen moving in every direction, a good idea may be had of the luxury and fashion of the Belgian metropolis.

The Park is environed with a number of the principal state buildings. At the western extremity is situated the Senate House, and opposite it, on the east, close by the Place Royale, is the palace of the king. At the north-east corner, adjacent to the king's palace, stands the palace of the Prince of Orange. The king's palace, now inhabited by Leopold, is a handsome Grecian structure of large extent, no way secluded from the street, and is said not to contain anything of particular interest to strangers. The love of sight-seeing is concentrated on the palace of the Prince of Orange. Here we found a crowd waiting for admission, and, taking our place, we were allowed to enter as soon as a previous set of visitors had been dismissed. The edifice, which measures 230 feet in length, was planned by the Dutch architect Vanderstraeten, and finished for William, king of the Netherlands, only about a year before the revolution which in 1830 displaced his dynasty. Exteriorly, it consists of a rustic basement, surmounted by Ionic pilasters extending along its two stories, and is tasteful in its appearance. The interior is disposed so as to render the ground-floor of no avail except for mean purposes; the whole strength of the design is thrown into the series of apartments on the first floor, which we reach by an exceedingly grand staircase of marble. Having arrived at the upper lobby, the crowd of visitors is told *to halt until each person has his or her feet invested in a pair of soft woollen slippers over the shoes, in order to save the floors*

#### A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

from being injured. All being properly accoutred, we are bid to enter the first apartment in the suite. The first thing remarked on entrance is the smooth polished floor, along which we glide or skate, rather than walk, the surface being to all appearance as slippery as a sheet of ice. The floor of each room is of a similar kind, and consists of small pieces of rosewood, oak, and other very fine woods, inlaid in stars and patterns of divers shapes. These floors alone must have cost some thousands of pounds. The suite of apartments consists of the usual court-like waiting, reception, throne, dining, and ball rooms. They are diversified in appearance by the colours of their walls. One is decorated with hangings of green silk, another has crimson, a third blue, and a fourth crimson-velvet with gold fringes. The curtains of the windows are of a silk fabric similar to these gorgeous hangings or coverings of the walls. The ball-room or grand saloon is a spacious apartment, with walls of a light yellowish-coloured marble, and enriched with twelve or-molu stands for candles, of twelve feet in height, each of which, it was mentioned to us, was worth L.600. From this apartment we were led to the vestibule where we had entered, there divested of our clumsy foot trappings, and conducted to the door. Here, on passing out, each paid his fee; altogether, for our party of four, six francs were exacted; and I should suppose that the person who acts as showman must clear something like L.1000 a year. At present, the house is under national sequestration.

Brussels contains a number of public buildings, a picture museum, and an institution for exhibiting philosophical and other instruments, all of which, with one or two private palaces, form objects for the visits of strangers. As descriptions of such places, however, have usually little interest, I offer only the following sketches of what came under our notice.

In proceeding down the Rue Montagne de la Cour, the eye catches sight of a tall Gothic spire, rising in prominent relief from the centre of the older portion of the town beneath. This is the tower of the Hôtel de Ville, an edifice which stands on the south side of an open market-place, near the foot of the street. The square is surrounded with exceedingly picturesque buildings, in the Spanish style, harmonising well with the magnificent structure of the Hôtel de Ville, which they environ. This large pile of building is several stories in height, and of great length, with a vast number of windows in front, and also in the tall narrow roof. The tower springs from nearly the centre of the front, and, rising to a height of 364 feet, is probably the finest specimen of the Lombardo-Gothic in the world. It is light, elegant, and pointed with a gilt copper figure of St. Michael standing on the apex, as a vane. The house is quadrangular, with a square in the centre, and is now used for municipal purposes, including those of the police. It was erected in the year 1441. In the grand saloon, on the first floor from the street, Charles V. held his court while in Brussels;

#### A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

and here, on the 25th of October 1555, did he abdicate his sovereignty in favour of his son, Philip II., through whose cruelty the northern Netherlands were lost to the Spanish crown. It was in the middle of the square, or ancient market-place, in which stands the Hôtel de Ville, that the Counts Egmont and Horn were executed on the 5th of June 1568.

The Cathedral of Brussels, or Church of St Gudule, is another fine old Gothic structure meriting the admiration of visitors. It stands in one of the old sloping streets, with an open space around, and its spires, though not tall, are seen at a great distance. It was erected in 1275; but having been partially destroyed by a mob of violent reformers in 1579, much of it is of a more modern date. The appearance is, nevertheless, old and dingy; and at present considerable repairs are in the course of being made on the exterior ornamental stones. The interior is remarkable for figures of saints in stone on the rows of pillars in the nave, and a pulpit of carved wood-work. The figure of each saint, which is ten feet in height, and elevated twenty-five feet from the floor, is sculptured with surprising skill: the whole are by Flemish and French artists. The pulpit, which stands on the open floor between two of the pillars, is a most elaborate work of art, emblematic of the Fall of Man. Adam and Eve are represented the size of life, sustaining the globe; an angel is driving them from Paradise, and Death is pursuing them. The figure and countenance of Adam (carved in dark yellow wood) are exceedingly expressive and striking. The concavity of the globe forms the pulpit, which rests upon the tree of Good and Evil, laden with fruit, and decorated with birds, some of which, by the way, it would be difficult to find in any work of ornithology. The tree is represented as growing up the back of the pulpit, with its branches and two angels supporting the canopy overhead. This beautiful work of art was executed by Verbruggen of Antwerp in 1699, and was presented to the Cathedral of Brussels by Maria Theresa a few years later. The church contains several splendid objects in the side-chapels, besides some monuments of distinguished personages connected with the history of the Netherlands. The grand altar is a gorgeous structure of white marble, erected in 1743, from a bequest of 18,000 florins made by a pious and wealthy widow in the town. Latterly, the windows have been filled with modern coloured glass, representing Scriptural scenes: they are spoken of as being well executed; but they seemed to us extravagantly full of blue, and are inferior in taste and tone to the old painted windows of Gouda.

A glance at the shop-windows of Brussels makes it evident that a taste for elegant articles, many of them of native manufacture, generally prevails. Lace, tapestry, silks, gloves, cloth, jewellery, house-furniture, and books, invite the attention of strangers; and it may be noticed, that a considerable retail-trade is going on. The book-shops are exceedingly numerous, which may be

#### A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

considered a good indication of the literary tastes of the people. In walking through the streets on Sunday, I had occasion to observe that a number of young women, who were left in charge of the shops, were sitting behind the counter diligently engaged in reading. The activity displayed in reproducing French literature is in nothing more conspicuous than the announcement which took place during my stay, of an edition of a certain Parisian newspaper, which was to be issued within an hour after the arrival of the paper from Paris.

Brussels possesses a botanical garden, supported by a company of shareholders; it is of great extent and beauty, and forms a delightful promenade on the days on which it is open to visitors. It is situated on an irregular piece of ground on the western Boulevards, at a place greatly improved by the removal of the old walls. In the same quarter, in the midst of a pleasant garden, is placed the royal observatory, an institution through which I had the pleasure of being conducted by the accomplished M. Quetelet, chief-astronomer. The observatory contains a number of instruments of great value, but, as may be supposed, of foreign manufacture.

At the distance of about two miles from Brussels, is situated the palace of Laeken, which now forms a country residence for King Leopold and his family. The small village of Laeken, through which we drive before reaching the royal domain, is of ancient date, and contains a number of guinguettes, or taverns with public gardens, where we observed parties sitting in the open air playing at dominoes, and otherwise amusing themselves. The palace and its environing pleasure-grounds and garden are secluded from exterior observation by plantations of tall trees; and, uniting this seclusion with the exceeding lowness of the situation in the swampy plain of the Senne and its tributary canals, it must be allowed that the locality is the very worst that could be chosen, whether with respect to cheerfulness or salubrity. The palace, a large structure, in a handsome Grecian style, was erected in 1784, as a residence for the Austrian viceroy. Some time after the revolution which placed the country under the dominion of the French, it was sold in lots, and would have been demolished but for the timely interposition of Napoleon, who purchased it, and again fitted it up as a palace of royalty. It was here he signed his unfortunate declaration of war against Russia. From the period of Napoleon's fall, the palace has become the property of the crown, and has been the residence of the sovereigns successively called to govern Belgium. Already, in the space of half a century, Laeken has afforded a lodging to princes of four dynasties. Since it came into the possession of Leopold, the grounds have been considerably extended, and now contain 200 English acres. They are laid out with much taste, and comprehend a number of summer-houses, green-houses, and an orangery.

For those who have time to spare, many most agreeable

#### A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

excursions may be made in the environs of Brussels to different villages where fêtes are constantly occurring, and to which the inhabitants of the town resort in great numbers in the summer months. One of the most commonly visited scenes, it is almost unnecessary to mention, is that of the field of Waterloo, at the distance of an easy forenoon's excursion.

A stay of a few days in Brussels impressed us with a very favourable opinion of it as a place of residence. Both in external aspect, and in various social peculiarities, it bears a marked resemblance to Paris; but the people here, and in some other places in Belgium, are much more like the English than the French. The Belgians are an active and business-minding people; and, though lively enough in their manner, are evidently not wanting in the solid qualities requisite for the mercantile character. Those we see in such towns as Brussels, cannot be distinguished from English in anything but their language—they may be called an English people speaking French; while those in the country, who form the Flemish part of the population, are remarkable for their old-fashioned steady habits, like their brethren the boors of Holland.

For some little time Brussels formed my head-quarters, whence I diverged to make inquiries respecting the state of elementary education, crime, and agricultural operations. The system of school-instruction, I regret to say, was found to be less perfect or commendable than that which had merited approbation in Holland. Of the social condition of the rural population, there was much for the stranger to observe, and to feel interested in. The management of the land in Belgium is altogether peculiar. That kind of small farming which is known to produce misery elsewhere, is here carried on with a success which is puzzling to the social economist. The cause of the phenomenon lies unquestionably in the industrious, orderly, and self-denying habits of the people, along with a knowledge of certain correct principles in husbandry—such as a proper rotation of cropping, and good management of manures. The farms generally vary in size from five to twenty acres in extent, some being as large as fifty, but few extending to a hundred acres. The culture of the light and fertile soil may be said to be a species of gardening, in which nearly all the labour is performed by the hands of the farmer and his wife and family. Nothing can be more neat and attractive than the small white-washed farm-steadings, and the well laid-out plots of ground, in which not a weed is to be seen among the growing crops. The whole is a picture of cleanliness and comfort. It has been ascertained by statistical inquiry, that the agricultural population, whose lives are a constant struggle, are among the most contented and well-behaved peasantry in the world. With but sufficient to pay a moderate rent, and live in a humble manner, their system of farming, unless for prudential habits, would speedily cover the soil with a swarm of paupers. It becomes tolerably evident, that

#### A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

the too rapid increase of population is checked by the universal repugnance to marrying before the subsistence of a family can be readily and honestly obtained by industry. Conversing on this subject at Brussels with M. le Comte Arrivebene, I was informed by him that he had resided for eleven years in a village called Gaesbeck, in the province of Brabant, containing 364 inhabitants, and that, during the whole of the period, neither a crime nor a culpable indiscretion had been committed. The greater part of the inhabitants are renters and cultivators of land, to the extent of five or six acres each family; and this, with a cottage and garden, is quite enough to render them comfortable. They are all Roman Catholics, and exceedingly devout. Their piety, however, does not render them gloomy and morose: they have fifteen holidays throughout the year, exclusive of Sundays; and these they partly devote to dancing and out-of-door amusements. The food of this cheerful, industrious, and religious people, is of a simple kind. It consists of coffee with bread early in the morning; bread, butter, and cheese, with milk, at nine o'clock; potatoes with lard at noon; in the evening, a salad with bread; and occasionally there is a little beer. Whether a people, capable of better things, should contentedly drudge on with so slender a reward, may be matter for consideration, and perhaps regret. It is, at all events, certain that Belgian peasant-life, such as it is, possesses some agreeable features, and may form a favourable contrast with what prevails throughout the British islands.

English visitors of Brussels usually devote a day to an excursion to the field of Waterloo, which they can now easily reach by means of a stage-coach, specially established for the purpose, and which departs every morning from the Place Royale. Our excursion to Waterloo formed the commencement of a journey to Namur and the southern part of Belgium, which may now be briefly described.

The country, on leaving Brussels, begins to ascend in gentle undulations, and to partake of rather bleakish upland, here and there darkened with patches of trees, and exhibiting more than usually shabby villages. At two or three miles from Brussels, we pass the forest of Soignes, a tract of tall fir-trees, with no feature of liveliness to cheer its gloom; and at nine miles we reach the village of Waterloo, easily distinguishable by its neat brick church, the only good edifice in the place. We are still, however, two miles from 'the field,' and nothing can be more certain than that the village was not in the least entitled to give its name to the battle. Passing along, we reach, at the distance of a mile, the village of Mont St Jean, a congregation of dwellings much superior to Waterloo; and at a mile beyond, we attain the head of a slight ascent, where stands the hamlet of La Belle Alliance, which marks the commencement of the battle-field. Here the main road, which proceeds in a straight line down the shallow but wide hollow towards the extremity of the horizon at Genappe, is cut across by

#### A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

an inferior country road; and it was along this ridge, in the line of the cross-path, that the English army was posted. The French lay on the opposite rising-ground on the south, and the heat of the battle may be said to have been in the shallow vale at the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte and Hugoumont. Several monuments, commemorative of distinguished officers, now occupy points on the brow of the ridge by the road-side; but the tree called the Wellington-tree, once a prominent object, is gone. Proceeding for about a hundred yards to the right, along the cross-road, we reach the base of a huge mound of earth, which, with very bad taste, has been erected as a perpetual memorial of victory. It is a conical tumulus, 200 feet in height, surmounted by the figure of a lion, cast by Cockerill of Seraing, from the metal of cannon captured in the engagement. A long flight of steps aids the ascent, and from the summit we are offered a complete panoramic view of the whole field and many miles of country beyond. At the period of my visit, the fields around had been for the most part cleared of their grain, and now lay in stubble, or were in the process of tillage for a new crop. As regards merely physical features, therefore, there was nothing to please the eye in the prospect; a person who attended as guide mentioned that the fields still bore much heavier crops than others at a distance, in consequence of the number of bodies of men and horses which had here enriched the soil. What a mockery of military glory! A shower now falling drove us hurriedly to the carriage, which awaited us on the road, and we made the best of our way, by Genappe and Quatre-Bras, to Namur, a distance of thirty-three miles, in a south-easterly direction, from Waterloo.

The district through which our route lay forms part of Hainault, a province of a hilly or at least elevated character, and altogether different in aspect from the plains of Flanders. The people, too, are less neat and economical in their arrangements; some of the villages were poor and dirty, and the growing of flax seemed to be one of the principal means of support. At spots where the work of the harvest was proceeding, we observed the peculiar Hainault scythe in operation, by which the grain was cut down with considerable rapidity, though, to my fancy, the process appeared slovenly in comparison with that of the sickle in the hands of a skilful reaper. Hainault derives less importance from its agriculture than its mines of coal, of which a fifth part is exported to France. The mines of Charleroi and Mons are of vast extent and incalculable value. By means of short railways, the pits communicate with the navigable rivers or canals. This part of the country is likewise rich in stone of various kinds, among which the blue stone of Tournay, and the marbles of St Anne, Charleroi, and Chimay, possess a high reputation.

Within Hainault lies the picturesque and beautiful Valley of the *Sambre*, a small river we see on our right on descending to *Namur*, where it falls into the *Meuse*, a stream of considerable

#### A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

size. The angle of ground at the junction of the waters, pointing towards the north-east, is a high rocky hill, on which stands the citadel, a series of loopholed battlements, overlooking the town, and commanding the vales both of the Sambre and Meuse. The town itself, in which we spent a night, like all places hemmed in by walls, consists of crooked and narrow streets of tall old houses, and, except one or two churches, has nothing of interest for strangers. From the number of shops in which cutlery and articles of brass are exhibited for sale, it may be ascertained that these kinds of goods are a staple manufacture in Namur, which may appropriately enough be called the Sheffield of Belgium.

The Valley of the Meuse, as it lies exposed from the quay at Namur, opens up a new scene of beauty as well as of wide-spread industry. A year or two ago, the river was travelled only by boats drawn by a train of horses, and was therefore of little use; it is now navigated daily by small steam-boats from Dinant, eighteen miles above Namur, to Liege, about fifty-four miles below it; the voyage between these extreme points, in going down, being usually performed in nine hours. The scenery on the banks above Namur is grand and imposing, consisting of high bluffs and cliffy precipices, often dotted over with shrubs, or rendered picturesque by the ruins of an antique castle. From Namur downwards, the river winds through a country presenting a miniature resemblance of the Rhine scenery, with the qualification of shewing more life and industrial enterprise. As we sail down between the romantic rocks, whose bases frequently approach the water so closely as to leave space only for the public highway, we are alternately charmed with the rough abutments and rich slopes clothed with vines to their summits, the gray-tiled cottages perched among the cliffs, and the old red châteaux with jealousy-covered windows, stuck on the uppermost peaks; or, what becomes more frequent as we get further down, the spectacle of little villages, nestling at the bottom of a rocky hill, and obviously the centre of mining or smelting operations. At about half-way to Liege, we pass on the right the ancient town of Huy, stuck awkwardly on the face of the hill, the summit of which is crowned with a fortification, apparently of immense strength, and commanding, with rows of bristling cannon, the passage up and down the Meuse. Part of the town is on the low ground on the left bank, the two divisions being connected by a long stone-bridge, beneath which the steamer barely clears its way. Shortly after, we pass the ancient castellated chateau of Chocquier, planted on the apex of a cliff, which rises precipitously about 300 feet from the left bank of the river; and further on, on the right, the country now softening into gently ascending fields or stretches of flat meadow-land, we come in front of the ironworks of Seraing, the far-famed establishment of Mr Cockerill. Behind a long and useful quay, the works stretch upwards in the form of a series of large quadrangular brick

19

#### A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

edifices, surrounding open squares, with various tall cones and chimneys, sending forth masses of smoke, and so many detached buildings and rows of dwelling-houses for workmen, that the whole resembles a manufacturing town. It is useful to mention, that the law which at one time prevented English machine-makers from exporting the produce of their industry, led to the erection of the Seraing and other engineering works to supply the continental demand; this unfortunate law being one of the great suicidal measures for which British legislation too long possessed an unhappy celebrity. As our steamer shot down the stream, after pausing for a minute opposite the quay to land passengers, I could not avoid paying a tribute of admiration to the Anglo-Saxon enterprise and power of combination, which here, in a foreign country, had planted a faithful representation of those great factory establishments in which our country has so much reason to pride herself.

From three to four miles below Seraing, the country expands, particularly towards the right; and at this distance we come in sight of the ancient city of Liege, reposing on the left bank of the river, and backed by a green hill, plenteously dotted over with houses and gardens, straggling out from the upper parts of the town. During the few hours of our stay, we found the old capital of the prince-bishops to be little different from what we had formerly seen it. The fine quay, stretching along the Meuse, was well filled with craft which carried on a communication with the Lower Rhine, or with the upper part of the country; while the streets exhibited their usual bustle. Crowds of passengers pushed along in different directions; and of the staple manufacture, fire-arms, we observed quantities in the hands of artisans in every quarter. Being the metropolis of a wide district around, the town contains many handsome shops, filled with goods of Belgian and Swiss manufacture. It is also distinguished by its numerous jewellers' shops and booths, in which are displayed vast quantities of trinkets in gold and silver, for use in the devotional exercises of the church.

The railway by which the traveller may now reach Liege from Brussels, proceeds onward to Aix-la-Chapelle and Cologne, by way of the Valley of the Vesdre. The valley, picturesque and beautiful, forms an attractive scene for tourists; those who are wise and have time to spare, will not rush too quickly through this interesting piece of country, but devote a few days to a ramble into the Ardennes, of which the Valley of the Vesdre is a part. In the journey up the valley, we have occasion to pass Chaudfontaine, a favourite resort on account of its hot waters.

After advancing for several miles, we turned aside to the right, at the busy manufacturing village of Pepinster, and thence diverged on an excursion to Spa. The approach to Spa from *Pepinster* is by the valley of the small river Waay, a tributary of the *Vesdre*, and equals in picturesque appearance the country

#### A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

through which we have just passed. The principal object demanding attention on our route, is the magnificent ruin of the castle of Franchimont, the ancient residence of the marquises of that name, whose rights ultimately merged in the prince-bishops of Liege. It occupies the summit of a steep conical mount on the left of the road; and at its base crouch an antiquated hamlet and church, bearing all the appearance of having declined in fortunes with the feudal stronghold overhead. Obscure as both castle and hamlet are in the topography of modern Belgium, they are not unnoticed in the page of chivalrous history. Hence went forth the brave 600 Franchimontois, who, on the night of the 29th October 1468, made a bold effort to seize the persons of Charles of Burgundy and Louis XI., while they lay with an army of 40,000 men under the walls of Liege. They were, as is well known, slaughtered in the attempt. Their heroism has been commemorated by an inscription on the rock at a short distance from the ruins of the castle.

In the course of the two or three miles which intervene between Franchimont and Spa, we pass a variety of charming views of woodland scenery; and finally, on emerging from a long avenue of trees, we find ourselves entering Spa, which may be observed to consist of a cluster of neat white houses, thrown into the form of two or three irregular streets and open promenades, the whole embowered amidst trees and gardens, and overhung, on the north and east, by a woody mountain-range.

Spa was at one period highly distinguished for its springs, and was of such universal resort, that its name was freely appropriated and bestowed on any place possessing water of the mineral kind. In those times, its celebrity was sustained by various royal valetudinarians and nobles without number flocking hither from different parts of Europe. The greatest patron of all, however, was Peter the Great of Russia, who visited it in 1717—a circumstance never to be forgotten by the inhabitants; for, in gratitude for the benefit he derived, he built a handsome edifice with a portico over the main spring the Pouhon, in the centre of the village; and there it stands, the only building of architectural elegance in the place. Spa seems now to be the resort only of a comparatively quiet tribe of persons, who will not take the pains to seek for health and pleasure at the springs of Nassau or Baden. Yet Spa is a truly healthful and pretty spot, and to my mind is greatly preferable to any of the up-country places of racket and resort. The principal and most frequented spring, called the Pouhon,\* which rises in great abundance in a recess of the building already alluded to, is an active and powerful chalybeate, impregnated with carbonic acid gas, which gives it vivacity, and qualifies it for being preserved and sent in bottles to all parts of the world. Near it are baths for the use of those who require them. The water is considered efficacious in cases of impaired nervous energy and in

\* Pouhon is a corruption in the Walloon tongue from *puiser*, to draw. 21

#### A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

bilious complaints. There are four other springs—the Géronstère, the Souvenière, the Groesbeck, and the Tonnelets—at the distance, respectively, of from two to three miles from the town in different directions, and in the midst of beautiful scenery. Near the fountain of the Souvenière is shewn a walk among the woods, which is stated to have been made by the children of the Duke of Orleans, when here for the benefit of their health in 1787. Madame de Genlis, who accompanied them as governess, rendered their sojourn memorable by a touching drama, entitled *L'Aveugle de Spa*. Close by the source of the Souvenière, a rock is shewn, on which is a mark somewhat resembling that of the human foot. Superstition, never at a loss in such cases, has induced the credulous villagers to call it the footprint of St Remaele, the patron saint of Spa; and believing in its wonderful virtues, they scrupulously place their right foot in it when drinking the waters.

The visitants of Spa usually ride on ponies or in carriages to these rural springs; and as riding, driving, and walking, are the great occupations of the day, it may be supposed that not a little of the health which the water-drinkers acquire is attributable to these out-of-doors recreations. For those who are desirous of spending their time in the town, there are two libraries with reading-rooms, at which English papers are to be found; a *salle de spectacle*; and a *redoute* where, at the period of our visit, gambling was carried on upon a moderate scale. The town possesses a parish church of considerable size, and also a convent of Capuchin monks, who are described as men of a superior character. During the season, a Protestant place of worship, with service in the English tongue, is opened for the accommodation of English families and visitants—sum expected to be given for admittance by each casual visitor (according to the *carte*), one franc.

Little more need be said of this pleasing summer retreat, which I am sure would be resorted to by hundreds of English families, if they were fully aware of its modest merits, its salubrious climate, its delightful walks among the woody Ardennes, its excellent hotels and lodging-houses, the respectability of its settled society, the abundance of its provisions, and, joined to all, its easy access from Ostend by way of Liege. I have left only one thing to say of Spa, and that is its manufacture of wooden boxes and other small objects. The raw material is a fine white wood, which, on being soaked in the mineral waters, assumes a delicate slate or dove colour. Thus dyed, the boxes receive paintings of flowers, figures, or scenes of various kinds, in a highly tasteful style of art; after which they are varnished with a transparent liquid, which hardens, and is equally proof against heat and moisture. The inventor, or at least improver, of this ingenious manufacture, was a person called Dagly, who lived upwards of a century ago; and now hundreds of men, women, and children, are employed upon it: indeed, from the number of shops in which the objects are exposed for sale, one might almost think that half the town

#### A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

lived upon this species of fabric. We are informed by a local authority, that the value of these 'bois peints,' painted wooden articles, amounts to 120,000 francs (L.4800) annually—a large sum to be produced by the exercise of taste on materials of so humble a character. I have never seen any of the Spa boxes in England, where they might be expected to meet with a ready market among the purchasers of fancy articles for the toilette and drawing-room.

Tourists bound from Spa for the Upper Rhine may either push on by way of Malmedy and Treves, making rather a tedious journey through a poor country, or proceed by Verviers and Aix-la-Chapelle. We adopted the latter route, although it compelled us to retrace our steps as far as Pepinsterre, it being my wish to see Verviers, one of the chief seats of the woollen manufacture in Belgium. I will not detain the reader with the forenoon's ride through the intervening tract of country, but arrive with him at once in the higher part of the Valley of the Vesdre, where, in a secluded spot on the banks of the winding river, we observe the straggling and populous town of Verviers before us. The principal reason for pitching a manufacturing town in this remote hilly district, appears to have been the water-power, a mill being placed at every available point along the stream. Passing clusters of cloth-making establishments, distinguished by the long lines of tenter-frames, we come to the body of the place, consisting of several excellent streets, with a number of public buildings and hotels, and lined with a plentiful variety of substantial shops, warehouses, private dwellings, and of course a good-looking Gothic church, standing near the centre of the town. As churches always stand invitingly open on the continent, and always contain something more or less worthy of notice, we paid a visit to it first in the course of our walk through the town. The rest in its cool aisles was refreshing after the mid-day heat; and as it was a kind of market-day, we had an opportunity of seeing country men and women enter one after the other, and pass a few minutes, in an attitude of devotion, at the shrine of a favourite saint. One can often guess at the history of a town from the appearance of its church. This one was of great antiquity, and was blazoned in all parts with the arms of sturdy old Walloons, who had stood by the prince-bishops in their fierce struggles with the rebellious spirits of Liege, and as a recompense for which the town had finally gained its privileges.

In the course of our subsequent perambulations, we saw on all sides evidences of considerable activity in the dyeing and manufacturing of wool; but although steam is now brought in to aid the water-power, we did not observe any factories on such an immense scale as those in Leeds, or the west of England. The three chief houses are those of Biolley, Simons, and Defaut, and, altogether, we were informed that there are sixty manufactories of cloth and forty dye-works. The number of the population is 20,000.

#### A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

Verviers is the last Belgian town towards the frontiers of Prussia, and before quitting the country, I may be permitted to draw attention to the condition of manufacturing and commercial industry which prevailed in Belgium at the period of my visit, and which cannot be greatly different now. The benefits arising from a satisfactory condition of independent government are numerous and striking in all parts of Belgium. The country has obviously recovered the shock of its revolution, as well as the injury sustained by its expensive military operations. Leopold, who is good-humouredly termed *le Roi Voyageur*, or the Travelling King, from his restless love of wandering, enjoys a high degree of popularity among the more respectable order of his subjects, and, from all we could learn, addresses himself earnestly to the welfare of the nation.

Much less hampered by the spirit of methodical system than the Dutch, and also more salient and lively in their dispositions, the Belgians have within these few years adopted many of the useful improvements of England and other countries, and may now be considered on the fair way to wealth and prosperity. If they will only, with a sincere desire of well-doing, maintain a condition of internal quietude, and proceed in the establishment of a system of national education calculated to enlighten the intellects of the masses, from whom alone there are fears of disturbance, the nation will, in no long period of time, take its place as a power of considerable importance, and be able to defend itself from all petty aggressions. Everything considered, the degree of prosperity already enjoyed is very remarkable. At the revolution which separated the country from Holland, the Belgians lost almost the whole of the trade carried on with the colonies of the Netherlands, as these colonies reverted to Holland, to which the large India vessels henceforth proceeded. For about two years after the revolution of 1830, the external commerce of the country languished, but the reduction of the citadel of Antwerp, and the opening to them of the navigation of the Scheldt, soon changed the face of affairs. To make this clear, it may be mentioned that, in 1829, the year preceding the revolution, the number of vessels which entered the port of Antwerp was 1031, and the number is now above 1400 annually; the same proportional increase being observable at the only other seaport, Ostend. Without a single colony, the commerce of Belgium is daily extending. At present, the annual value of the external commerce of the kingdom is equal to 360 millions of francs, of which 210 millions are imports, and 150 millions exports. The total burden of vessels entering the ports of Belgium in 1836 amounted to 232,535 tons.

Symptoms of the revival and establishment of manufactories are observable in many places in Belgium, but few are seen anywhere in Holland. Except at Haarlem, I do not remember seeing in Holland any tall brick chimneys in connection with steam-engines, *for the manufacture of tissue fabrics.* Now, there are many

#### A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

of these emblems of manufacturing industry in Belgium. In Ghent, I observed several of late erection in connection with establishments over whose doors were painted the words: 'Katoon Spinnerij.' The following scraps of information, gathered from works which I procured in Belgium, will convey a tolerable idea of the present state of the manufactures of the country.

Woollen tissues, once the staple of the Netherlands, now employ annually about 14,000,000 francs' worth of foreign wool, to which may be added 200,000 francs' worth of wool of native growth. The woollen cloths are now preferred to the French, and those of black dye are in colour superior to the English. The principal manufactories are those of Verviers, Liege, Dolhain, Hodimont, Stavelot, Thuin, Poperinghe, and Ypres. In the year 1833, the returns of the Belgian Chambers shewed that in Verviers alone, 40,000 workmen were employed, the products of their labour amounting to 25,000,000 francs. Stuffs, such as flannels, serges, camlets, &c., are manufactured in all the provinces, but particularly in Antwerp and in Hainault. Flax is one of the principal agricultural products of Belgium, and brings a high price in the foreign markets, on account of its excellent quality. It is raised principally in Flanders, Brabant, and Hainault. The provinces of East and West Flanders produce annually flax to the amount of 40,000,000 francs. The linen of Flanders is still held in high esteem, the climate being apparently well suited for its manufacture; nearly all the cities of the lower provinces manufacture it in abundance, but the productions of the looms of Bruges and Courtrai are considered the most beautiful, and fetch the highest price. Mr J. Cockerill has lately established at Liege a steam-loom linen-factory, in which a 90 horse-power engine is employed. In the year 1836, the returns shewed a great increase in the quantity of linen sold in the Belgian markets; the total of the produce of the looms in Belgium in that year amounted to 750,000 pieces, of the value of nearly 100,000,000 francs. In the manufacture of flax alone, there are upwards of 400,000 persons employed, or a tenth of the entire population.

The manufacture of cotton goods is increasing rapidly, in consequence of the general introduction of the best kinds of machinery and of steam-power. The cotton manufactures give employment in Antwerp and Flanders to 122,000 workmen, and absorb a capital of 60,000,000 francs; the total value of the manufactured articles amounts annually to 84,000,000 francs.

The feeding of silk-worms, and the preparation of silk, is a trade also on the increase. The silk fabrics now manufactured in the country are esteemed for their good qualities, and already the exports of these tissues into France exceed the imports from that country. The provinces of Antwerp and Brabant contain the principal silk-manufactories. The quantity of native silk produced in 1837 amounted to 1991 kilogrammes.

The lace of Belgium has been always admired for its texture

#### A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

and the beauty of the flowered-work. Very beautiful lace, as already mentioned, is made in Brussels in the establishment of Messrs Ducpetiaux & Co. Lace of a secondary order is made in abundance in the provinces of Antwerp and Flanders. In Mons there is a lace-school, designed to carry the workers to the highest degree of perfection in the manufacture of this article. The tulles or fine net-gauzes of Belgium are in great request in foreign countries. The tambour and fine sewing-work gives employment to upwards of 50,000 females. Above 2,000,000 of francs' worth of lace and tulles are annually exported.

The mechanical ingenuity of the Belgians is particularly observable in the manufacture of cabinet-work and elegant house-furniture. The cabinet-manufactories of Brussels are very extensive, and the articles which are there made are noted for their elegance and solidity. Immense quantities are annually exported to England, Germany, and America. The Dutch are so completely behind in works of this description, that fine house-furniture of native manufacture cannot be obtained at any price in Rotterdam. The tables and chairs of houses furnished in a comfortable manner are imported from London.

The ingenuity of the Belgians equally enables them to excel in coach-making. Large quantities of vehicles of an elegant kind are now made for home use, and for exportation into foreign countries. The hackney-coaches and chaises in Brussels, and other towns, also the railway-carriages, are as neat and comfortable as any made in England.

The manufacture at Liege of steam-engines, locomotive machines, power-looms, muskets, and other articles of iron, has already been adverted to; also the cutlery of Namur. In Liege and its environs, including Namur, there cannot be fewer than 20,000 men employed in the iron trade. Machinery also is now fabricated in Brussels, Charleroi, Bruges, Nivelles, Tirlemont, Herné, and Yve. At Charleroi, nearly 6000 workmen are employed in the manufacture of nails.

The porcelain works of Belgium are in a thriving condition, and sugar-refining is carried on upon a very extensive scale in many parts of the kingdom.

The business of beer-brewing is carried on to a considerable extent. The number of breweries is 2800, and a large portion of their produce is exported. The best beers are made at Lembeck, Brussels, Louvain, Diest, and Hoegarde. Immense quantities of spirits also are annually exported.

The manufacture of paper is rapidly improving, by the introduction of paper-making machines and English workmen. The books printed at Brussels are now upon as good paper as the greater part of London publications. In this respect alone, the Belgians are a century in advance of the Dutch. All the school *treatises* and other works of native produce which came under my *attention* in Holland, are printed in a very rough style upon hand-

#### A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

made paper, of as coarse a quality as that which is used in England for wrapping up tea and sugar. Perhaps the reader may smile when I suggest that the condition of a country may be pretty well known by the number and variety of the printed placards on its walls. In the towns up the Rhine, few samples of this species of literature meet the eye. You may see a theatrical bill, or something else of a trifling kind, but no variety of intimations such as one observes in England. In Holland, the press is so completely under surveillance, that every placard and handbill is taxed and stamped like a newspaper. The walls, therefore, except on the great occasions at the fairs, or when there is to be a sale of colonial produce, exhibit few printed affiches. Not so in Belgium. The walls of Brussels are gaudy with placards, making announcements of sales of all kinds, the publication of books, the establishment of schools, the opening of places of amusement, and a thousand other things. Printed paper is, in short, seen everywhere; and whatever may be said of the religious bigotry of the Belgians, it is perfectly clear that they have shot considerably ahead of the Dutch, in respect to books, newspapers, and all the other products of the press.

Such is a rough sketch of the principal branches of manufacture now established in Belgium. The variety and extent of the manufactures are daily increasing, for not only are the people active and skilful in the pursuits to which they direct themselves, but the government is animated by the keenest desire to encourage the progress of all branches of industry. National expositions, as they are called, or public exhibitions of new manufactures, have been instituted, and take place annually at Brussels; and at these gold and silver medals are awarded to a large amount. A satisfactory proof of the increase of manufacturing establishments in Belgium is afforded by the number of autorisations or licences which were issued between 1830 and 1838. In the province of Antwerp, the number of autorisations for the establishment of manufactories was 171; in Brabant, 259; in West Flanders, 209; in East Flanders, 159; in Hainault, 698; in Liege, 260; in Namur, 57; in Limburg, 129; and in Luxemburg, 20—making a total of 1962 new manufactories, in which are to be found constantly in operation 400 steam-engines.

The improvement of agriculture, fisheries, mining, and other departments of industry, is keeping pace with the advance of manufactures. In the Museum of Arts at Brussels, I observed a variety of the implements of husbandry, according to the latest improvements in Britain—something very different from the show of antiquated rubbish which came under my notice in the collection at Utrecht. Such have been the advances in agricultural and other improvements since the revolution, that there are whole districts in which the value of land has increased more than 25 per cent. The sea round the coasts of Belgium yields skate, plaice, soles, turbot, whittings, smelts, a small species of cod, sardines, and crabs. The outward fisheries consist principally of cod, herrings,

#### A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

and oysters. For this distant sea-fishery, 200 vessels are employed. The cod taken by the Ostend vessels amounted in 1837 to 8175 tons.

The mines form an important department of national industry. There are three mining districts; the first, which comprehends Hainault, contains 150 mines in a superficial extent of 102,418 hectares; the second, which extends to the provinces of Namur and Luxembourg, contains 95 mines in an extent of 30,030 hectares; and the third, which embraces the provinces of Liege and Limburg, contains 138 mines in an extent of 32,777 hectares. The principal mineral riches consist of coal, of which Hainault produces more than the whole of France. The coal-mines of Mons, Charleroi, Liege, and Marimont, furnish annually 3,200,000,000 kilogrammes; besides which, there are many other mines of less importance. In 1836, 31,190 workmen were employed in 230 coal-mines, and the products were estimated at 32,000,000 francs; while in France, where similar mines might be worked with extraordinary success, there are but 198 in operation, employing 17,500 miners, and producing annually about 19,000,000 francs. Iron-mines abound in the southern provinces in conjunction with those of coal. Copper is found principally in Hainault and Liege; lead in the latter, Namur, and Luxembourg; zinc in Namur, Hainault, and Liege; and pyrites, calomine, sulphur, and alum, in Liege and Namur.

The whole country included between the frontier of France and a line supposed to be drawn from Ostend to Arlon (including the province of Liege), abounds in marble, slate, hewing-stone, and lime. Large quantities of marble are quarried, some specimens of which are exceedingly beautiful. The black marble of Dinant is of great value and in high request.

In concluding these details respecting the raw and manufactured products of Belgium, it is necessary, for the completion of the picture of national prosperity, to revert to the improved mode of communication by railways, which, as already mentioned, is still only in its infancy. In a few years, should no untoward event occur, a considerable traffic will be carried on through Belgium with Germany, instead of, as at present, through Holland and the Lower Rhine. Independently of any advantage which Belgium may derive from this anticipated trade with the upper regions of Germany—laying its railways entirely out of the question—it is indisputable that it will speedily prove, if it is not already, a formidable rival to England both in manufactures and commerce. In the manufacture of many articles, it has already attained an equal skill; and in returns from this source it must already be not far behind Great Britain, in proportion to size and population. Taking its efforts in conjunction with those of its Prussian neighbours, we may be perfectly assured of the fact, that the superiority of England in all kinds of industrial operations is about to be *divided with other countries.*

*At a point near Verviers, the Belgium system of railways*

#### A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

terminates and that of Prussia commences. The lines are connected for the sake of traffic; but travellers are subjected to the inconvenience of having to change carriages, and have their baggage examined by custom-house officers. The station-house on the spot, however, offers the accommodation of a restaurant, and here a short stay is not disadvantageous. As travellers for the Rhine may obtain through tickets at Brussels, the delay at Verviers is not necessarily complicated by their having to pay anew for places. It is interesting to note the sudden change of language on arriving at this part of the Belgian frontier. French instantly ceases to be spoken, and German commences. We likewise distinguish a difference of costume and manners. The common people, and even the railway functionaries, are seen with heavy tobacco-pipes dangling from their mouths, and there may be said to be altogether a general uncouthness of appearance in men and things. We remark, in particular, a great inferiority in the management of rural affairs—slovenly farming, long tracts of ground lying waste, without a house to cheer the eye, and anon hamlets by the wayside, constructed of mud and wattle, and dirty and poor in the extreme; in short, we see a country in which the people are nothing, and the government everything. Perhaps the government, however, is not altogether to blame in the matter, as the people generally possess neither the intelligence nor the means to put things on a better footing. Be this as it may, the Prussian government takes upon itself the duty of thinking and ordering, and also of compelling obedience to its orders. In the midst of all the lamentable dirt and poverty of a village, for instance, we invariably observe a school-house of respectable appearance, in which all the children of the neighbourhood receive a gratuitous and liberal education; in fact, they are compelled to attend, so that the law makes sure of having ultimately an educated and thinking people, whatever may be their ignorance and incapacity in the meanwhile. The government, likewise, takes the whole charge of the public roads, and has the merit of keeping them in the best order. It also regulates everything connected with travelling by post or diligence, and lays down rules for the protection and proper treatment of strangers. These rules, which are printed in German, French, and English, are hung up in all hotels and posting-houses; and upon any complaint of their infringement, redress is immediately given by the proper authority.

As any account of a journey through Belgium to the Rhine would be incomplete without a notice of Aix-la-Chapelle, we proceed to offer a few words descriptive of this ancient and important city, which we reach in little more than an hour by railway, after entering Prussia.

Aix-la-Chapelle, or Aachen, as it is called by the Germans, is a town of great antiquity: its origin, indeed, is probably coeval with the first peopling of the country, for it appears to have been occasioned by certain medicinal springs which exist upon the spot. <sup>25</sup> The

#### A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

town is celebrated as the scene of both the birth and death of the Emperor Charlemagne (742-814). In the present day, it consists of several respectable, but many more dirty and confined streets, with a population of about 38,000. Necessity, as well as inclination, led us, shortly after our arrival, to visit the Rath-Haus, or Hôtel de Ville. Being the last of the towns in the Prussian league which we had to pass through, it was necessary to have our passports inspected, and stamped with the licence for departure from the kingdom. To the Hôtel de Ville, therefore, which is now the police-office of the town, we proceeded to have this troublesome ceremonial performed—for here personal attendance is imperative. The edifice is a large handsome building of stone, with elegant exterior flights of steps, and stands in a high part of the town, at one side of the open market-place. We feel, in looking upon this imposing structure, that we behold a palace in a state of degradation and neglect. The roof and walls of the spacious vestibules and corridors have been painted with historical figures and scenes, but smoke and dirt have rendered them dim and undistinguishable; a lofty room, which has been similarly embellished, is divided in two by a paltry wooden partition; and the whole interior has an air of squalid misery. Yet this edifice has been a great place in its day. In its principal saloon, important assemblages of political characters have occasionally taken place for the conclusion of great treaties; the last took place in 1816, when the emperors of Austria and Russia, with ambassadors from the Prince Regent of England and Louis XVIII., met to decide upon the evacuation of France by the troops of the allied powers.

The Hôtel de Ville is said to stand on the spot where Charlemagne was born; and to preserve the recollection of that personage, a splendid fountain has been erected in the market-place in front: it is composed of a large bronze basin for receiving the water, and from the centre of the basin rises a pedestal, on which is placed a statue of Charlemagne, also in bronze. The whole fabric was erected so long ago as 1353 (when the neighbouring Hôtel de Ville was finished), and it has been kept carefully in repair since that time.

Proceeding from the open market-place down a narrow lane of tall dingy houses, we arrive at a low spot of ground whereon stands the ancient cathedral—the chapelle from which the town has received a portion of its name. It is impossible to make out either style or date from the appearance of the structure. It is a mass of ill-assorted parts—Gothic, Saxon, Byzantine, old and new all stuck in a heap. Such at least is the exterior. The interior of the building is chiefly remarkable for an octagonal nave with tall rounded arches, which forms the most ancient of the various parts of the motley structure, having been built by Charlemagne in 796 as a chapel for his place of sepulture, on the model of the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem. It was afterwards partially destroyed by the Normans, but was restored by the

#### A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

Emperor Otho III. about the year 1000; its age, therefore, is at least between 800 and 900 years. Charlemagne was entombed, according to his request, in a vault below the centre of the dome, but here his remains do not repose at the present day.

Had this monarch contented himself with going down into the dust like the rest of his fellow-creatures, he would have stood a fair chance of being left to dissolve into the original elements of humanity. Unfortunately, however, for his posthumous repose, he chose to be buried in all the magnificence of his robes of state, and sitting upon a throne, as if still, though in his dreary dungeon tomb, ruling the destinies of half the world. It was not in the nature of things that his majesty should be allowed to sit for ever in this condition of costly splendour. Otho III., emperor of Germany, visited the spot, probably at the time he ordered the restoration of the edifice, and causing the tomb to be opened, there found the skeleton of Charlemagne sitting on the throne on which it had been placed at his death in 814. A lapse of nearly 200 years had not materially disfigured the gay ornaments in which the dead monarch was invested. On the fleshless skull there was stuck a crown which he had worn during life; a sceptre was fastened in his right hand; a jewelled mantle of state was thrown over his shoulders; a copy of the Gospels was carefully placed upon his knees; a sword was buckled to his side; and to his girdle was hung the pilgrim's pouch which he had borne when alive as a token of Christian piety. Otho forthwith removed these valuable insignia of royalty, to be used at the coronations of the emperors of Germany. The tomb was again shut up after this spoliation, and it remained closed till the year 1165, when Frederick Barbarossa, moved by curiosity and piety, ordered it to be opened in presence of the bishops of Liege and Cologne, and caused the body to be removed and placed in a splendid sarcophagus prepared for the purpose; at the same time the throne, or all that remained of it, consisting of a chair of white marble, was brought up to the church, where it is now preserved with much care, and exhibited to strangers. Although the body of Charlemagne was thus, to all appearance, put safely away, it was destined to be again disturbed. At what period it was taken from the sarcophagus is not told by any authority, but it is certainly gone, as the empty sarcophagus testifies. In all probability it has been dispersed in the form of relics, a leg in one place, an arm in another, and so on with all the other members. I understand that the only fragments remaining in the reliquary of the cathedral are the skull and an arm-bone; but during my somewhat hurried visit, I had not an opportunity of seeing them.

At a short distance south from the cathedral, in the lower part of the town, we find the chief street of fashionable parade in Aix. Here are situated the principal mineral springs, and the rooms and arcades which cover them. The waters are sulphureous, warm, and nauseous to the senses both of smell and taste. One

#### A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

of the hottest of the springs is so abundant, that it cannot all be used for drinking and bathing, and is therefore allowed to escape for the benefit of the lower class of inhabitants, who wash their clothes with it; and as it is alkaline, they have little need for soap. Adjoining the water-drinking and bath rooms stand some magnificent hotels and gambling-houses. One of the latter, called the New Redoute, ranks as the most splendid and profligate of all the establishments of the kind on the continent. Gamblers flock hither from France, England, and most other countries in Europe, and the sums lost and won at the tables exceed all calculation. Aix-la-Chapelle is the only place within the Prussian dominions in which gambling is licensed or permitted. A number of years ago, the public authorities, shocked with the misery and depravity arising from the practice, endeavoured to prevent it from being carried on within the town. The consequence was, that a small village, named Bocette, sprang up in the environs, to which all the infatuated gamblers, with their tables, resorted; and as Bocette has also hot springs, visitors began to prefer it to Aix. After a time, the town authorities relaxed, and the present elegant gambling-houses have been erected, and placed under some kind of regulations, one of which is, that a portion of all winnings, by the keepers of the tables, shall be devoted to the embellishment of the town.

A pleasant run of a few hours by railway, takes us from Aix to Cologne, and then commences one of the most delightful, as it is now one of the most easily accomplished, excursions in Europe—the tour of the Rhine.



## STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

THE chivalry of the middle ages may be said to represent the spirit of self-devotion to high and commanding interests; and inasmuch as every exemplification of this spirit is an encouragement to noble enterprise, it is presumable that some delineation of the life and conduct of one of its last and greatest champions will be acceptable to many of our readers. It is therefore proposed, in the present paper, to present a brief account of the adventures and achievements of the Good Knight Bayard—the famous chevalier ‘without fear and without reproach;’ whose history, though it reads like that of some fabulous or mythic personage, is, nevertheless, in all substantial points a thing of actual and authentic fact. The study of human nobleness, under any manifestation, can hardly fail to be attractive; and if we can faithfully portray the lineaments of a hero of the fifteenth century, some serviceable reflections may possibly be suggested to an intelligent inquirer of the nineteenth. At anyrate, we can promise the reader a pleasant and entertaining narrative; a story of so much courage, hardihood, and generosity, that it can hardly fail to excite a measure of sympathy and admiration, both for the extraordinary feats of bravery to be related, and also for the lofty qualities of character which they severally serve to illustrate.

Pierre du Terrail, commonly called the Chevalier de Bayard, was born in or about the year 1476, at the Château Bayard, a few



## STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

leagues from Grenoble, in the country of Dauphiné. His ancestors, for many generations, appear to have been the feudal lords of the territory whence they took their name, and were some of them distinguished for their military prowess during the wars of the English in France. Almost all his immediate progenitors died on the field of battle: one of them fell at Poitiers, and another at Crecy; his grandfather was killed at Montchery; and his father was so severely wounded in the wars of Louis XI., as to be thereafter incapacitated for further service. He retired to the family mansion about the year 1479, and there, after some years' nursing of his battered constitution, he appears to have died at the age of eighty.

Shortly before his death, and when he believed that the end of his earthly sojourning was drawing nigh, he called for his four children, and in the presence of his wife, inquired of them respecting the professions, or ways of life, which they severally wished to follow. The eldest, on being asked what he would like to be, replied that it was his wish never to leave the family house, but to stay and wait upon his father to the termination of his days. To this the good father answered: 'Well, George, since thou lovest the old house, thou shalt remain here to fight the bears.' Then turning to the second, who was our good knight without fear and without reproach, he asked him, as next in order, what profession he was most inclined to; and, as the chronicler reports, received this dignified and courteous answer: 'My lord and father, much as filial love constrains me to forget everything in order to wait on you to the end of your life, yet having rooted in my heart the fine traits which you daily recite of the noble men of days past, particularly of those of our own house, I will be, if it pleases you, of the same profession as yourself and your predecessors—that of arms; for it is the thing of all others I most desire; and I hope, with the aid of God's grace, not to dishonour you.' This speech the youth, though little more than thirteen years of age, delivered with a wakeful and beaming countenance; and thereto the good old man replied with tears: 'My child, may God's grace be with thee; already thou dost resemble in face and figure thy grandfather, who was in his time one of the most accomplished knights in Christendom. I will do my best to further thy wishes.' The two other sons expressed a desire to devote themselves to the calling of the priesthood; and we learn that, in after-life, they both attained to high distinctions—the one becoming 'Abbot of Josaphat, in the suburbs of Chartres,' and the other a canon of Notre Dame, and subsequently a bishop in Provence.

The day after the conversation with his sons, the old Lord de Bayard despatched a letter to his brother-in-law, the Bishop of Grenoble, desiring him to come to the château, as he had something of consequence to say to him. The bishop immediately set forth, and on his arrival found his kinsman 'seated in his arm-chair by the fire, as old men are wont.' After a cheerful evening

## STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

spent together, in company with several other gentlemen of Dauphiné, they retired to rest till morning, when they rose and heard mass, which was chanted by the bishop, 'for,' observes the chronicler, 'he daily said mass unless prevented by illness; and would to God that the prelates of the present day were all as good servants of God, and as charitable to the poor as he was!' Mass being over, they washed their hands, and partook of a hearty breakfast, at which our incipient good knight waited on them, so gracefully and discreetly, as to gain the general approbation. The meal over and grace said, the Lord de Bayard began to explain why he had called the bishop and the rest of his friends together. He stated that his son Pierre being desirous of becoming a soldier, he had sent for them to advise him as to whither he should send the lad for his preliminary training. One recommended his being sent to the king of France; another, to the family of Bourbon; and in like manner every one tendered his advice, according to his individual judgment and prepossessions. But at length the bishop spoke, and counselled his being sent to the Duke Charles of Savoy; and this advice being presently approved by all the company, it was decided by the father that Pierre should go with his uncle to Chambery, and there be introduced to the duke the next day.

Being sufficiently equipped at the expense of the good bishop, young Bayard rode forth with him on the morrow, having first galloped his charger round the courtyard to the admiration of all present. On going, he took leave of his father and all his visitors, one by one; and last of all, presented himself to receive the counsel and blessing of his mother. The poor lady was in a tower of the castle, shedding tears of tenderness, for glad as she was at her son's prospects, her motherly love constrained her nevertheless to weep. However, when they came to tell her that her son was ready to depart, the gentle lady went out at the back of the tower, and having sent for him, addressed him in these words: 'Pierre, my friend, you are going to serve a noble prince. I charge you to observe three things, which, if you do, be assured you will prosper. The first is, that before all things you love, fear, and serve God, never offending him if possible; for it is he who created us, in whom we live, and who will save us; and without him and his grace we can do no good thing in this world. Every morning and every evening commit yourself to him, and he will aid you. The second is, that you be gentle and courteous to all, putting away all pride. Eschew evil speaking and falsehood. Be sober and temperate. Flee envy, for it is an odious vice. Be neither a flatterer nor an informer, for such people seldom come to good. Be true and loyal in word and deed. Keep your promise. Succour poor widows and orphans, and God will recompense it to you. The third thing is, that of the goods which God shall give you, be charitable to the poor and needy, for to give for his sake makes no man poor; and take this from me, my child, that

#### STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

the alms you give will profit you in body and soul. This is all I have to charge you; I am persuaded that your father and I shall not long survive; God grant that while we live we may always have a good report of you.'

Thus counselled, and supplied by the good mother with a little purse, which she 'drew out of her sleeve,' containing 'only six crowns in gold and one in silver,' the young knight straightway took his leave, and proceeded with the bishop towards Chambery, where the Duke Charles of Savoy was at that time staying. Through good speed they reached the town the same evening; and next day, being Sunday, the bishop rose early and went to pay his respects to the duke, who, we are informed, 'received him in a manner which shewed how delighted he was at his coming.' They went together to the church, and after mass the duke took the bishop to dine with him, on which occasion his young nephew served him as his cupbearer so gracefully, that the duke observed it, and asked the bishop who he was. The bishop told him in substance what the reader already knows; and after dinner, the young man proceeded to his lodging, and had his charger saddled, upon which, when he had fully caparisoned him, he mounted, and 'rode featly into the courtyard of the duke's house.' The duke beheld him from a gallery as he entered, and noticed that he made his horse curvet as though he were a man of thirty, who had seen war all his life. 'My Lord of Grenoble,' said he, 'I think that is your little protégé that manages his horse so well.' 'My lord,' replied the bishop, 'he is my nephew—of a good race, who has sent forth gentle knights. His father, whose health is so much undermined by wounds received in battle that he cannot come to pay his respects to you, very humbly commends himself to your good grace, and makes you a present of him.' 'And in good faith,' replied the duke, 'I accept it gladly. 'Tis a good and fair present. God make him a true man.' So he commanded one of his most trusty squires to look to this young Bayard, expressing his opinion that he would be one day a man of some renown.

So the youth was made one of the duke's pages; and for his excellent and manly qualities he was soon beloved by great and small. He strove to perfect himself in all required discipline and exercises; and, in truth, 'there was neither page nor lord who could in anything compare with him; for he leaped, wrestled, threw the bar (considering his size), and put his horse through all his paces, so as none could excel him.' And his good master loved him as a son.

When he had been about half a year in the service of the duke, the latter one day determined to go and visit the king of France; for in those olden times kings and princes had pleasant ways of intercourse, and often went to see each other with less ceremony than is now the fashion among very common people in villages market-towns. The king of France was then at Lyon,

## STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

where, with his princes and nobles, he was leading a joyous life, 'holding jousts and tournaments daily, and in the evening dancing with the fair and gracious ladies of the neighbourhood.' And a jovial fellow, to say the truth, was this young King Charles VIII. —one of the best, most courteous, liberal, and charitable princes that were ever seen or heard of, except in fairy tales. 'He loved and feared God,' says the chronicler, 'and never swore but *by the faith of his body*, or some such little oath. And great pity was it that death so soon carried him off, as it did before the age of eight-and-twenty; for had he lived long, he would have achieved great things.' On this occasion, when he heard that the Duke of Savoy was coming to see him, he sent the Lord de Ligny and other gentlemen, and some archers of his guard, to meet him; and as they rode back altogether into Lyon, his lordship was pleased to notice young Bayard and his charger, and being 'charmed with them,' he recommended the duke to make a present of both to the king, which the duke resolved to do accordingly.

The king received his visitor very graciously; and during dinner the next day, they had 'much discourse of dogs, hawks, arms, and amours,' and, amongst other things, the Lord de Ligny mentioned to the king the page and his gallant charger, which the duke desired to present to him; whereat his majesty, swearing lightly, as was his wont, returned: 'By the faith of my body, I should like to see him.' Young Bayard was therefore sent for, and commanded to appear on horseback in the meadow of Esnay, whither, shortly, the king and a large company proceeded to witness the appearance which he made. As soon as the king beheld the youth upon his charger, he cried out: 'Friend page, give your horse the spur,' which he did forthwith; and you would have thought, to see him start, that he had been at the practice all his life. 'At the end of the course, he made his horse give two or three bounds, and then returned full gallop towards the king, and stopped short before him, making his horse passage, so that not only the king but all the company were delighted.' Then the king said to the duke: 'Truly, cousin, it is impossible to manage a horse better; I shall not wait till you give me your page and his horse, but beg them of you.' So both page and horse were committed to the Lord de Ligny, who humbly thanked his majesty, for he conceived that he could make such a man of the youth as would do him honour; 'an expectation,' says mine author, 'which was well fulfilled in divers places.'

For the next three years, young Bayard was a page in the family of the Lord de Ligny; and when he had reached the age of seventeen, he was discharged from pagehood, and was considered qualified to bear arms as one of his lordship's company; being, however, still retained as a gentleman of the household.

About this time there came to Lyon a gentleman of Burgundy, named Master Claude de Vaudray, a man skilled in the science of arms, and professionally devoted to it. He prayed the king, who,

## STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

after making a progress through his kingdom, was now again at Lyon, that to keep all the young gentlemen from idleness, he would permit him to proclaim a passage-of-arms, as well on horseback as on foot, with lance and battle-axe, which request was granted him; for indeed the king, having a good deal of useless time on his hands, desired nothing better than such joyous pastime. Master Claude, accordingly, arranged matters to the best of his ability, and, as the custom was, hung up his shields; which all gentlemen who desired to display their skill came to touch, and had their names inscribed by the king-at-arms, who presided.

One day—it being but three days after he ceased to be a page—Bayard was passing by the shields, when the thought struck him: ‘If I knew how to equip myself, I would gladly touch the shields, to have a lesson in the use of arms.’ And he stopped short to think more intently on the matter. Just at this time a companion of his, one Bellabre, who had also been educated by De Ligny, came up and asked him what he was thinking of. ‘By my faith, friend,’ replied the other, ‘it has pleased my lord to dismiss me from my pagehood, and by his favour to appoint me in all things appertaining to a gentleman; but a desire has seized me to touch Master Claude’s shields, and I know not, when I shall have done so, who will furnish me with armour and horses.’ Bellabre, who was older than he, and reckoned rather a fast gentleman, replied: ‘My excellent companion, are these your thoughts? Have you not your uncle, the fat Abbot of Esnay? Let us go to him, and if he will not supply the money, we’ll take his cross and mitre; but I think when he knows your wish, he will give it willingly.’ And at this suggestion, the good knight, without further hesitation, went and touched the shields.

When he had done so, Mountjoy, king-at-arms, who was there to inscribe the names, began to say to him: ‘How, my friend Bayard! your beard is but three years old, and do you undertake to fight with Master Claude, who is one of the roughest knights known?’ But the young man replied, that what he did was not from pride or overboldness, but only from a desire to learn the science of arms from those who were competent to teach him, and perchance also ‘to do something which might gratify the ladies.’ Hearing this, Mountjoy laughed, and was well pleased, as was also the Lord de Ligny when the report of it had reached him. He went directly to tell the king, who was pleased to say: ‘By the faith of my body, cousin, your pupil will do you honour some day, to judge from his beginnings.’ ‘We shall see what will come of it,’ said De Ligny; ‘he is young yet to stand the blows of Master Claude.’

To touch the shields was an easy matter; but it was not quite so easy to find the money needed for horses and accoutrements. However, early the next morning, young Bayard and Bellabre got into one of the Lyon boats, and rowed across to Esnay, to see what could be done with the corpulent old abbot. When they

# STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

disembarked, the first person they met in the meadow was no other than his lordship, who was just then reciting his breviary with a monk. The two gentlemen went to salute him, but he—having already heard the story of the shields, and having also some presentiment that he would be expected to come down with the money—received them but coolly, and addressing his nephew, said: ‘Well, Master Scapegrace, what has made you so bold as to touch Master Claude de Vaudray’s shields? It is but three days since you were a page, and you are but seventeen or eighteen, and should be whipped for your presumption.’ Nothing daunted, however, the young man answered, that it was not pride which had urged him to such boldness, but ‘the desire to attain, by deeds of virtue,’ to the honour which his ancestors had acquired; and that as he had no relative or friend except the abbot to whom he could at the moment have recourse, he trusted his lordship would have the kindness to assist him. But the abbot was by no means so ready to part with his cash for the young man’s purposes. ‘By my faith,’ said he, ‘you may go seek elsewhere some one to lend you money; the alms given by the founders of this abbey were for the service of God, and not to be spent in jousts and tournaments.’ These words of the abbot were instantly taken up by Bellabre, who, being a man of the world somewhat, observed: ‘My lord, had it not been for the virtue and achievements of your ancestors, you would not have been the abbot of Esnay;’ and he went on to say, that it was proper for men to evince gratitude for favours they had received, that so they might hope to experience it for those they could confer; adding further, that as his nephew desired to distinguish himself, the abbot ought reasonably to rejoice, and ended by saying: ‘You must needs assist him, for it can cost you but two hundred crowns to equip him well, and he may do you honour that may be worth ten thousand.’ Being thus appealed to on the score of personal interest, the abbot, after some discussion, consented to assist his nephew, and gave him thereupon a purse of 100 crowns to buy a couple of horses, providing him also with a letter to his agent Laurencin, in which the latter was instructed to supply the youth with clothes and accoutrements.

The two friends lost no time in availing themselves of the abbot’s liberality, the more especially as he had not restricted them to the expenditure of any specific sum. After their departure, the abbot, glad enough to be rid of them, ordered dinner; in the course of which he informed the company who sat at table with him what had passed during the morning. On hearing the story, his secretary, who was present, observed that his lordship had done well; but it just occurred to him, that as the abbot had authorised his agent to give his nephew what he asked for, the latter would not be unlikely to draw a larger amount than the uncle had intended. The abbot, awakened to such a possibility, exclaimed: ‘By St James, secretary, you are right, for I forgot to mention any limit;’ and he forthwith sent for his steward,

#### STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

urging him to hasten into Lyon, and desire the agent not to disburse more than eighty or a hundred francs. The steward set out directly; but he was too late to prevent the mischief: the young gentleman had 'already made his fairing to the amount of 800 francs!' To a man careful of his money, as the abbot was, this was rather startling intelligence. 'Eight hundred francs!' says he; 'by St Mary, he is a naughty varlet. But, quick! you know his quarters; go and find him, and tell him if he does not immediately return Laurencin what he has taken, he shall never have another sou from me.' With this message the steward returned to Lyon, but somehow, with all his seeking, he could not find his man. Bayard, in truth, had been doubting the turn which things might take, and had therefore desired his servants, if any of my Lord d'Esnay's people came to ask for him, to make every excuse to prevent their getting speech of him. So when the steward came to inquire for him, they said he was at my Lord de Ligny's. Thither he went, but did not find him. When he returned, they told him he was gone to try some horses on the other side the Rhône. In short, the steward came more than ten times without finding him; and then at last perceiving that they were making a fool of him, he returned to Esnay, and told the abbot it was lost time to seek his nephew, for he was hiding himself somewhere out of the way. 'Ah,' said the abbot, 'he is a bad youth, and shall repent of it;' but at present he had nothing for it but to put up with what had happened, and to swallow his anger as best he could.

Meanwhile, the good knight and his companion, having got what they wanted from Laurencin, hastened away, and ordered three suits of accoutrements for each to wear over his armour. Then they went to a gentleman, who, having lately broken his leg, was desirous of selling a charger and a roadster which he had. The horses were tried, and purchased for 110 crowns, and taken to their stables, where they were well groomed. And so now the young gentlemen were both in a condition to appear handsomely in the lists.

As it chanced, they had not to wait long; for three days after, Master Claude de Vaudray opened his passage-of-arms, at which he was encountered by many gallant gentlemen of the household of King Charles. The honest old chronicler mentions some of them, and states that they severally 'did their best.' Young Bayard, being scarcely eighteen, and thus much younger than the rest, entered the lists among them, and there made his first essay. 'And a pretty rough commencement it was,' says the chronicler; 'for he had to do with one of the most skilful and doughty warriors in the world. Yet I know not how it was, whether it were the will of God to give him favour, or whether Master Claude de Vaudray took pleasure in him, but there was no man *during the whole contest* who surpassed him either on horseback or on foot. And he won the praises of the ladies of Lyon; for as

## STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

he passed along the lists, after having done his devoir, with his visor up, and blushing, the ladies honoured him by saying : " Look at this bashful stripling, he has done better than all the others ! " And he acquired so much favour with all the company, that at supper the good King Charles said to the Lord de Ligny : ' By the faith of my body, cousin, Bayard has made a good beginning.' His lordship agreed in thinking with the king ; but he slyly remarked, that the young man's uncle the abbot was not particularly well pleased, as his bounty had been too freely drawn upon in the matter of the accoutrements. But it seems the king had already heard the story, and on the mention of it now he laughed heartily, as also did all the company. So perhaps it would have been as well if the stingy abbot had been a little more liberal and gracious, as in that case the success of his nephew would have reflected some honour on himself.

After this tourney, the Lord de Ligny sent for Bayard, and told him, that since his commencement in arms had been successful, it would be well for him to go into garrison in Picardy, and there endeavour to perfect himself by further practice. Accordingly, in the course of a few days, we find him in the pleasant town of Ayre, proclaiming a tourney in his own behoof, at which prizes were to be given to the best doers—namely, a bracelet of gold and a handsome diamond, which might serve the winners ' as a present for their ladies.'

When the day of the tournament arrived, some six-and-forty gentlemen appeared in the lists ; being divided by fair lot into two parties of three-and-twenty on each side. The trumpet sounded, and the rules of the contest were proclaimed. Bayard was first called on to present himself, and against him came a neighbour of his from Dauphiné, named Tartarin, a very stout and sufficient man-at-arms. The two ran their course at one another, and the good knight broke three lances handsomely in the fray. Then came the sword-fight, and, as before, he appears to have excelled all his confederates and competitors, and was acknowledged to have conducted himself in a manner that could not be surpassed. Upon the whole, it was agreed by all the spectators, as well as by the two judges present, that there was never seen a day of better tilting with the lance, or of more admirable fighting with the sword. And though each did well, and many better than was customary, it was universally considered that Bayard had acquitted himself more gallantly than any.

In the evening, all retired to his quarters ; he having ' prepared a magnificent supper, at which were throngs of ladies, for all the ladies of Picardy, for ten leagues round, came to see this splendid tourney, and made great and sumptuous cheer.' And after supper there were ' dances and divers other entertainments,' which were gracefully kept up until an hour after midnight. Then the gentlemen retired to their quarters, one after another, conducting the ladies to their several places of repose ; where, during the still

## STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

night, they rested softly, dreaming, perchance, of gay knights in glittering and stately armour. Anyhow, it was late enough next morning before the fair dames were well awake; and they ceased not to extol marvellously the gallant youth who called the tourney, as well for his prowess as his courtesy, and seemed to think that 'a more gracious and courteous gentleman could not be found in the world.'

The divertisement of yesterday had been performed on horse-back; but now, on the second day, there was to be a display of arms on foot, whereby all who despaired of having obtained the first day's prize might hope, and have a chance, to win that of the second. On this occasion, the good knight encountered a gentleman of Hainault, of much repute, called Henotin de Sucker. The manner of the contest was on this wise: 'They thrust with all their strength at one another over the barrier, till their lances were broken in pieces; after which they seized their battle-axes, and dealt each other such stout and furious blows that the combat seemed mortal. At length, the good knight struck his adversary such a blow over the ear as made him reel, and what was worse, fall on both knees, and then following up his attack over the barrier, he made him kiss the ground;' whereupon the judges interfered, and decided that the adversary had got enough. After these two came others, who, it seems, 'performed wonders with their lances,' and dealt each other heavy blows with battle-axes, until they were severally parted by the judges. 'And for a little tourney,' says the narrator, 'those who were there saw as good performance as they ever beheld in all their lives.'

When all was over, the combatants retired to their several quarters to disarm, and then betook themselves to those of the good knight, where a banquet was prepared; and the two judges and the ladies already were arrived. After supper, came the awarding of the prizes. 'The gentlemen experienced in arms were appealed to upon their faith, and then the ladies upon their conscience, and without favour shewn to one more than another, to declare their opinions. The result was, that ladies and gentlemen agreed that, though each had done his devoir as well as it was possible, yet, in their judgment, the good knight was best in both days; wherefore they referred it to him, as having gained the prizes, to bestow his presents where he thought fit.'

Bayard assigned the prize of the first day to his trusty friend Bellabre, and that of the second to a certain 'Captain David of Scotland,' who may, perhaps, in this nineteenth century, have some descendants not unjustly proud of the distinction. On the delivery of the prizes, neither men nor women murmured; and when they had been handed over, dancing and other graceful pastimes closed the entertainments of the day. And the ladies, it seems, never ceased praising the good knight, who was beloved in *Picardy* as never man was before him. 'He was there two years,' says our authority abruptly, 'during which there were

#### STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

many tournaments and sports; in which, for the most part, he carried off the prize. And the greatest cause of his being universally beloved was, that there was not on earth a more liberal and gracious person: for, if any of his companions lost a horse, he remounted him; if he had a crown in his purse, every one shared it. Young as he was, the first thing he did when he rose was to say his prayers. He was very charitable; and no man could say he had been refused by him any request it was in his power to grant.'

In contemplating this picture of old-world recreations, do you not think, good reader, that the pursuits and pastimes then in fashion were quite as worthy and as honourable as many which we have in this 'enlightened nineteenth century?' The exercise of limb and muscle, the brave endurance of lusty blows, and the habitual cultivation of a dignified and appropriate demeanour towards equals, superiors, and ladies; all this surely was something, and served in its way to educate and drill those young dandies of the tilt-yard for the performance of athletic deeds and feats of manly enterprise. It was a wholesomer discipline of the faculties, I think, than that of flaunting through a polka, or betting on the course at Newmarket, or assembling in crowded audiences to listen to 'stump-oratory.' You are welcome to your own opinion, whatever it may be, but this, at anyrate, is mine; and having uttered it, I am again ready to go on with the history of the good knight.

Some two years after the incidents just related, the young king of France set out for the conquest of Naples, accompanied by the Lord de Ligny, who, knowing the high qualities of Bayard, took care to secure his services for the expedition. After a successful campaign, in which, we understand, Charles 'brought the pope to reason,' and conquered the kingdom of Naples, he was intercepted in his return by '60,000 fighting-men, belonging to different Italian potentates,' who thought to make him prisoner. But the king, though he had with him only about 10,000 soldiers, manfully withstood the adversary, and gained 'a glorious victory.' In this enterprise, the good knight bore himself triumphantly. He had two horses killed under him, on which account the king presented him with 500 crowns; but in return, the knight presented him with a standard of horse he had taken in the pursuit, so, it will be seen, his majesty was no loser by his generosity.

Three years after this event, the king was suddenly taken ill, and died; whereupon Louis, Duke of Orleans, as his nearest heir, came to the crown of France, by the title of Louis XII. Soon after his accession, the new king attempted the recovery of the duchy of Milan, in which enterprise he succeeded; and afterwards, it seems, the French garrisons remained in Lombardy, amusing themselves with jousts, tournaments, and other knightly pastimes.

Having some time upon his hands, the good knight took occasion

#### STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

to visit a noble lady, who had been married to his former master, the Duke Charles of Savoy. She was dwelling at Carignan, in Piedmont; and, being 'full of courtesy,' she received him hospitably, and treated him as a member of her family. While here, he fell in with Madame de Fluxas, an honourable lady, who had been governess of the house ever since her younger days; her husband being a respectable gentleman, who superintended the duchess's household. 'You must know,' says our authority, 'that when the good knight was page to the Duke of Savoy, this Madame de Fluxas was a young lady-in-waiting on the duchess; and as young people seek each other's company, there sprang up such a love between them, in all honour, that had they followed their inclinations, without regarding consequences, they had married.' After Bayard left the duke's service, the young lady wedded the Lord de Fluxas, 'who was rich, and took her for her good qualities,' she having, indeed, no other fortune to recommend her. She had now become celebrated for her great beauty and powers of conversation, and received the good knight most welcomely and courteously. They discoursed much of the days of their youth; and she reminded him of the credit he had acquired in the lists with Claude de Vaudray, of the tourney in which he conquered at Ayre, and of divers other honours; and altogether lauded him so highly, as to put him to the blush. After a good deal of pleasant flattery, she at length requested him to give a tourney in Carignan, in honour of the duchess; a request to which he readily acceded, saying: 'Truly, since you wish it, it shall be done.'

As we have already described one tourney, and shall not have space to depict a tenth part of the others in which the good knight was engaged, we must refrain from entering into the particulars of this, and will say only that he so distinguished himself, as to get the prize he had offered restored to him, but that he modestly declined it, and it was eventually bestowed upon a gentleman who was considered second to himself. After five or six days spent in feasting at Carignan, the French gentlemen returned to their respective garrisons. The good knight also took leave of the duchess, who expressed herself extremely proud that he had been educated in her family. A more interesting leave-taking yet remained with the Lady de Fluxas, who had been his first love; and we learn that 'their parting was not without tears on her part, and a sad heart on his.' The Lord de Fluxas was not a jealous gentleman, nor indeed had he any occasion for evil thoughts, so far as concerned the knight without reproach; even though the 'mutual honourable love' between Bayard and the lady 'lasted until death, and no year passed without their sending presents to each other.'

Up to this point, the pursuit of arms has been with Bayard little *else than a fine chivalrous exercise*; but now we are approaching *some of his more dangerous adventures*, and shall presently behold

## STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

him as he appeared amid the 'pomp and circumstance of war.' When the king of France got possession of Milan, Ludovic Sforza, the former governor, had fled for refuge into Germany; but not long after his flight, 'by dint of money, with which he was well provided,' he collected a considerable army, and returning with it into Italy, succeeded in retaking the city from the French. At the time when this occurred, Bayard was in garrison about twenty miles from Milan, with other youthful gentlemen, enjoying daily 'wondrous beautiful jousts with one another.' Having one day heard that there was somewhere in the neighbourhood a company of 300 horsemen belonging to the enemy, he prevailed on forty or fifty of his companions to go with him to beat up their quarters. The Lombard captain, hearing of their approach, drew out his men to receive them, about two or three bow-shots from the barriers of his position. As the French came up, the two parties charged each other stoutly, and several on both sides were unhorsed. But after an hour's fighting, neither party had the advantage; on which account the good knight was somewhat disturbed in temper. However, he urged his companions to make a more animated effort; and then his party charged the Lombards so furiously, that they began to give ground, and retreated, fighting for four or five miles, in the direction of Milan. The French pursued them till they came close to the city, and then one of the oldest cavaliers called upon the rest to halt and turn back; which accordingly they did, with the exception of the good knight, who, heedless of all considerations about his safety, in hot pursuit of the enemy, entered right into Milan. Of course he was instantly taken prisoner; and the Lord Ludovic, having heard the noise thereby occasioned, inquired what it was, and on being told what had happened, desired that the knight should be brought before him.

The prince, having heard a great deal of his prowess, was surprised to find him such a stripling; however, addressing him, he inquired what had brought him into the town. 'By my faith, my lord,' replied Bayard, unabashed, 'I did not think to have entered alone, but reckoned on my companions following me; but they understood war better than I, for had they done so, they would all have been prisoners like me. However, saving my mishap, I thank fortune that I have fallen into the hands of so brave and worthy a gentleman as this whose prisoner I am.' Thus propitiated, the Lord Ludovic treated the good knight with courtesy; and having asked him certain questions respecting the strength of the French forces, set him at liberty, with his horse and arms, and sent him under safe-conduct to his garrison.

The town and duchy of Milan being both recovered, King Louis next undertook to reconquer Naples—that city having likewise revolted; but after two or three years' fighting, with various success, the French were driven out at all points, and were thus

#### STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

unable to make good their enterprise. While the war was in progress, it would seem there were occasional cessations of hostility, whereby the soldiery experienced the ordinary discomforts of ennui and uncertainty. Bayard was in garrison at Monervyne, and growing tired of being cooped up so long, he one evening said to his companions: 'Gentlemen, we stagnate here, seeing nothing of our enemies. Either we shall grow effeminate for want of exercising our weapons, or our enemies will grow bold, thinking we dare not for fear quit our fortress. Wherefore I propose to-morrow to ride between this and Andrea or Barletta. Perchance we may meet with some foragers of theirs, which I should like marvellously; for we may have a skirmish, and then let *them* have the honour to whom God shall give it.' All approved the proposal; and next morning about thirty of them sallied out, and rode towards the garrison of the enemy. It chanced that the same day a Spanish knight, named Don Alonzo de Sotomajor, having with him some forty or fifty Spanish gentlemen, all picked cavaliers, made a sortie from the town of Andrea for a like inroad on the French. Such was the fortune of the two captains, that on descending a little hill, they came in sight of each other within the distance of a cannon-shot; and, as you may guess, were not long in coming to blows. The French charged the Spaniards at full gallop, who, in their turn, received them gallantly on the points of their lances. At the first shock, some were borne to the earth on both sides, and with difficulty remounted by their companions. The fight lasted half an hour, without its being possible to say which side had the best of it; but in the last charge, it was the good knight's fortune to break the Spaniards' ranks. There remained on the field seven of them dead, and as many prisoners. The rest took to flight, and amongst them the captain, Don Alonzo. He, however, was closely pursued by Bayard, who called on him to turn, as 'it were great shame to be slain fleeing;' and being a brave man, and preferring an honourable death to shameful flight, he at length stood up against the knight 'like a lion at bay; and they exchanged fifty sword-blows without breathing.' Meanwhile, the other Spaniards had left their captain; and being thus forsaken, he was presently overmastered, and finally yielded up his sword to the good knight. The party then rode back to the French garrison, where Bayard assigned to his prisoner 'one of the best rooms in the castle, and supplied him with a dress;' telling him at the same time, that if he would give his word not to leave the castle without permission, he should remain there, with no further restraints upon his liberty, until he had paid his ransom. Don Alonzo, in return, thanked him for his courtesy, and pledged his faith not to depart without the good knight's leave.

But Don Alonzo was not a man to keep his promise. He stayed within his bounds for two or three weeks, 'making great cheer, and having the run of the castle, no one interfering with

#### STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

him ;' but growing weary of his confinement, and none of his people coming to ransom him, he was induced to violate his honour by bribing an Albanian\* of the garrison to provide him with a horse, and flee with him to Andrea. Bayard, on discovering his escape, was naturally incensed, and forthwith sent a party of soldiers in pursuit of him, ordering them that if they found him, to bring him back alive or dead ; and if it should appear that ' that rascally Albanian had a hand in it,' they were to bring him also ; for the good knight declared he ' would hang him from the battlements, as an example' to all who were disposed to imitate his treachery.

Don Alonzo was overtaken, and carried back in custody to Monervyne, whither he had no sooner arrived, than the good knight exclaimed : ' How ! Signor Don Alonzo, you pledged me your faith not to leave this without my permission. I will trust you no longer, for it is not honourable in a gentleman to escape when he has given his parole.' The Don pretended that he had only gone off to fetch his ransom-money, intending to send it to Bayard within the next two days. But the good knight was not at all disposed to accept his excuses by way of payment. On the contrary, he confined Don Alonzo in a tower for fifteen days, though without putting him in irons, or subjecting him to other hardships ; ' and as to eating and drinking,' says the chronicler, ' he might be well content with his good treatment.' At the end of this time, a trumpeter arrived with his ransom, and he was released. He took leave of Bayard and his companions courteously enough, and at the same time witnessed how the good knight generously gave away the whole of his ransom-money among the soldiers.

Don Alonzo had no sooner got back to his friends at Andrea, than he began to complain to them that, although in some respects the Lord de Bayard was a generous and noble knight, yet the treatment he himself had received from him, was anything but such as was becoming from one gentleman to another. As there is always somebody ready to report unpleasant observations, his complaints were not long in reaching the good knight, who, on his part, was in no small degree surprised at them. He immediately assembled his people, and after telling them the purport of what he had heard, he asked them whether they had seen anything of which he himself was not aware, that could justify the accusation. They all assured him, that had Don Alonzo been the greatest prince of Spain, he could not have been treated better. ' By my faith, then,' said the good knight, ' I will write to tell him, that if he says I have ill-treated him, I will prove the contrary in personal combat with him, on foot or on horseback, as he pleases.'

\* These Albanians appear to have been what are termed ' mercenary troops,' always foreigners, but not invariably Greeks, as their name might seem to signify. The name would seem to have been first given to adventurers of Greek origin, but was afterwards applied indiscriminately to Turks, Arabians, and most other foreigners. It may be taken as a general term for ' hired troops,' in contradistinction to soldiers serving according to feudal rule and custom.

## STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

He therefore called a clerk, and dictated a letter in these terms : 'Signor Alonzo, I hear that after your return from being my prisoner, you have spread complaints among your people, that I did not treat you like a gentleman. You know the contrary! But since, if it were true, it were great dishonour to me, I have written to you this letter, by which I pray you to recall your words in presence of those who have heard them, confessing, as truth is, the good and honourable treatment I shewed you; and so doing you will consult your own honour, and redress mine, which you have unjustly aspersed. But if you refuse, I am determined to make you unsay your words by mortal combat, your person against mine, whether on foot or horseback, and leaving you the choice of your weapons; and so adieu.' This letter was forwarded by a herald; and when Don Alonzo had read it, he wrote in answer: 'Lord de Bayard, I would have you know that I never unsay what I have said; nor are you the man to compel me. Wherefore I accept the combat you propose, within fifteen days from this, at two miles from the town of Andrea, or wherever else you please.'

Bayard was at this time ill of a quartan fever; but when the day of combat arrived, he went forth on horseback, with 200 men-at-arms, to meet Alonzo, according to arrangement. The latter then objected to fight on horseback, and chose to fight on foot, thinking that as the good knight was enfeebled by his sickness, he should have the better chance to conquer. Bayard allowed him to have his choice; and after fitting preparations, the two began the contest. Bayard walked up to his enemy 'as confidently as if he were going to dance with a lady;' and Don Alonzo, on his part, advanced with as little fear. Going straight towards the good knight, he said: 'Signor Bayard, what is your quarrel with me?' And the good knight answered: 'I would defend my honour.' Then without further words they closed, and dealt each other a furious blow; the rapier of the good knight wounding Don Alonzo in the face, whence the blood began to flow. 'Never was seen two more doughty champions; each was sure of foot and eye, and would not strike at random.' However, in the end Bayard killed his man—not, it seems, intentionally, 'for he would have given a hundred thousand crowns, had he had them, to have spared his life.' But the deed being done, it only remained for him to shew his generosity to the fallen. 'You know,' said he to Alonzo's friends, 'that it is for me to do as I will with the body. I restore it to you. And truly I would, my honour being safe, that it were otherwise.' The Spaniards then bore off their champion's body with piteous lamentations; and the French escorted Bayard with trumpets and clarions to the garrison, where the first thing he did was to repair to the church, and return thanks for his victory. 'They then,' says the chronicler, 'had great rejoicings; and he was accounted, both by the French and Spaniards, to be one of the most accomplished knights that could be found.'

## STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

Shortly after this event (the truce continuing), there occurred a famous combat of thirteen Spaniards against thirteen of the French, in which affray the good knight 'performed surpassing feats of arms,' whereof, however, no more minute account can here be given, owing to lack of space. About the same time, it was his fortune 'to take a treasurer and his man, who were carrying 15,000 ducats to the great Captain Gonzalvo;' all of which, it appears, he distributed very liberally, without reserving a single denier for himself. His next exploit was one so remarkable, as to deserve describing more at length; so we now proceed to tell you 'how the good knight kept a bridge over the river Garillan for the space of half an hour, single-handed, against 200 Spaniards.'

Towards the close of the war in which the French and Spaniards were engaged for the possession of Naples, the two parties were for some time encamped on opposite banks of the Garillan. And as there were brave men before Agamemnon, so there were brave men in those days besides the Lord de Bayard. The good knight's biographer admits that there were even brave men among the Spaniards; in particular, the 'great Captain Gonzalvo Ferrande, a wise and wary man;' and also another who bore the name of Pedro de Pas, a gentleman of extraordinary figure. 'He was but two cubits in height, though a bolder creature could not be found; and he was so humpbacked and so short, that when he was on horseback, one could only see his head above the saddle.'

Well, such as he was, this Pedro de Pas resolved one day to give the French an alarm, and for that purpose crossed the river at a ford he was acquainted with, with about 120 horse, having placed behind each horseman a foot-soldier armed with a hacquebute.\* His object was to draw the French upon him, and induce them to abandon the bridge; while the Spaniards should attack it in force to gain it. He so far succeeded in his enterprise, as to induce the French to throng in a body to that quarter. Bayard was quartered near the bridge, with a brave gentleman named Le Basco, squire of the stables to the king of France. When he heard the noise, the two lost no time in arming, and getting to horse, proposing to go to the spot where the affair was going on. 'But the good knight, looking over the river, perceived about 200 Spanish horse making straight for the bridge, which they would have gained with little resistance; and that would have been the total destruction of the French army. He desired his companion to go and collect some men as quickly as possible, to defend the bridge, or they would all be lost, and promised to do his best to keep them in play till his return. He then went, lance in hand, to the bridge, on the other side of which were the Spaniards,

\* The hacquebute and hacquebouze (arquebuss) were the first firearms with bent stocks; the latter appear to have been of the larger calibre. The hacquebute à croc was fired from a rest or stand, which was attached to the barrel by an iron ring. See notes (p. 251) to Kinderley's History of Bayard.

## STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

already prepared to pass; but, like a furious lion, he put his lance in rest, and charged the troop who were already on the bridge, so that three or four of them were overthrown, of whom two fell into the water, and never rose again, for the river was wide and deep. This done, they cut him out plenty of work, for he was so fiercely assailed, that but for his excellent chivalry, he could not have kept them at bay; but he backed his horse against the barrier of the bridge, that they might not get in his rear, and, like a chafed tiger, defended himself so well with his sword, that the Spaniards knew not what to say, and thought he was no man, but a fiend. In short, he maintained his post long and well till Le Basco arrived with about 100 men-at-arms, who made the Spaniards abandon the bridge, and were pursuing them a good mile beyond, when they perceived a large body of 700 or 800 horse coming to the enemy's support. The good knight said to his companions: "Gentlemen, we have done enough to-day in having saved the bridge, let us retreat in as compact a body as possible." This they did at a good rapid pace, the good knight bringing up the rear, and receiving every charge of the enemy.'

Being sore pressed, however, from his horse failing him through weariness, Bayard was taken prisoner, and carried off by the Spaniards. This accident occurred in the course of a fresh charge, made by a large body of the enemy while the French were in retreat. The captors, confident in their numbers, did not condescend to disarm their prisoner, otherwise than by depriving him of a battle-axe which he carried in his hand. But as they went along, they kept asking him who he was; and he, knowing well that if he told his name he would never escape alive, replied merely that he was a gentleman. Meanwhile, his comrades having missed him, and concluding that he was taken prisoner, were very much distressed; and as soon as they could get together in sufficient number, they rode after the Spaniards, determined that the 'flower of chivalry' should not be lost without a contest. As they came up, they raised the cry of 'France! France!' and fiercely assailed the Spaniards, some of whom were presently overthrown. Seeing this, the good knight, who needed nothing but a horse to put him in fighting-trim, leaped from his own, and, without putting foot into the stirrup, bounded upon a noble steed, whose rider, a Spanish gentleman, was lying prostrate on the ground. Being mounted, he 'commenced wondrous feats of arms,' crying with the others: 'France! France!' and adding, 'tis Bayard! Bayard! you have let escape.' When the Spaniards heard the name, their hearts failed them, and wheeling about, they retreated at a gallop to their camp; and the French, overjoyed by the delivery of their champion, returned merrily to the quarters, 'where,' it is said, 'they talked of nothing for a week but their brilliant adventure and the feats of the good knight.'

The next time we hear of Bayard, he was lying at Lyon ill of *a fever—the same which*, from time to time, had harassed him for

## STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

more than seven years. He was also suffering from an old pike-wound in the arm, which, through ill-treatment, had produced a painful ulcer. But he was not deterred from following the king his master, when he went with an army to quell the revolt of the Genoese, about the year 1506; an enterprise which was effected mainly through the skill and valour of the good knight and his companions. He was afterwards engaged in various other wars, always being distinguished for his valour, success, and generosity. Some of his minor exploits must be omitted, that we may have the more space for representing his more important ones. The next which seems to demand description is a brilliant and memorable achievement, by which he acquired exceeding honour, during the siege of Padua. But first it will be as well to state how the siege of Padua came about.

It appears to have been in this wise. About the year 1509, a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, was formed between Pope Julius II., the Emperor Maximilian of Germany, and the kings of France and Spain, having for its object the destruction of the state of Venice, 'with which,' says the chronicler, 'it seemed that the Lord was wroth for their great pomp and little acknowledgment of God, their luxurious living, and haughty contempt for all the other princes of Christendom.' In compliance with this treaty, the king of France marched an army from the duchy of Milan, and conquered several Venetian towns and castles: among others, the castle of Cazavas, which we mention for the sake of bringing in a curiosity of facetiousness, on the part of Bayard's secretary, or 'loyal serviteur,' who wrote the original memoirs. He says that the castle was carried in two hours, and some rustics found in it 'were made to try whether their necks were strong enough to carry away a battlement.' That is to say, the poor fellows were hanged; and this so terrified the people of other places, that, with one exception, there was no town or fortress which thereafter offered any resistance. All the towns and places which the king of France claimed were yielded to him; some of them being restored to the pope, some to the king of Spain, and, in particular, the keys of Verona, Vicenza, and Padua, were delivered to the French king, who subsequently gave them to the emperor. But inasmuch as Padua was very insufficiently garrisoned by the latter, certain Venetian captains made an effort to recover it, and, after a sharp contest, obtained possession. With the help of the king of France, the emperor now laid siege to it; and it was during this siege that the good knight performed the exploit which is next to be described.

While the emperor's forces lay encamped before the place, they were frequently disturbed by sallies from the enemy, and particularly by soldiers of the garrison of Treviso, a strong town about five-and-twenty miles from Padua. Here, among other captains, was stationed Master Luke Malleveche, an able and enterprising officer. Two or three times a week, he would be rousing up the

## STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

emperor's camp; and if he saw any opportunity of doing his adversary a mischief, he never spared himself in the attempt; but if not, he prudently retired, and never lost a man. This proceeding annoyed the good knight exceedingly; and having by his spies obtained good intelligence of the movements of Malleveche, he determined to go and seek him in the open country.

Communicating his project to certain of his comrades, who approved of it, they got to horse one morning in September, between two and three o'clock, with about 100 men-at-arms, and without sound of trumpet, or any noise, they set forth, with a guide before them well guarded by four archers; promising him good payment if he were faithful, and threatening him with death if he betrayed them. About ten miles off, as day was breaking, they came to a large palace with a long walled enclosure. The spy informed them, that if Malleveche made a sortie from Treviso, to visit their camp that day, he must needs pass in front of it; and as the place was deserted, they might there conceal themselves, and see him pass without being discovered. They accordingly entered, and after waiting a couple of hours, heard a great trampling of horses.

The good knight had made an old archer of his company get up into a pigeon-house, that he might observe who passed, and ascertain their number. From this position the man descried Malleveche approaching with about 100 men-at-arms, all helmeted, and not less than 200 Albanians, under the command of a Captain Scanderberg, all well mounted, and apparently effective men. They passed the place of ambush; and the archer descended in high spirits to report what he had seen. All were well pleased; and the good knight, desiring them to regirth their horses, exclaimed: 'Gentlemen, it is ten years since we had such an adventure. They are double our number; but if we are gentle gallants, that is nothing. Let us after them.'

The gate was opened, and they went off at a smart trot; and having proceeded about a mile, perceived those they were in quest of a little way before them on a fine wide road, bounded on both sides by broad ditches, 'which a man-at-arms, unless he were very well mounted, would scarcely venture to leap for fear of sticking there.' Trumpets were ordered to be sounded. The Venetian captains, who never dreamed of having an enemy behind them, thought it was some of their own people wishing to join the foray, and therefore pulled up as though waiting for a further reinforcement. They were not a little surprised to find themselves presently enclosed between the emperor's camp and the party which they now discovered. Malleveche, however, exhorted his men to do their duty, as they must needs conquer or be lost.

Trumpets were sounded on both sides, and when the two parties were about a bow-shot apart, they charged each other vehemently, shouting out their respective battle-cries. The chronicler says: '*It was a real pleasure to see them;*' but we suppose the Peace.

#### STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

Society would have been of a different opinion. At the first charge, many were struck to the ground. Every one was put upon his mettle. After some time, the Albanians before spoken of left the high-road, and abandoned their heavy troops, to attack the French in the rear. But at the good knight's suggestion, one of his captains turned round with his followers to engage with them; 'and the Albanians were so roughly handled, that a dozen of them fell, and the rest fled across the country.' Eventually, the Venetians were completely routed; and the French took a great many prisoners. Malleveche, with twenty or thirty of the best-mounted, leaped their horses out of the road, and fled towards Treviso. They were allowed to escape, as it was considered that it would be lost labour to pursue them. The prisoners were more numerous than the conquerors; there being not less than 180 of them, all of whom were disarmed of their swords and maces, and marched triumphantly to the French camp.

The emperor was walking in the outskirts of the camp when they arrived; and seeing a cloud of dust, sent a French gentleman of his household to ascertain what occasioned it. The messenger presently returned, saying: 'Sire, it is the Good Knight Bayard,' and went on to say, that he and his companions had 'had the finest skirmish that has taken place these hundred years; for they have more prisoners than they are men, and have taken two standards.' Of course the emperor was glad to hear it; and as the French approached, he graciously saluted them, they returning his salutation 'with the reverence due to so high a prince.' He complimented each captain as he passed, and when the good knight came up he said: 'My Lord de Bayard, my brother, your master, is very fortunate to have such a servant as you; I would give a hundred thousand florins a year to have a dozen like you.'

Whereunto the good knight replied: 'Sire, I very humbly thank you for the praise you are pleased to bestow on me. One thing I assure you, that so long as my master is your ally, you will have no more zealous servant than myself.' Then all the men-at-arms retired to their quarters; and there was never anything so noised in the camp as this splendid enterprise, of which the good knight bore off the greatest share of honour, though, with characteristic modesty, he always gave the merit of it to two of his companions.

After another dashing foray on the part of the good knight, the emperor determined on storming the town of Padua, and so putting an end to that part of the business. But on communicating his intentions to the noblemen and officers of his army, a strange murmur arose among them, they declaring 'that it was not their business to dismount or to storm a breach, but to fight like gentlemen on horseback; and with one or two exceptions, they all positively refused to have any hand in such an enterprise.' The emperor seems to have been disgusted by their conduct, and he, in consequence, retired that very night forty miles from the camp, and thence sent orders to raise the siege.

#### STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

Upon the retreat of the imperial army, the good knight was left in garrison at Verona, with about 400 men-at-arms, whom the king of France had lent to the emperor; and thence he had many skirmishes with the Venetians, commanded by Captain John Paul Monfrone. In one of these, he fell into an ambuscade, and was twice taken and rescued in the same day; but, by way of compensation, he that very night surprised and cut to pieces several hundred Venetian infantry. But space would fail us to tell of all the skirmishes between the French and the Venetians, and of many other things which Bayard's 'loyal serviteur' has recorded of his master.

After some time, these Italian wars took a new direction: hostilities broke out between the pope and the Duke of Ferrara, wherein, on the side of the latter, the good knight acquired further honour. It seems Pope Julius was very desirous of getting possession of the duchy of Ferrara, which, with characteristic presumption, he pretended belonged to the states of the Church; and with this view he withdrew from the alliance with the king of France, and prepared a large army in Bologna to march into the duchy. The duke applied to the French king for assistance, and in return the good knight and other officers were sent to him; together with 3000 or 4000 infantry, and 800 Swiss, 'all of whom were well received at Ferrara by the duke and duchess, and the rest of the inhabitants.'

The pope, meanwhile, marching by slow stages, arrived at the village of St Felix, between Concordia and Mirandola, and thence sent to the Countess of Mirandola, requesting her to deliver up her town to him; a request which she, being a courageous woman, and devoted to the French interests, decisively refused to comply with. The pope was very angry at this answer, 'and swore by St Peter and St Paul,' that he would have the town by fair means or by force; and accordingly he ordered his nephew and captain-general, the Duke d'Urbino, to go and lay siege to it. While the preparations were going on, the good knight formed a plan 'for seizing the pope and all his cardinals,' and was very near succeeding in his project. Being informed by his spies that his holiness would leave St Felix on such a day, accompanied by his 'cardinals, bishops, and prothonotaries, escorted by 100 horse, to join his camp before Mirandola,' he set forth with 100 picked men to waylay him at a place on the road which it was expected he would pass. The pope, being an early riser, got into his litter at day-break to go straight to his camp, and was preceded by his prothonotaries, clerks, and officers of all sorts, who were sent on to prepare his quarters. When Bayard heard them approaching, he quitted his ambush and charged them; whereupon, in great terror, they turned round and fled at full gallop. But notwithstanding the alarm they raised, the pope would not have escaped but for *another accident*, which perchance his holiness would be likely to consider providential. He had hardly proceeded more than

## STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

a cannon-shot from his quarters at St Felix, 'when there fell such a snow-storm as had not been seen for a century, so thick that they could not see one another;' and in consequence, the pope's prime-minister came and said to him: 'Holy father, it is impossible to cross the country while this lasts; it is necessary, and also your duty, to return.' The pope accordingly assented; 'and, as ill-luck would have it,' says our author quaintly, 'as the fugitives were returning, and the good knight spurring in pursuit, just as he arrived at St Felix, the pope was entering the castle, and hearing the cry, was so frightened, that he leaped from his litter without assistance, and himself helped to raise the draw-bridge, which was done like a man who had his senses about him; for, had he tarried the saying of a paternoster, he had certainly been caught!' Pope Julius, it would seem, knew when to pray and when to act; and, by virtue of this knowledge, he escaped the present peril.

Mirandola was subsequently taken by the pope's forces, though it is stated that it never would have been taken but for the accident of another snow-storm. 'It snowed so fast for six days and nights without ceasing, that the snow was five feet deep; and it then froze so hard, that the moats of Mirandola were two feet thick of ice, and a cannon, with its carriage, falling from the edge of the moat on the ice, did not break it.' There were evidently hard frosts in those days. After two wide breaches had been made in the walls, the garrison, 'seeing no prospect of relief, surrendered upon terms.' When the place was captured, the Duke of Ferrara retired to his capital, resolving to defend it to the last day of his life.

From Mirandola, the pope despatched an army to attack the town of La Bastide, about five-and-twenty miles from Ferrara. 'He had been advised, that if this place were once taken, Ferrara would be deprived of supplies, and would be reduced by famine in the course of two months.' The prowess of the good knight, however, prevented that catastrophe. To save the place, it was necessary to relieve the commandant within four-and-twenty hours; and this duty, in the face of great difficulties, Bayard undertook. We have no space to state particulars; but the pope's forces were surprised; and the result was, that between 4000 and 5000 foot were slain, and above sixty men-at-arms, 'and more than 300 horses were taken, together with all their baggage and artillery; so that every one had difficulty in carrying off his booty.' The chronicler affirms, that there had not been a battle for a hundred years better fought or gained at so great hazard.

We pass over various smaller exploits, simply noting by the way, that, in an assault upon the town of Brescia, the good knight was severely wounded, and for some time considered himself as next to dead; though by skilful surgery and good-fortune he eventually recovered. Brescia was taken by the French; but it is said to have been the ruin of their cause in Italy, for the men got

#### STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

so much plunder, that the greater part of them returned to France, and left the war to take its chance. After being several times repulsed with considerable loss, and losing their commander, the Duke de Nemours (nephew of Louis XII.), in the 'cruel and furious battle of Ravenna,' those that remained returned in a state of great discomfiture to Milan, and were finally driven out of Lombardy.

When wounded before Brescia, Bayard was carried, after the citadel was taken, by a couple of archers to a respectable-looking house hard by, that he might be laid somewhere to rest until his wound could be attended to. The house was the abode of a very rich gentleman, who had fled from the town, and taken refuge in a monastery; his wife being meanwhile left without protection, with two lovely daughters, who were concealed in a loft under some hay. You may judge that, in such circumstances, she was not without alarm: nevertheless, when the archers knocked at the door, she opened it in person, and saw the good knight brought in wounded. From the first, his bearing was gentle and considerate towards the household. He made them shut the door, and placed the two archers at it, charging them on their lives to suffer none to enter but his own people, and promising that they should lose nothing by not joining in the pillage. The story goes on to say: —'The lady of the house conducted him into a handsome chamber, and throwing herself on her knees before him, besought him to save the honour and the lives of herself and her two young girls, who were just of marriageable years. The good knight, who never entertained a wicked thought, replied: "Madam, I know not whether I shall recover from my wound; but whilst I live, no insult shall be offered to you or your daughters—only keep them out of sight. And I assure you, that you have here a gentleman who will not plunder you, but shew you any courtesy in his power." He then prayed her to send for a surgeon quickly, to dress his wound. She went herself, with one of the archers, to seek him, for he lived but two doors off. When he came, he examined the wound, which was deep and wide; and having extracted the iron, which was a most painful operation, he assured the good knight that it was not dangerous. At the second dressing, came the surgeon of the Duke de Nemours, who afterwards attended him, and treated him so skilfully, that in less than a month he was ready to mount on horseback.'

While confined to his bed, he was much chagrined at his prolonged inaction; for every day news came from the French camp, how they were approaching the Spaniards, and daily expecting to have a battle. At length, one morning, he got up, and walked about the room, to see if he could support himself; and though still weakly, he sent for the surgeon, and asked him, if there would be any danger in his travelling. The surgeon, knowing how impatient he was to be at the approaching battle, told him, that though the wound was not closed, it was healed

## STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

within; and if his barber would, every morning and night, apply a bandage, with a plaster he would give him, there would be no danger. The good knight, hearing this, was overjoyed, and thereupon ordered his servants to be ready for starting in two days.

On the morning of his departure, the lady of the house entered his room with a casket containing 2500 ducats, which, with many compliments, she begged him to accept, as a trifling consideration for the great kindness which she and her family had received from him. Bayard, with a pleasant laugh, declined the present, and proceeded, in return, to thank the lady for the good cheer and many attentions which he had enjoyed at her expense. Much astonished at his refusal, she persisted that she should be a very unhappy woman if he would not receive her little offering, which she declared to be a quite inadequate acknowledgment of his exceeding courtesy. Seeing her so resolute, he at length replied: 'Well, madam, I accept it for love of you; but seek me your two daughters, for I must bid them adieu.' When they appeared, Bayard had divided the ducats into three portions; and now, addressing the girls, he presented each with 1000 ducats as a wedding-present; saying to the mother: 'I will take these five hundred for myself, to apportion them amongst the poor religious houses which have been pillaged, and request you to undertake the charge, as you will best know where the need is greatest; and so I take my leave of you.' He then took their hands in the Italian fashion; and having accepted from the damsels a pair of 'bracelets of hair, beautifully worked with gold and silver,' and 'a purse of crimson satin, curiously embroidered,' he mounted his horse about noon, and rode to the French camp, where, on his arrival, it is said, the men-at-arms 'displayed such joy, that it seemed as if his coming had reinforced the army by 10,000 men.'

In the battle of Ravenna, which soon followed, the Duke de Nemours, as already said, lost his life; and not long afterwards the French sustained some further severe reverses. The pope, in fact, had induced the emperor to withdraw from the French alliance; and a numerous army of the Venetians, Swiss, and Papal troops, coming down upon their reduced and enfeebled force, obliged them to retire to the town of Pavia; from which place also they were subsequently expelled, and had to abandon nearly the whole of their possessions in the country. The reader will be concerned to hear, that in the retreat from Pavia, the good knight was 'wounded between the neck and shoulder by a ball, which carried away the flesh, and laid bare the bone.' Some thought he was killed; but he, nowise frightened, assured his companions that there was no great harm done. The surgery in this case was rather of a rude description. 'They stanchd the wound as best they could, with moss from the trees, and bound it with linen, which the soldiers tore from their shirts; for they had no surgeon with them by reason of the bad weather.' However, through

## STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

good-fortune, he was soon in a condition fit for travelling; and having now no further work in Italy, he seems to have journeyed back to his native country.

On returning to France, the good knight went to Grenoble, to visit his uncle the bishop, whom he had not seen for a long time. Here he was attacked by a violent fever, and was so ill, that his life was despaired of. During his sickness, he manifested a considerable deal of piety, sadly bewailing himself on account of his sins, and thereby melting the bystanders to tears. The good bishop was continually in prayer for him, as were likewise all the 'nobles, citizens, merchants, monks, and nuns,' that were resident in the neighbourhood. 'And it could not be,' says the chronicler, 'but amongst so many people there must have been some person whose prayer the Lord would hear; as was sufficiently apparent, for by degrees the fever left him, he began to sleep and recover his appetite, and in a fortnight or three weeks was quite recovered, and as lusty as ever, taking his pleasure in visiting his friends and the ladies, and banqueting from house to house.' But it would scarcely be charitable for the reader to conclude from this, that the good knight's piety did not survive his sickness, for, as piety went in those days, he would seem to have been ordinarily as pious as any man of his generation.

After remaining some time in Dauphiné, Bayard was despatched by the king, his master, to assist in the recovery of the kingdom of Navarre, which the king of Aragon had usurped, on no other reason than that the rightful ruler was in friendship with the king of France. In this expedition, siege was laid to Pampeluna; from which, however, after a good deal of hard fighting, the French were finally repulsed. It was reckoned an unfortunate expedition, 'for the French, on entering Navarre, destroyed and wasted everything, broke the wind-mills, and did many such-like things, which occasioned such a scarcity and famine, that much people died; and the army was in such want of shoes, that a wretched pair for a lackey cost a crown.' The soldiers suffered very much from hunger; but, nevertheless, the retreat was conducted handsomely; and in this the good knight acquired no small honour, he being always in the rear till danger was past; and indeed it appears to have been a compliment invariably paid to him, of placing him first in an advance, and among the last in a retreat.

The course of events has now brought us down to the year 1513, when Henry VIII. of England, having allied himself with the Emperor Maximilian, disembarked at Calais with a powerful army to invade Picardy. The English, under the command of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and Captain Talbot, laid siege to Touraine, and were shortly afterwards joined by the king in person. On his way thither, he was attacked by the good knight, who captured from him a piece of cannon, forming one of the *twelve pieces* which his majesty called the 'Twelve Apostles.' *in the battle which shortly followed, and which was called*

## STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

the 'Battle of the Spurs,' the French suffered a desperate defeat; and the good knight, for once in his life (being overpowered by numbers), had to surrender to the enemy. He was conducted to the English camp, where he remained for three or four days, and was treated by his captor with marked distinction. The emperor, moreover, sent for him to his quarters, and after some gracious observations, remarked jestingly: 'We were formerly at the wars together, and I remember it was then said, that the Captain Bayard never fled.'

'Sire,' replied the knight, 'I was never in that school where I learned to flee: had I fled, I should not have been here.' The English monarch gave him a more courteous reception, saying: 'Truly, my Lord Bayard, if all resembled you, I should soon be compelled to raise the siege.' After a brief detention, he was liberated on his parole not to bear arms for six weeks; and in compliance with that arrangement, he went to spend the time in visiting certain towns in Flanders.

In less than two years after the Battle of the Spurs, so called because of the speed which the French made in retreat, the good king, Louis XII., fell sick and died, and was buried at St Denis with his ancestors. His successor, as is not unknown to readers of French history, was Francis I., at that time a handsome prince of twenty, and but lately married to the Lady Claude of France, eldest daughter of the late king, and Duchess of Brittany in her own right. Soon after his coronation, the new king made preparations for reconquering the duchy of Milan; in which enterprise the good knight was sent forward with a detachment, and 'rendered the king good service, by surprising the Lord Prosper Colonna in the town of Villafranca, and making him and several captains prisoners, capturing an immense booty in money, horses, gold and silver vessels, and other movables, which the Lord Prosper himself declared was a loss to him of 50,000 crowns.' This capture was considered a great affair; 'for had not the Lord Prosper been taken, he would have been at the subsequent battle, and by his means the Spaniards and the remainder of the pope's army would have been there too, mustering together 1000 men-at-arms; which would have given the French such troublesome work as they could well dispense with.'

The passes of the country were in possession of Swiss soldiers, who, however, on hearing of the capture of Lord Prosper, abandoned them, and retreated to Milan. Thence they subsequently sallied forth, and made a sudden irruption on the French camp at Marignano. The king was on the point of going to supper, but he left it untasted, and went straight with his forces to meet the enemy. After a sharp skirmish, the Swiss were broken by his cavalry. During the combat, the good knight had a narrow escape. 'In the last charge upon the Swiss, in the dusk of the evening, he was mounted on a gallant steed, his second horse, for the first had been killed under him in the first charge. The jukes

## STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

bristled so thick about him, that his horse's bridle was torn off. When the animal felt himself without rein, he rushed, in spite of the Swiss, right through their ranks, and was carrying his rider straight into another body of them, when he was fortunately arrested by some vines festooned from tree to tree.' Not losing his presence of mind, he quickly dismounted, threw off his helmet and crosses, and crawled along the ditches to the French camp without being discovered. The loss of the French was very great; but they, nevertheless, gained the victory, and the town of Milan surrendered. The king, on this occasion, desired to confer the honour of knighthood on certain of his officers; but as, by the rules of chivalry, only a knight could confer the honour, he sent for the Lord de Bayard, and informed him first of all that he himself wished to be knighted by him, as being 'the knight of greatest renown for his feats of arms on foot and on horseback in divers battles.' Bayard urged that a crowned king, like Francis, was already a knight above all other knights. But the king said: 'Come, Bayard, dispatch. Allege me not laws and canons; but obey my will and command, if you would be of the number of my good servants and subjects.' The good knight then replied: 'Certes, sire, I will do it not once, but a hundred times at your command.' And, thereupon, taking his sword, and laying it on the king's shoulder, he said: 'Sire, may you be as renowned as Roland or Oliver, Godfrey or Baldwin his brother; and God grant you may never turn your back in war!' And thereafter the good knight kept the sword 'as a sacred relic,' in honour of the event.

The Emperor Maximilian, incensed at the king of France for having thus conquered the duchy of Milan, came into the country with new forces, for the purpose of regaining it. He was obliged, however, to retreat; and after some suspension of hostilities, he died in the year 1519, and his grandson Charles, the king of Spain, was elected emperor in his stead. Not long after (namely, in 1522), the new emperor assembled an army of 40,000 men, and having taken several nearer towns, suddenly besieged and took Mozon, belonging to the king of France, and thence threatened the town of Maizieres, a frontier town lying on the Netherlands. Francis despatched Bayard to defend it until he could collect an army; declaring that there was no man in his kingdom in whom he had greater confidence. The good knight found the town in a very poor plight for standing a siege; but, setting every one of his soldiers to work upon the ramparts, he soon brought it into tolerable condition. Being besieged on two sides, however, he had great difficulty in sustaining the place; yet, by a stratagem, he succeeded in inducing one of the two attacking camps to remove from its position and join the other, whereby the two commanders got into a serious misunderstanding, and forthwith raised the siege. The good knight, with only 1000 men, had kept them at bay for three weeks, and, meanwhile, the king of France levied an army powerful enough to

#### STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

drive them out of the country. Bayard's services were graciously acknowledged and amply recompensed by his master. He was created a knight of the order of St Michael, and received the command of a hundred men-at-arms.

Whatever might be the value of these distinctions, the good knight was not destined to enjoy them long. That inevitable Nemesis which attends the steps of every man favoured by fortune throughout many hazards, was now on the point of overtaking him. At the commencement of the year 1524, the king of France had a large army encamped at Biagras, in Italy, under the command of his admiral, the Lord de Bonnivet. In this army, Bayard held an office of command, and was sent by the admiral with some 200 men-at-arms, to watch the motions of the Spaniards near Milan, and to defend the village of Rebec against them. The place was assailable on all sides, and there were no means of fortifying it, except by barricading the entrances of the streets. For the purposes of defence, the good knight considered the forces intrusted to him as utterly insufficient, and he appears to have several times represented the danger of the enterprise to his superior the admiral. The latter, however, paid next to no attention to his representations. The Spaniards, who were 15,000 strong in Milan, learning from their spies that he was in Rebec with so small a party, determined one night to surprise him. The night selected for the purpose happened to be rainy, and the officers on guard at Rebec, suspecting no danger, had left their posts, and there remained nobody on watch but three or four archers. When the Spaniards approached within a bow-shot of the village, they were astonished at finding no one in the outskirts, and thought the good knight must have heard of their enterprise, and retired to Biagras. However, on advancing about a hundred paces further, they encountered the few archers who were on guard; and these, on being charged, instantly fled in great alarm, and hurriedly gave notice of the assault. The good knight—who, in such danger, never slept without his clothes and his armour lying by him—immediately started up, and mounting his charger, hastened, with five or six of his own men-at-arms, and a small number of infantry, under a certain Captain Lorges, to the barrier, to see what was going on. The enemy were surrounding the village, intent on finding the quarters of the Good Knight Bayard; and, indeed, if they had taken him, there would have been but little left to do. As yet, however, they could not get him. Whilst the fight was going on at the barrier, he heard the drums of their infantry beating to the attack; and straightway he desired Captain Lorges to withdraw his men, whilst he himself and the cavalry protected them in the rear. They found it necessary to abandon their baggage to the enemy, and to endeavour simply to save their lives. This eventually was done; the French making so gallant a retreat, that they lost only ten or eleven men.

On reaching Biagras, the good knight had some high words

## STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

with the admiral, which the chronicler has not thought it proper to repeat. A short time after this affair, the said admiral, perceiving his camp to be diminishing daily through want and sickness, called together a council of war, and it was then determined to withdraw the army. In the retreat, the good knight, as usual, remained with the rear-guard. The Spaniards followed them from day to day, and had frequent skirmishes with them on the way; but whenever they came to charge, they were gallantly driven back by Bayard and his men-at-arms. On one occasion, the Spaniards threw out on each side of the road a large body of hacquebuters and harquebuseers, whose pieces carried large stones, and with these they did the French considerable injury. Various gallant noblemen were slain; and, worse than all, the good knight himself was one among the number. He was steadily retiring before the Spaniards, and frequently turning back to face them, maintaining the greatest calmness and resolution amidst the peril, when suddenly 'a stone from a harquebuse struck him on the loins, and broke the great bone of the spine.' He was on the point of falling from his horse, but still had strength enough to support himself by holding on to the saddle, till a young gentleman helped him to dismount. He was now pressed to withdraw from the field, but his answer was, that he had never yet turned his back upon an enemy. He was placed against a tree, with his face towards the Spaniards, who, on hearing he was wounded, became instantly impressed with great concern on his account: 'for,' says his biographer, 'he had always been very kind to his prisoners, and liberal in respect of their ransom; and they knew that, by his death, nobility itself was impaired, for, without disparaging others, he was the most perfect knight in this world.'

The Marquis of Pescara, and other noble Spaniards, who came to see him before he died, expressed the greatest commiseration at his fate, and spoke loudly in praise of his honour, daring, and magnanimity. Amongst others came the Duke of Bourbon, who had been formerly engaged in a conspiracy against the king of France, and having fled the kingdom, was now in command of the Spanish army. He came with the intent of endeavouring to console the noble knight, telling him how distressed he was at the accident which had befallen him, and offering to send him the best surgeons in the country, by whose assistance, timely rendered, he thought he might possibly be cured. But when the good knight recognised him, he answered: 'My lord, I have no longer need of physicians for the body, but of those of the soul. I am not to be pitied, who die with my honour unsullied; but pity is rather due to you, who are in arms against your prince, your country, and your oath.' He continued to live for two or three hours; the enemy having stretched a handsome tent over him, and laid him on a bed. A priest was brought, to whom he devoutly confessed himself; and then, with a final prayer for mercy at the hands of the Eternal, he calmly yielded up his breath.

## STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

Being dead, the Spanish chiefs appointed some gentlemen to carry him to a church, where solemn service was chanted over him for two days. His followers then carried his body into his native country of Dauphiné; the highest military honours being paid to his remains as they passed through the duchy of Savoy. We are told that in Dauphiné the mourning which took place at the announcement of his death exceeded the powers of description; and it was confidently said, that for a thousand years before there had not died a gentleman so lamented by all ranks and orders of the people. The body was escorted from church to church along the road by a numerous procession, and was at length interred in the monastery of Mynima, about half a league from Grenoble, amidst the tears and lamentations of the entire population of the neighbourhood; and so great and passionate was their grief, that 'all fêtes, dances, banquets, and other pastimes, ceased.' Good reason, thinks the chronicler, they had for their regret, 'for a heavier loss could not have happened to that country.'

By way of conclusion, we will cite some sentences from the eulogy of Bayard's loyal serviteur, as rendered in Mr Kindersley's condensed translation of the good knight's memoirs. 'To enumerate the virtues of the good knight,' says he, 'would be superfluous. All things pass away but the love of God. Suffice it then to say, that he loved and feared God above all things; he never swore or blasphemed; and in all his affairs and necessities he ever had recourse to Him. . . . He loved his neighbour as himself, and never possessed a crown but it was at the service of the first who needed it. He was a great alms-giver, and gave his alms in secret; he succoured widows in distress; and during his life, had given in marriage a hundred poor orphan-girls, gentle-folks, and others. If a gentleman under his command was dismounted, he remounted him, and in a manner not to offend his delicacy, often exchanging a Spanish charger worth 200 or 300 crowns for a nag worth but six, and giving the gentleman to understand that the latter was just the horse to suit himself; so graciously did he confer his gifts. He was a sorry flatterer; and never swerved from speaking truth were it to the greatest of princes. He looked with contempt upon this world's wealth, and was at his death no richer than at his birth. In war, none excelled him; in conduct, he was a Fabius Maximus; in enterprise, a Coriolanus; and in courage and magnanimity, a second Hector. Dreadful to the enemy; gentle and courteous to his friends. Three qualities marked him for a perfect soldier: he was a greyhound in attack, a wild boar in defence, and a wolf in retreat. In short, it would take a good orator his life to recount his virtues.'

This, then, is the 'pleasant and refreshing history' of Bayard, the 'good knight without fear and without reproach,' as complete as we are able to relate it within the present limits. It is the history of a life of brave and magnanimous activity, under a

#### STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

form now obsolete, but which is, nevertheless, in the spirit of it still true and beautiful. Courage, heroic daring, and self-devotion to ends extraneous to himself, are emphatically exemplified from the beginning to the end of his career. His story, likewise, affords us some interesting glimpses of the 'image and body' of a time which ordinary history has but indifferently represented. We see in it, in some sort, how a man of noble instincts was furthered, straightened, and circumstantially equipped for living and acting in a way that was then considered noble. Extrinsicly a soldier of fortune, fighting and skirmishing for his pay, Bayard was yet *intrinsically* a man of chivalrous and lofty spirit; and in the wild element in which he acted and endured, he performed the work before him in a manner worthy of admiration. Loyal, faithful, and persevering in whatsoever he undertook; unflinching in danger, merciful in conquest, and of an unbounded liberality in the dispensation of what befell to him by favour and chance of fortune, his conduct and character are marked by all the qualities of greatness, beauty, and disinterestedness, which are the signs and credentials of the hero; and as such, the world has not inconsiderately accepted him, and deemed his memory deserving of a lasting preservation.





## MATHILDE.

### I.

**T**HERE never was a more charming, quaint, old-fashioned garden, or a more simple and excellent old-fashioned gentleman, the owner of it, than was to be found within the limits of Deepdean Vale. It was a spot where the devotee of 'bygones' might rhapsodise, and which the urbane and silver-haired squire delighted to expatiate on, for next to Dorothy, his only child, this old-fashioned gentleman dearly loved his old-fashioned garden, and, it must be confessed, both were delightful in their way.

Mr Cheyne himself, in point of universal benevolence, philanthropy, and unaffected courtesy, greatly resembled

## MATHILDE.

notable Sir Roger de Coverley; his politeness arose from real kindness of heart, and his gentleness of demeanour from simplicity of character and real piety; although a constitutional tendency to inactivity, and a dislike to innovation and all 'new-fangled ways,' assisted to produce a certain apathetic repose, redeemed from slothfulness only by genuine good-nature. Mr Cheyne was a widower, and his young daughter had had the misfortune to lose her mother just when she was beginning to need most a mother's care and counsel. The squire had married late in life, Dorothy was the child of his old age, and the fair delicate girl so nearly resembled her deceased parent, that many a time and oft the tears coursed each other down the bereaved husband's furrowed cheeks, as he gazed on this sole treasure left to solace his declining years. The pleasant inheritance which had descended to Mr Cheyne from father to son in a long unbroken line, from various causes had been of late years much impoverished and diminished; though it still afforded an income amply sufficient for all the moderate wants of one who found in his garden, his devotions, and the perusal of Evelyn's works, a full source of quiet and healthful recreation, comfort, and enjoyment. The estate, indeed, was known to be much embarrassed; and it is probable that both Mr Cheyne and his fair daughter would have been suffered to vegetate in obscurity, unnoticed and uncourted by their more affluent neighbours, had not Dorothy's reputation as her maternal uncle's heiress secured for them a degree of attention which these primitive, contented, humble souls were far from desiring. Dorothy inherited from her parents an affectionate heart and a love of quiet, which had reconciled her to a life of seclusion, and inspired a dread of city crowds: indeed, her father's favourite quotation—

'God the first garden made—and the first city, Cain,'

she had learned to repeat with infinite gusto.

Deepdean, Mr Cheyne's dwelling, resembled more an enlarged rustic cottage than a substantial family mansion; yet it was substantial, and was capable of affording accommodation for a family, with a retinue of retainers more numerous than were to be found in the present proprietor's time. Grape-vines overspread it, roses and woodbine climbed to the eaves, or twisted knots of flowers round the casements; as to the material it was composed of, whether stone, brick, or wood, it was impossible to discern, there not being a single speck uncovered with festooning greenery. It was extremely irregular in form, huge chimneyed and gabled; and it stood in the midst of the smiling antique garden like a great summer-bower, always green, always fresh and sunny, even in mid-winter. But the Deepdean garden—the delicious quaint old garden—what words may describe or do justice to it? There were gray walls lined with apricots and plums, and straggling vines and luscious sun-burned peaches, with walks between close

# MATHILDE.

laurel-hedges, and beds of flowers bordered round with miniature hedges of box; here were spiked-lavender, pinks, stocks, and clove-carnations; fruit-trees, trained espalier fashion, dropping their ripened burdens on the paths; and out-of-the-way odd corners, filled with every herb the hygieist desires. There were holly-bushes, clipped into extravagant shapes of nondescript creatures; patches of level emerald green-sward, turf softer than velvet, finer and richer; formal terraces, statues and fountains, old spreading chestnut-trees, bee-hives, sun-dials, and a pleasant fruit-bearing ravine, celebrated in the valley for its productiveness. The place had been laid out in obsolete taste by some old-fashioned proprietor long, long ago; and so it had been left, for the sake of association, or, it might be, idleness, or in the spirit of veneration for primitive perfection, which dwellers in secluded spots are prone to nurse. And none ever carried this veneration to a greater extent than did Mr Cheyne: he might have passed for an embodiment of the antique genius presiding over the solitary green vale of Deepdean, haunting the garden, and hiding in the green bowery dwelling. Nor was Dorothy an unapt illustration of one of those shadowy forms with which the ancients loved to people sylvan solitudes; and the slight pale girl, gliding at twilight hour among the fountains and flowers, or when the moon arose in solemn glory, bathing every object in mystic light, might have seemed a spiritual creation, till her merry laugh dispelled the illusion; for Dorothy was of the earth, earthy, with faults as plentiful as those of any of Eve's fair daughters, although her doting sire accounted her as near perfection as the old garden, and *that* could not by possibility be improved.

Tenderly and truly the young Dorothy returned all this lavish affection: she often felt it would be impossible for her to leave this fond father and this dear home; and this feeling was strangely dominant, accompanied by tell-tale blushes, whenever a certain youth, named Francis Capel—second son of a wealthy baronet, their nearest neighbour—came to Deepdean; and he came pretty often, too, being an ardent admirer of Evelyn, of the old garden, and of Dorothy—which last circumstance was viewed complacently by Mr Cheyne, as Francis was a fine, generous, good fellow, and a son-in-law after the squire's own heart. It seemed, indeed, as if the course of true love, in this particular case, was destined to run smooth: Sir John Capel viewing his son's attachment with approving eyes, for although Mr Cheyne's affairs were not in a flourishing condition, Dorothy was her Uncle Hardinge's presumed heiress, and Francis, as a second son, inherited only a few thousands in right of his deceased mother. The young folks had plenty of time before them—they were both children yet, said Sir John Capel—and although there was no positive engagement between them, it seemed an understood thing that sweet Dolly Cheyne and gallant

#### MATHILDE.

Frank Capel were one day to become man and wife. Of this said Uncle Hardinge, little was known by Mr Cheyne or Dorothy; he resided in the metropolis, principally at his club, was a *ci-devant* beau, entirely given up to selfish pursuits, and caring for nothing beyond the narrow circle which formed his little world. In youth he had been a traveller, residing much on the continent, from which he had imported many foreign habits and tastes. These were so uncongenial to Mr Cheyne, that the brothers-in-law seldom cared to meet, and slender intercourse was kept up between them during later years—Mr Cheyne abominating the town as Mr Hardinge did the country. Nevertheless, as all Mr Hardinge's fortune would descend to Dorothy, in the event of his dying without legitimate issue, and as he was a reputed bachelor, not in the least likely to enter the matrimonial state *now*, it may readily be surmised that he was a personage of vast importance to the country relatives, who regarded him as the beau-ideal of a finished courtier. Annual presents of bijoutry arrived at Deepdean for Dorothy, evidencing the fine taste of her uncle; and annual presents of gastronomic delicacies were despatched to the exquisite gourmand, who valued no gift equal to one that would excite his worn-out palate. The Deepdean hams, the Deepdean fowls, the Deepdean conserves, and the Deepdean herbal recipes, were all pronounced invaluable by the town gentleman; and this interchange of good things being regularly kept up without personal contact, an excellent understanding was the result. Now, although Dorothy heartily desired long life for Uncle Hardinge, yet was she fully sensible of the benefits which would accrue from her accession of fortune on his demise; and in the golden day-dreams to which this idea gave rise, there ever mingled, in association with her beloved father, another individual—need he be named?—the lover of her youth, the dark-eyed Francis Capel.

Dorothy well knew her poor father's embarrassments—his frequent want of ready means—and she looked forward with yearning hope to the period when she might pour forth her golden treasures to neutralise all his anxieties and privations—to ward off every blast from his revered head, silvered with the snow of many a wintry storm. Dorothy was as shy and retiring as a timid fawn, but playful withal in the precincts of her own home, among those who knew and loved her; but when, at intervals, she went forth to mix with her equals—particularly at Capel House—a proud reserved bearing, quiet and self-possessed, took the place of girlish diffidence. Intuitively, Dorothy knew that at Capel House she was valued for the sake of Uncle Hardinge—by all save one: as the daughter of poor Mr Cheyne of Deepdean, she was nobody, despite ancient lineage and an untainted name; but as the heiress of Mr Hardinge, the worn-out *roué* of fashion, she was fêted, caressed, and received as a future daughter of the Capels. But, ah! how the aspect of all things changed when she wandered with her father and Frank in the old garden; how

4

MATHILDE.

happy might they three be there, just as they were—comparatively poor,

‘The world forgetting, by the world forgot.’

This was what Frank said, and Frank was sincerity itself. To do the youth justice, he never thought of Dorothy’s heirship, save in connection with his own family: for him she would have been best and dearest, had such a personage as Mr Hardinge never existed. But Frank well knew his father’s way of thinking, and that Sir John Capel was a worshipper of Mammon; not that Sir John was particularly hard-hearted or intolerant, but, like most fathers, he considered the prudent side when the settlement of his children was concerned. And who can blame him for parental vigilance and forethought, when not carried to an unfeeling extent?

‘I have just received a letter, which I fear may summon me to the great Babel, Dolly, my dear,’ said Mr Cheyne to his daughter one morning, in a state of evident excitement, which he vainly strove to check or conceal. ‘It is from Doctor Emslie, a friend of your uncle’s, who writes to say that Mr Hardinge is labouring under a severe and sudden attack of stomachic gout, which causes much alarm and anxiety as to its ultimate termination. Doctor Emslie adds, that he thinks I ought to be present; and he throws out a mysterious hint that my presence is absolutely necessary, in the event of my poor brother-in-law’s decease, as there are family matters which require “explanation and arrangement.” What can he mean, Dorothy, my dear? Don’t you remember the name of Emslie, and hearing your uncle once speak of him as a learned and excellent physician, who had retired from active life, and resided somewhere in the lake-country? Ah! Emslie, Emslie,’ continued Mr Cheyne hesitatingly; ‘your dear departed mother, Dorothy, my dear, knew Mrs Emslie very well, if I recollect rightly; and Doctor Emslie and your uncle Hardinge were friends from youth, the latter having had it in his power to forward the doctor’s views of advancement in his professional career: and no doubt Doctor Emslie has always felt under an obligation to him. But there is a sort of mystery in this letter which I don’t comprehend, coming, as it does, from so honest-hearted an individual. I think, Dorothy, my dear, I had better attend to it immediately, and make the necessary preparations for a journey to the metropolis. It strikes me as being rather odd, that Doctor Emslie was sent for before me,’ added Mr Cheyne, again hesitating and speaking slowly, as if trying to recollect past events, and string them together, for a link in the chain was broken, and the old man’s memory was sometimes treacherous.

‘Perhaps, dear father,’ replied Dorothy cheerfully, ‘poor Uncle Hardinge wished to see him professionally, and has high confidence in his skill: let us earnestly hope he may yet recover and be spared for years to come.’

MATHILDE.

'Nay, my dear,' replied her father, shaking his head, 'that in the course of nature is scarcely possible: your uncle and I were born in the same year.'

Here Dolly threw her arms round the speaker's neck, chiding him fondly for being 'so unkind as to speak so,' and hiding her tears on his shoulder.

'Well, well, my darling, for your sake I trust to be spared yet awhile,' said Mr Cheyne, caressing the fair head which rested beside him; 'but as for the circumstance you alluded to, of Mr Hardinge sending for Doctor Emslie professionally, that I do not believe to be the case, seeing that your uncle has for many years been under the care of a celebrated metropolitan practitioner, in whom he places implicit faith. No, no; it is not for any such medical consultation your Uncle Hardinge needs the presence of Doctor Emslie. But I will set off for the scene myself, and have all mystery, which I abominate, cleared up. I cannot think what oppresses me, Dorothy, my dear, but, in connection with this Doctor Emslie and his mission, something weighs heavily at my heart, which I cannot shake off. It is as if coming events cast their shadows before, and a great calamity were about to befall us.'

'Ah! dear father, you are merely disconcerted by the prospect of this journey to town, and leaving Deepdean for awhile; and, then, anxiety for poor uncle is so natural, that I can account for these passing shadows.' And Dorothy tried to smile brightly, but the smile faded away into a tear, for she, too, was infected with a strange sadness; and it seemed as if Dr Emslie's name had cast a spell over them both.

Days of suspense passed away after Mr Cheyne's departure to attend the sick-bed of his suffering relative, for writing was his aversion, and the short bulletins, containing daily hopes and fears, touched on no other topic than the sufferer's amendment or relapse. Dorothy was forced to content herself with these scraps; and, fully prepared by the last accounts for those which were to follow, she at length, without surprise or violent emotion, received the notification of her uncle's death. This notification, however, spoke of feelings less equable: it was in Dr Emslie's handwriting, who, while assuring her of her father's perfect health, added that recent events had agitated him greatly, and rendered him incapable of exertion for the present. Dorothy, on the receipt of the letter, would have instantly set out to join her beloved parent, to ascertain with her own eyes that he was well; but Dr Emslie added in a postscript, that Mr Cheyne proposed returning to Deepdean immediately after the funeral, and wished to defer the communication of important tidings until then. What could these tidings be? Dorothy asked herself again and again. What had happened to agitate her father so keenly, and to prevent his writing to her in person? Conjecture was vain; but, restless and uneasy, haunted by vague apprehensions of sorrow in store for her, Dorothy eagerly counted the days until Mr Cheyne returned,

# MATHILDE.

when, clasped to the parental bosom once more, she almost forgot the anxiety in delight, until the change in her father's aspect caught her observation, and the shock occasioned a sudden revulsion of feeling.

'Father, dearest father!' she exclaimed in dismay, 'how haggard and wretched you look! What is the matter? There is something even beyond the natural grief for poor Uncle Hardinge here! Tell me, dear father, what has happened to bow you down thus. You are ill—worn—the journey has been too much for you.'

'My poor girl!' sighed Mr Cheyne, 'it has been too much for me; but not in the way you imagine. I am wearied, but not in body: it is the mental powers which have been strained and overtaxed. I have ill news for you, my poor girl—a surprise—a painful one, Dorothy, my dear. Can you guess it?'

Dorothy trembled, and gazed into the old man's clear blue eyes. She read their tidings at a glance, for they were speaking eyes to Dorothy: she was so accustomed to watch her father's every look, to anticipate his every wish. 'Father!' she exclaimed in a low trembling voice, 'I am not the heiress: say, am I mistaken?'

'You are *not* mistaken, my poor girl—my poor, poor girl! The blow fell heavily, heavily on me at first; but I am sustained, as you will be, my noble girl, by the knowledge that tardy justice is at length done to the innocent, the unoffending. Your uncle, Dorothy, my dear, has left two children to bear his name and to inherit his property. It is a bitter and a cruel disappointment for you, my darling; but God grant you strength to bear up, and conquer all selfish repining, when you hear the tale.'

Pale, speechless, tearless, Dorothy clung to her father, stupified and stunned by what she had heard. Like lightning her thoughts flew to Capel House. How would they receive her now? What would Francis do? What would *she* do if they were separated? All her air-built castles—all her plans for helping and comforting her father vanished away—all the charming dreams of the future dispelled! It was a bitter cup: she could not dash it aside—it was to be drained to the dregs; and silently poor Dorothy listened to the history her father proceeded cautiously to unfold; and though most cautiously he proceeded, yet his fears were seriously aroused for the beloved child who, in mute attention, hung on his words: she seemed so frail a creature to battle with so chilling a disappointment. Mr Cheyne thought, too, of Francis Capel, and his heart bled for the young pair. He knew Frank's worth, but he also knew Sir John's mammon-worship; and the idea of Dorothy marrying into a family who did not wish to receive her, never for an instant entered the head of the worthy squire. This sweet first love-passage must end; but Mr Cheyne grieved more like a young than an old man. Age does not often sympathise thus with youth; and this bond of sympathy it was which had

#### MATHILDE.

firmly knit the affection of father and daughter. Together they had deplored the loss of the beloved wife and mother: their joys and sorrows were all shared in common; and never since her birth had Dorothy concealed a thought from her fond parent. Though Mr Cheyne mourned the ending of this early love, yet he had looked forward so confidently to his child's future aggrandisement, that to give up all hope that it might still be accomplished was beyond his strength. He therefore proceeded to unfold the new page whereon the future was traced in dim perspective, and he did so with some trepidation as well as caution, for the future was very different from that which Dorothy had permitted herself to anticipate. Poor girl! she did not exclaim: 'It is very hard,' or 'Very unjust,' but her silent anguish pierced the father's heart. She felt for his disappointment even more than for her own. But was it not still in her power to make amends for fortune's unkindness, and to restore peace and prosperity? Might not the lost fortune still be hers on one condition? Ah, that condition! There was the trial of her faith and submission!

During his travels abroad, it appeared that Mr Hardinge had been captivated by a beautiful foreigner, she being an orphan, the daughter of an artisan. No one imagined that the marriage-ceremony hallowed their affection, for it was kept a profound secret—a fact which doubtless originated in Mr Hardinge being rather ashamed of his wife's inferiority in point of rank; a false shame, indeed, which imputed no shame to supposed guilt. After the birth of two children, a girl and a boy, continued bickerings began to imbitter his domestic peace; and this, added to disgraceful conduct on the part of his wife, led him to return to England in company with his two children, leaving Mrs Hardinge to pursue her career of dissipation in her own land. Fortunately perhaps for them both, this evil career soon terminated, the unhappy and misguided woman being carried off suddenly by infectious fever. Mr Hardinge determined never to acknowledge his miserable marriage, but to place his offspring where they would live unknown, and never to remove the stigma which rested upon their birth. It was Dr and Mrs Emslie who undertook the charge of the motherless children. The doctor was under obligations to Mr Hardinge, who had been to him a firm disinterested friend; and gladly he repaid the debt of gratitude by fostering the children, whose very first entrance on the stage of life had been under false colours. Neither Dr nor Mrs Emslie was acquainted with the truth: they regarded Mathilde and her brother Gervase as the offspring of shame, and always considered Mr Hardinge's conduct most generous towards beings so unhappily circumstanced. Having no family of their own, the poor children became to them objects of the most tender interest and solicitude. Lavish means were provided by Mr Hardinge, who, however, never openly came forward to acknowledge them, and Mathilde and Gervase were brought up in the belief that they

#### MATHILDE.

were orphans. Whilst Dr Emslie deprecated the sin, and lamented over the sinner, he was too sincere a Christian to visit on the heads of the unoffending children the crime imputed to their parents. He watched over them sedulously, while the exemplary Mrs Emslie performed the real mother's part, until death removed her to a better world.

But when the time of Mr Hardinge's departure approached, all things in this sublunary scene assumed a changed aspect—the sins of his youth wore a deeper dye, and rose up in fearful array to upbraid and terrify. The dying man sent for Dr Emslie, and confided to him the fact of having executed a will, wherein was specified the legitimacy of his children, and the indisputable proof of his marriage with their mother, together with full directions for their future guidance. Dr Emslie was of course greatly astonished; and notwithstanding that he rejoiced at the good which accrued to those so dear to him, yet he felt for the disappointment which must inevitably result when Mr Cheyne was made acquainted with the truth. To unfold this startling truth was Dr Emslie's very painful duty; and Mr Cheyne arrived only in time to hear it corroborated by Mr Hardinge, who, fully sensible to the last, asked his brother-in-law's forgiveness for the deception he had practised; adding, in disjointed sentences: 'But all things may yet be well. Gervase is a good lad. Tell Dorothy it is my dying wish that she'—

The unfinished wish was fully elucidated in the will. Gervase, who wanted a few months of completing his twenty-first year, was named sole legatee of his deceased father's large property, on one condition—namely, that within six months after he attained his majority, he espoused his cousin Dorothy Cheyne. In the event of their not marrying within the prescribed period—no matter from which side the demur proceeded—then the whole property passed to Mathilde, who was her brother's senior by three years.

Moreover, the will specified that Mathilde and Gervase were to reside at Deepdean, beneath Mr Cheyne's roof, until the allotted period expired; removing thither forthwith, for the purpose of affording the cousins ample opportunities of 'cementing a friendship,' which Mr Hardinge trusted would be 'lasting and sincere,' and for their 'temporal and eternal benefit.' This was a strange expression from one who had thought so little about eternity; but the approach of our last enemy works miracles, even on the most stubborn and obdurate heart. And so it was with Mr Hardinge: his had been an eleventh-hour repentance; and tardy justice at length was yielded to the innocent victims of a father's folly and a mother's misconduct.

'And so they are coming here, dear father,' said Dorothy, pale and trembling; 'these strangers are coming to our quiet home. Methinks they are like birds of ill-omen, descending on a sheltered nook, where the old nest lies hidden among the leaves. Ah! we

MATHILDE.

do not want them, dear father, we have been so happy together—there is no room in our old nest for them !’

‘My child,’ murmured Mr Cheyne, embracing his daughter, ‘we have no choice—unless, indeed, you reject these unknown cousins altogether. They are to be pitied, not scorned ; and you may learn to love them, Dorothy, my dear. Your cousin Gervase is very handsome and spirited, Doctor Emslie says.’

Dorothy flushed scarlet ; her thoughts were with Frank Capel, and how he would bear this heavy blow, so fatal to their cherished hopes. Mr Cheyne understood the sign, and turned away with a heavy sigh ; for an accumulation of embarrassing annoyances in his pecuniary affairs did not tend to lighten the shadow now cast over the future. He had counted so positively on assistance from Mr Hardinge’s property to free Dorothy, on his own decease, from all family involvements, that now he felt overwhelmed, and incapable of any mental exertion. How dreadful it would be to leave this beloved child to comparative poverty and all its attendant ills ; she, who had scarcely ever left the precincts of that peaceful valley—whose young life had glided onwards, amid the shaded walks and alleys of that dear old garden, just like the tranquil stream that irrigated the adjacent pastures and fed the sparkling fountains. To this quiet garden Mr Cheyne betook himself for repose and comfort. It is very soothing and sedative, when the mind is perplexed, and tossed, and overwearied, to go forth into some lonely pathway of a secluded garden, there to pace to and fro unobserved by mortal eyes, inhaling the pure air, drinking in sweet sights and sounds—the garden hum, the garden glories—and so to let painful thought be diluted, as it were, and become therefore less bitter to the taste. Dorothy left her father much alone in his well-loved haunt : she knew by experience that it was delicious sometimes to be alone there ; and she fervently trusted the panacea might prove in some measure adequate to relieve his distressed mind. But with dismay unutterable she looked forward to the arrival of her cousins : they were expected shortly at Deepdean, and long ere they arrived, the news had spread far and wide of the changed aspect of affairs with Mr Cheyne and his fair daughter ; while at Capel House the consternation was universal—Sir John looking portentous and solemn ; and Frank, at once galloping over to learn the truth from Mr Cheyne, and to prostrate himself at his mistress’s feet with more ardour and devotion than when she was the reputed heiress of tens of thousands.

But this state of matters was not suffered to continue long ; Mr Cheyne came to an understanding at once with Sir John Capel on the subject of Frank’s addresses to Dorothy. Sir John (for him) behaved quite nobly—assuring Mr Cheyne of his high respect for the whole race of Cheynes, and for the squire and Dorothy in particular ; but candidly confessing his own inability to portion off younger sons, so as to enable them to marry without fortune on the lady’s side. Mr Cheyne, whose heart was simple and

# MATHILDE.

sensitive, felt so much gratified at Sir John's kind and flattering expressions, that he also candidly confessed that it was *his* wish to see Dorothy well settled, the pecuniary circumstances of the Cheynes not being so flourishing as they once were. In short, Sir John Capel understood Mr Cheyne to mean, that his daughter should fulfil the condition of her deceased uncle's will. Thereupon the two fathers shook hands heartily, and praised each other's judgment; lauding also poor Frank and Dorothy as the finest young couple that ever lived, and lamenting the impossibility of their union. It was agreed, however, that Frank's visits to Deepdean must be discontinued, or tolerated only at rare intervals; Sir John hinting, that, in the course of a few months, there was a probability of Frank obtaining a diplomatic appointment abroad—as *attaché*, or something of that kind.

Thus everything was settled to the satisfaction of the two elders; but it so happened that Frank, who was a hot-headed fellow, determined to judge for himself, and, in the true lover-like style, importuned Dorothy to do so likewise, and to marry him forthwith, in order to make things 'certain and straightforward,' as he wisely observed. But Dorothy turned a deaf ear to all his pleadings, although they were remarkably eloquent. She desired him never to address her so again, as she was determined never to marry without the full consent and approbation both of his father and her own. Dorothy wept when she said all this, and Frank did not believe her; but in the course of time he became convinced that she had spoken what she meant, for he could by no stratagem succeed in gaining private speech with her, and he found her firm resolution of adhering to the line of duty and obedience was not to be shaken. Even Sir John Capel admitted that their case was not a common one, and expressed commiseration for the parted lovers, for their attachment had been distinctly approved and encouraged; and now the rude severance was exacted, just as if two fond hearts might be tossed hither and thither like playthings! Poor Frank stormed and raved, declared he was the most ill-used man in the world, and that he had been treated shamefully. Sir John's moderation and silence tended, however, to mollify his son's exasperation; nor could Frank help owning, that to carry off Dorothy at present would not only be an act of the highest imprudence, but cruelly selfish towards her; as such a proceeding must inevitably entail misery on the delicate and tenderly nurtured girl; so little inured or able to bear up against the rubs of life—the rubs which poverty renders inevitable.

A letter from Dr Emslie, couched in most delicate and feeling terms, announced the near approach of those whom he called his 'dear adopted children.' The worthy man evidently shunned interference with aught appertaining to, or bearing on, the late Mr Hardinge's will; but there was a tone throughout his letter which shewed how deeply he felt for Dorothy's disappointment.

## MATHILDE.

He said little of Gervase, but he commended Mathilde to Dorothy's 'great love,' and he touched on parting with her with more solemnity than the occasion seemed to warrant. But then 'Doctor Emslie was an old man,' said Mr Cheyne, with tears in his own eyes meanwhile, 'and Mathilde was to him, no doubt, as an only daughter'—looking fondly and proudly on Dorothy, who sat near him.

'O father,' said Dorothy wistfully, 'do you not think that Doctor Emslie asks too much of poor human nature, when he requires me to bestow great love on my cousin Mathilde?'

'It is asking a great deal, my poor girl,' responded Mr Cheyne; 'but Doctor Emslie, depend on it, has his reasons for what he does, for he is a singularly gifted, wise, and, above all, a truly pious man. When he spoke of Mathilde to me, which was but once, there was an air of sadness, nay, almost of solemnity in his tone and manner, which made a deep impression on me at the time. Of Gervase, he speaks as a light-hearted boy—or almost a boy; and when he commends Mathilde to you, Dorothy, my dear, I cannot but think there is some hidden meaning attached to the simple words—for Doctor Emslie, as I have said, is not a man to say or write anything destitute of meaning.'

'Well, dear father, I will try and be kind at anyrate to this unknown cousin,' sighed Dorothy. 'I will pray not to hate her.'

'My dear, dear child,' said Mr Cheyne, folding her to his heart, 'it is not in your nature to hate anything.'

Dorothy, by always alluding only to Mathilde, plainly told Mr Cheyne that she considered her the ultimate possessor of the property—poor Dorothy unawares thus laying bare the secret counsels of her own little constant loving heart.

'Well,' said Mr Cheyne in soliloquy, with his hands behind his back, sauntering up and down his favourite shaded walk—'well, I never will press my child to marry against her own inclination; and if she is averse to wed her cousin Gervase when she comes to know him, God's will be done—I must leave her to Mathilde's care when I go'—

## II.

To most young women, Mathilde's position at Deepdean would have been a most trying one. An unwelcome guest—an interloper in every sense of the word—forced upon unknown relatives, and robbing them of an inheritance, unless indeed the inclinations of Gervase and Dorothy inclined them to matrimony, which on one side at least seemed unlikely. But it was difficult for any of the inmates of Deepdean to say in what her influence consisted—in what way her presence seemed to shed over them a peculiar peace and sunshine—not of this world certainly, for Mathilde was unworldly in the strictest sense of the term. The deathly pallor

# MATHILDE.

of her countenance startled and pained Dorothy, until Mathilde assured her it was a habitual pallor, unaccompanied by pain or prostration of strength. Her features were small and pleasing, but it was the air of perfect repose and placidity which rendered it so refreshing to survey them. Perhaps the large dark eyes which illumined these features with a soft and moonlight kind of radiance, added to the beholder's pleasure. The repose was heavenly—so serious, so sweet, so gracious—it was impossible not to believe that this gentle woman communed often and much with a higher world. How such a depth of seriousness, such a sad gravity, did not partake in the least of moodiness, or chill those with whom Mathilde was thrown into contact, can only be accounted for by her total forgetfulness of self—by her unremitting, winning kindness to all within her sphere—by her undeviating truthfulness, grace, and love. That some overruling secret principle swayed and governed her every thought, word, and action, was obvious. One might have supposed her manner to be the expression of suffering, either past or present, or that some extraordinary revelation of futurity had been vouchsafed to this meek daughter of earth; but conjectures were as vain as they were dim and vague. The most matter-of-fact minds, however, succumbed before her to some unowned and mystic influence; and people of the world with unwillingness admitted that, in Mathilde's presence, their all-absorbing pursuits seemed to dwindle into nothingness. She always managed to lead them away from the grovelling earth; and they intuitively felt that, although she was in the world, performing all practical duties, she was not of it. Dorothy was puzzled to account for her own sensations when Mathilde, with simple, affectionate earnestness, took her hand and said: 'Do not regard me as an ill-omened bird, Cousin Dorothy, but rather as the swallow, bringing summer weather on the wing, that will soon take flight again for summer lands.' Dorothy vainly tried to utter commonplaces, but the words died away in the effort, for Mathilde's eyes were fastened on her face. Mathilde silently awaited her speech; and angry with herself, angry with her wan and placid cousin, poor Dorothy burst into a paroxysm of tears. Mathilde allowed her to weep unrestrainedly for awhile, then passing her arm tenderly round her drooping form, she said in a low sweet voice: 'I know all you must feel towards me, but for your good father's sake, cheer up; it is your duty to render his home as happy as circumstances permit. Believe me, Cousin Dorothy, I feel for you.'

These words were heartfelt and heart-spoken; and they went straight to poor weeping Dolly's little throbbing heart: she began to think how impossible it would be to absolutely hate Mathilde. As to the great love of which Dr Emslie had written, that was quite another matter; but that some very extraordinary fascination lurked around this new-found relative was certain. Mathilde was at ease, tranquil, and graceful, while constraint, which

#### MATHILDE.

she could not shake off, chained Dorothy to silence and reserve. Gervase, on the other hand, presented such a striking contrast to his sister, that Dorothy almost forgot his claim, and soon began to laugh and talk with him unrestrainedly. He was, like a great overgrown school-boy, very awkward; but with a fine handsome face, ruddy cheeks, white teeth, and smiling blue eyes. Gervase seemed quite afraid of Dorothy at first, very much as if he dreaded a whipping; but by degrees they became the best friends in the world, for morose, indeed, must that creature have been who could have resisted the good nature and infectious gaiety of the hobbledehoy. To his sister, Gervase looked up as to a superior being, and it was quite touching and beautiful to behold his brotherly affection, whilst she, on her part, regarded him with unceasing solicitude and earnestness; gently, oh, so very gently, curbing his hilarious spirits, and keeping him in chains of roses within the bounds of conventional propriety. As to Gervase, he did not look more than seventeen; and Dorothy, although two years his junior, felt so much seniority, and so much experience and self-possession, that she soon began to regard him as a mere boy, quite forgetting that he was nearly twenty-one, and, according to her uncle's will, her future husband.

It was not long before Gervase confided to Dorothy, whom he had learned to designate as his 'fair coz,' the first wish of his heart—which was to enter the army, and to see service. This wish had strengthened with his growth, but Dr Emslie had not encouraged or fostered it, and Mr Hardinge had lived in uncertainty regarding his children's ultimate prospects, always procrastinating till to-morrow what ought to have been done to-day. Dorothy listened to the martial visions of her good-humoured cousin, and her sympathies were all enlisted in his favour; and the sympathy and smiles together proved so genial and charming to the raw youth, that his increasing show of fondness for Cousin Doll at length quite perplexed the latter, nor was her perplexity lessened when one day Gervase blundered out something about what he would do when they were 'spliced.'

'What do you mean, Gervase, by being spliced?' innocently demanded the simple Dolly.

'Oh! what a goose you are, Cousin Doll,' replied Gervase laughing: 'don't you know what spliced means? Why, it means married, to be sure. You and I are to be married whenever I am of age, you know; and when I'm off soldiering, I shall leave Matty to take care of you.'

Poor Dorothy was not confused by this process of wooing, but she was startled and dismayed; with difficulty she articulated: 'But, Gervase, you have never asked me yet if I wish to marry you: suppose I do not, what then?'

Gervase looked at her in blank surprise, ejaculating: 'Why, Cousin Dorothy, I thought it was a settled thing before we came here. I thought you'd be a fine lady—airified and all that, and

MATHILDE.

your cousin, and he is eager to fulfil it forthwith. I must convey your final answer to him.

‘O father! what am I to do?’ murmured Dorothy, weeping. ‘What are your wishes, dear father? By them I will abide, if—if I can’—

Here a fresh burst of weeping checked further words, and Mr Cheyne, looking commiseratingly on the bowed lily, impressively said: ‘My wishes, my beloved child, are solely for your happiness, temporal and eternal. If you can love your cousin Gervase—if there is no reservation in your mind respecting him—then, assuredly, it seems to my short-sightedness best for your temporal welfare to espouse him. But perish the fortune rather than you should be forsworn, Dorothy Cheyne! Your sainted mother would gaze down from heaven reprovingly upon me, were I to urge you to commit this great sin against God. To Him I commend my fatherless girl, when it pleases Him to summon me home.’ Mr Cheyne had spoken with unwonted energy and decision, but his voice faltered, and the tears stood in his eyes, when he added in a lower voice: ‘And now, Dorothy, my dear child, in His name I entreat, nay, I command you, to give me a candid answer.’

Throwing herself into her father’s arms, the trembling girl whispered: ‘I will stay with you, father. Tell Mathilde the fortune is hers!’

A half-sigh, stifled by strong resolution, broke from Mr Cheyne: the hope of years was annihilated. He spoke not, but silently embracing his agitated daughter, endeavoured to assume a composure he was far from feeling; and never had Mr Cheyne felt his powers of endurance and forbearance more sorely taxed, than when called upon to perform the duties of a courteous and kind host to the grave Mathilde, whose lovely countenance lit up with an expression of delight when informed of Dorothy’s decision. This unusual animation nettled and annoyed the old squire to a great degree, and unconsciously he ejaculated—for he had acquired a habit of speaking much to himself: ‘My poor beggared girl! it is bitter to see a stranger step into the golden slippers you expected to wear!’

A gentle tap on the shoulder caused him to start, and looking round he beheld Mathilde’s pale face close to his shoulder, her dark eyes intently regarding him, while softly the words fell from her lips, as she placed a hand impressively on his arm: ‘It is true that I rejoice at Dorothy Cheyne’s noble resolve; but judge me not harshly for this. We are told not to judge, lest we be judged.’ With impressive sweetness she spoke, and Mr Cheyne was fairly puzzled. He had always regarded Mathilde with emotions of curiosity and interest, but she so completely baffled conjecture, that in this instance, as in many others, the worthy old man contented himself with merely gallantly bowing, and apologising for his bad habit of thinking aloud. Yet the

### MATHILDE.

wan face, and the dark speaking eyes, haunted him when alone, and he vainly wished that he could comprehend Mathilde's character and motives of action.

As to Gervase, he loudly and clamorously expressed his chagrin and disappointment when his cousin's final rejection was communicated to him by Mr Cheyne; yet he stood in the somewhat ludicrous predicament of not wishing to exhibit his disappointment before Mathilde, declaring to Mr Cheyne with boyish earnestness, that he had not a farthing of his own in the world to purchase a commission with, so now he must look to Matty, and trust to her liberality.

### III.

There was an evident and palpable accession of affectionate regard in Mathilde's demeanour towards poor Dorothy after these events. Mathilde sought Dorothy's society, but she was received with coldness—for human nature was not proof against this corroboration of the suspicion of mercenary motives. Dorothy would not barter her own faith; but this was no reason why she should not feel a jealous pang at Mathilde's carrying off the thousands she had lost. Mathilde's assiduous kindness she attributed to self-complacency and triumph; Mathilde's gentle meekness and endurance of suspicion, to a consciousness of selfishness and duplicity. But Mathilde was persevering, and not to be easily cast aside; and Dorothy, with a pang of self-reproach, marked the patient sweetness so ill requited, and a rare and silent tear, the only reproof Mathilde gave way to. Dorothy's opinion began to waver, for she had a tender heart; her reserve by degrees relaxed; and when Mathilde spoke of herself, of her past history, Dorothy no longer turned a deaf ear. Imperceptibly this interest in Mathilde deepened, as general discussions were abandoned, and more of the heart-history laid open. Many such conversations recurred, and Dorothy with conflicting emotions listened to the recital of her sorrows.

'I owe you some recompense, cousin,' the latter proceeded mournfully, 'for the disappointment you have endured; and as I wish you to cherish my memory with some degree of pity and affection when we separate, a narrative of my simple history may perhaps sufficiently account for my regarding a marriage of convenience with dismay, and explain my wish to prevent your union with my dear and only brother, when your heart is in the keeping of another. We become strangely, luminously clear-sighted, Dorothy Cheyne, when our lamp is lit by experience and observation! Your decision on the side of truth and constancy won my love and respect. Even if you had acted differently, it was my intention to have interfered, in order to save both; although, in that case, this confidence on my part

#### MATHILDE.

is terribly afraid of you at first. I am always afraid of fine es! But when I found you such a nice, smiling, good-natured creature'—here he sidled towards Dorothy, and endeavoured to pass his arm round her waist, but Dorothy in her turn edged away. 'why, then, I was all right and comfortable, and made my life easy, and determined to say nothing to any one until the day arrived when we could be married all quietly and nicely: now you are for a put-off, Cousin Doll. I declare it is very kind of you; that it is.'

Dorothy could scarcely refrain from laughing at this pathetic appeal, but striving to look serious, she merely rejoined: 'This is a false subject, Gervase, and involves other interests than ours. I will not pursue it at present.'

Very well, very well, Dorothy dear, just as you like; that is what Mathilde said when I alluded to our marriage the other day. Now you know, Cousin Doll, that, between ourselves, if I didn't waver for a certainty that Matty loves me, and isn't selfish, I should really begin to believe she wasn't altogether so much in our way of our coming together as she ought to be; not that she said so, in a direct way, but that in her manner there is something or another which I cannot make out, but which seems to express a wish that you and I, Dorothy dear, should not be so much to say to one another. I cannot make it out, because Mathilde, I'm certain, does not care for the fortune; and you say that if we don't marry, and that soon, it all goes to her—Hardinge Hall and all! I've heard that Hardinge Hall is a fine place; what rare doings we would have there! Hey, Cousin Dorothy, hey!

When you return from the wars victorious! hey, Cousin Gervase!' cried Dorothy, laughing and running away.

Now, although Dorothy laughed and mimicked Gervase, yet she felt the truth of what he said, for she, too, had become impressed with the indefinable conviction, that Mathilde was averse to her union with Gervase. There was a spice of obstinacy or Tony upkin self-willedness about the lad, which required much courting and management; and if he had found out that his father wished to lead or sway him on such a grave question, he would have been resolute to have his own way, if only for the purpose of showing that he was 'every inch a man.' Therefore Mathilde was very cautious, very gentle in all her proceedings with her father; and yet he was so unconsciously accustomed to watch her looks, to read their meaning, and to depend on her advice, that he had intuitively gained the knowledge disclosed in his conversation with Dorothy—the knowledge that Mathilde disapproved of the condition which kept the fortune from herself! Dorothy felt that Mathilde watched her, and also that Mathilde read her secret thoughts. Frank Capel had paid one of the formal visits, which were prohibited, in company with Sir John, when Mr Cheyne, with courteous and gratified demeanour, received both father and son.

#### MATHILDE.

The visit was a lengthened one; luncheon was eaten, the garden viewed and commended; and Frank, the moment he beheld Gervase, lost all his previous hauteur, and entered into a friendly alliance with the delighted youth, who declared Frank Capel to be the best fellow in the world.

But Mathilde was present also. She afterwards spoke of Frank to Dorothy—and it was sufficient: from that time henceforth, she silently watched and waited; she had a painful and harassing part to act, and on Dorothy's faithfulness and constancy only to rely. If Dorothy was true to Frank, then the fortune would be hers. Who might read the secrets of Mathilde's heart, or penetrate the dark mysterious shadows which shrouded them? When Dorothy, with woman's fine tact, found that Mathilde endeavoured furtively to impress her mind with a sense of the misery she would entail on herself by marrying Gervase, whom she could not love or respect with the love and respect a wife ought to feel for her husband, then were Dorothy's suspicions aroused, and she began to doubt Mathilde—almost to despise her—saying to herself: 'Can it be, with so heavenly an exterior, that the interior is defiled with mammon-worship?'

Sir John Capel gave a general invitation to Gervase to visit at Capel House—a licence which the youth was not slow to avail himself of, as he had no companions of his own sex; and in Frank Capel and his younger brothers, George and Adolphus, he found congeniality in many respects, particularly in the latter—Frank very cavalierly turning him over to them whenever the martial youth bored him too much. Smilingly he encouraged Gervase to talk of Cousin Dolly. Frank had no fears now; and from having been prepared to hate his rival, the sudden revulsion of feeling caused by his appearance and manner almost ripened into a sentiment of affection. Gervase confided to Frank that he wasn't quite sure of Dorothy: she was a kind little soul, to be sure, but still he wasn't quite sure whether she meant to take him. Frank smiled, but held his peace. Mr Cheyne had not thought it necessary to enlighten either Gervase or Mathilde on the matter of Frank's attachment to his daughter. Gervase would have groped his way blindly on till doomsday; Mathilde read the secret at a glance.

In the meanwhile, who would have imagined that the quiet greenwood-bower in Deepdean Valley contained within its bosom such conflicting interests and opinions—such elements of pain and pleasure, of romance and reality? Still did Mr Cheyne pace undisturbedly the sequestered nooks of the pleasant garden; still did he pore over the pages of Evelyn, and lament the degeneracy of modern taste; but the squire was more aged, more bent than of yore; the lines in his fine old face were deepening, and his sighs were frequent and audible, as he gazed round his beloved ancestral domain. He had received many letters of late—many which amazed and perplexed him sorely, despite all his efforts to

#### MATHILDE.

treat them lightly; and when Dorothy pressed to know the contents, to divide his anxiety or to sympathise in his sorrows, he maintained a silence that alarmed and surprised her, accustomed as she was to be the sharer in all her dear father's joys and griefs. But too truly poor Dolly guessed what these business-like letters portended, with such large blue envelopes and such large red seals. Her father, too, always tied them together with pink tape, and deposited them in a safe corner of his old escritoire, as if glad to put them out of his sight. Alas! poor gentleman, he could not so easily put them out of his mind. And by stealth Dorothy gained the information, that unless she became the wife of her cousin Gervase, and consequently the sharer of Mr Hardinge's property, it was more than probable that Mr Cheyne's creditors would rebel, and the accumulated debts of the family fall on his head with ruinous force. Dorothy could not comprehend the business-terms of the lawyer's epistles, but she comprehended enough to know that, even if her father weathered the storm during his lifetime, she must be left destitute and homeless. But for him only did she feel anxiety: once assured of her beloved father's wellbeing during his term of life, she felt no care on her own account. He never alluded to her union with her cousin Gervase, but endeavoured to keep from her knowledge the burden of sorrow that chased sleep from his heavy eyes. This generosity went to Dorothy's tender heart, and often she wept alone, and besought the All-Merciful to guide her in the best way.

Mathilde kept much in her own chamber, and seldom came forth until evening, when, it being summer-time, she sought the garden, and rarely quitted it till twilight deepened and the moon and stars shone forth. Mathilde had never intruded on Dorothy's withheld confidence, by attempts at intimate communion, such as female friends sometimes like to indulge in; but yet Dorothy was sensible of an unseen power, wielded by no common hand, which influenced Gervase, and kept all his demonstrations towards herself in abeyance. Dorothy began to hate her wan silent cousin—to feel an awe of her, which she could not account for; and more than once she almost determined to spite Mathilde by wedding Gervase off hand. But then, again, her womanly and better feelings predominated; and she revolted from the indelicacy, as well as the deadly sin, of swearing obedience and love at the altar to one, when her heart, if not her plighted troth, was another's.

Thus things continued, when Gervase attained his twenty-first year. There were no rejoicings, no feastings, to celebrate the day, but congratulatory words and kind smiles from the several members of the domestic circle, who all seemed tacitly to unite in passing it over with as little remark as possible. Dorothy often wondered to herself if the following allotted six months would be allowed to pass over in this dreamy and mysterious way; and if

#### MATHILDE.

Mathilde, in the same sort of fashion, would quietly glide into the golden heaps awaiting her at the end. 'What other reason can she have for not wishing Gervase to marry me, than that she covets the thousands herself?' said Dorothy musingly; but she mused in the garden, where the trim holly-hedges offered no response, and the question remained unanswered even by echo. Yet it was almost impossible to believe that sordid avarice swayed the grave recluse, whose striking loveliness of person, lofty expression, and winning gentleness of demeanour, conveyed a far different impression. The avowed predisposition of Gervase for military pursuits gained ground in a wonderful ratio since his appearance at Capel House. George and Adolphus Capel were destined for the same 'glorious routine,' as Gervase designated it; and Frank Capel told him, that *his* figure and face could only be shewn to advantage in gold-facings and a plumed cap. Gervase was, in short, 'soldiering mad,' the peasants declared; and he had taken possession of an old broadsword of Mr Cheyne's, with which he hacked and hewed at the quickset-hedges in by-places, as he said, for the sake of practice. Those who forgot the attraction of a red coat, would have taken him to be a most blood-thirsty youth, from his always avowing how much he 'longed to fight in good earnest;' an avowal which his broad good-natured face completely belied. Dorothy began to think that soldiering had driven splicing out of her cousin's simple head; and, despite her anxiety and wretchedness on her father's account, she could scarcely refrain from smiling at the somewhat ludicrous position in which she stood. For it seemed probable that, if she contemplated securing the fortune and Gervase together, she must turn wooer, and remind the tardy youth of time being on the wing. However, it was unjust to Gervase to suppose that he had not his own boyish code of honour; he had no objection to becoming the fair Dorothy's husband within the given time, provided he might be permitted to follow the bent of his own inclinations afterwards, and not be bored beforehand. Yet he lingered, unwilling to speak—half ashamed, half not caring to hear Dolly say, 'No.' 'for a fortune was a fortune,' argued Gervase wisely; 'and better kept in one's own hands than supposed to glide into another's, even though that other was Mathilde.'

Mr Cheyne, patient and inert as he most assuredly was, was yet a gentleman—a gentleman of high and sensitive principles—and, moreover, a doting father; and when he considered the time fully ripe for speech, speak plainly he did, coming speedily to the point, and to a clear understanding with the young folks. 'My child,' he said, addressing Dorothy, 'the time has now arrived when it is necessary for you to come to a decision respecting the condition prescribed in your late Uncle Hardinge's will, relative to a marriage with your cousin Gervase. Is it your intention to comply with that condition? I have had speech with

MATHILDE.

would never have been obtruded on your ear. The fortune is mine, and I have wept with joy and gratitude to know that it is so. You marvel at my words! Yes, I have wept with joy and gratitude to know it is mine! I repeat it! To know that my only brother is saved the life-long wretchedness of receiving false vows, and polluting the holy altar with the presence of a perjured bride! I was once a gay and thoughtless girl—far gayer, far more thoughtless than you, fair Dorothy; for there is an air of quaint and old-fashioned sweet demureness about you, such as there is over the dear old garden itself. I have told you that a fond mother's caresses were lavished on me by Mrs Emslie, and that I never knew the want of a real mother's indulgent fondness; and believing myself to be an orphan, I repaid her love with the affection of a child. I was a precocious girl: my southern maternal ancestry accounted for this. I was little more than sixteen, when, being on a visit for the benefit of sea-air with a relative of Mrs Emslie's, I met with an individual who soon addressed me in the language of love. I listened to him as you listened to Francis Capel, and no dissentient voice was raised to check the progress of our young love-dream. Nay, on the contrary, I was esteemed a thrice-fortunate girl, to have won the regard of one whose great worldly advantages were more than equalled by his superiority of mind and person. Ah! those were brilliant days! Happy days! when life was in its spring—when Philip's merry laugh won a smile from the aged, as a dim remembrance of their own sunny days floated before them; for Philip's laugh was to me as the tone of many harps, or like the "sound of many waters," thrilling through my soul, and calling up never-dying echoes in my ears. He was my first, my only love-dream. I will not describe him, because such descriptions are futile, and evidences of woman's weakness. I set up an idol for myself, and knelt down to worship it. Of Philip's abundant wealth, I never thought; of his overweening pride of heart, I did; and more particularly, because he told me that he was considered to resemble his mother both in disposition and appearance. She had been left a young widow with this infant son; and after the lapse of years, she had married a second husband, whom she had accompanied to the East, from whence their return was shortly expected, laden with honours and treasure. Philip was his mother's only child, and he spoke of her with rapturous exultation. She was the sole female representative of a long line of ancient name, and her beauty and fascinations had been the theme of every tongue. I felt jealous of this beloved and beautiful mother. Philip saw it, and smiled, and his assurances of her tenderness calmed me. Philip said she had a mother's heart, and would be sure to take the orphan girl of his choice to her maternal bosom. "But, Philip," I asked timidly, for wild forebodings unaccountably filled my heart, "do her eyes flash haughtily like yours—does her proud lip curl so contemptuously

21

#### MATHILDE.

when she is angered?" My lover smiled, and declared that his mother's eyes would ever beam tenderly on me, and that her sweetest, honeyed words, flowing forth from ruby lips, would ever welcome me. Hope whispered a flattering tale, and we both listened and believed. It was a bright and fleeting dream—so bright and divine, that the memory comes to me in visions of sleep even now, and I forget the dark dread abyss. It comes to me with murmurs of Paradise music—heard far away, yet clear, soft, and distinct; and it is the certainty of that better land beyond the grave which sustains and has sustained me through the weary pilgrimage of latter years.'

'Can this creature be avaricious?' thought Dorothy, as she wept for sympathy and pity.

'My faithful guardian, Doctor Emslie, was not slumbering on his post. Vigilant and careful of my welfare, he expected the avowal, which was not long delayed. Philip followed me to my home. I knew that he was closeted with Doctor Emslie, but I had no fears, for he came to ask my guardian's consent to our union when his mother arrived from India, and in the meantime that we might be allowed to correspond as a betrothed pair, and to meet as such. Philip being rich, and independent of any control, there was no consent on his side to seek, save that of the dear mother, to whom her son voluntarily deferred in all things. "My mother does not care for money," Philip often said to me. "She does not wish me to seek for a wealthy bride, as I have enough for both. But she requires all *you* possess, Mathilde;" and then a lover's enumeration ensued. Whilst I sat expecting Philip and Doctor Emslie to enter the apartment immediately, the doctor came alone. His countenance alarmed me: its expression was so disturbed, stoical and philosophical as he usually appeared, that I hastily asked what had happened, and where Philip was. "He has left us, my dear," replied Doctor Emslie, striving to speak composedly. "It is better this affair should not proceed until Mr Philip's mother returns; and he thinks so too." He thinks so too! Great powers! what had transpired so suddenly to change the ardent, passionate lover of my youth into a cold calculator? There was a terrible mystery I saw at a glance. Doctor Emslie was truth itself, but his lips were sealed; nor could I learn more than that Philip would write to me, and on his mother's arrival, she would be immediately acquainted with the state of affairs; and *if* her sanction was accorded, all would be well. Doctor Emslie hesitated when he pronounced the word *if*. An ice-bolt shot through my heart—a quick, sudden pain, a spasm, which, after that first shock, often came again. What could I say—what could I do? Woman's delicacy revolted at a betrayal of wounded feeling; but why had not Philip seen me, and himself told me that he might not choose a bride without his proud mother's sanction? Even that would have been less painful than this dark woful silence from him. He wrote to me, indeed, a short, incoherent, contradictory letter,

T

MATHILDE.

which I could not comprehend. It was unworthy a generous, noble man thus to tamper with love like mine; and in the passion of my soul I said so to Doctor Emslie, and placing the letter before him, pleaded for an explanation, for there was a secret—a black, horrible secret, or Philip never would have behaved thus. What man could have done so? To all these miserable and passionate invectives, the doctor listened in silence, but not unmoved: no, for the round tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks as he gazed on me kneeling at his feet. “My poor one,” he said softly, “God help thee, for vain is the help of man. Thou art suffering for the sins of others.” He spoke in enigmas. I could not comprehend the drift of his words: the knowledge came to me afterwards. I did not reply to Philip’s letter: I would have died first. He wrote to me again when his mother arrived, another short fearful letter—a farewell. She forbade his union with me; that was all I could gather. Pride revolted at the unworthy treatment I had received, and contempt for Philip mingled with all softer memories. But, ah! the bitterness of despair and anguish ere that climax is attained by a confiding, loving woman! No more anger, no more outbursts, but calm, enduring contempt; and with it a slumber of the heart, so to express it, succeeding active agony. This passive sensation I hailed with gratitude when I heard of Philip’s marriage with a protégée of his mother’s; I felt thankful that I seemed invulnerable to further shocks. I sat apart from the world in my desolation, communing with mournful yet holy thoughts; I knew the time had come for lethargy, and that feverish anxiety was over. Time, which has elucidated the mystery of Philip’s cruel conduct, and brought the secret to light connected with my brother’s destiny and my own, has also fallen heavily on Philip’s noble brow; for time has transformed the once innocent and happy youth into the reckless and debased profligate, miserable in his loveless marriage, and flying for refuge from thought to destructive excitement. Alas! Philip is a confirmed drunkard and gamester. Poor fellow! how earnestly I pity and pray for him now; how sincere is my perfect forgiveness, even as I pray to be forgiven!—Lightly I must deal with my parents’ errors; I shrink even from alluding to them; and I would not, were it possible to express my life’s history without. Our true position was unknown to Doctor Emslie, as you are aware, Cousin Dorothy, until my father was on his death-bed; and when Philip came to him as a suitor for my hand, Doctor Emslie believed the stigma of illegitimacy rested on our birth. Never had the sad tale been revealed to Gervase or to me; we considered ourselves fatherless and motherless, nor had the remotest idea of the supposed truth ever entered our imaginations. Can you wonder, then, that Philip—the proud high-born Philip—heard with horror and dismay of our tainted origin?—that he heard it and fled—fled the contamination of an alliance with the base-born. He dreaded to meet me again, for well he knew

22

# MATHILDE.

his haughty mother's opprobrious disdain awaited the confession of our attachment and engagement. She would have cursed him; had he wedded me, such as I was supposed to be. When Doctor Emslie revealed his knowledge to Philip, it was under the seal of secrecy, that the taint of such information should never sully my mind, never injure my peace. Perhaps he erred in thus concealing the truth; but the good man meant well, and erred righteously. My peace! alas, that was injured irremediably. The truth was divulged too late—too late: the stain was obliterated by the confession of our legitimacy; a dying father did justice to his innocent offspring too late—too late for one of us at least. Too late! words of dread import. The sacrifice was completed, Philip lost, and my heart pierced with a barbed arrow. Then, and then only, when the brand was removed, did our guardian not hesitate to explain the past, to clear up the mystery which had darkened my existence. The merciful God put it into my mind to forgive fully and freely our earthly father for all the evil he had wrought: perhaps if Doctor Emslie had entertained the slightest suspicion that we were not what we were represented to be, he might have appealed to our father's better feelings when Philip sought me for his bride. But how could Doctor Emslie entertain the faintest clue to the reality?—reality so far surpassing fiction, that the matter-of-fact and philosophical mind of our dear guardian had difficulty in digesting it, even when the law acknowledged and ratified our claims. Peace be with our parents' ashes! God's judgments are not as our puny judgments. He looks on the thoughts and intents of the heart; and let us remember that we judge not others. Our path through the wilderness is full of pitfalls and snares; let us take heed to ourselves that we slip not.—We came to Deepdean, and I found there was trial before me yet. I sought help where it is always found—my prayer is granted, the fortune is mine, and Gervase my brother is saved! Once only have I seen Philip since my doom—the shadow of his former self, the miserable wreck of the noble and spirited lover of my youth. I heard him plead for pardon, and confess the weakness which had led him, in utter recklessness of the future, to wed an unloved and unamiable bride, profaning the sacred altar, and calling down the wrath of offended Heaven on his devoted head. Poor Philip! I yielded no tears to the sweet memory of our early love-dream; but I saw him, the man, weep—weep when he muttered “what he had been,” and “what he was.”—And now, my cousin Dorothy Cheyne, can you marvel that I feared for you—feared for Gervase, my only brother? Can you marvel that I rejoice over your decision on the side of love and truth?'

Bewildered, and not wishing to offend, Dorothy found difficulty in replying to her own satisfaction. She sincerely pitied Mathilde, so beautiful, so young, and so unhappy; but she could not reconcile the discrepancy of mammon-worship—for had she not heard

#### MATHILDE.

Mathilde rejoice over the acquisition of fortune?—and the lamentation for lost love. And so Dorothy came to the conclusion in her own mind, that, as we are all supposed to be influenced by some ruling passion, the passion of avarice had taken possession of Mathilde, when the stronger, and, according to some folks, the far more evanescent passion of love had evaporated, from having nothing left to feed upon. And yet to look on Mathilde, to listen to her, and to realise this, seemed impossible. Involuntarily Dorothy exclaimed, seizing her cousin's passive hand: 'O Mathilde, would that I could understand you!—you are an enigma!'

'To be solved hereafter!' was the grave, kind reply. 'May we all meet in that blest land where we shall no longer see as in a glass darkly, but face to face!'

Dorothy pondered much on all she had heard, and the asperity of her manner, consequent on the misgiving of her mind, considerably softened down as the hour of parting approached. At length the farewell day dawned when Mathilde, as heiress of Hardinge, departed to take possession of the mansion of her ancestors, accompanied by her young brother, now the dependent on his sister's bounty. He could not quite forgive Dorothy for her part in the transaction; but he was too lighthearted to bear malice long, and his spirits regained their elasticity even before the travellers arrived at their journey's end.

#### IV.

Deep in the recesses of a vast and gloomy library at Hardinge Hall, Dr Emslie waited to receive them, to introduce the children of his adoption to their ancestral seat, with which he was familiar long ago, in the days when the deceased Mr Hardinge had exercised bachelor hospitality to his friends. When the first emotions of pleasure on greeting them were over, like a second Dominie Sampson, the worthy scholar found difficulty in tearing himself away from the beloved apartment, where, in the midst of an ocean of literature, he was accustomed to dive and plunge with unflagging zeal and evernew delight. After conversing with Mathilde, even she failed to absorb the undivided attention of her guardian, the temptation of such a library being too strong for the affection and anxiety of Dr Emslie to withstand. And Mathilde, finding there was no hope of detaching him from his favourite studies, or of engaging his attention to the lighter and more frivolous pursuits of her young brother, patiently, day by day, passed silent hours by his side, employed with her work, books, or writing. He often, however, laid aside the volume he was reading, to gaze long and intently on the lovely pallid face, which ever returned his inquiring look with a sweet smile of perfect resignation, accompanied sometimes by such words as: 'I am quite happy; I am well contented; I am at peace.' It would

#### MATHILDE.

have formed a beautiful picture, with the dark oak panelling, and the purple heavy hangings for a background, when a ray of sunlight streamed through the stained-glass windows on the white figure of the saintly-looking woman, and that of her faithful guardian, withered and attenuated, as he read aloud quotations from ancient writers.

'Mathilde, my love,' said the doctor softly, after he had indulged in the contemplation of his companion for an unusual space, wiping his spectacles, putting them on again, then taking them off and readjusting them more to his satisfaction, after another process of cleansing—'Mathilde, my love, I am inclined to come to the conclusion, that the greatest mystery in our nature is the impossibility of perfectly realising that we ourselves must die, even although we make it our daily duty to reflect on death, and to be ready for our call. It is easy to say, and it frequently is said, that death is inevitable, and must come to all; but to feel the actual consciousness that this busy world will go on as busily for ages after we are no more, as it did during the ages before we were born; that our bodies shall be imprisoned in dreary separation from our souls; and that our spirits shall awake to consciousness amidst a scene unutterably wonderful, where we shall for ever and ever exist: all this bursts upon our thoughts with the awe and astonishment attending the idea of a general doom, not as something coming specially home to the business and bosom of the individual.'

'This, dear father,' replied Mathilde—addressing her guardian by the endearing appellation he liked so well to hear from her lips—'may be true in general; but for me I feel no unwillingness to recognise the great fact of death, nor can I even comprehend very distinctly unwillingness in others. Who would wish to live over again one moment of the past which we have left behind us? Who would not wait and watch, and look forth into the gray dawn, to see if the day comes not? Do you not think that our earthly pilgrimage, when reviewed hereafter, will seem like one short hour, long ago passed, and but dimly remembered? Long, laborious, full of sorrow as it often is, then it will dwindle down to a remote point, like the very least of the far-off stars. There are, indeed, seasons of deep terror and mortal anguish connected with our thoughts of death; it is inscrutable and of dread aspect, but it may be resolutely grappled with, until at length we regard it as a familiar truth. Oh, my father! if I could but look forward to eternity with but half the yearning wherewith I yearned for an earthly future, how thrice happy and blessed should I be! Often in the still and cloudless night, when there is no voice of living thing, when there is not a whisper of leaf or waving bough, not a breath of wind, not a sound upon the earth or in the air, and when overhead is the blue sky radiant with innumerable stars, then I hear sweet voices far away, which whisper: "Come!" and the angel music penetrates my soul, and I weary for the moment when I may step over the boundary, and explore the limitless space beyond.'

#### MATHILDE.

'Your peculiar turn of mind, my everdear child, may authorise the indulgence of such reveries as you describe, otherwise I should assuredly say there is a time for all things—a time to think, and a time to unbend from thinking; a time to mourn, and a time to rejoice; a time to live, and a time to die,' said Dr Emslie, half-choked by some inward emotion, as he added: 'We are so constituted, that while this mortal coil is around us, we desire to keep those we love as long as possible on earth. It is not natural to speak of parting without a pang. Mathilde, my love, let us go forth into the sunshine.'

Whenever such conversations took place between the worthy doctor and Mathilde, which they not unfrequently did, it always happened that the doctor broke down first, and becoming agitated or uneasy, desired to change the subject; while Mathilde, calm and collected, but tenderly pitying the emotion his affection for her alone occasioned, cheerfully obeyed the summons which led them out into the fresh air. There were many desolate chambers at Hardinge Hall, much of ruin and decay, which the hand of the spoiler, Time, had wrought; but the cunning fingers of art had also been busy there in former generations, which sculptures and mouldings of exquisite workmanship, arabesques, and fan-like flutings, sufficiently attested. Many and close were the hills around, which eastward shut the wide valley in, the sea-waves beating beyond; the grounds were extensive and diversified, but neglect and desolation marked the scene. There was wonderful scope for the display of taste, for renovation and alteration; but neither Dr Emslie nor Mathilde noticed these things when they passed through the valley, over the hills, to the sea-shore. Yet she was the young mistress of all this fine domain, the sole and undisputed owner; her perception of the beautiful was allowedly exquisite, her means to effect the suggestions afforded by such perceptions, ample. Why, then, did Mathilde's eyes never linger with interest on the gray walls of Hardinge, or the terraced slopes beyond? Why did she carelessly pass them over without an inquiring look, and press forward to the lonely point over the hills, whence a view could be obtained of the sun sinking into the ocean?

Silently the two watched the departing luminary, Dr Emslie standing bareheaded, the skies above one vast cathedral dome. Mathilde's lips moved, but at first no sound was audible. When roused by her companion's voice from the deep reverie into which she was plunged, and lingering ere they retraced their homeward steps in the deepening twilight, she musingly ejaculated: 'As the evening sun sets, so sets our sun of hope. Slowly it sinks amid folding clouds; and the song of birds, the sound of evening-bells, the fragrance of sweet blossoms load the cool air, and the rustling leaves make music to the ear; while over the valley falls the purple mist, which, like shadows gathered round a human heart, from transparent and faint outlines deepen into form, and herald the approach of night—and such a night is mine!'

## MATHILDE.

### V.

It was as if some distressing and vexatious dream had passed over them, when Mr Cheyne and his daughter relapsed into their former tranquil and monotonous habits, undisturbed by the presence of strangers. Yet the stern reality of everyday life was oftentimes oppressive. Where was Frank Capel, the hopeful, the joyous?—where were the anticipations of a happy future?—where was the charm of the old sunny garden? Frank Capel was abroad, whither Sir John had managed to remove him, ostensibly on the diplomatic mission formerly alluded to; the aspect of the future was blank and discouraging—all the golden visions flown; and as to the dear old garden, it had ceased to shed tranquillity on the oppressed spirits grappling with heavy pecuniary difficulties. With minds preoccupied, the memory of Mathilde and Gervase began imperceptibly to fade into a dim mist-like sort of obscurity—the mention of their names, or discussion of their affairs, being tacitly avoided by the inmates of Deepdean.

Months wore slowly away, and the unanswered epistles from Hardinge altogether ceased. Gervase had written twice or thrice—by no means a light task for him, who could more ably wield a sword than a pen. In his first letter, the young man mentioned that, in compliance with Mathilde's earnest request, he deferred for the present indulging his desire to obtain a commission in the army; in the second, Gervase stated that Dr Emslie was still on a visit with them, which he was very glad of, as 'Hardinge was a dreadful dull stupid place—a fit abode only for bats and owls; and as for the garden, as they call it,' concluded the writer, 'that at Deepdean beats it all hollow!' Mr Cheyne detested writing; Dorothy had no desire to commence a correspondence with her cousins; and so, as has been already said, the letters remained unanswered. The delicate bloom on poor Dolly's cheek faded away altogether, and she unwillingly drooped before her agonised father's eyes. Sometimes she reproached herself bitterly for not having achieved the sacrifice of self—to save and shield her beloved parent from distress and anxiety in his old age. These reproaches tortured her mind unavailingly; and although Mr Cheyne tried to smile, and to bear up unconcernedly, in order to reassure her—for he read her sufferings, silent as she was—yet he could not conceal the havoc which the last few months had wrought in his own appearance. The clear eyes were dimmed, the firm erect gait tottering and uncertain, while even the once favourite haunt, the once favourite author, had ceased to interest.

Heavy liabilities, harassing debts, and the harassing technicalities of law, had now reached their long-procrastinated climax, yet Mr Cheyne could not bring himself to ask Mathilde for assistance. He had thought of it, but his soul revolted from the effort. It

#### MATHILDE.

must come spontaneously from her, that pale, mysterious, silent woman; but then she was unacquainted with the circumstances of Mr Cheyne, nor knew it was with him an hour of need—a struggle to keep the ancestral shelter of Deepdean over his white head, for the few years more he had to live, even in the natural course of events.

There was a hush, a lull, though not a break was to be discerned in the heavy leaden skies. When the clouds did disperse, when the sunshine did pierce through the gloom, it was after the storm-burst cleared away, after Death had struck a victim down. A large packet, addressed in the well-known and peculiar penmanship of Dr Emslie, arrested Dorothy's steps one morning as she entered the breakfast-room: it was black-edged, and sealed with the same sombre hue. It was the prelude of the storm-music! A prophetic anticipation of something awful impending, sent the blood back to Dorothy's throbbing heart; anxiously she watched her father, as with eager trembling hands he broke the seal. An exclamation escaped him, and he handed the packet to his daughter, saying: 'Read it—read it, my dear: my eyes fail me.'

It was from Dr Emslie to Mr Cheyne, and nearly in substance as follows, allowing for rather abrupt phraseology:—'It is my painful duty to inform you of the decease of Mathilde Hardinge, daughter and heiress of the late Samuel Hardinge, of Hardinge Hall. She expired instantaneously on Tuesday, being in the act of reading aloud to me from a favourite author a passage touching on eternity. She had lived in preparation and expectation of this event for some years; I, in my medical capacity, having considered it expedient to inform her of the fatal nature of a heart disease under which she laboured, though without frequent pain or bodily prostration. The symptoms of disease were of a decided character, but of slow growth and progress. Several eminent brother-physicians were consulted, when the conclave unanimously agreed in their opinion. There was no hope—none! It was a long time, a very long time, before I could make up my mind as to what course ought to be pursued; whether we ought to allow the dear girl to live in false hope, or to prepare her for the solemn change which we knew must happen momentarily, and might happen ere another day had waned. When I decided on the right course, I gently, carefully, and tenderly revealed the truth. I suffered more than Mathilde, sweet child; and were I to live a thousand years, and ten thousand added to that, the memory of that painful scene never could be eradicated from my mind. Though she cared not much for life—for sorrow and she had been well acquainted—yet she was unprepared to die; and the idea of death—a near and sudden death—was frightfully appalling. We pray God to avert sudden death from us; and in her case the unspeakable horrors attendant on it were mercifully averted, because she received due warning. I may say she lived with Death beside her: she felt

22

#### MATHILDE.

his icy breath, his cold touch, until he lost his terrors; and I do earnestly believe that without one mortal pang she ceased to breathe. In compliance with her entreaties, the secret of the tenure on which she held existence from day to day, hour to hour, minute to minute, remained undivulged.

'I am aware that the temporal concerns of the late Mathilde Hardinge are admirably and carefully adjusted for the benefit of your daughter Dorothy; the dear deceased having rejoiced that it was in her power to restore one half of the lost fortune to her who had once expected to inherit the whole.

'I consider it an especial boon that I was permitted to be near her at the moment of her death. A few days previously, she had mentioned to me her desire, that immediately after her dissolution, yourselves should be made acquainted with the event through the medium of my pen. Gervase Hardinge is immersed in deep grief; but the elasticity of youthful spirits and fine health will, with God's blessing, soon, I think, restore him to complacency. Sorrowing, but not shocked or overwhelmed—I not having reckoned on Mathilde Hardinge sojourning among us for even so lengthened a period as she did—I remain your servant to command,

EPHRAIM EMSLIE, M.D.'

Dorothy's voice faltered as she read, and bursting into tears she exclaimed: 'O father, how cruelly we have misjudged poor Mathilde; and now she has gone from us, and we can make her no amends!'

'The end, indeed, has proved that we have judged her harshly, Dorothy, my dear,' responded Mr Cheyne, greatly agitated; 'but read that passage again in Doctor Emslie's letter which touches on the fortune.'

Dorothy tearfully complied, sobbing as she read. 'I parted with this angel in suspicion and coldness, and she death-doomed—expecting momentarily the summons—and yet planning everything for my happiness! O father, would that I could bring her back! How differently would I treat her!' cried Dorothy.

'My dear child,' interrupted Mr Cheyne gravely, 'do not say that again: we may go to her, she cannot come to us; nor would she if she could, depend upon it.' Long and hysterically Dorothy Cheyne wept on her father's shoulder: the old man was composed, though he often repeated in a low voice: 'Poor Doctor Emslie! poor Doctor Emslie! she was to him as an only daughter.'

'How could we be so blind, father,' whispered Dorothy, when the violence of her emotions began to subside, 'as not to solve the mystery which, as a halo, enveloped Mathilde? She was so different from all others, that our blindness seems stupidity now.'

'Ah! my dear girl,' replied Mr Cheyne soothingly, 'we always think an enigma easy when it is solved.'

'And do you not remember, father,' continued Dorothy musingly, 'on parting every night, how invariably poor Mathilde

#### MATHILDE.

bade each of us farewell, as if the night might never, for her at least, break again into day? and once when we were alone, and the hour of retiring arrived, she threw such unusual gravity into so commonplace an occurrence as a daily "good-night," that, jestingly, I inquired her reason for so doing.—"Our short nights of darkness are typical of our long dreamless night of rest, which we all must enter into. Are we any of us sure of seeing another sunrise when we seek this short night's repose?" she replied.—"No, indeed, not sure, Mathilde," said I carelessly; "but people don't often die in their beds suddenly and unexpectedly."—"May God avert such a fate from you!" whispered Mathilde; and the words are engraven on my heart, father—so solemn, sad, and thrilling they were. And yet—yet, foolish creature that I was—a suspicion of the truth never entered my brain—not the remotest idea of the terrible reality.'

'Nor did she wish you to entertain a remote idea of the truth,' said Mr Cheyne, endeavouring to lead his daughter's thoughts from the distressing subject. 'Your deductions were perfectly natural, my dear, though we should always be careful how we judge others. In due course of time we shall receive formal notification of the settlement of the deceased's affairs, no doubt, alluded to by the excellent doctor. Cheer up, my love! happiness is yet in store for you, if I am not mistaken.'

'And all through thy instrumentality, angel Mathilde!' murmured Dorothy, as she sought the solitude of her chamber.

Mr Cheyne was right in his supposition; for when Sir John Capel heard that Mathilde had bequeathed half the fortune to Gervase, and half to Dorothy Cheyne, merely stipulating that they should follow the dictates of their own inclinations as regarded a matrimonial choice, he immediately recalled his son from exile; and as Mr Cheyne and himself had always been on the best terms, 'thanks,' Sir John said, 'to his diplomacy,' there was no unpleasant apologetical or exculpatory scenes to go through between the heads of the two families—Sir John truly declaring that he had always admired and coveted Dorothy for a daughter-in-law, and that he rejoiced 'prudence permitted the realisation of his wishes.'

Mr Cheyne—simple-hearted, amiable, and benevolent—joyfully gave his dutiful and beloved daughter to Frank Capel, who, with gratitude unspeakable, received the priceless treasure of her hand.

Gervase entered the army, and in process of time attained both rank and laurels. He often visited Deepdean when his military avocations permitted; but espousing a rich heiress, and his martial fire cooling down, he eventually settled at Hardinge Hall, which it had been Mathilde's wish her brother should retain. The quaint old garden at Deepdean flourished for many years in pristine splendour, Frank declaring there was not another like it in the three kingdoms. A fair troop of children in after-times enlivened the trim green-sward alleys, and sported like water-

#### MATHILDE.

nymphs beside the sparkling fountains; nor was the venerable squire ever heard to complain that his meditations were disturbed. On the contrary, Evelyn's heavy folios were unwontedly neglected, and the fairy creatures became so obstreperous in their mirth in his presence, and with his assistance, that their staid nurse declared 'Squire Cheyne encouraged them in rebellion.' His capacious pockets were always stored with sugar-plums, besides being perfect reservoirs for all descriptions of juvenile property—torn pictures, battered balls, headless dolls, and tailless horses. But grandpapa's especial favourite and chum was a gentle little girl, who best liked to saunter slowly hand-in-hand with the old man, sagely inquiring the names of flowers and shrubs, and whose name was Mathilde. Dr Emslie did not long survive his beloved ward, bequeathing the bulk of his moderate fortune to charitable institutions. On the site where Hardinge Hall formerly frowned, a gay modern villa smiles in the sunshine; and few persons would notice with any unusual degree of interest a plain marble tablet in Hardinge church, which simply records the name and age of Mathilde Hardinge, who sleeps beneath. *Requiescat in pace!*





## LACE AND LACEMAKING.

**I**T is but a tribute due to that spirit of untiring research which characterises the age in which we live, to acknowledge that there remain comparatively few branches of art and manufacture every mystery of which has not been made plain to us. The origins of curious inventions have been so perseveringly traced, that in most instances we may not only sympathise in the triumph of the projector at the practical realisation of some cherished idea, but follow the workings of his mind through that chaos of fancies, doubts, hopes, and fears, which preceded the clear light of discovery. Then we may trace, step by step, the history of the idea on its gradual advance to perfection; may rejoice as we see it clothed in forms of increasing beauty and practical utility; and, finally, recognise the great results which may spring from the careful

#### LACE AND LACEMAKING.

development of one man's thought and ingenuity. But although we possess such abundant means of enlightenment as a general principle, there yet remain some few subjects concerning which we vainly seek for this plenitude of information; they must be either so closely enveloped in mystery as to disappoint inquiry, or not of sufficient general interest to awaken it. To both these causes may probably be referred, in some measure, the doubt and uncertainty which attach to the earlier annals of the art of Lacemaking.

Although we possess no positive clue to the date of this invention, and have only conjecture to rely upon, there seems reasonable ground for attributing it to the most remote ages. The love of distinction in attire doubtless gave rise, at a very early period, to some attempts at adornment with the needle; as the power of execution advanced, the style and manner of the designs necessarily improved, and the various branches of embroidery are known to have attained among the civilised and luxurious Greeks to a remarkable degree of perfection. So skilled were the Phrygian women especially in the use of the needle, that *opus Phrygianum* was the general Latin term for curious and fine needle-work of every description, whilst *Phrygiones* was the common name given to the class following the occupation of embroiderers. It has been suggested by more than one author, that the delicate ornamental work introduced by the Phrygians to other parts of the civilised world, included the manufacture of lace; but it has been more generally inferred, from passages in Pliny and Plautus, to have consisted of embroidery merely. The most ancient description of lace, however, being worked entirely with the needle, was, after all, but a finer specimen of the older art; and there is probability, if not proof, that its existence dates from about the same period. It is certain that neither labour nor ingenuity was spared in the production of the magnificent borderings for robes, often worked in gold and silver and various colours, which are associated in our minds with the ancients on better grounds than mere tradition. What, then, is more probable than that, in the search for novelty and variety—as much an object of desire, no doubt, in that age as in our own—the idea should have presented itself to some tasteful eye of relieving the pattern of the fabric with occasional spaces, either left wholly vacant, or filled up with a web-like groundwork? This would, in reality, constitute lace, however much it might differ from the delicate material known by that name in the present day. Whether the introduction of lace is referrible to the classic ages or not, certain it is that a very respectable degree of antiquity may be claimed for it.

It must be borne in mind that real or hand-made lace is divided into two distinct classes: first, that worked with the needle, which has for ages been known by the name of *point*, and is but transparent embroidery; and secondly, that made on a hard cushion or millow, by the interweaving of numerous fine threads wound on

#### LACE AND LACEMAKING.

wooden bobbins. The latter method of lacemaking is comparatively of modern invention; so that in the early history of the fabric it must be understood as referring solely to the point. During the earlier periods at which the existence of lace is generally recognised, it was exclusively worked in conventual institutions, and applied to the adornment of church-furniture and the state-vestments of the priests. Had it been made in populous towns, and formed an article of commerce, more satisfactory information would have been here and there discovered; but of those old isolated convents in Spain and Italy, and of the habits and pursuits of their inhabitants, little beyond vague tradition has descended to us. There is every reason to suppose, that during the thirteenth, fourteenth, and two following centuries, the making of lace occupied the same important position in the daily employments of the nuns, as the arts of copying and illuminating manuscripts, amongst the monks and friars. At a time when it was deemed a religious obligation of the recluse to confine her interests and sympathies wholly within the narrow limits of her prison-house, and before the education of the young was allotted as her share of the social duties of life, it is easy to imagine the enthusiasm and unwearied industry with which her one secular occupation would have been pursued. We can fancy her heart and mind alternating between the cares of Heaven and those of her work, to which a kind of religious interest would be given by its intended destination; patiently labouring on from day to day, month to month, and year to year, but making such imperceptible progress in the rich massive fabric upon which she was engaged, that to any eye but her own it must have seemed like a second Penelope's web. Yet she no doubt found in it excitement as well as interest; the arrival at every fresh stage of her work would shine forth both in anticipation and retrospect as an event of no little importance in her monotonous career; whilst the idea of seeing the result of her labours devoted to the sacred service, from which it would have seemed nothing short of sacrilege to divert it, was comforting enough to inspire fresh energy in moments of weariness and discouragement. Yet even this small reward could by no means have repaid the industry of all, since the completion of articles of any size—of albs and altar-cloths, for instance—must have involved the incessant application of many lives.

It is singular that, in later years, the secrets connected with the manufacture of old point-lace have been lost to us; and that, although ingenious imitations are by no means rare, the authentic method of making it is quite unknown. The substratum used, or 'foundation,' as it is called, would appear to have been fine linen, though scarcely a thread is visible to the eye, from the heavy embroidery upon it, which here and there stands out in complete relief. The pattern consisted of small sections of fantastic and varying outlines: now a rather unnatural imitation of a flower, now some quaint arabesque or mechanical form, resembling

#### LACE AND LACEMAKING.

nothing in the world but itself. These being distinct from each other, were united by delicate fibres made with the still common button-hole stitch; and it is not easy for mere description to do justice to the beauty of the general effect. It seems wonderful that so perfect a result could have been attained by following the impulse of the moment; but still more difficult to believe that any design could have been invented so strange and capricious in character. As for the untiring patience displayed in the execution, we can only rejoice that it was believed to be in a good cause; that the pious nuns could not foresee the desecration to which, in the course of some few centuries, their cherished productions were to be subjected. When accident or necessity by degrees alienated the more valuable adornments of church-furniture, they were applied to secular purposes; and no doubt many a modern belle may have unconsciously displayed in a ball-room a lace-flounce which has adorned an image of the Virgin, or sought ineffectual protection from a draught by drawing around her a mantle of old point, which has witnessed from the shoulders of a cardinal many a grand and imposing ceremony. There are, of course, comparatively few specimens extant of this very antique lace, properly described as Spanish point; and these few have in most cases been handed down to their possessors as valued heir-looms from generation to generation; regarded with as much honest pride by the ladies of the line, as the more valuable portion of the family heritage by their matter-of-fact husbands. As the supply of old point can never be renewed, and competition can never affect it, its value naturally increases; and when it can be bought at all, it is only at a price that would be deemed extravagant by any other than a genuine lace-fancier.

It was not until the latter part of the fourteenth century, that the world at large was indulged with more than an occasional glimpse of the beautiful fabric when displayed in the great festivals of the Church; but by that time some knowledge of the art had crept out of its holy hiding-places, and had found its way amongst the merchants of one or two continental cities, to whom its novelty and beauty could not fail to recommend it as a subject of extensive and profitable commerce. It is true, we do not hear of it at once as being in general use; but Rome was not built in a day, neither was point-lace to be produced at a wish. The hands that made it had to be carefully instructed and exercised in their employment before any degree of perfection could be attained, and then long and unwearyingly had they to pursue it before even the wealthier classes of society, to whom alone it was attainable, could be adequately supplied. We meet with most frequent allusion to Venice, that great bazaar of the luxuries of the middle ages, as the chief seat of the point-lace manufacture in early times. As this city certainly monopolised the most skilful artisans in every branch of ornamental handicraft, and was the great emporium whence everything beautiful and costly was spread over the

## LACE AND LACEMAKING.

world, it is by no means extraordinary that the establishment of lacemaking in other countries should be generally referred back to some wandering band from the city of the winged lion.

The character of the lace worn during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries differed in some respects from the conventual point, if it may be so termed. It was less massive, and although, certainly, exhibiting no deficiency of work, did not display that superabundance of adornment which distinguished the chefs-d'œuvre of the holy sisterhoods. This is easily accounted for by the circumstance, that the one kind was made for money by those whose bread depended on the work of their hands, whilst the other was the chosen occupation of leisure hours, and an outward demonstration of heart-service. A tolerably true and correct idea of the lace made in 1587, is given in a curious old book published at Paris in that year by a Venetian. This is the first work connected with the subject that is to be met with, and its appearance is said to have given a new impulse to the trade, and to have exercised a universal influence on the designs represented for many years afterwards. It is entitled : *Les Singuliers et Nouveaux Portraits du Seigneur Frédéric de Vinciolo, pour toutes sortes d'Ouvrages en Lingerie; chose non encore vue ni inventée*, subjoins the author, by way of enhancing his own peculiar merits and achievements. The book comprises a collection of patterns for lace-work, but without descriptions or letter-press of any kind; and, it must be confessed, that these same strange designs lead to the conclusion, that the taste of M. de Vinciolo, if not of the age itself, must have been very much in its infancy. We gather but an imperfect idea of the method by which the work was executed, as the illustrative engravings are more like representations of cut paper than anything else. They are, however, valuable as evidence that more than one kind of lace was at that time in existence; for, although in many of the plates we see the familiar old point repeated again and again, there are some others which convey the impression of a net-work with square open holes or meshes, on which were sewn various patterns cut out of linen, or some equally thick and heavy material. This net-work would certainly appear to us nothing extraordinary in itself, but it is, nevertheless, noticeable, as a decided indication of a new and different method of manufacture, which has maintained its importance even to the present day; namely, the use of the pillow, on which I shall have occasion to enlarge in connection with the productions of our own age and country. A simple unornamented groundwork would naturally be the first thing to which the discovery would be applied, so here, no doubt, we see it in its earliest stage. Beckmann, in his *History of Curious Inventions*, claims the one in question for a countrywoman of his own—Barbara, the wife of Christopher Ultman, of St Annaberg, in Saxony—and fixes the discovery previously to the year 1561. He adds, that the mines of Saxony being at that time unproductive, the miners' families were chiefly

#### LACE AND LACEMAKING.

dependent for support on the exertions of their women; and that their ordinary occupation—that of making veils—having also declined, the new work was eagerly welcomed, as affording them employment. We are informed, in conclusion, that the honoured inventress died in 1575, in the sixty-first year of her age, surrounded by sixty-four of her descendants, children and grandchildren; so she would have had a goodly band of disciples, even had she found none out of her own family. A doubt suggested itself to Beckmann, as it might do very forcibly to ourselves, whether the merit of Barbara Ultman did not consist rather in introducing pillow-lace into her own country, than in originating it altogether. A discovery of this kind was far more likely to have emanated from the Flemings, already distinguished in the art, and with whom, being a staple article of commerce, its improvement and extension would naturally have been the unceasing object of study and ambition.

The inhabitants of the various provinces of the Low Countries seem from the first to have eagerly and generally adopted this outlet for industry, in which their successful cultivation and preparation of the flax-plant gave them so marked an advantage. When the enterprise and commercial prosperity of Venice, Genoa, and the other great Italian cities had declined, on them devolved the responsibility, and a very profitable one it was, of supplying Europe with this among many other articles of decorative merchandise. Flanders lace has perhaps a greater historical reputation than any other kind, because the ages with which it was peculiarly identified are not so remote from our own as to render interesting records of its existence at all scarce. We recognise it in the grand old portraits of mailed warriors by Velasquez and other masters, where the large falling collar, or full ruff of rich lace, lends a sort of grace to the stern panoply of war. Frequently, too, the lacemaker, bending over her pillow, is introduced into the much esteemed representations of homely Flemish life by Mieris, Terburgh, and Gerard Douw, and affords a subject of far more grace and interest than those to which the artists of that school generally devoted their wonderful powers of pictorial description. Again, we usually find honourable mention of Flanders lace in minute records of the gala dresses of courtly dames and cavaliers who graced the courts of Europe during the latter part of the middle ages; and if the sight of old point summons up many a strange vision of conventual shades, the name of its younger rival is not less rich in association with the pomp and grandeur of a very different phase of existence. That it always varied greatly, not only in quality but in character, there can be no doubt: each town in which the art of making it was cultivated, and every individual who contributed to its further development, would naturally give a characteristic peculiarity to their work, and bring to bear upon it improvements suggested by their own individual taste and judgment. Hence there were probably as

## LACE AND LACEMAKING.

many distinctions in the fabric originally as at present, though they were content to veil their separate claims to notice under the one general and national denomination. The discriminating spirit of later times has not been satisfied with so indefinite a classification, and the various orders of lace now manufactured in Belgium are known by the names of the several towns which produce them.

Brussels, which has during several centuries maintained a reputation wider and more extended than any other place, may certainly in the present day be said to support and, if possible, extend the renown of its lace; of this there are two distinct varieties, easily recognisable by the initiated in such matters. The more valuable and beautiful kind is that called *pointe à l'aiguille*, or, more commonly, Brussels point; it is worked wholly with the needle, and is, as its name implies, a very refined descendant of the ancient family of the points. It was very much in vogue among the wealthier classes in England during the reigns of Charles I. and several succeeding monarchs, and has been immortalised in Vandyck's portraits of the martyr-king, under the form of the beautiful pointed collar and cuffs which were dignified by the name of the artist. Fashion has, in this case, been more constant than usual, since the taste for Brussels point has continued so decidedly among us, that we still monopolise a large proportion of the whole quantity made; the other variety, called Brussels plait, being more extensively used in France, Spain, Russia, and other countries. In the latter description of lace, the flowers for the pattern are made separately on the pillow, and afterwards attached to net. It differs, in fact, but little from the best English Honiton, of which I shall speak hereafter.

Although some cotton is employed at Brussels, the material used for the more recherché laces is the finest thread, made from flax grown at Hal and Rebecque. It is chiefly handspun, the Belgians having a prejudice against machinery as applied to this purpose; and when we consider the extreme delicacy of the operation, it does indeed seem impossible that the dexterity of human fingers so well versed in their business, should ever be successfully emulated by artificial means. The finest quality of this thread is made chiefly in Brussels, and in damp underground rooms, for its tenuity is so great, that immediate contact with the dry air above is found to be injurious; and in order to supply it in good working order, it is kept for some time in a humid subterraneous atmosphere. It may be easily imagined that the life of a Belgian thread-spinner is unhealthy, and in every respect unattractive, and the price of her labour is therefore proportionably high. The whole process demands from her the most vigilant and uninterrupted attention. She closely examines every inch of thread as it is drawn from the distaff, and when the slightest inequality occurs, stops the wheel, breaks off the defective piece of flax, and then continues her work; the pieces so removed being laid carefully aside, to be applied to some other purpose, as the value of the

## LACE AND LACEMAKING.

material is too great to permit the slightest waste. Every artificial assistance for the eyesight is necessarily adopted. A background of dark paper is placed against the flax, to throw out the slender thread; and the scene of labour is often so arranged as to admit only one single beam of light, which finds entrance through a small aperture, and falls directly on the work. This concentration of light is found very useful in the production of this wonderfully fine and even thread, so necessary for the effect of the lace.

Before machine-made net had arrived at its recent great perfection, the plain groundwork of the Brussels laces was made by hand on the pillow in narrow widths; these were afterwards united so dexterously, that the join was imperceptible to the eye. Trimming-laces of moderate width, some three or four inches perhaps, then extended in price from four to ten guineas the yard, and veils varied from thirty to one hundred guineas each; but since the improvements at Nottingham have enabled excellent net to be supplied at a moderate cost, these prices have greatly diminished, and the consumption has proportionably increased. The different processes connected with the manufacture of Brussels lace vary so much, that each is intrusted solely to women especially versed in their own branch of the business. One class, known by the name of the *plattuses*, are continually occupied in making the flowers for the pattern on the pillow, after our English method, or, as it is authentically termed, making them in plait. Others, again, are educated to work them in point with the needle; and these, when attached to net, form the lace properly described as Brussels *appliqué*, which resembles in its general features the *pointe à l'aiguille*. Another division of the labour consists in making the real net-groundwork, to which I have referred as being in great measure, though not entirely, superseded; those who still devote themselves to it are called *drocheuses*. The *striqueuses* are perpetually employed in attaching the flowers to the net; whilst, by the name of *attacheuses*, is described a distinct class, whose sole occupation consists in uniting the different portions of a pattern, so that it should appear to be made entire. Last, but not least in importance, must be mentioned the *faiseuses de pointe à l'aiguille*, to whose unrivalled skill our English *élégantes* are so largely indebted. The number of persons who find constant employment in Belgium by lacemaking is computed at 100,000; and we should be tolerably correct in estimating the body so engaged in or about the capital at 30,000.

In the lace called Mechlin, made at Malines and Antwerp, there are some of those nice distinctions which render an account of the various productions of Brussels unavoidably rather complicated. Mechlin lace is made entirely on the pillow, and in one piece; it can therefore be applied only to articles of limited size. Lappets or trimmings are the forms under which we generally see it; and in these the exquisite delicacy of its texture can be thoroughly

#### LACE AND LACEMAKING.

appreciated. The chief peculiarity consists in the filmy lightness of the ground, and in a thick plait-thread, as it is called, following the outline of the pattern, and giving the effect of embroidery. Few branches of the lace manufacture have suffered more from fluctuations in taste and fashion than the one in question. During the eighteenth century, it obtained the most enthusiastic appreciation in this country, as well as on the continent. No ruffles but those of Mechlin could satisfy the fastidious taste of the gentlemen, and no lappets but Mechlin were deemed worthy appendages to the ponderous head-dresses of the ladies of that age. But of later years a revolution has taken place; and although too good and expensive to be despised, it is at least neglected. This may in some measure arise from the fact that, from the quality of the thread used, and the time and labour necessary for the construction of so fine a web, the price continued higher than that of more effective laces. A few discoloured specimens are generally to be seen among the attractions of a curiosity-shop, where, amidst old armour, antique chairs, and dingy china, they help to point a moral on the effects of time and the fluctuations of fashion. A wonderful and interesting example of the perfection, both in design and execution, to which, notwithstanding the slight encouragement it receives, Mechlin lace can be brought in the present day, was displayed at the Exhibition of the Works of Industry of all Nations in 1851. The pattern consisted of birds, flowers, and trees; and it is doubtful if any other article in that rich assemblage, how much soever more important or pretentious, deserved more completely the title of a work of art.

The next class of Belgian lace, called generally Valenciennes, will be familiar to most of our readers; but they may be scarcely aware that the contributions of each of the six towns in which it is chiefly made offer some distinctive peculiarity, which would enable a person accustomed to compare them to decide with certainty upon their birthplace. The finest description is that which comes from Ypres. This town is acknowledged to excel in laces of the finest square ground and in the widest and most expensive kind; its productions have been known in some instances to produce as much as L.50 the yard. The trade of lacemaking was commenced at Ypres about the year 1656; but so gradual was its progress that, according to a census made by Louis XIV., there were, some twenty-five years afterwards, only one manufacturer and sixty-three workers established there. It is chiefly since the year 1835 that this business has become so extensive. It is now estimated that the dealers of Ypres purchase the work of 20,000 people, living either in the town or its vicinity. The greater part of this manufacture is exported to England, France, and Germany, and commercial relations in regard to it have also been opened with the United States. The produce of the town of Ghent is also good in quality, but differs from that of Ypres in being chiefly of narrow or medium widths; for these, as being cheaper and more generally available,

#### LACE AND LACEMAKING.

there is of course a constant market ; and 12,000 persons are kept continually employed in its manufacture. The Bruges lace is of a good serviceable quality, and very popular in England. That of Alost is inferior to its rivals in colour ; and although the town can boast excellent workers, the deficiency of good designs tends to lower its reputation. Besides these places, Valenciennes lace is made in large quantities at Menin, Courtrai, and at many villages in the neighbourhood of the towns above referred to. This lace is now more generally used than any other kind, probably in some measure on account of its extreme durability and facility of adaptation to the demi-toilette dress which has of late become so universal. The price depends as much on the quality as even on the width ; but it may be regarded as the cheapest of the good foreign laces. The only remaining seat of the manufacture in Belgium important enough to require notice is that of Grammont, chiefly remarkable for its silk-laces, generally termed blondes. This branch of the trade is, however, so essentially French, that an account of it must be deferred until we examine in detail the productions of that country.

That Holland and Belgium should, from time immemorial, have been distinguished for the perfection to which their fostering care has raised this beautiful fabric, is by no means astonishing, when we consider that for ages the inhabitants of those countries held the raw material in their own hands. In distributing it over other parts of the continent, it is not unnatural that they should have reserved for their own use an ample share of the choicest and best descriptions, to which their unrivalled skill as spinners enabled them to do full justice. A convincing proof of the perfection to which they have brought the preparation of thread, is afforded by the circumstance, that it has been made of a quality so fine as to exceed when manufactured ten times the value of standard gold. More than one instance has occurred in which so large a sum as 10,000 francs has been given for one pound of this yarn ; but the average prices vary from 60 to 1800 francs. With the perpetual endeavour after advancement in this art as in all others, it is very possible the time may come when our descendants shall regard as commonplace and unworthy of notice trophies of skill which appear marvellous in our own eyes ; but it seems impossible for us, even in these days of progress, to realise a greater degree of perfection than has been already attained in this manufacture.

Although Belgium is and ever has been the lacemaking country *par excellence*, it is not to be supposed that the proverbial taste and love of adornment which characterise the French nation have been without very fruitful results in this respect. In tracing the history of the art in their country, we see another instance, and only one in a thousand, of the interest so consistently displayed by the respective governments in the establishment and advancement of different branches of manufacture. From very early times, they justly regarded the various trades which tended to the prosperity

## LACE AND LACEMAKING.

of the land, as not unworthy the practical superintendence and encouragement of its rulers, instead of leaving them, as elsewhere, dependent on the enterprise and support of private individuals, and allowing them to fluctuate and struggle on as they best might. For the introduction of their most beautiful and expensive lace, the French were indebted, as for many other benefits, to Colbert, the minister of Louis XIV., who, in the year 1660, invited over artisans from Venice, which, from this circumstance, would appear, even then, not to have lost altogether its ancient reputation. They were established in the town of Alençon, and soon organised an extensive manufacture of the Point de Vénise, afterwards called Point de France, and, finally, Point d'Alençon. It is said, that about the same time, the Comte de Marsan, youngest son of the great Comte d'Harcourt, brought over from Brussels to Paris an old nurse named Dumont, with her four daughters, and procured for her the exclusive right to establish and carry on lacemaking in that capital. In a short time, Madame Dumont collected upwards of 200 women, many of them belonging to good families, whose work was scarcely inferior to that imported from foreign countries. There is, however, no trace now remaining of this once flourishing establishment; whether it altogether decayed, or adjourned to some scene more congenial to so delicate and sedentary an occupation, is uncertain. The Point d'Alençon, the chef-d'œuvre of the art, still exists in all its glory, to attest the service rendered by Colbert to the manufacturing interests of his country. This lace, as we see it at the present day, bears but slight resemblance to the original Point de Vénise, being of much finer texture; and it differs, indeed, in the manner of its construction, from every other variety, inasmuch as sixteen workers are employed on the smallest piece and simplest design of Alençon, so various are the stitches employed, whilst only one person is required to produce the richest laces of other kinds. Some general idea of the mode in which all this labour is applied may not be unacceptable.

The design is, in the first place, engraved on copper, and afterwards printed off in divisions, on pieces of parchment, some three or four inches wide, and from five to twelve long. These are numbered, according to the order in which they will be required, and small holes are pricked along the outlines of the flowers; each piece of parchment is then laid on one of coarse linen, and a sort of guiding thread, or *fil de trace*, as it is called, of which the proper place is indicated, is sewn on with fine stitches, which unite thread, parchment, and linen in one. Two flat threads, held beneath the thumb of the left hand, are then guided along the mazy edges of the flowers, and are fixed by minute stitches passing through the holes in the parchment. Here, then, is the skeleton of the lace, and the next thing is to make the groundwork that fills up the flowers. For this, the worker supplies herself with a long needle and very fine thread, which she fastens securely to

## LACE AND LACEMAKING.

the border, and then works a kind of knotted stitch from left to right. The first row finished, she reverts again to the starting-point, and commences a second, carefully placing her needle between each stitch of the preceding one; and so she continues, until the space is filled up. The plain ground, which occupies the part between the flowers, is commenced by one thread being thrown across, as a sort of pioneer, and others intersecting it and each other form the meshes. Then there are spaces especially reserved for various fancy stitches, termed *modes*; and, finally, the outline of the pattern is enriched with an embroidery in relief, properly described as the *brode*. This branch requires to be done by the most tasteful and experienced fingers; but it gives a peculiar beauty and finish to the Alençon, which are not to be met with in any other lace. Where the work is so far happily accomplished, the various pieces are cut from the parchment and tacked on green paper, to be joined together. Where a flower occurs, it is simply sewn, but the ground is united with a fancy stitch, and both are so skilfully joined as to escape detection. The material used is the finest linen thread, called *malguinerie*, worth from L.100 to L.120 per pound. All the French laces were formerly composed of different qualities of this thread, but cotton has latterly been frequently substituted for it. The workwomen of Alençon are, as may be imagined, particularly skilful, displaying not merely great mechanical dexterity, but also taste and invention. They are not content to repeat the same achievements perpetually, however perfect they may be, but devote much of their attention to the introduction of novelties, especially in the open stitches, in which they greatly excel. This lace is considered the most durable, as well as the most *recherché*, of those made in modern times, and exceeds every other, not excepting Brussels, in value. Some beautiful specimens of it, adapted to a purpose hitherto unattempted, were contributed to the Great Exhibition of 1851 by Madame Josephine Hubert, of Paris; they were considered by competent authorities to have been the greatest curiosities of the department to which they belonged; and to have formed, indeed, a decided feature in the history of the manufacture. This discovery, which has been patented in France and Belgium, consisted in the application of lace to exact representations, in complete relief, of flowers, leaves, and even fruit; a degree of strength and solidity having been given to the delicate material of which it would have appeared unsusceptible. These imitations, which were arranged in wreaths, bouquets, and sprays, as ornaments for ladies' attire, comprised all the most beautiful of those flowers with which we are generally familiar, and were correct even to the most minute details. Some were erect, and some drooping, with forms globular, bell-shaped, or expanded, as the specimen chosen might require; in fact, nature was worthily represented, in all but her brilliant and varied colouring—this alone was unattempted. In addition to their intrinsic beauty, these lace-flowers were said to bear the

## LACE AND LACEMAKING.

operation of cleansing with no injury to their forms, and, in this respect, to have the advantage over every other description; but it seems difficult to imagine that any hands less expert than those which fashioned them could restore the delicate blossoms to anything resembling their original perfection.

The reputation of France for its pillow-laces has perhaps been most widely extended by those of black and white silk, termed blonde, in which no other country could ever compete with it. The first specimen was made at Caen, and the silk used was of the natural or pale yellow colour; but when it was once proved that this material was available for the purpose, a great improvement was effected in the substitution of pure white or black, to which a few coloured blondes now form the only exceptions. Soon after the first essay in this branch of the art, it attained to very great favour, and the towns of Caen and Bayeux promised to outvie in prosperity their hitherto more flourishing rivals; but the caprice, probably, of some fair leader of ton, changed, in time, the aspect of affairs; and the demand for blondes decreased so obviously, that the labour of a large proportion of the workers was directed to the production of black lace of the ordinary description. Caen and Bayeux excel all other places in what are called piece-goods, or larger articles of ladies' attire in that colour—as, for instance, veils, scarfs, or dresses—and their manufactures are the most extensive in the world, employing upwards of 40,000 women. The lace-workers of the department of Calvados evince great dexterity and quickness; by means of a stitch called *rucroe*, they are able to unite pieces in a manner that escapes detection even with a glass, and therefore the work that formerly occupied one person's time for a whole year, is now executed in a month by a greater number. I shall hereafter have occasion to notice, that this skill in joining lace is not confined to our continental neighbours, but has contributed in no small degree to the increased effects displayed in our native productions.

Although Caen and Bayeux were the principal seats of the blonde manufacture, a variety was originated at Chantilly, which was brought to a higher perfection than any other, and was proportionably higher in price. It was extensively worn in England about thirty years ago, but is now almost traditionary here. The peculiarity of Chantilly blonde consisted of the rich close pattern, which contrasted with the filmy lightness of the ground. It was chiefly woven for veils, which then differed a good deal from our present idea of them: they were simply squares surrounded by one of these deep heavy borders of irregular outline, and also flowered over in the centre, and were thrown over the bonnet, completely enveloping the head and shoulders of the wearer. This description may be recognised by any one who has 'assisted,' as the French say, at the bringing to light of those treasures of by-gone days consigned by the changes in taste and fashion to the darkness and oblivion of a lumber-room. Among such articles

#### LACE AND LACEMAKING.

would most likely be included a Chantilly veil of gigantic dimensions, or a collar of proportionate magnitude. But although the general rage for Chantilly has long past away, it is still used in small quantities, and is made of exquisite beauty, as if thereby to retain with the very fastidious the favour it has lost among the great body of lace-wearers.

Of the French pillow-laces of the ordinary kind, the precedence should perhaps be given to that of Lille, as being the oldest manufacture in France, and the origin of our own Buckinghamshire, or English Lille, as it is sometimes called. The latter kind is so familiar to us all, that a detailed description of a lace which so closely resembles it is scarcely necessary. It is very light and simple, and also well made, but the consumption is daily decreasing, and the work-people are able to derive better remuneration from other branches of industry in the town. The same description of lace is also made at Arras, in the department of Pas-de-Calais, and at Mirecourt, in that of Vosges. The first of these two manufactures is a standing example of the fact, that in the present age those who are content to pursue the same track, year after year, without ambition for improvement or adventure for novelty, will inevitably be left so far in the rear, that their very existence will be in time forgotten. The trade in Arras is altogether decaying for want of a little of that impulse and spirit which so peculiarly distinguish the lacemakers of Mirecourt, and of course tend largely to their prosperity. The artisans of the latter place are continually introducing new designs in their work; indeed, nearly all the improvements and novelties in the art, as carried on in France, are attributable to them; Mirecourt having quite a fame of its own for the good taste and elegance of its productions. Among these, one of the most beautiful is that called *Guipure*, made on the same principle, and altogether very much akin to our own Honiton. The system pursued in these laces, of making flowers on the pillow, and afterwards attaching them to fine net, was not adopted at Mirecourt until four or five years ago; the *Guipure* has, during the last two years, so materially improved, that it is but little inferior to the Brussels plait, and is generally admired for its colour, quality, and moderation of price.

The town of Puy, in Haute-Loire, though possessing no very extensive reputation for its lace, affords employment to 50,000 persons, who are dispersed throughout the neighbouring districts. It happens that there are but few other industrial resources in this province; its inhabitants are therefore chiefly dependent on this occupation, and labour is extremely cheap. The workwomen of Puy, although considered skilful, have hitherto only succeeded in specimens of a very ordinary description, for which there is little competition. They do not confine themselves to any one kind of lace in particular, but produce it in silk thread and wool, all being durable and low in price, but not attractive from any delicacy of design or texture.

## LACE AND LACEMAKING.

Although the Dentelle de Valenciennes is generally regarded as a French lace, Bailleul is the only town in France of any importance at which it is made; whilst there are, as we have already noticed, not less than six seats of the manufacture in Belgium. The produce of Bailleul, though rather coarser than that of Bruges, closely resembles it, and possesses the double qualification of being the whitest and cheapest of its kind. There was a time when the dinginess of colour which of course necessarily characterises very old lace, was esteemed so great a beauty as to be obtained by artificial means; and much of the modern lace was washed in a weak solution of coffee, and considered to have been greatly enriched by the operation. This perverted and unnatural taste has now happily passed away, and the makers emulate each other in their endeavours to preserve the thread in its original purity during the process of working it up. The peculiar whiteness, therefore, of the Bailleul lace is considered really an advantage, and, added to its durability, renders it universally popular. The production of hand-made lace throughout France affords employment to about 200,000 women, who enter upon it when perhaps only six or seven years old, and in most cases do not give it up until they arrive at a very advanced age. Each person earns, upon an average, from sixpence to a shilling for the day's work of ten hours, though sometimes her own superior skill, or an unusual demand for the article, may procure her higher remuneration. They pursue their occupation at their own homes, in much the same manner that it is carried on among the English peasantry, setting aside the pillow to fulfil their domestic duties, and returning to it when these are accomplished.

The French manufacture of machine-made lace may be regarded as completely an offshoot from our own, inasmuch as it was quite unknown until some workmen from Nottingham established themselves in the year 1817 at Calais, having taken with them a machine on the straight-bolt principle. Six years afterwards, this single machine had multiplied to thirty-five; and there are at present between 600 and 700 in full operation in and about the town of Calais alone, the improvements gradually effected at Nottingham having always been closely followed there. Bobbin-net and lace are also made by machinery at Lille, St Quentin, Lyon, and Cambrai. The last-mentioned place is remarkable for its admirable imitations of the beautiful black lace of Caen and Chantilly, the patterns of which are minutely copied, whilst the difference in price between the original and the imitation is 75 per cent. This particular branch of the trade is, as it deserves to be, in a most prosperous condition, and meets with extensive encouragement. Such is a brief account of the more valuable and important descriptions of foreign lace, to which, as having originally preceded all similar manufactures in our own country, attention was first due. We will now turn to the naturalisation of the art nearer home.

The pillow-lace of England, an object of universal admiration,

## LACE AND LACEMAKING.

and one which finds a market in all civilised countries, is the production, almost exclusively, of four counties, three of which are by no means considerable in extent—Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, Northamptonshire, and Devonshire. Its introduction among us as a manufacture, may be referred, it is believed, to a period shortly anterior to the reign of Queen Elizabeth; we have evidence that it was then well known, although regarded as sufficiently rare to be deemed a worthy offering to royalty itself. In the manifold accounts of gifts accepted by this acquisitive monarch from various grades of her subjects, lace finds honourable mention. It is on record that Sir Philip Sidney presented her majesty with a ‘smock’ of cambric, the sleeves and collar wrought with black silk, and edged with a small bone-lace; whilst Mrs Twist, the court-laundress, contributed to the regal wardrobe three handkerchiefs of black Spanish work similarly adorned. Both high and low were apparently compelled to adopt this costly but direct road to the favour of their royal mistress. With regard to the manner in which a knowledge of lacemaking was originally communicated, the general opinion is, that for it, as for the silk trade and other valuable branches of manufacture, we are indebted to the religious persecutions so rife on the continent during the sixteenth century, which occasioned a tide of emigration to this country. There is one circumstance which would at first appear to cast a doubt on the truth of this supposition—namely, that so early as the year 1483, lace was included in a list of articles of which the introduction from abroad was prohibited; the inference being of course that it could be produced by native industry. It was not, however, until 1543 that pins, which are essential to the manufacture of pillow-lace, were made here, or indeed brought to any perfection elsewhere; it is probable, therefore, that any lace made in England at that early period was worked with the needle, and that the origin of our peculiar manufacture is really attributable to various bands of Flemish emigrants, who established themselves in the very same localities to which, three centuries later, the art they taught is still confined. It is rather a curious feature in the history of industrial pursuits, that each branch seems to take root and flourish almost exclusively in some particular district. This circumstance is not, however, remarkable, where any local advantage connected with the staple manufacture may be found to exist. That the northern counties, for instance, rich in the elemental privileges of fire and water, the very ‘thews and sinews’ of a giant machinery, should excel in those productions of which it is the agent, may be readily accounted for: but that textures requiring no such adventitious aid, the produce of mere hand-labour, which could be carried on in any place, and under almost any circumstances, should be peculiar to certain districts, is a fact worthy of notice. It is greatly to be regretted that every part of England should not have participated long ago in the benefits attaching to an acquaintance with the occupation of lacemaking, as it seems to

#### LACE AND LACEMAKING.

offer fewer disadvantages than the majority of pursuits available for women. Previously, however, to the last ten years, few of the humbler classes, especially of the female sex, ever wandered many miles from the place of their birth, or acquired any ideas beyond those which its resources were calculated to afford. Hence opportunities for the diffusion and interchange of their knowledge seldom or ever occurred, and it has, accordingly, remained stationary to the present day.

The finer and more valuable quality of the Buckingham lace, as it is generally called, is produced chiefly within a circle of twelve miles round that town; the second quality, which is that usually worn, being made in or about Bedford and Olney. There are, perhaps, few travellers old enough to remember the Great North Road in the palmy days of stage-coaches and post-chaises, who cannot also call to mind the contributions levied on their purses at the various inns at which they stopped in the lace-districts, for handsome specimens of the local industry. The writer recalls the time when the box of lace was as certain to succeed the dinner, as the profound bow of the waiter an extensive purchase or liberal gratuity, as the case might be. In many of the letters of the poet Cowper, dated from Olney, allusion is made to certain black lace in process of manufacture for his correspondent Lady Hesketh; intended, probably, as a requital for the velvet cap, her gift to himself, which his poem has rendered immortal. If such were the case, there is little doubt that the lady had by far the better bargain.

Laces of inferior quality to the classes already mentioned are principally made in the neighbourhoods of High Wycombe, in Buckinghamshire, and of Kettering and Wellingborough, in Northamptonshire. These 'useful goods,' as they are technically termed, find a ready market in Manchester and other manufacturing towns, and are largely exported to the colonies. Northampton and its immediate vicinity is celebrated for a vast variety of delicate edgings, and narrow laces in general, and in these articles a thriving business is carried on. One very lucrative branch of the trade has, however, greatly declined during the last few years, in consequence, not of the elevation of some newer rival by a caprice of fashion, as the reader would imagine, but of the solemn dictum of the College of Surgeons. Laces of a certain width, delicately fine texture, and minute pattern, known as 'infants' laces,' once formed no inconsiderable proportion of the manufacture; but the fiat went forth that children were to go bareheaded until nature should supply them with her own covering, and from that time the demand began to slacken. It is true that young mothers contended vigorously for this embellishment of the beauty of their offspring, but the stern voice of science eventually overcame the maternal pleadings; and although caps for state occasions are still deemed necessary, the use of them as a habit is so generally given up, that the production of lace for such purposes can hardly

#### LACE AND LACEMAKING.

be said to exist any longer as a separate branch of trade. Time was when the humblest mother would strain every nerve to secure a 'bit of good lace for the christening-cap;' and no less than L.1000 was, on one occasion, expended in English lace for the use of an expected scion of a ducal house. It has been hinted, that so fortunate a conjunction of circumstances for the replenishment of this department of the maternal wardrobe, was seldom lost sight of, but to the truth of this surmise the writer declines to testify.

The majority of readers will no doubt have acquired, either from personal observation, or through the medium of the fine arts, a general idea of the manner in which pillow-lace is produced, though the minute details may be unfamiliar to them. Our distinguished countrymen, Stothard and Westall, frequently made it the subject of their designs in illustrating the peasant-life of England; but their representations, it must be admitted, depict the occupation under its most poetical aspect. A richly-wooded landscape, with the sun setting in the distance, and casting a mellow light over the still evening—and a cottage half-enveloped in woodbine and ivy, usually occupying the foreground. A picturesque thoughtful-looking woman is seated at the doorway, busily plying her task, and apparently listening to the prattle of the chubby child at her knee. In the middle distance, to make the picture complete, the husband is wending his way homeward, shovel and mattock on shoulder. All these details are suggestive of a peace and repose almost worthy the Golden Age; but although such scenes might occasionally greet the eye in real life, truth compels the admission that they would be exceptions to the rule in the history of lacemaking. This delicate fabric, the material of which is peculiarly liable to become discoloured, is rarely made in the open air, and never in the vicinity of a thoroughfare much frequented. It issues more commonly from a small close room, barely ten feet square, with crumbling walls and dim lattices; a kind of appendage to the kitchen, or, as it is generally called, 'the house,' and too often rendered close and unhealthy by the number of workers assembled there, and the absence of proper ventilation. None of the finest specimens of lace can be made in a room in which there is an open fire, the smallest particle of dust or puff of smoke necessarily tarnishing the purity of the work, and reducing its marketable value; indeed, such constant caution in this respect is exercised, that a good lacemaker never leaves her pillow for ten minutes without covering it up with what is called a pillow-cloth.

The cushion on which this lace is made consists simply of a coarse cloth envelope, tightly and evenly stuffed with straw; the usual form being that of a slightly flattened globe. It varies a little in size, according to the taste or fancy of the user, and costs from 1s. 3d. to 2s. 6d. To make it more sightly, it is usually covered with a piece of well-starched blue linen, or the material of which cotton-stockings are made, and is elevated on a wooden

#### LACE AND LACEMAKING.

three-legged stand to a height convenient for use. The bobbins on which the thread is wound—of course very important agents in the work—are pieces of turned wood or ivory, about the size of a quill, and from three to four inches in length. They are marked towards the head with a slight groove, around which the thread is twined, and fastened with a slip-knot, admitting of its being lengthened as used up: the lower ends are ornamented with glass-beads, or similar trifles, which serve to distinguish one from the other. The number of bobbins varies according to the width of the lace, beginning with thirty or forty, and extending to many hundreds.

It will probably have been observed by those whom circumstances have rendered intimately acquainted with the details of the occupation, that the pillow of the lacemaker, with its gay appendages, becomes in time literally the chronicle of a life, an unwritten history of those great events which have at distant intervals varied the monotonous current of her days. It seems that among this class, especially in years gone by, the presentation of 'a bobbin for my lace-pillow,' was regarded in much the same light that the offering of a bouquet to a lady would be at the present day. It spoke many languages; was in turn a token of mere good-will, a mark of decided preference, or almost an offer of marriage. The intrinsic value of the gift was indeed but small, as plain wooden bobbins might be bought for three-halfpence. These were not, however, frequently presented, being devoid of 'spangles,' or, in common parlance, of the glass-beads generally appended to the lower end, and in which an opportunity was afforded for the display of taste and liberality. On the number and quality of these memorials depended the title of the worker to boast of a handsome pillow; and it was by one pre-eminently fortunate in this respect that I was first initiated into the mysteries of their various significations. For example, one might be only a memento of a country holiday, some long-remembered merry-making, or visit to a neighbouring statute fair, generally described as 'a statty;' another, the parting-gift of a fellow-servant; a third, the propitiatory offering of a would-be lover; a fourth, the only relic of the wild cousin who went to sea, and was drowned. Then, again, there would certainly be the cherished first-gift of 'my husband;' and, not less prized, that of 'my girl,' the first time she ever 'cut off,' or, in other words, disposed of her wares to a dealer. In short, a large proportion of the lacemaker's bobbins are the key-notes to many a memory of the past, and also occasionally to little histories of village-life, amusing enough to have detained the writer, no unwilling listener, at many a cottage-door.

Having now considered the machinery by which lace is made, both in its practical and poetical aspect, we should glance at the details of the occupation itself. The first step in the commencement of the work is to stretch tightly on the pillow a strip of parchment, one-third of a yard in length, on which is ~~wicked~~  
15

## LACE AND LACEMAKING.

the pattern of the lace desired. The bobbins are hung in pairs on pins of the finest brass-wire, made expressly for the purpose, and called lace-pins. These regulate the progress of the work, and are stuck one by one into the perforated parchment. By various movements of the bobbins, the thread is entwined round these pins, and thus are produced small hexagon-shaped holes, each one of which requires fourteen twists of the thread to complete it; whilst the little square spots, known as plats, demand no less than forty. When we consider the various patterns of lace that are to be met with, and the consequent variety of detail in their manufacture, it is difficult to believe that all are produced by means of continuous threads. Such, however, is the case, the only exception being the gimp or thick silky thread which generally forms the outline of the design, and in which a separation is often necessary. When the lace has progressed so much as to cover the whole of the parchment, the worker has to go through the delicate operation of setting up. This consists in carefully removing all the pins, giving the card on which the lace is wound, at the back of the pillow, a few additional turns, and matching the pattern at the top of the parchment. When this is happily accomplished, the work is resumed, great care having been taken not to twist or otherwise disarrange the bobbins during the process.

During the winter season, when daylight is of short duration, and it becomes necessary to carry on the work by candlelight, lacemakers are in the habit of using a wooden stand, perforated with holes, in which are inserted glass-flasks filled with pure water; and by this means the light is concentrated on the particular spot which is required to be seen most distinctly. A single candle, placed amidst three bottles of water, will enable three persons to benefit fully and equally by the light, which is said to equal in brilliancy that afforded by a powerful gas-burner, and without the disadvantage of its glare. The preservation of their eyesight is so vitally important to the lacemakers, that they adopt of course every precaution within their reach.

The manner of collecting lace for wholesale houses does not differ materially at the present day from the practice in former years. A merchant employing perhaps 400 or 500 hands, supplies his work-people with thread and parchment patterns, which latter are exchanged for new ones as often as the old become unsaleable. At intervals of six weeks, he gives notice that on a certain day he shall be at a particular town or village, when all his *employées* who live within a circuit of four miles bring him whatever quantity of lace they may have produced since his last visit. I have learned from good authority, that such is the minute knowledge gained by constant experience, that the purchaser would have no difficulty in assigning each piece to its maker, even if the identical pattern had been followed by all. The price of the work is paid almost exclusively in money,

## LACE AND LACEMAKING.

though some few of the smaller manufacturers adhere to the truck-system. When the lace is thus collected, it is taken to London, as the principal mart, or to the more important manufacturing towns, in which there is a large consumption, of the inferior kinds more especially. During the reign of George III., an act existed for the protection of these manufactures, foreign lace being strictly prohibited. It was declared forfeited, and liable to be seized by any officer, in whatever hands it might be found, L.200, half of which went to the informer, being the penalty exacted from the offender on proof of his delinquency. Those might certainly be regarded as the palmy days of the English lacemaker, for the demand actually exceeded the production, and a quick and clear hand could earn, without difficulty, from 15s. to 20s. a week. Of later years, however, the large importation of lace from abroad, and the perfection of that made by machinery, have decreased to an almost incredible extent the value of Buckingham lace. I am assured by an experienced and very extensive lace-merchant of the present day, that he can now purchase, for 1s. 6d. a yard, specimens of the fabric for which his father, some forty years ago, paid 5s. 6d. and 6s. This large reduction in the price has of course tended both to lower the quality and to diminish the scale of remuneration paid to the makers; the chief object with the majority of dealers being to obtain a showy style of article at as small a cost as possible. In these days, few even of the more intelligent and expeditious workers can earn more than 4s. a week; a still greater number gain only 3s.; and 2s. 6d. is a sum more commonly paid than either. The question naturally arises in the mind, how these poor people can live, and scenes of great misery are indeed common among them. All, however, who are really industrious, can obtain 3s. 6d. a week; and on this pittance the majority keep themselves out of debt, and even make a respectable appearance. Of the number of persons employed in the occupation, no reliable statistics exist; but in the lace-districts, all the females of the lower classes between the ages of seven and seventy live by its means, with the exception of those employed in household duties or domestic service. It is gratifying to know that their general moral character is decidedly good.

In most of the villages in which lacemaking is the ordinary pursuit, schools are to be found for the instruction of young children in the art; and during the summer months, a humming sound, issuing from an open casement, will not fail to arrest the attention of a passing stranger, and guide him to this industrious hive of busy bees. These may be regarded as the latest remains of the Dames' Schools, for they are generally kept by some ancient proficient in the art, whose failing eyesight demands repose from personal labour, though her energy may be quite capable of directing the efforts of others. The price paid by each individual for her instruction is rarely more than twopence or threepence a week; and the children of the poor often continue to work at school long

## LACE AND LACEMAKING.

after the elementary difficulties of the occupation are mastered; the freedom from interruption by domestic sights and sounds, and the emulation arising from companionship, being very favourable to the progress of the work. A certain given task is generally allotted by the mistress to each girl, according to her capacity, and its execution is rigidly exacted. Sometimes, in order to vary the weary monotony of the day, a good-natured instructress will permit her pupils to sing a few verses of a hymn in concert, or to 'count pins,' and by such slight diversion, to 'cheat the lazy afternoon.' This counting pins merely consists in two children of average skill being pitted against each other to accomplish a certain number of holes in a given time, the one who has finished first literally singing out to her vanquished rival: 'Five-and-twenty, Mary Jones.' Meanwhile, the next couple have been testing their dexterity, and the strain is quickly taken up by another triumphant competitor, who exclaims: 'Five-and-thirty, Susan Gale.' Even this trifling exercise of the lungs has been found useful in keeping the attention awake, and in creating an interest in the mind, highly advantageous to work of any kind.

This early and constant attention to the one pursuit, by which a living is to be gained, is not very favourable to a knowledge of women's duties in general; and many years ago, when the opportunity of learning needle-work was less easy of attainment than at the present day, some ladies residing in a lace-district endeavoured to remedy the deficiency by establishing a working-school on Saturday afternoons, the general half-holiday. The use of the National School-house was easily procured without expense, and an invitation was given to all the little lacemakers of the neighbourhood, to attend and receive instruction in a kind of work in which their own mothers were for the most part deplorably ignorant. This offer was eagerly and gratefully responded to; the manual dexterity of the children needed only to be directed to the new channel, and enabled them to attain a proficiency which was quite remarkable, considering the limited time they could devote to practice. The periodical return of the working-day was anticipated with pleasure by the little pupils, many of whom walked two or three miles to secure the instruction. None were prevented from attending by poverty of attire, as a neat checked pinafore, costing less than a shilling, served to conceal both defects and deficiencies. The only matters needed for the support of this school were a few pounds of sewing-cotton, a gross or two of needles, and the willing services of a dozen young ladies as teachers, for three hours weekly. It continued in operation for a very considerable time, leading often to other schemes of usefulness; and although thirty years have elapsed since this scheme was first carried out, the advantages resulting from it did not end with the generation on whose behalf the labour of love was undertaken.

It now only remains, in connection with the Buckingham lace,

#### LACE AND LACEMAKING.

to say a few words respecting the forms in which it is produced, for the appearance of the fabric is so well known to all who take any interest in such matters, as to render a minute description of it a work of supererogation. These, then, are most commonly edgings and trimmings, varying in breadth from a quarter of an inch to a quarter of a yard; although the latter width would probably only be made to order, and of so fine a quality as to render the price more than proportionably high. The value is by no means estimated according to the width, a narrow lace of good quality being worth much more than a wider one of coarser texture. The patterns followed in the lower classes of the material are of an easy mechanical style, as a chain-work, or something equally simple—a gradual increase of delicacy and elaboration distinguishing the ascending scales, until the utmost perfection is attained. This consists not less in the beauty of the design, than in the introduction of various kinds of ornamentation, technically described as English point, Grecian pattern-work, spider and cloth work, &c., all executed consecutively with the work on the pillow. About forty years ago, a sensation was created by the application of Buckingham lace to circular and horseshoe forms, for insertion in infants' caps; and also to lozenge-shaped pieces, some inches in diameter, for the adornment of ladies' headgear. Each piece was complete in itself, the pattern being especially adapted to the size and shape; but as the novelty seemed at first to demand a more than average portion of intelligence, the production was confined to a few hands, and the luxury was an expensive one. Since that time, collars, cuffs, and lappets have been made in a single piece; but the successful completion of articles larger in dimension has been reserved for our own day. A specimen of English lace, which, from its style and size, may be pronounced unique, was recently executed, under the auspices of Mr R. Vicars, Jun., of Padbury, in Buckinghamshire. It consisted of a scarf, about two yards and three-quarters long, and three-quarters wide, surrounded by a wreath-like pattern of flowers and foliage, in which the large passion-flower adorning each corner was particularly noticeable, as a triumph of skill. The centre, or groundwork, was studded with separate flowers, analogous to those in the border. This effective piece of work was made—alas for the secrets of trade!—in four strips, so dexterously joined as to defy with safety the most critical eye. The design, prepared by a local artist, was executed by three sisters—Susan, Ann, and Maria Salmon. I give their names; for why should not the poor as well as the rich have 'a passing paragraph of praise?' They were employed upon it for eighteen weeks; and, in consideration of their pre-eminent ability, and the importance of the task intrusted to them, were each remunerated by their employer at the comparatively high rate of 6s. a week. The beautiful result of their labours was submitted by Mr Vicars to the Queen, who became its purchaser.

## LACE AND LACEMAKING.

The white pillow-lace, to which alone reference has hitherto been made, is not the sole description of the manufacture for which Buckinghamshire is celebrated. About twenty years ago, during the reign of Swiss muslins as a fashion on the continent, the Parisian *élégantes* arrived at the conclusion, that their new favourites could only be seen to advantage in connection with the dull black mode cloak, trimmed with thread-lace of the same colour, so much in vogue among their grandmothers. The looms of Lyon were set in motion to reproduce the antiquated kind of silk once more in demand; but the black lace, its necessary accompaniment, having fallen into complete disuse, was of no such easy attainment. Ancient wardrobes were ransacked, and second-hand pieces of the fabric eagerly bought up; the services of the professed lacemaker were in active requisition, for even the most dilapidated specimens found a market. Lace-pillows were set up, and bobbins put in motion, to meet the new and unexpected requisition; but as the proper material, black thread, had to be created, much black silk, of a dingy hue, was substituted in the interim, and the lace made of it was sold to the uninitiated at a high price. In due time, however, the genuine article was supplied, Buckinghamshire and its sister counties, in common with many seats of the manufacture abroad, profiting largely by this caprice of fashion, at a period of depression in other branches of the trade. Since then, the finest black thread-lace, in the shape of veils, lappets, head-dresses, &c., has been numbered among our regular productions. Among these, too, have been recently included a novel description of lace called Maltese, which is made both in white and black, of stout texture, and very open patterns, and is at the present time much in favour, from its promise of durability. It does not differ materially in style from the more elaborate laces used in decorative upholstery; and as it readily admits of imitation by machinery, it will probably not continue as a fashion.

A curious example of ingenuity, in the adaptation to pillow-lace of a substance apparently little calculated for the purpose, was exhibited at the World's Fair in 1851, and excited some attention, even at a juncture when the demand for novelty induced so many experiments of a startling kind. It consisted of the previously unattempted union of spun-glass with spun-thread, the ground of the lace being made of the ordinary material; but the pattern composed of the finest spun-glass, of a delicate lilac colour. At some distance, this might have been mistaken for floss-silk; and, even on a close examination, it was not easy to pronounce on the nature of the material. This combination was first suggested by a gentleman not belonging to the lace-trade; and his idea was carried out at Bedford. The impossibility of submitting this lace to the purifying influences of soap and water, together with the liability of the glass to break on meeting with any but the most tender treatment, must prevent its practical adoption, even if it be produced in any quantity; but, as a curiosity, and as shewing the

## LACE AND LACEMAKING.

possibility of what would, *prima facie*, be deemed impossible, it possesses an interest of its own.

In dwelling longer on the productions, however excellent, of three of the English lace-counties, we should be guilty of injustice to the claims presented by the fourth, especially as Honiton lace, the peculiar manufacture of Devonshire, may be regarded as the most flourishing branch of our trade at the present day. The origin attributed to it is similar to that of the Buckingham lace, various bands of emigrants from Flanders being supposed to have introduced the occupation, to them so familiar, at about the same period to those districts of England in which it has become naturalised. The truth of this tradition seems attested by the great similarity observable, even at the present day, between certain varieties of Brussels and Devonshire lace. Some years after the accession of James I., the trade of lacemaking carried on about Honiton must have attained to comparative notice and prosperity. We derive evidence of this fact, curiously enough, from the old church-yard in that town, where a stone still exists to the memory of James Ridge, bone-lace dealer, who died in 1617, leaving a sum of money for the benefit of the poor of his native place. This circumstance affords proof that the purchase of the article from the poor who made it, and its subsequent sale to the rich who wore it, was then a distinct and apparently not an unprofitable business. In the time of Charles I., Honiton lace is reported by several authorities to have been in general favour. A writer of the period, in reference to this particular neighbourhood, says: 'Here is made abundance of bone-lace, a pretty toy now much in request.'\* It evidently continued to advance in quality and in popular estimation, for in the year 1660 a royal ordinance in France provided that a mark (of merit) should be affixed to thread-lace from England as well as from Flanders. This honour was not confined to any one variety, but applied equally to the Buckingham, or pillow-lace proper. Then, again, in 1753, we find among a number of premiums awarded at different times by the Anti-Gallican Society for the encouragement of our native lace-trade, that a sum of L.15 was bestowed on a certain Mistress Lydia Maynard of Honiton, in token of approval of six pair of ladies' lappets, unprecedented in beauty, which had been exhibited by her.

Previously to the last twenty years, Honiton lace consisted merely of a plain net groundwork, to which were attached sprigs and borders, made separately on the pillow, of fine Antwerp thread. During the period at which machine-made net was unknown and unthought of, the production of this groundwork by hand-labour formed the most important department of the

\* The designation of bone-lace would seem to have had its origin in the employment of bone-pins before the introduction of those of metal. Even at the present day, in Spain, pins manufactured from chicken-bones continue to be in use in the manufacture of lace.

#### LACE AND LACEMAKING.

business. It appears that when plain net was made exclusively on the pillow, it was produced at a cost which in these days seems almost incredible. An old woman, who had been formerly in the trade, preserved, and occasionally exhibited as a curiosity, a piece of net about eighteen inches square, which she had ordered to be made just before the application of machinery to the manufacture, and for which, although entirely unornamented, she had paid no less than L.15. The same sized piece could be purchased a year or two afterwards for 15s., and may now be obtained for less than that number of pence: the expensive operation of making the material by hand has therefore long fallen into complete disuse, and there are only two or three persons now alive in the county who retain a knowledge of the process. This adoption of machine-made net as the groundwork of the lace necessarily threw a large number of women out of employment; and the dealers were obliged to lower the price of their wares, but unfortunately the demand for them did not increase in proportion, and a period of great depression and misery ensued. Things continued in this state for about twenty years, but at length Queen Adelaide made an effort to give some little impetus to the trade, by ordering a dress from Devonshire of Honiton sprigs sewn on machine net. Her example was by no means as extensively followed as might have been expected, and the business advanced by very slow degrees until her present Majesty decided on Honiton lace as the material for her bridal-dress. It was made at Beer, a small village near Seaton, on the coast of Devonshire, and consisted of sprigs united by a variety of delicate open-work; the use of net as a foundation being advantageously dispensed with. This public evidence of Her Majesty's desire to patronise the productions of native industry, has been frequently repeated; and on one occasion, a complete suit of Honiton lace to ornament a court-dress was supplied for the royal use, on which 200 women had been employed. The example thus set, together with the great improvement latterly effected in the style of the lace, has thoroughly revived the trade. During the last few years, the demand has been enormous; at one particular time so much exceeding the production, that the general quality of the material suffered from the haste with which it was made. The earnings of Honiton lacemakers have been, during the last four years, on an excellent scale, an average worker receiving upwards of 7s. a week, for ten hours' labour each day, whilst a really skilful and trustworthy hand can obtain even more. The number of persons employed in making Honiton lace has fluctuated immensely, decreasing at times to a few hundreds, and rising again, as at the present day, to 7000 or 8000. It now affords a living to the majority of females belonging to the lace-district, which is generally considered to extend about thirty miles along the coast, and twelve miles inland. It has been, however, more clearly defined as that tract of country which would be enclosed by a

#### LACE AND LACEMAKING.

line from Seaton to Exmouth, up the river Exe to Exeter, back along the London road to Honiton, and thence to Seaton.

Devonshire lace may, at the present time, be divided into two distinct classes. The original description, consisting of the finest net sprigged and edged with a border more or less handsome, and called Honiton appliqué, is still very much used for veils, mantles, dresses, and larger articles of ladies' attire. The hand-labour bestowed upon it is much smaller in amount than that demanded by the other kind, and the price is proportionably lower. The second variety, distinguished as Honiton guipure, has been invented only within the last twenty years, but greatly surpasses its rival in beauty. It is not dissimilar in style from the old point, although very much lighter in texture: the separate sections of the pattern are in this case also united by delicate fibres, which in the best qualities of the lace are made on the pillow, forming, in fact, part of the pattern; but in the less expensive specimens, they are made afterwards with a needle and thread. This beautiful lace, although exquisitely delicate, and tedious to make, may be met with occasionally on a large scale. Among the many admirable examples contributed to the Great Exhibition, was a flounce five yards long, on which forty women were employed for eight months, the time bestowed upon it being equal to nearly thirty years of one person's life. It is, however, most available for general use, and is therefore more commonly met with in the shape of caps, collars, sleeves, berthes, &c. The value of Honiton lace depends greatly on the comparative closeness of its texture: when met with in perfection, it is little if at all inferior to the best foreign laces; in colour, it may almost be said to have the advantage of them. Great attention has recently been directed towards improving the patterns, which are now particularly clear and defined. Until the last year or two, it had been found necessary to borrow largely from the taste of the French; but, happily, the pupils of the London and Nottingham Schools of Design are now able to supply patterns worthy the most careful and elaborate execution, and there exists no obstacle to the further prosperity of the trade.

I must not conclude a notice of the British hand-made laces without adverting to the strenuous and most successful efforts which have been and are now making in Ireland to naturalise this valuable branch of productive industry among her peasantry. That variety of the fabric which first gained for Ireland acknowledgment as a lacemaking country, has been long familiar to us under the name of Limerick lace, and consists of a net ground-work on which patterns are embroidered by hand in a kind of tambour stitch, or chain-work. This mode of ornamentation has recently arrived at great perfection, the effect of *shading* being given by judicious alternations of heavy and light embroidery. Some idea of the great distinctions of quality in this lace may be formed from the circumstance that, although dresses composed of it average from two to five guineas each, one single flounce may

## LACE AND LACEMAKING.

be worth not less than thirty guineas; the difference being not in the method of ornamenting, but in the extent to which it is carried. Although the Limerick lace, which once constituted the Irish trade, is still its most important branch, many other beautiful varieties now divide with it the attention of the manufacturer. Among these, I must briefly enumerate the guipure, which consists of muslin cut out and sewn over at the edge, the vacancies being filled up with separate links made with the needle: it partakes a little of the character of the antique lace, which is, however, still more closely imitated in the kind called Irish old Point, which has really a good claim to this appellation. Pillow-laces, both white and black, have also been included in the recent experiments; among these are a very fair quality of Valenciennes, and of the new Maltese lace, the latter being chiefly confined to the province of Galway; all the specimens are of a character highly creditable to a country which has so recently adopted the manufacture as its own.

Passing from hand-made lace to that produced by machinery, I must premise that there were many claimants for the honour of a discovery so important. It is, however, generally acknowledged to be due to a framework-knitter of Nottingham, named John Hammond, who, in the year 1760, was inspired with the happy idea of applying the common stocking-frame, or rather a variety used for making eyelet-holes in the clocks of stockings, to the purpose of imitating the plain Brussels ground. In this experiment he succeeded, and produced the material technically called single press Point. So soon after this achievement, that it might appear to be almost simultaneous with it, numerous imitators devoted their attention to the plan, and amidst them all, we lose sight of the originator. In this instance, probably, as in many others, the fruits of the discovery were reaped by those who had but an indirect and secondary claim to them. From this time forth, alterations and experiments in machinery were perpetually being made, but we hear of no important addition to the previous knowledge on the subject until the invention of the warp-frame about the year 1775. This has been ascribed to four persons—Vandyke, a Dutchman; Mr Morris, of Nottingham; Mr Clare, of Edmonton; and Mr Marsh, of Moorfields, London. A contemporary historian of the county of Nottingham, although mentioning three of these names, inclines to the opinion that the merit is due to a mechanic named Crane. It is certainly easy to believe that a large proportion of these valuable improvements suggested themselves to the minds of those whose daily occupation would render them keenly alive to existing deficiencies, and whose practical experience, when united with intelligence, would be a valuable assistance in the task of remedying them. The chief difference between the principle of the warp and the old stocking-frame consisted in this circumstance—that whilst only one single thread is requisite in the latter machine, the number used by the former was in proportion to the

## LACE AND LACEMAKING.

quantity of needles employed. The warp-machine was not applied for some time to the manufacture of net, but to that of silk stockings, marked with a blue and white zigzag pattern, called the Vandyke. It has been suggested, that this was in honour of the claimant of the invention whose name we have mentioned among others; but the term universally applied to that form, dates its origin from a Vandyck of infinitely greater genius and renown. In the year 1785, a person named James Tarratt introduced great improvements in the warp, by which its speed was doubled, and its width extended from sixteen inches to forty-four; and about the same time, a mechanic applied to it the rotatory motion.

It seems strange that there is no proof of the manufacture of lace by the warp principle until somewhere about 1808, although it was an article in sufficient demand to keep 1800 point-net frames constantly employed. At that juncture, two persons, named Brown and Pindar, succeeded in making silk-net with what they termed an upright warp-frame, from the needles being placed in an upright position instead of horizontally. A hundred and twenty of these were soon afterwards at work in Nottingham; and so important was this branch of the trade esteemed, that the wages of the workmen were never less than L.2, 10s. a week. Cotton-lace then began to be made from the horizontal warps; but the earlier specimens were of a very inferior description, and numerous attempts at improvement were made. Mechlin net was invented, and proved so excellent, both in appearance and quality, as quite to supersede the point-net, which, as the reader may remember, was the first made by machinery. Four hundred and thirty frames were quickly employed upon it, the mechanics being paid upon an average L.4 a week, and the cotton used costing L.15 for a pound-weight. From this time, the point-net trade declined, and finally expired altogether. It is a curious fact, that in no other department of textile manufacture has there been so great a multiplicity of different machines brought to bear; each one speedily superseding its predecessor by increased capability or simplicity of construction. Thus the Mechlin net, although considered at first as a most triumphant result of the manifold experiments which had been made, was destined to be cast into the shade by a new discovery, of which the value and perfection are attested by the permanent favour which has distinguished it.

The bobbin-net machine, invented in the year 1809 by Mr John Heathcote, of Tiverton, derived its name from the fact that the thread which made the lace was supplied partly from bobbins and partly from a warp; the bobbins passing from back to front, and front to back, whilst a lateral motion was imparted to the warp-threads, and one series were caused to wrap round the other. The first successful example was patented for fourteen years; and Mr Heathcote established his manufactory at Loughborough, where it was carried on for seven or eight years. His removal to Tiverton was occasioned by the furious attacks made on his lace-

## LACE AND LACEMAKING.

frames during the continuance of the Luddite riots. By this name was known an extensive conspiracy among the workmen, directed to the destruction of machinery, and resulting from a general attempt to reduce the very high rate of wages they had been in the habit of receiving. These disturbances lasted at intervals from 1812 to 1817, spreading over several counties, and were not put down until many who took part in them had atoned for their outrages with their lives. The bobbin-net machine, although very valuable from its entire novelty, was at first complex in its arrangements—one single hole in the fabric now completed by six motions, then requiring sixty. The expense of its production, too, was so great as to circumscribe its use; for we find that, in 1815, when 140 of these frames were at work, one square yard of net was worth 30s., the same quantity being now attainable for 8d. From this time, however, the trade rapidly extended, absorbing, in the year 1831, a capital of L.2,310,000, and affording employment to 211,000 persons. The cotton Mechlin, as we have already mentioned, entirely disappeared before the superior attractions of bobbin-net; and another production of the warp-machines, called blonde, which, soon after its invention, had obtained a great repute, the wages of the workmen being, it is said, as high as L.10 a week, had suffered considerably from the large importations of French silk-lace, their mode of dressing or stiffening being superior to our own. Altogether, the warp-trade was in a most depressed condition; many of the machines were broken up as no longer of use, or sold for old iron, when some adventurous persons thought of employing them in a new direction, and were able to give a fresh impulse to this branch of Nottingham manufacture.

Hitherto all machine-made net had been produced in a perfectly plain state; that portion of it which it was desired to ornament being embroidered by hand. It had been the practice to extend the full width of the material in a kind of tambour-frame, the pattern selected being then worked in gimp or coarse thread by women or children. They were supplied with large drawings, and by carefully observing the course taken by the thread among the meshes of the net, were able to copy them with great exactness. This was, however, a slow and laborious process, and the idea of ornamentation by machinery, when once conceived, was seized upon with the greatest avidity. To the warp-frame, driven from its former occupation by the bobbin-net, is due the merit of leading the way in what has become a most important department of the lace-trade. The first designs were very simple, being merely spots and bullet-holes; but a new description of net was produced called mock-twist, in imitation of bobbin-net. From these originated the tatting-trade; machines, before worthless, rose to great value, and new ones were erected, as this warp-tatting was thought to promise much for the future. Whilst this success was at its height about the year 1830, the silk-net also obtained renewed attention, in consequence of the favour extended to it by

#### LACE AND LACEMAKING.

the court; but only five years later, both silk-blonde and cotton-tatting had greatly fallen in general estimation. This fact may be easily explained: the bobbin-net machines had once more excelled their forerunners, and Heathcote's ornamented laces and plain-silk bobbin-net had taken precedence of all others. The unemployed warps were again unoccupied; some were applied to making gimps, &c., but a greater number to the production of lace-gloves and mittens, which were for some time in great request.

In 1839, the Jacquard machine was applied by Mr Draper, of Nottingham, to both bobbin-net and warp, and so very much increased their capabilities for ornamentation, that at the present time there is scarcely a machine at work without it, excepting those purposely adapted for plain net. Such an impetus was given to the trade, that hundreds of machines which were useless, or, as it is called, worked up, were again made available; and many of their owners, after spending perhaps L.80 in alterations, were able to regain their outlay in the course of a few weeks. It was evident, however, that to succeed in the more elaborate branches of lace-making in the flounces, shawls, &c., which were now attempted, beautiful and tasteful patterns were required, unless we could be content always to borrow from our continental neighbours. To obviate this necessity, a School of Design was established at Nottingham; and it has borne such abundant fruits in increasing the facility and elevating the taste of the local designers, that there is little doubt that they might honourably sustain their reputation in a competition with foreign rivals.

Having thus endeavoured to give a connected though slight account of the principal events in the past history of machine-made lace, it only remains to enumerate the varieties in the machinery and their productions, which have survived these manifold fluctuations, and extended the fame of our Nottingham manufacturers at the present day. By means of the Leavers, a machine called after its first constructor, are made black silk piece-nets, ornamented; piece-blondes in white and other colours; scarfs, shawls, flounces, and trimming laces, some finished entirely by machine-power, and others partly embroidered by hand. From the pusher-machine—so called from having independent pushers to propel the bobbins and carriages from back to front—are made mantles, flounces, and similar articles of a superior description, having the pattern traced with a thick thread by hand-labour. A new manufacture has been introduced since 1846, consisting of good imitations of Swiss curtains and blinds, which, although so recently commenced, employs a hundred machines of the kind called circular, from the bolts or combs on which the carriages pass being made circular instead of straight, as in the straight-bolt machines; this promises to continue an important and improving branch. Lastly, a few traverse-warp machines are employed, chiefly in manufacturing spotted lace, blonde edgings, and imitation thread-

#### LACE AND LACEMAKING.

laces. They derive their name from the warp traversing instead of the carriages, as in the circular and pusher machines. Of these various articles, perhaps the most important are the plain piece-nets and blondes, the constant demand for which keeps 2000 machines in continual occupation. The latter material has entirely lost the reproach which attached to it in former times, of being inferior as regards dressing to the French blondes. It is now produced perfect in colour and finish, and affords employment to many thousands of artisans. Additional improvement has been effected in it by the adoption of the foreign method of working the silk, in a single thread and in a raw state, instead of the organzine thrower, which had been previously used here.

Such is a brief sketch of the lace manufacture, from the days of its infancy to those of its prime. If it is an art which has supplied directly no marked requirement in the necessities of the world, or advanced no great principle in its progress, it has not failed to fulfil, in the sphere allotted to it, its own peculiar duty. For many centuries it has afforded employment and means of support to thousands of that sex which, possessing so few industrial resources, has occasioned increasing anxiety to the philanthropist and statesman. The words of a Cynic philosopher, that 'the wants of the poor might be covered by the trimmings of the vain,' have often been quoted with emphasis by the 'unco guid.' We accept this truth in a wider and more liberal sense than they attributed to it; and bless God that, as he has ordained 'the poor shall never cease out of the land,' the superfluities and refinements of the rich are so often made subservient to their necessities.





## HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

**T**HE origin, growth, and present condition of the singular sect calling themselves the 'Church of Latter-day Saints,' form a curious and instructive chapter in the history of fanaticism. Within the space of twenty years since they first sprung into existence, they have gone on rapidly increasing in influence and numbers, and are now an established and organised society, amounting to not less than 300,000 people. They have borne the brunt of calumny and misrepresentation, endured the severest persecutions, and, in spite of every conceivable obstruction, triumphantly vindicated the earnestness and sincerity of their mistaken faith, and the practical objects which they have considered it their special mission to realise in the world. Their progress within the last ten years has been extraordinarily rapid, and is utterly unparalleled in the history of any other body of religionists. They are now a distinct and

## HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

peculiar community, with a complete and effective organisation; they possess and enjoy in common great wealth and material resources; their final settlement of Utah or Deseret, in New California, is in the highest degree flourishing, peaceable, and orderly; and they appear not unlikely to become an important and independent nation, whose influence, politically and socially, may be expected to affect, and possibly to modify, the older and neighbouring forms of civilisation. To trace the beginnings and progressive advancements of so remarkable a people, and thus to render their opinions, actions, sufferings, and successes familiar to a more extensive class of readers, may be considered work not unsuitable for us in the present pages; and therefore, with as much impartiality, soberness, and fair appreciation as may be at our command, and without any disposition or temptation to speak contemptuously of their peculiarities, we will here endeavour to represent these much-derided Mormons and their proceedings in such a way as shall seem warranted by their actual character and achievements.

It is generally known that the founder and acknowledged 'prophet' of this people was a young man named Joseph Smith. Between twenty and thirty years ago, when he first attracted notice, he was living with his father on a small farm near the town of Manchester, in the state of New York. He is said to have been a person of a loose and irregular way of life, and this was afterwards urged as an objection to his pretensions; but he used to reply confidently, that he had never done anything so bad as was reported of King David, whom his orthodox enemies could not consistently deny to have been 'a man after God's own heart.' That he was a good deal of a sinner, there is sufficient reason to believe, but yet it does not appear that he was given up for any length of time to habitual and confirmed wickedness. Very early in life he had decided impressions of the religious sort, and his mind seems from the first to have taken a fanatical and enthusiastic turn. We are told that when he was 'about fourteen or fifteen years of age, he began seriously to reflect upon the necessity of being prepared for a future state of existence.' He used to retire to a secret place in a grove, a short distance from his father's house, and there occupy himself for many hours in prayer and meditation. Once when so engaged, he 'saw a very bright and glorious light in the heavens above, which at first seemed to be at a considerable distance;' but as he continued praying, 'the light appeared to be gradually descending towards him, and as it drew nearer, it increased in brightness and magnitude, so that by the time it reached the tops of the trees, the whole wilderness around was illuminated in a most glorious and brilliant manner.' The account of this vision, which is given by a Mormon apostle, Mr Orson Pratt, goes on to say, that the light 'continued descending slowly, until it rested upon the earth, and he was enveloped in the midst of

When it first came upon him, it produced a peculiar sensation

#### HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

throughout his whole system; and immediately his mind was caught away from the natural objects with which he was surrounded, and he was inwrapped in a heavenly vision, and saw two glorious personages, who exactly resembled each other in their features and likeness.' These wondrous beings informed him that his sins were forgiven; and they furthermore disclosed to him, that all the existing religious denominations were 'believing in incorrect doctrines;' and that, consequently, 'none of them was acknowledged of God as his church and kingdom.' He was expressly forbidden to attach himself to any of them, and received a promise that in due time 'the true doctrine, the fulness of the gospel,' should be graciously revealed to him; 'after which the vision withdrew, leaving his mind in a state of calmness and peace indescribable.'

But inasmuch as Joseph was very young, and was assailed from time to time by those inevitable temptations which beset the carnal mind, he subsequently became 'entangled in the vanities of the world,' and for awhile demeaned himself so much like a 'vessel of dishonour,' as to be rendered temporarily unfit for seeing visions. Moved eventually, however, to repentance and amendment, and again devoting himself to the habit of secret prayer, this gift again returned to him. On the 21st of September 1823, the miraculous light reappeared, and 'it seemed as though the house was filled with consuming fire.' Its sudden appearance, as aforetime, 'occasioned a shock of sensation;' and what is more remarkable, we learn that it was '*visible* to the extremities of the body.' This time only a single 'personage' stood before him. 'His countenance was as lightning,' yet of so 'pleasing, innocent, and glorious an appearance,' that, as the visionary beheld it, every fear was banished from his heart, and an indescribable serenity pervaded and possessed his soul. 'This glorious being declared himself to be an angel of God, sent forth by commandment to communicate to him that his sins were forgiven, and that his prayers were heard; and also to bring the joyful tidings, that the covenant which God made with ancient Israel concerning their posterity, was at hand to be fulfilled; that the great preparatory work for the second coming of the Messiah was speedily to commence; that the time was at hand for the gospel in its fulness to be preached in power unto all nations, that a people might be prepared with faith and righteousness for the millennial reign of universal peace and joy.' The reader, doubtless, is now prepared to hear, that on this occasion Joseph received an intimation that he was 'called and chosen to be an instrument in the hands of God to bring about some of his marvellous purposes in this glorious dispensation.' By way of preparing him for the work, the brilliant 'personage' gave him some verbal revelations, informing him, amongst other things, that the American Indians were a remnant of Israel; that when they originally emigrated to America they were a pious and enlightened people, enjoying the peculiar favours

#### HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

and blessing of God; that prophets and inspired writers had been appointed to keep a sacred history of events transpiring among them; that the said history was handed down for many generations, till at length the people fell into great wickedness, and afterwards the records were hidden, 'to preserve them from the hands of the wicked,' who were seeking to destroy them; that these records contained 'many sacred revelations pertaining to the gospel of the kingdom, as well as prophecies relating to the great events of the last days;' and that, finally, the time was come when, to accomplish the divine purposes, they were to be brought forth to the knowledge of the people. Joseph Smith was given to understand that, if he should prove faithful, he was to be the instrument favoured in bringing these sacred writings before the world. And with this announcement the shining personage disappeared, although he seems to have come back twice in the course of the night to repeat his communication, and to add a thing or two he had forgotten.

Up to this time Joseph Smith had been in the habit of working on his father's farm, and on the morning after this vision he went to his labour as usual, apparently not supposing that his mission as a messenger of a new and peculiar gospel was yet to be commenced. But while he was at work, the angel again appeared to him, and gave him direct instructions to go and 'view the records,' which for many ages had been deposited in a place which was pointed out to him. This was 'on the west side of a hill, not far from the top,' about four miles from Palmyra, in the county of Mayne, and near the mail-road, which leads thence to the little town of Manchester. Oliver Cowdery, a 'witness of the faith,' who visited the spot in 1830, has favoured us with a minute description of it, mingled with various of his personal speculations concerning the position of the records at the time they were discovered. He says, innocently: 'How far below the surface these records were placed I am unable to say; but from the fact that they had been some 1400 years, and that, too, on the side of a hill so steep, one is ready to conclude that they were some feet below.' Oliver is willing to 'leave every man to draw his own conclusion,' and proceeds: 'Suffice to say, a hole of sufficient depth was dug.' At the bottom of this was found 'a stone of suitable size, the upper surface being smooth; at each edge was placed a large quantity of cement, and into this cement, at the four edges of this stone were placed, erect, four others, their bottom edges resting in the cement at the outer edges of the first stone. The four last named, when placed erect, formed a box; the corners, or where the edges of the four came in contact, were also cemented so firmly, that the moisture from without was prevented from entering. . . . The box was sufficiently large to admit a breastplate, such as was used by the ancients to defend the chest from the arrows and weapons of their enemy. From the bottom of the box, or from the breastplate, arose three small pillars,

## HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

composed of the same description of cement used on the edges; and upon these three pillars were placed the records.'

While contemplating this extraordinary treasure with great astonishment, Joseph Smith became aware of the presence of the angel who had previously visited him, and who now, with due solemnity, called on him to 'Look!' 'And as he thus spake,' says the Mormonite apostle before quoted, 'he beheld the Prince of Darkness, surrounded by his innumerable train of associates. All this passed before him, and the heavenly messenger said: "All this is shewn, the good and the evil, the holy and impure, the glory of God and the power of darkness, that you may know hereafter the two powers, and never be influenced or overcome by the wicked one. You cannot at this time obtain this record, for the commandment of God is strict, and if ever these sacred things are obtained, they must be by prayer and faithfulness in obeying the Lord. They are not deposited here for the sake of accumulating gain and wealth for the glory of this world, they were sealed by the prayer of faith, and because of the knowledge which they contain; they are of no worth among the children of men only for their knowledge. In them is contained the fulness of the gospel of Jesus Christ, as it was given to his people on this land; and when it shall be brought forth by the power of God, it shall be carried to the Gentiles, of whom many will receive it; and after will the seed of Israel be brought into the field of their Redeemer by obeying it also."'

Joseph had to wait four years before the records were finally delivered by the angel into his hands. During that time, however, he had numerous interviews with the 'heavenly messenger,' and 'frequently received instructions' from his mouth. At length, on the morning of the 22d of September 1827, when he was about two-and-twenty years of age, he was formally permitted to take possession of his discovery. 'These records,' says our authority, Mr Pratt, 'were engraved on plates which had the appearance of gold. Each plate was not far from seven by eight inches in width and length, being not quite as thick as common tin. They were filled on both sides with engravings in Egyptian characters, and bound together in a volume as the leaves of a book, and fastened at one edge with three rings running through the whole. This volume was something near six inches in thickness, a part of which was sealed. The characters or letters upon the unsealed part were small and beautifully engraved. The whole book exhibited many marks of antiquity in its construction, as well as much skill in the art of engraving. With the records was found "a curious instrument, called by the ancients the Urim and Thummim, which consisted of two transparent stones, clear as crystal, set in the two rims of a bow. This was in use in ancient times by persons called seers. It was an instrument, by the use of which they received revelation of things distant, or of things past, or future."'

6

## HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

Being in an unknown tongue, the book required to be translated before its contents could be intelligibly communicated to mankind; and Joseph having now provided for himself a separate home, straightway commenced turning this ancient record into what he probably regarded as the 'American language.' It seems he translated 'by the gift and power of God, through the means of the Urim and Thummim; and being a poor writer, he was under the necessity of employing a scribe to write the translation as it came from his mouth.' In this way the work proceeded, as Mr Smith's 'pecuniary circumstances would permit,' until he had finished what he describes as the 'unsealed portion of the records.' This is that part of Joseph's revelations which is styled the *Book of Mormon*, the recognised *Bible* of the Latter-day Saints, and which is deemed by them of equal authority with the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, and represented to contain that 'fulness of the gospel' which was to be revealed in the latter days.

When this astonishing volume was completed, and lay at length legibly in fair manuscript, there arose an obvious difficulty respecting its publication. As no man is accounted a prophet in his own country, who would believe the miraculous story about its origin, and the way in which the work had been brought to light? How was any one to know that it was not utterly a fabrication, and that Joseph Smith, junior, was not an arrant knave and impostor? Assuredly there ought to be witnesses to testify concerning the facts set forth, and vouch in some sort for the credibility of Mr Joseph Smith's pretensions. This circumstance was accordingly provided for; witnesses, such as could be got, were providentially 'raised up' in the persons of Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris; and the testimony which they sent forth was to the effect, that the original plates had been shewn to them by an angel. This statement was presently supported by eight other witnesses, who testify expressly that 'Joseph Smith, junior, the translator of this work, has shewn unto us the plates of which hath been spoken, which have the appearance of gold; as many of the leaves as the said Smith has translated, we did handle with our hands; . . . and we know of a surety that the said Smith has got the plates . . . and we give our names unto the world of that which we have seen; and we lie not, God bearing witness to it.' It might strike a sceptic as a suspicious circumstance, that the 'eight,' with one exception, belong to two families, evidently on terms of intimacy with each other; and further, that three of them belong to the family of Joseph Smith—being, in fact, his father and two brothers: but this, to a genuine believer in the prophet's claims, no doubt appears to be a consideration of no manner of moment. Certain it is, that from this point Joseph rises before us as the conspicuous founder of a sect, and begins to draw after him no inconsiderable number of converts.

Having made known his doctrine and pretensions to various persons, it was not unnatural that the wonderful plates should

## HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

be a good deal talked about, and that some should even hesitate to believe unless they might be permitted to get sight of them. It was this difficulty which seems to have first suggested the publication of the statements of the witnesses. Among the first three, it will be seen, stands the name of Martin Harris; who—though in the subscribed document he professes to have seen the plates—was clearly not so privileged at the time when he first shewed a disposition to join the sect. Martin Harris was a farmer, whose religious opinions had for a long while been unsettled; he having been successively a member of the Society of Friends, a Wesleyan, a Baptist, and a Presbyterian; and on making Joseph Smith's acquaintance, was already prepared for another change. Having 'more credulity than judgment,' he was at once captivated by the doctrines and pretensions of the youthful prophet, and generously lent him fifty dollars to enable him to translate and publish his new Bible. While the work of translation was going on, Harris often desired to see the plates; but Joseph, with more than a prophet's cautiousness, invariably refused to shew them, alleging, as a sufficient reason for the refusal, that Mr Harris was 'not of pure heart enough' to be allowed a sight of such extraordinary treasures. However, he at length consented to make a transcript of a portion of them on paper, and presenting him with this, he told him that if he wished to be satisfied about the character of it, he might submit it to any learned scholar in the world. Smith could hardly have anticipated the consequences of this proceeding. Martin Harris, being an earnest man, went off with the paper to New York, and obtained an introduction to Professor Anthon, a gentleman well known both in America and Europe for his serviceable editions of the classics. The result of the interview was not known until three or four years afterwards, when the *Book of Mormon*, apparently through Mr Harris's assistance, had been published. Then, as a report was spread abroad by the Mormons that the professor had seen the plates, and pronounced the inscriptions to be in the Egyptian character, that gentleman was requested to declare whether such was actually the fact. In a letter written in February 1834, the professor says distinctly that the whole story is a falsehood. Some years before, Martin Harris had called on him with a paper filled with 'all kinds of crooked characters, disposed in columns,' which 'had evidently been prepared by some person who had before him at the time a book containing various alphabets:' there were rude distortions of Greek and Hebrew letters; Roman letters inverted or placed sideways; with crosses and flourishes interspersed throughout; and 'the whole ended with a rude delineation of a circle, divided into compartments, decked with various strange marks, and evidently copied after the Mexican calendar, given by Humboldt, but copied in such a way as not to betray the source whence it was derived.' Some time after, the farmer paid him a second visit, bringing with him the printed *Book of Mormon*, of which he begged the

#### HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

professor to take a copy. That gentleman endeavoured to convince him that he had been imposed upon, and advised him to apply to a magistrate, and get the thing investigated. Harris, however, expressed a fear that if he did so 'the curse of God' would come upon him. But on being pressed, he said that he would take steps to have the matter examined into, if the professor would take the 'curse' upon himself. To this the latter good-naturedly consented, and the poor man took his leave in a state of much hesitation and perplexity.

One can perceive from this what sort of stuff Mr Harris's head was made of, and can readily judge of the value of his 'testimony' in regard to Mormonism and its pretensions. The presumption is, that the other witnesses were persons of similarly confused minds, or that they consciously participated in a fraud. At any-rate, we do not find that any other individuals, Mormonites or otherwise, ever professed to have seen the plates; and certainly, of late years, all knowledge or account of them has been confessedly traditional. When unbelievers say: 'Shew us the gold plates, the original records of the Book of Mormon,' the Mormonite replies: 'Shew us the original manuscripts of any part of the Old or New Testaments,' and conceives that to be sufficient to silence all gainsayers. As to the book itself, the Mormons implicitly accept it; its origin and authenticity, as Smith and his associates have represented them, are matters of pure faith; no true Mormonite entertains a doubt about the genuineness or plenary inspiration of the volume. The general belief concerning it is thus summed up by one of the 'apostles,' in a publication called the *Voice of Warning*:—'The Book of Mormon contains the history of the ancient inhabitants of America, who were a branch of the house of Israel, of the tribe of Joseph, of whom the Indians are still a remnant; but the principal nation of them having fallen in battle in the fourth or fifth century, one of their prophets, whose name was Mormon, saw fit to make an abridgment of their history, their prophecies, and their doctrine, which he engraved on plates, and afterwards being slain, the records fell into the hands of his son Moroni, who, being hunted by his enemies, was directed to deposit the record safely in the earth, with a promise from God that it should be preserved, and should be brought to light in the latter days by means of a Gentile nation who should possess the land. The deposit was made about the year 420, on a hill then called Cumora, now in Ontario County, where it was preserved in safety until it was brought to light by no less than the ministry of angels, and translated by inspiration. And the great Jehovah bare record of the same to chosen witnesses, who declare it to the world.'

Overlooking the incidental statement of Professor Anthon, the account so far given of the Book of Mormon will be understood to be that of the Mormonites themselves; but there remains to be presented another relation of its origin, which the American

## HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

opponents of Mormonism consider to be the true one. According to this account, it would appear that, in the year 1809, a man of the name of Solomon Spaulding, who had formerly been a clergyman, and had afterwards failed in business, having his attention attracted by the notion, which at that time excited some interest and discussion, that the North American Indians were descendants of the lost ten tribes of Israel, it struck him that the idea might be turned to account as the groundwork of a religious novel. He accordingly set about a work of that description, which he entitled, *The Manuscript Found*; and labouring at it at intervals for three years, he in that time completed it. Two of the principal characters in this production are Mormon and his son Moroni—the same who act so large a part in Joseph Smith's Book of Mormon. The reason for this coincidence will presently appear. In the year 1812, Spaulding shewed his manuscript to a printer named Patterson, residing at Pittsburgh, in Pennsylvania; but before any satisfactory arrangement had been made in regard to its publication, the author died, and the manuscript is said to have remained for some time thereafter in Mr Patterson's possession. While here, it came under the notice of a compositor in his employ, named Sidney Rigdon, who was also a preacher in connection with some Christian sect, whose proper designation has not been stated. Rigdon appears to have borrowed the manuscript, and, according to one account, it would seem to have been in his hands when Mr Patterson died in 1826. Spaulding's widow, however, states that it had been returned to her husband before his death in 1816, and that it was subsequently read by several of her friends. But after her husband's decease, she seems to have spent the next three years in visiting her friends in different parts of the States; and during this period the manuscript was left at her brother's, somewhere near the residence of the Smiths. Whether Rigdon had, as she asserts, taken a copy of it, or whether the original now fell into the hands of Joseph Smith, there is no evidence for deciding. One thing only is clear, that by some person or other the manuscript was freely used as material in the composition of the Book of Mormon.

Whether Sidney Rigdon was concerned in the fabrication has not been distinctly ascertained; but it is a significant circumstance, that he afterwards became, next to Joseph Smith himself, the principal leader of the Mormons. How Joseph and this person became connected is not known, and which of the two originated the idea of making a new Bible out of Solomon Spaulding's novel, is equally uncertain. The wife, several friends, and the brother of Solomon Spaulding affirmed, however, the identity of the principal portions of the Book of Mormon with the novel of *The Manuscript Found*, which the author had from time to time, and in separate portions, read over to them. John Spaulding declared upon oath, that his brother's book was a historical romance, relating to the first settlers in America, endeavouring to shew that

## HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

the American Indians were descendants of the Jews, or of the lost ten tribes. He stated, that it gave a detailed account of their journey from Jerusalem by land and sea, till they arrived in America under the command of Nephi and Lehi; and that it also mentioned the Lamanites. He added, that 'he had recently read the Book of Mormon, and to his great surprise he found nearly the same historical matter and names as in his brother's writings. To the best of his recollection and belief, it was the same that his brother Solomon wrote, with the exception of the religious matter.' The widow of Solomon Spaulding, afterwards married to a Mr Davison, made a statement in a Boston newspaper, in all substantial respects similar, clearly and distinctly identifying the historical portions of the Book of Mormon with her husband's novel, and claiming the whole as his own composition, with the exception of various pious phrases and expressions which had been here and there interpolated. We presume that the evidence thus supplied must decide the question of the authorship, and that there can hardly remain a doubt that the Book of Mormon was founded on the manuscript romance of Solomon Spaulding.

As regards the fabrication, it is not unlikely that Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon acted in concert, and, mingling the materials thus provided for them with odds and ends of religious matter derived from the Old and New Testaments, produced that singular amalgamation which is now regarded as the Bible of the sect. As a literary composition, the work is but a bungling affair; the religious matter ingrafted upon the original romance being full of ungrammatical and illiterate expressions. For instance, such phrases as the following very frequently occur:—'Ye are like unto they;' 'Do as ye hath hitherto done;' 'I saith unto them;' 'These things had not ought to be;' 'Ye saith unto him;' 'I, the Lord, delighteth in the chastity of women;' 'For a more history part are written upon my other plates.' Anachronisms are also frequent, and blunders of almost every imaginable kind abound. But all errors of grammar, all anachronisms, all proven contradictions, are admitted by the Mormons, and treated as things utterly indifferent. They allege that the Old and New Testaments contain ungrammatical passages, and yet are holy, and the undoubted Word of God; and that anachronisms and contradictions do not militate against the plenary inspiration either of the Bible or the Book of Mormon. They acknowledge all possible faults and objections which mere critics may detect; but affirm them to be of no account. Joseph Smith, say they, was a chosen vessel of grace, and it was not necessary, in the inscrutable purposes of Providence, that he should accurately write the English language; nor can they regard his mission as being any way invalidated by a few human mistakes in his rendering of inspiration.

What the Book of Mormon was professedly framed to teach cannot easily be shewn, without going further into detail than is possible within present limits. It may, however, be mentioned,

## HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

that the Mormonites regard it as an inspired volume, suitable to the exigencies of the Christian life in these latter times. They allege that the Book of Mormon, and a certain book of 'Doctrines and Covenants,' containing the substance of subsequent revelations made to the prophet, on various matters relating to the management of the church, form and constitute the 'fulness of the gospel;' that while they do not supersede or take anything from the Old or the New Testament, they have been designed to complete both, and are therefore to be included within the authentic canon of religious scriptures. Nevertheless, they seem to have formed ideas of God and of men's relations towards Him different from any which are promulgated in the Gospel. They acknowledge a material deity, and describe him as a being in human form, and as having the senses, passions, and all the particular attributes of humanity. 'We believe,' says Orson Spencer, an apostle of the church, 'that God is a being who hath both body and parts, and also passions;' and this notion is prominently set forth in many of the publications of the sect. In some other respects they profess to differ from the ordinary sectarian denominations. They believe in 'the existence of the gifts, in the true church, spoken of in Paul's letter to the Corinthians,' in what they describe as the 'powers and gifts of the everlasting Gospel;' and mention in particular 'the gift of faith, discerning of spirits, prophecy, revelation, healing, tongues and the interpretation of tongues, wisdom, charity, brotherly love,' and some indefinite 'et cetera.' They believe also 'in the literal gathering of Israel, and in the restoration of the ten tribes; that Zion will be established upon the western continent; and that Christ will reign personally upon the earth for a thousand years.' They recognise two orders of priesthood, which they call the Aaronic and the Melchisedek. The church is governed by a prophet, whom they sometimes call president; they have twelve apostles, a number of bishops, high-priests, deacons, elders, and teachers; and they assert on behalf of Joseph Smith and many other distinguished leaders, that they had the power of working miracles and of casting out devils. They affirm that the end of the world is close at hand; and that they are the saints spoken of in the Apocalypse, who will be called to reign with Christ in a temporal kingdom on the earth.

The manner in which Joseph Smith professed to have received his priestly ordination is so curious and characteristic, that it cannot be justly overlooked. He relates that while he and Oliver Cowdery, his scribe, were engaged in translating the Book of Mormon, and while they were 'praying and calling upon the Lord' to aid them in the proper execution of the work, 'a messenger from heaven descended in a cloud of light,' and laying his hands upon them, ordained them, saying: 'Upon you, my fellow-servants, in the name of the Messiah, I confer the priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels

## HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

and of the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; and this shall never be taken again from the earth until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness.' He says, the messenger told them that 'this Aaronic priesthood had not the power of laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost,' but that this should be conferred on them thereafter. 'And,' says Joseph, 'he commanded us to go and be baptised, and gave us directions that I should baptise Oliver Cowdery, and afterwards that he should baptise me. Accordingly, we went and were baptised. I baptised him first, and afterwards he baptised me. After which I laid my hand upon his head, and ordained him to the Aaronic priesthood; afterwards he laid his hands on me, and ordained me to the same priesthood, for so we were commanded. The messenger who visited us on this occasion, and conferred this priesthood upon us, said that his name was John, the same that is called John the Baptist in the New Testament; and that he acted under the direction of Peter, James, and John, who held the keys of the priesthood of Melchisedek, which priesthood, he said, should in due time be conferred on us, and that I should be called the first elder, and he the second. It was on the 15th day of May 1829 that we were baptised and ordained under the hand of the messenger.'

Before the publication of the Book of Mormon, Joseph had already gathered to himself a small number of adherents. In 1830, the year after he began to announce his visions and to speak of the discovery of the plates, his followers amounted to five persons. Among these were included his father and three brothers; but in the course of a few weeks the number increased to thirty. On the 1st of June, in the year just mentioned, the first conference of the sect, as an organised church, was held at Fayette, where the prophet at that time resided. As the people of the neighbourhood generally regarded him as an impostor, his proceedings from the outset met with considerable opposition. Joseph, on the present occasion, had ordered the construction of a dam across a stream of water, for the purpose of baptising his disciples. But before the ceremony was commenced, a mob collected, and broke down the preparations, using such language towards the prophet as was anything but flattering to him or his followers, threatening him with violence, and accusing him of robbery and swindling. They derided his prophetic pretensions, charged him with having lived the life of a reprobate, and in every way did their utmost to make him the object of ridicule and suspicion. Joseph, however, was nothing daunted. With singular tact, as well as courage, he bore down all detraction by confessing boldly that he *had once* led an improper and immoral life; but, unworthy as he was, 'the Lord had chosen him—had forgiven him all his sins, and intended, in his own inscrutable purposes, to make him—weak and erring as he might have been—the instrument of his glory. Unlettered and comparatively ignorant he acknowledged

#### HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

himself to be; but then, said he, was not St Peter illiterate? Were not John and the other Christian apostles men of low birth and mean position before they were called to the ministry? And what had been done before, might it not be done again, if God willed it?' By arguments such as these he strengthened the faith of those who were inclined to believe in the divinity of his mission, and partially foiled the logic of those that were opposed to him. Absurd and fanatical as his theology may seem, it is not to be denied that he shewed thus early an unquestionable talent for influencing the opinions and commanding the sympathies of persons in any way disposed to credulity and enthusiasm.

He appears to have had many contests with the preachers and leading people of other religious sects, and to have signally exasperated them against him by the boldness of his self-sufficiency, and the boundless resources of his ingenuity and impudence, in asserting and defending his pretensions. Yet if he was arrogant and presumptuous, they were not the less dogmatic and intolerant. When Joseph proved himself utterly invincible by their logic, and was not to be put down by any taunts concerning his unworthiness as a man, or his incompetency as a scholar, they had recourse to the ordinary expedient of persecution. Their animosity rose so high at last, that the prophet and his followers found the place too strait for them; and, accordingly, to escape from the virulent opposition they had to contend with, the whole family of the Smiths and the most pertinacious of their adherents deemed it prudent to remove from Palmyra and Fayetteville, and to settle themselves in other quarters. The place they selected was Kirtland, in Ohio; but this they regarded only as a temporary resting-place. The attention of the sect was directed, from the very commencement of their organisation, to the desirableness of establishing themselves in the 'Far West' territories, where, in a thinly-settled and partially-explored country, they might squat down or purchase lands at a cheap rate, and clear the wilderness for their own purposes. Shortly after their removal to Kirtland, Oliver Cowdery was sent out on an exploratory expedition, and, coming back, reported so favourably of the beauty, fertility, and cheapness of the land in Jackson County, in Missouri, that Joseph Smith himself determined to go and visit the location.

Leaving his family and principal connections in Kirtland, he proceeded with Sidney Rigdon and some others upon a long and arduous journey, his object being to fix upon a site for the 'New Jerusalem'—the future city and metropolis of the divine kingdom, where Christ was to reign over the saints as a temporal king, in 'power and great glory.' They started, apparently, about the middle of June 1831, travelling by wagons or canal-boats, and sometimes on foot, as far as Cincinnati. From this place they proceeded by steamer to Louisville and St Louis, where at length all the civilised means of transport failed them. The rest of the journey, a distance of 300 miles, had to be performed on foot.

## HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

altogether new, and it had sufficient novelty to strike the attention and inflame the imagination of many whose minds would have been totally uninfluenced by current and established dogmas, however powerfully preached. Basing his faith upon isolated passages of the Bible; claiming direct inspiration from Heaven; promising possession of the earth, and limiting eternal blessings, to all true believers; and, moreover, announcing his mission with a courage and audacity that despised difficulty and danger; it is not surprising that ignorant and credulous people should everywhere have listened to him, and reverently credited his extravagant pretensions. Nevertheless, his success as a propagandist was not without some drawbacks. Never, perhaps, until this enlightened nineteenth century, was it the lot of a prophet to be tarred and feathered! Such, however, was the ridiculous martyrdom which Mohammed Smith was called upon to suffer at the hands of lawless men. One night, in the month of March 1832, 'a mob of Methodists, Baptists, Campbellites,' and other miscellaneous zealots, broke into his peaceable dwelling-house, and dragging him from the wife of his bosom, stripped him naked, and in the way just indicated, most despitefully maltreated him. Under the bleak midnight sky, they carried him into a meadow a little distance from the house, and there, with curses and wild uproar, anointed his sacred person with that dark impurity which Falstaff mentions as having a tendency to defile; and then rolling him well in feathers, set him at liberty—a spectacle not inappropriate for a scarecrow! Sidney Rigdon was similarly handled, and rendered temporarily crazy by the treatment. As to the prophet, it took the whole night for his friends to cleanse his polluted skin. Yet, the next day being the Sabbath, with his 'flesh all scarified and defaced,' he preached to the congregation as usual, and in the afternoon of the same day baptised three individuals. Thus, under the absurdest persecution, the church prospers and increases, and Prophet Joseph loses nothing of his natural audacity, nor abates one whit in his confident self-assertion.

However, calling to mind the scriptural injunction: 'If they persecute you in one city, flee into another,' Joseph seems to have thought that it would not be amiss to absent himself a little from the scene of so bathotic a disaster. Accordingly, he started on the 2d of April, with a small company of adherents, for the settlement in Missouri, designing, as he said, to fulfil the revelation. Some of his inhuman persecutors dogged his steps as far as Louisville, taunting and harassing him by the way; but getting protection from the captain of a steam-boat, he arrived in safety at Independence on the 26th. Here he found the Saints going ahead with great rapidity. In obedience to a revelation which he had sent them, a printing-press had been established, and the work of proselytizing was advancing famously. A monthly periodical, called the *Morning and Evening Star*, was conducted by Mr Phelps, the printer to the church; and a weekly newspaper, devoted exclusively

#### HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

to the interests of Mormonism, had been started under the title of the *Upper Missouri Advertiser*. The number of the disciples amounted to nearly 3000; while in Kirtland, including women and children, they had not yet exceeded 150. The new Zion was clearly thriving, and would soon be ready for the gathering of the brethren from other quarters. Being enthusiastically received by the congregation, and solemnly acknowledged as their 'prophet, seer, and president of the high-priesthood of the church,' Joseph, after a brief and pleasant sojourn, left the place in perfect confidence that all was going on prosperously.

Perhaps he ought to have remembered, that often when things are most prosperous in appearance, there is apt to be some latent mischief or misfortune in process of development. And, to speak truly, the manner in which the Saints behaved themselves in Zion, was anything but calculated to make friends among the Gentiles. They assumed an offensive superiority over their neighbours, and spoke rather too boldly of their determination to take possession of the whole state of Missouri, and to permit no one to live in it who did not conform themselves to the Mormon creed and discipline. Strange rumours also began to spread concerning their peculiarities of intercourse and ways of living. They were accused of communism, and not simply of a community of goods and chattels, but also of a community of wives. This charge appears to have been utterly unfounded, but it was not the less effective in arousing the indignation of the people of Independence and Missouri against the Mormons. A party was secretly formed, whose object was to expel them from the state. The printing-office of the *Star* was razed to the ground, and the types and presses confiscated. A Mormon bishop was tarred and feathered, and Editor Phelps had a narrow escape from a touch of the like treatment. Outrages of almost every description were committed by armed mobs upon the Mormons, till at length they saw no chance or likelihood of ever being left at peace; and the final result was, that—having no other resource—the leaders agreed that, if time were given, the people should remove westward to some other situation.

Under circumstances of such peril and humiliation, the Saints, not unadvisedly, despatched Oliver Cowdery to Kirtland with a message to the prophet. Joseph Smith, as became his situation, proved himself not unfertile in resources. He decided that the *Morning and Evening Star* should be thenceforth published in Kirtland, and that another newspaper should be started to supply the place of the one lately printed in Missouri. He also resolved to apply to the governor of that state, and to demand justice for the outrages inflicted upon the sect. Anything that could be done to aid the brethren from a distance he was prompt and ready to undertake; but, under the circumstances, he did not deem it circumspect to venture personally into Zion. He sent his followers a prophet's blessing and a word of comfort; and then, in company

#### HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

with Sidney Rigdon and another, made a journey into Canada, with the design of gaining converts.

Meanwhile, in reply to a petition which had been sent him by the Mormons, the governor of Missouri responded by a sensible and conciliatory letter. He alluded to the attack upon them as being illegal and unjustifiable, and recommended them to remain where they were, and to apply for redress to the ordinary tribunals of the country. Acting on the strength of this advice, the Mormons commenced actions against the ringleaders of the mob, engaging, by a fee of 1000 dollars, the best legal assistance to support their case. But on the 30th of October, the mob again rose in arms to expel them. Several houses of the Saints were sacked and partially demolished. The Mormons, in some instances, defended their possessions, and a regular battle ensued between them and their opponents. In this encounter, it happened that two of the latter were killed; and thenceforth the fray became so furious and alarming, that the militia was obliged to be called out to suppress it. The militia, however, being anti-Mormon to a man, took sides entirely against them, and the hapless Saints had no alternative except in flight. The women took alarm, and fled with their children across the Missouri river, where, being afterwards joined by their husbands, they all encamped in the open wilderness. They ultimately took refuge for the most part in Clay County, where they appear to have been received with some degree of kindness.

The public authorities of Missouri, and indeed all the principal people, except those of Jackson County, were exceedingly scandalised at these proceedings, and sympathised with the efforts of the Mormon leaders to obtain redress. The attorney-general of the state wrote to say, that if the Mormons desired to be re-established in their possessions, an adequate public force should be sent for their protection. He also advised them to remain in the state, and organise themselves into a regular company of militia, promising to supply them with arms at the public expense. About the same time a message arrived from the prophet, who had now returned to Kirtland, urging them to abide by their possessions, and not in any case to sell any land to which they had a legal title, but hold on 'until the Lord in his wisdom should open a way for their return.' Nevertheless, for present emergencies, he recommended them to purchase a tract of land in Clay County, and to tarry there awhile, abiding their time. He likewise communicated to them a revelation, by which they were commanded to importune the courts of justice to reinstate them in their possessions, and promised that, in case of failure, 'the Lord God himself would arise and come out of his hiding-place, and in his fury vex the nation.'

The Mormons, however, were never more restored to their beloved Zion. They remained for upwards of four years in Clay County. The land on which they settled was mostly uncleared,

#### HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

but being an industrious and persevering people, they laid out farms, erected mills and stores, and carried on their business as successfully as in their previous location. But here also the suspicions and ill-feeling of the people were soon aroused against them, and were eventually the cause of their expulsion from the whole state of Missouri. The bearing of the Mormons towards the slavery question, the calumny about their community of wives, their loud pretensions of superior holiness, their repeated declarations that Missouri had been assigned to their possession by divine command, and the quarrels that were constantly resulting, brought about the same kind of misunderstandings and collisions which they had experienced in Jackson County.

At this juncture—namely, on the 5th of May 1834—Joseph Smith, the prophet, resolved to visit his persecuted church, and try what he could do to put the affairs of his scattered and dispirited disciples into order. He brought with him an organised company of 100 persons, mostly young men, and nearly all priests, deacons, teachers, and officers of the church. Twenty of them formed the body-guard of the prophet, his brother, Hyrum Smith, being captain, and another brother, George Smith, his armour-bearer. On the way, he was intercepted by the people of Jackson County, one of the leaders of whom, named Campbell, swore ‘that the eagles and turkey-buzzards should eat his flesh, if he did not, before two days, fix Joe Smith and his army so that their skins should not hold shucks.’ Joseph, who relates the story, says, however, that Campbell and his men ‘went to the ferry, and undertook to cross the Missouri river after dusk; but the angel of God saw fit to sink the boat about the middle of the river, and seven out of the twelve that attempted to cross were drowned. Thus suddenly and justly,’ he adds, ‘they went to their own place by water. Campbell was among the missing. He floated down the river some four or five miles, and lodged upon a pile of drift-wood, where the eagles, buzzards, ravens, crows, and wild animals, ate his flesh from his bones, to fulfil his own words, and left him a horrible-looking skeleton of God’s vengeance, which was discovered about three weeks afterwards by one Mr Purtle.’ But, though sustaining no material damage from the vindictive Mr Campbell, Joseph lost thirteen of his band by the ravages of cholera. Marching onwards, however, he arrived in Clay County on the 2d of July; and in the course of his brief stay of seven days, succeeded in establishing the Saints in their new settlement, on a better footing than he found them occupying on his arrival.

The history of the sect for the next three years is one of strife and contention with their enemies in Missouri. The numbers of the Mormons increased with the numbers of their opponents; and the warfare raged so bitterly, that the whole people of the state were ranged either on one side or the other. At length, in the autumn of 1837, Joseph’s bank at Kirtland suddenly stopped

#### HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

payment; the district was flooded with his paper, and proceedings were taken against him and the other managers for swindling. At this untoward juncture, the prophet received a convenient revelation, commanding him to depart finally for Missouri, and live among the Saints in the land of their inheritance. A scandal runs, that he obeyed the call by departing secretly in the night; or, in Yankee phraseology, he went off 'between two days,' leaving his creditors to such remedy as might be open to them. On arriving in Missouri, he found the affairs of his church in considerable confusion. The Saints had become a numerous and powerful body; but they did not agree among themselves, and occasional seceders spread abroad all sorts of rumours and strange stories in condemnation of their polity. A great schism broke out in 1838, when Joseph Smith took occasion to denounce some of his oldest and most intimate confederates. Among these were Oliver Cowdery, Martin Harris, and Sidney Rigdon, and several other distinguished apostles and disciples. Sidney Rigdon was afterwards received back into favour and forgiven, inasmuch as he was too important a personage to be converted into an enemy. During the progress of these internal squabbles, the Gentiles of Jackson and Clay counties persisted in their persecutions, making constantly repeated efforts to expel the Mormons altogether from Missouri.

This object was finally effected in the latter part of the year 1838; and the Mormons, to the number of 15,000, took refuge in Illinois. They purchased lands in the vicinity of the town of Commerce, and shortly afterwards changed the name of the place into Nauvoo, or the City of Beauty. The country was rich in agricultural resources, and the Mormons failed not to turn them to account. 'Soon,' says Lieutenant Gunnison, 'the colonists changed the desert to an abode of plenty and richness: gardens sprung up as by magic, decorated with the most beautiful flowers of the old and new world, whose seeds were brought as mementoes from former homes by the converts that flocked to the new state of Zion; broad streets were soon fenced, houses erected, and the busy hum of industry heard in the marts of commerce; the steam-boat unladed its stores and passengers, and departed for a fresh supply of merchandise; fields waved with the golden harvests, and cattle dotted the rolling hills.' A site for the temple was chosen on the brow of a hill overlooking the town, and the building was commenced according to a plan or pattern which the prophet professed to have received by revelation. Flourishing centres of dense settlements sprung up in the neighbourhood of the city, and the accessions and exertions of emigrants enlarged the borders of the faithful. In the course of eighteen months, the people had erected about 2000 houses, besides schools and a variety of public buildings. The place became a populous and imposing-looking town. Joseph Smith was appointed mayor, and for *awhile* enjoyed an undisturbed supremacy. His word was law;

## HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

he was the temporal and spiritual head of the community; and, besides his titles of prophet, president, and mayor, he held the military title of general, in right of his command over a body of militia, which he organised under the name of the Nauvoo Legion.

Somewhere about the time at which we have now arrived, the sect began to be heard of in England. Missionaries from America appeared in Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Birmingham, Glasgow, and in several towns and places in South Wales. Their preaching was attended with very considerable success, and in three or four years the sect numbered in this country upwards of 10,000 converts. A copy of the Book of Mormon was forwarded, at the prophet's desire, to Queen Victoria and Prince Albert—a circumstance whereat the Saints in Nauvoo were much delighted, though what reception the volume met with has not been publicly ascertained. The English converts were generally urged to emigrate; and great numbers of them for some years past have been flocking to the various Mormon settlements. Numbers in these years arrived and settled at Nauvoo. But it was not to these alone that the increase of the population was confined. As Lieutenant Gunnison has related: 'Horse-thieves and housebreakers, robbers and villains, gathered there to cloak their deeds in mystery, who, caring nothing for religion, could take the appearance of baptism, and be among, but not of them. Speculators came in and bought lots, with the hope of great remuneration as the colony increased. The latter class, unwilling to pay tithes, soon fell into disrepute; and when proper time had elapsed for conversion without effect, measures were taken to oust them.' The manner of effecting this was characteristic and somewhat singular. 'A proper sum would be offered for their improvements and lands, and, if not accepted, then petty annoyances were resorted to. One of these was called "whittling off." Three men would be deputed and paid for their time, to take their jack-knives and sticks—downeast Yankees, of course—and, sitting down before the obnoxious man's door, begin their whittling. When the man came out, they would stare at him, but say nothing. If he went to the market, they followed and whittled. Whatever taunts, curses, or other provoking epithets were applied to them, no notice would be taken, no word spoken in return, no laugh on their faces. The jeers and shouts of street urchins made the welkin ring, but deep silence pervaded the whittlers. Their leerish look followed him everywhere, from "morning dawn to dusky eve." When he was in-doors, they sat patiently down, and assiduously performed their jack-knife duty. Three days are said to have been the utmost that human nature could endure of this silent annoyance. The man came to terms, sold his possessions for what he could get, or emigrated to parts unknown.'

Notwithstanding these discreditable accessions, the Mormons proper continued to increase in numbers. While settled at Nauvoo, *they boasted of having 100,000 persons professing their faith in*

#### HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

the United States. They began to be a distinct and imposing power in the country, and in various places influenced the elections. On all political questions they were perfectly united. So bold did they become, that in 1844 they put Joseph Smith in nomination for the presidency. This was considered an absurd movement; but the Mormons, nevertheless, assert that had he lived for the next trial after, he would have been elected. No opportunity, however, was afforded him to test the truth of the prediction. A dark day for the Mormons was approaching. The people amidst whom they lived complained that their property was constantly disappearing, and that traces of it were often found in the city of Nauvoo. The redress proposed to be given them by the Mormon courts was declared to be unavailing, as the causes tried there always went against them. No Mormon could by any chance be brought to justice, they said. The leaders of the sect were likewise charged with political aspirations. It was said that they aimed to rule the state, and, under the pretence of a spiritual direction, set the laws at defiance. But, more than all, intestine quarrels conspired to bring about a distressing crisis in their affairs. Many influential and talented persons, finding themselves deceived, both in the sanctity of the prophet and in advancing their temporal fortunes, deserted his standard, and denounced him for licentiousness, drunkenness, and tyranny. Women impeached him of attempted seduction; which his apology, that it was merely to see if they were virtuous, could not satisfy. Criminations brought back recriminations against certain men.\* A newspaper under the prophet's control lashed the dissenters with great bitterness; and, on the other hand, the dissenters set up a counter-organ, wherein they detailed the most offensive charges of debauchery against the prophet and his principal supporters. A city-council was then convened, and measures were immediately taken to silence the defamers. A mob of the 'faithful' destroyed their printing-press, scattering the types in the streets, and burning an edition of their paper. After finishing this work of demolition, they repaired to head-quarters, and were complimented by the prophet and his brother Hyrum, and received from them the promise of some appropriate reward. This, however, they never got, for a grand and fatal outrage was presently transacted, which brought both the power and the life of the prophet suddenly to an end.

It being impossible to bring the Mormon mob to justice through the Nauvoo courts, the officer who undertook to deal with them procured a county writ, and attempted to enforce it in the manner resorted to against ordinary offenders. But this attempt was opposed and prevented by the people and troops in Nauvoo; and when at length the militia were called out, Joseph Smith, as mayor and commanding-general of the legion, declared the city under martial law. Thereupon an appeal was made to the governor of

\* See Gunnison.

#### HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

the state, who forthwith ordered out three companies of the state militia, to bring the prophet and his adherents to submission, and to enforce their obedience to the laws. An officer was despatched to arrest Joseph and his brother Hyrum; but to avoid the indignity, they crossed over the Mississippi into Iowa, and there stayed to watch events, keeping up by a boat a correspondence with the Mormon council. Finding at length that their own people were incensed at their desertion, the council advised the Smiths to surrender to the governor, and to stand their trial for such a violation of the law as they could be charged with. They, accordingly, repaired to Carthage, the seat of government, and were there indicted for treason, and, in company with two of their apostles, were lodged in the county jail.

It is related that the prophet had a presentiment of evil in this affair, and said, as he surrendered: 'I am going like a lamb to the slaughter, but I am calm as a summer morning; I have a conscience void of offence, and shall die innocent.' As the mob still breathed vengeance against the prisoners, and as the militia sided with the people, and were not to be depended on in the way of preventing violence, the governor was requested by the citizens of Nauvoo and other Mormons to set a guard over the jail. But the governor, seeing things apparently quiet, discharged the troops, and simply promised justice to all parties. It now began to be rumoured that there would be no case forthcoming against the Smiths, and that the governor was anxious they should escape. Influenced by this belief, a band of about 200 ruffians conspired to attack the jail, and take justice into their own hands. 'If law could not reach them,' they said, 'powder and shot should.' On the 27th of June 1844, they assaulted the door of the room in which the prisoners were incarcerated, and having broken in, fired upon the four all at once. Hyrum Smith was instantly killed. Joseph, with a revolver, returned two shots, hitting one man in the elbow. He then threw up the window, and attempted to leap out, but was killed in the act by the balls of the assailants outside. Both were again shot after they were dead, each receiving no less than four balls. One of the two Mormons who were with them was seriously wounded, but afterwards recovered; and the other is said to have escaped 'without a hole in his robe.'

Here, then, ends the life and prophetic mission of Joseph Smith. Henceforth the Mormons are left to be guided by another leader. Of himself it has been said: 'He founded a dynasty which his death rendered more secure, and sent forth principles that take fast hold on thousands in all lands; and the name of Great Martyr of the nineteenth century, is a tower of strength to his followers. He lived fourteen years and three months after founding a society with six members, and could boast of having 150,000 ready to do his bidding when he died; all of whom regarded his voice as from Heaven. Among his disciples he bears a character for talent, uprightness, and purity, far surpassing all other men with whom

## HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

they ever were acquainted, or whose biography they have read.' Nevertheless, it is added : ' But few of these admirers were cognizant of other than his prophetic career, and treat with scornful disdain all that is said in disparagement of his earlier life. With those who knew him in his youth, and have given us solemn testimony, he is declared an indolent vagabond, an infamous liar of consummate impudence. He is regarded by the "Gentiles," who saw him in the last few years of successful power, to have been a man of unbridled lust, and engaged with the counterfeiting and robbing bands of the Great Valley ; but these charges have never been substantiated.' The man had faults enough, no doubt ; but it would be the grossest injustice to deny that he had also some sterling and commanding qualities. Much of the impostor as one may detect in the beginnings of his career, any one who carefully observes his progress, may perceive that his character and designs became developed into something that was at least partially commendable. A rude, uncouth genius, who, like many another genius, for a long while apprehended not his mission ; knew not the things which Nature had appointed him to do ; and yet, with a blind unconscious instinct—manifested through many follies and insincerities—he struggled, and could not help but struggle, to make felt the influence and administrative power which he was born to exercise among mankind. We may call him a sort of mongrel-hero, and non-commissioned leader of the unguided ; a charlatan-fanatic, whose work was half knavery and half earnest, and whom, probably, Nature had ordained to do the rough pioneering of civilisation in the waste places of her kingdoms. That he had available powers for leading and for ruling men, there is proof in the multitude and successful consolidation of his adherents. Saint or sinner, Joseph Smith must be reckoned a remarkable man in his generation ; one who began and accomplished a greater work than he was aware of ; and whose name, whatever he may have been whilst living, will take its place among the notabilities of the world.

After his death, the Mormons were somewhat agitated by the question of the succession to his seership. Sidney Rigdon and others came forward with claims and pretensions to the office ; but finally the council of the twelve unanimously elected Brigham Young. ' This man,' says Lieutenant Gunnison, ' with a mien of the most retiring modesty and diffidence in ordinary intercourse in society, holds a spirit of ardent feeling and great shrewdness ; and when roused in debate, or upon the preacher's stand, exhibits a boldness of speech and grasp of thought that awes and enchains with intense interest—controlling, soothing, or exasperating at pleasure the multitudes that listen to his eloquence.'

One of the first things which the new president had to do, was to conduct the removal of the Mormons from Nauvoo, and to establish them in a settlement where they should no longer be molested. Almost as soon as he was elected, arrangements began

#### HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

to be made for abandoning the city; and in the spring of 1845, several parties set out on a dreary journey still further to the west. Numbers, however, remained behind to complete and consecrate the temple—a work which they ultimately effected amid general rejoicings. But no sooner was this labour of piety accomplished, than they were compelled to leave the honoured edifice, and the city in which it stood, to be ‘profaned and trodden down by the Gentiles.’ The hostility of their neighbours never once abated until they had driven them utterly out of the state; and on the part of the Mormons it was finally resolved to seek out and colonise some new and remote territory.

With this object, men were sent to the mountains, to the heads of the Missouri branches, and to California, to spy out the land; and the Calebs and Joshuas of the expedition brought such a report of the Great Salt Lake Valley, that it was immediately chosen for what the Saints were pleased to call ‘an everlasting abode.’ In the spring of 1847, a pioneer-party of 143 men proceeded to open the way; and the rest of the people, in parties of tens, fifties, and hundreds, followed. The strictest discipline of guard and march was observed by the way. After many perils, and hardships almost indescribable, they at last reached their destination. Great joy to the weary wanderers was the first sight of the goodly valley, as they beheld it before them from the final mountain summit. ‘As each team rose upon the narrow table, the delighted pilgrims saw the white salt beach of the Great Lake glistening in the never-clouded sunbeam of summer—and the view down the open gorge of the mountains, divided by a single conical peak, into the long-toiled-for vale of repose, was most ravishing to the beholder. Few such ecstatic moments are vouchsafed to mortals in the pilgrimage of life, when the dreary past is all forgotten, and the soul revels in unalloyed enjoyment, anticipating the fruition of hope.’ A few moments were allotted to each party to gaze and admire, and then with measured pace they journeyed forward, and after some sixteen miles further travelling, emerged into the valley which was to be thenceforward their unmolested home.

The journey ended, work was instantly commenced. The industry of the Mormons has, ever since they became a sect, been pre-eminently exemplary. In five days a field was consecrated, fenced, ploughed, and planted! Tents and cabins were rapidly erected for the temporary service of the emigrants; but very shortly a city was laid out, and a fort, enclosing about forty acres, built for its protection. Everywhere the most cheerful and prosperous activity went on. As yet, however, the hardships of the Mormons were not ended. During the first year, every month was so mild that they constantly ploughed and sowed; but though the winter was thus auspicious, and all things promising, they were so reduced in provisions as to be obliged to eat the hides of the slaughtered animals, and even eagerly searched for them out.

#### HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

of the ditches, and tore them from the roofs of the houses, to boil them for that purpose. They also dug up the wild roots used for food by the Indians. But, we are informed, the most formidable enemy they had to contend with, as the crops were nearing maturity, was an army of black ungainly crickets, which, descending from the mountain-sides, destroyed every bit of herbage in their way. No wonder the Mormon farmers considered it a miracle, when, in despair from the ravages of these 'black Philistines,' they at length were visited by large flights of beautiful white gulls, which in a short time exterminated the enemy. The next season they came earlier, and thereby saved the wheat from any harm whatever; and since then they have regularly appeared, and move hither and thither about the settlement, as tame as household pigeons. Since the first year, the crops of the Mormons have amply met their wants; and for the last three years there has been a surplus of food among them, which was sold to the gold emigrants at a less price than provisions were selling 400 miles nearer the States, and of course that distance further from the California diggings.

The social condition of this remarkable people in their present settlement is thus described by Lieutenant Gunnison, who lived among them for more than a year, in an official capacity connected with a recent exploring expedition to the Deseret or Utah territory, under direction of the United States government. He says: 'Their admirable system of combining labour, while each has his own property, in land and tenements, and the proceeds of his industry, the skill in dividing off lands, and conducting the irrigating canals to supply the want of water, which rarely falls between April and October; the cheerful manner in which every one applies himself industriously, but not laboriously; the complete reign of good neighbourhood and quiet in house and fields, form themes for admiration to the stranger coming from the dark and sterile recesses of the mountain-gorges into this flourishing valley: and he is struck with wonder at the immense results produced in so short a time by a handful of individuals. This is the result of the guidance of all those hands by one master-mind;\* and we see a comfortable people residing where, it is not too much to say, the ordinary mode of subduing and settling our wild lands could never have been applied. To accomplish this, there was required religious fervour, with the flame fanned by the breezes of enthusiasm, the encircling of bands into the closest union, by the outward pressure of persecution; the high hopes of laying up a prospective reward, and returning to their deserted homes in great prosperity; the belief of re-enacting the journey of the Israelitish Church under another Moses, through the Egypt already passed, to arrive at another Jerusalem, more heavenly in its origin, and beautiful in its proportions and decorations. Single families on

## HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

that line of travel would have starved, or fallen by the treachery of the Sioux, the cunning of the Crows and Shoshones, or the hatred of the savage Utahs. Concert and courage of the best kind were required and brought into the field, and the result is before us—to their own minds, as the direct blessing and interposition of Providence; to others, the natural reward of associated industry and perseverance. . . . Their comparative comfort and degree of prosperity is significantly shewn by the fact, that they canvassed the country, to ascertain how many inmates there would be for a poor-house, and finding only two disposed to ask public bounty, they concluded that it was not yet time to build a house of charity; and this among the thousands who, three years before, were deprived of their property, and could with the utmost difficulty transport their families into the valley!

Among no people is the dignity of labour held more sacred than by the Mormons. The excellency and honourableness of work is exemplified in their whole polity and organisation. 'A lazy person,' we are told, 'is either accursed, or likely to be; usefulness is their motto; and those who will not keep themselves, or try their best, are left to starve into industry. . . . The labour for support of one's self and family is taught to be of as divine a character as public worship and prayer. In practice, their views unite them so as to procure all the benefits of social Christianity without running into communism. The priest and the bishop make it their boast that, like Paul the tent-maker, they earn their bread by the sweat of their brow; and teach by example on the week-day what they preach on the Sabbath.'

The territory of Utah is extensive, but it is calculated that hardly one acre in ten is fit for profitable cultivation. Immense tracts of pasturage around the cultivable spots are held in common, and are not intended to be given up to the possession of individuals. It is worthy of being mentioned, that when the Mormons arrived in the valley, they did not quarrel about the fertile, eligible plots, but put a portion under cultivation jointly, and made equitable apportionment of the proceeds of the crop, according to the skill, labour, and seed contributed. The city was laid off into lots, which, by mutual consent, were assigned by the presidency, on a plan of equitable and judicious distribution. It is true, after the assignments were made, some persons commenced the usual speculations of selling according to eligibility of situation; but this called forth anathemas from the spiritual power, and no one was permitted to traffic for the sake of profit. If any sales were to be made, the first cost and actual value of improvements were all that was to be allowed. 'The land belongs to the Lord,' it was said, 'and his Saints are to use so much as each can work profitably.'

The Great Salt Lake city, which is laid out in squares, is described as a place of great attractions. The streets are 132 feet wide, with 20 feet side-walks; and a creek which runs through

## HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

the city, is so divided as to run along each walk and water a colonnade of trees, and is made likewise to communicate with the gardens. The lots contain nearly an acre each, and face on alternate streets, with eight lots in every block. The site of the city is slightly sloping, with the exception of a part to the north, where it rises into a sort of natural terrace. It is four miles square, and is watered by several small streams, and a canal twelve miles long, besides being bounded on the western side by the Jordan river. Besides this central city, there are four other colonies which have branched off from it; and towns, with thickly-populated and rapidly-growing suburbs, extend along a line of 200 miles of country. Various public edifices have been built, or are now in progress of erection. In one place, a large and commodious state-house was completed in 1850; and there is a wooden railway laid down to certain quarries some miles distant, for the purpose of transporting the fine red sandstone to a situation called the Temple Block, 'where a gorgeous pile is to be erected, which shall surpass in magnificence any yet built by man, and which shall be second only to that finally to be constructed by themselves, when the presidency shall be installed at the New Jerusalem, on the temple-site of Zion.'

The system of government under which the Mormons live is described by themselves as a 'Theo-democracy.' They are organised into a state, with all the order of legislative, judicial, and executive offices, regularly filled, under a constitution said to be eminently republican in sentiment, and tolerant in religion. The president of the church is the temporal civil governor, and rules in virtue of prophetic right over the community. They profess to stand, in a civil capacity, like the Israelites of old under their leader Moses. The legislature can make no law to regulate the revelations of the prophet, save in so far as may be necessary to carry them into practical effect. The entire management and ultimate control of everything is vested in the presidency, which consists of three persons—the seer, and two counsellors of his selection. It is this board that governs the universal Mormon church—called universal, because they claim to have preached in almost every nation, and in every congressional district of the United States; and have established societies called 'Stakes of Zion,' on the model of their home-assembly, on the islands of the ocean, and on either continent. All are bound to obey the presidency—at home, in all things; and abroad, in things spiritual, independent of every consideration—and the converts are commanded to gather to the mountains as fast as may be convenient and compatible with their character and situation.

The reason for this command is grounded in those peculiar spiritual pretensions which have all along conducted to separate the Mormons from other civilised communities. The leading pretension is, that they constitute the only true church of God and Jesus Christ; and they profess to rest their hopes on the

#### HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

expectation of divine intervention in gathering to themselves all who are destined and prepared to embrace the 'true and everlasting gospel.' When their numbers shall be complete, they suppose that all the sects of Christendom will be absorbed into the one which will be most concentrated and numerous. This amalgamated host will then constitute what they seem to regard as the army of Antichrist, which, 'under the banner of the Pope of Rome,' will prepare to confront the Saints of the Latter Days in mortal conflict. In the contest, the Saints expect to be victorious; and then the earth will become their undivided property, and Christ will descend from heaven to reign over them through a blissful millennium.

It were idle to say anything about the absurdity of the claims thus cursorily summed up; and, indeed, it is matter of question whether the Mormons will long continue to entertain them. We suspect that even now they obtain but little recognition, except among the speculative and most visionary of the priestly orders, and are by them for the most part reserved as esoteric mysteries. We are told that the preaching from the pulpit, and the usual extempore teachings, are restricted to the promulgation of doctrines like those commonly inculcated by the Christian sects which hold to faith, repentance, baptism, and the resurrection of the body. 'Their mode of conducting worship is to assemble at a particular hour, and the senior priest then indicates order by asking a blessing on the congregation and exercises, when a hymn from their own collection is sung, prayer made extempore, and another sacred song, followed by a sermon from some one previously appointed to preach, which is usually continued by exhortations and remarks from those who "feel moved upon to speak." Then notice of the arrangement of the tithe-labour for the ensuing week, and information on all secular matters interesting to them in a church capacity, is read by the council-clerk, and the congregation dismissed by a benediction.\* Everything of a gloomy or sombre character is excluded from the ordinances; and during the assembling and departure of the congregation, their feelings are exhilarated by an excellent band of music playing marches, waltzes, and animating anthems.

In all their social and domestic relations, the Mormons are represented as being uniformly cheerful. Though professedly living in anticipation of a miraculous millennium, they object not to enjoy the hour that now is, and cordially participate in all the healthful and gladdening satisfactions which this temporary state affords. It is one of their peculiarities to blend the serious with the gay, and to invest their most light and frivolous pastimes with a kind of religious sanction. 'In their social gatherings and evening-parties,' says Lieutenant Gunnison, 'patronised by the presence of the prophets and apostles, it is not unusual to open the

\* Gunnison.

#### HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

ball with prayer, asking the blessing of God upon their amusements, as well as upon any other engagement; and then will follow the most sprightly dancing, in which all join with hearty good-will, from the highest dignitary to the humblest individual; and this exercise is to become part of the temple-worship, to "praise God in songs and dances." These private balls and soirées are frequently extended beyond the time of cock-crowing by the younger members; and the remains of the evening repast furnish the breakfast for the jovial guests. The cheerful happy faces, the self-satisfied countenances, the cordial salutation of brother or sister on all occasions of address, the lively strains of music pouring forth from merry hearts in every domicile, as women and children sing their "songs of Zion," while plying the domestic tasks, give an impression of a happy society in the vales of Deseret.'

In only one respect can the Mormons be said to outrage the ordinary morality of mankind—and that is in what has been styled 'their peculiar institution of polygamy.' 'That many have a large number of wives in Deseret,' says Gunnison, 'is perfectly manifest to any one residing long among them; and, indeed, the subject begins to be more openly discussed than formerly; and it is announced that a treatise is in preparation, to prove by the Scriptures the right of plurality by all Christians, if not to declare their own practice of the same.' This we must regard as a serious and debasing blemish in their 'patriarchal' form of life, tending, as it manifestly does, to the inevitable dishonouring of women, and the desecration of the holy ties of family. It seems probable, however, that among a people so generally earnest and sincere, there is natural health and virtue enough to lead them back eventually to a nobler and purer relation of the sexes—to that sacred and only natural relation which from the first has been ordained to man and woman.

There are some other disturbing elements in Mormonism, which are most likely destined to be cast out or modified, if their peculiar social polity is ever to be anything but a temporary experiment. Right as they may be, theoretically, in holding that just and proper human government rests upon a true interpretation of the divine will, their practical exemplification of the principle is nothing more than a product of the human will—the will, namely, of the seer—supported and directed by such judgment, intelligence, and other mere natural ability which he may happen to possess. If the voice of the seer were, in fact, the voice of God, all would indeed be well, and their theocratical pretensions might seem to be sufficiently established. But so long as we have only the seer's word, and the assertions of his disciples in support of the assumption, the claim of a divine right to govern must be tested by its results; and whether these be admirable or the contrary, the power of a ruler acting by so indefinite a right, resolves itself into a manifestation of pure despotism. While the despotism is just, and the people relatively incompetent to take part in the management of

## HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

their political affairs, such a system of government may be productive of advantages, and in most respects answer the needs and ends of the society; but as education spreads, and the perennial inspiration of the seer comes to be doubted or denied, a pretension so arrogant and preposterous will inevitably produce rebellions, and must finally go the way of all the shams that have been annihilated. This the present president, Brigham Young, apparently perceives, for we hear that, with praiseworthy caution, he is 'wary of giving revelations,' and seems to be waiting for the time when they may be quietly dispensed with. He tells the people that the prophet has left more work carved out, than several years of faithful diligence will accomplish; and until all the duties thus entailed have been fulfilled, he does not consider it needful to ask for any more light from Heaven!

In drawing what we have written to a close, our own conclusion is, that the Mormon doctrines are for the most part nonsense, but that what the Mormons *do* is in many ways commendable. The world may very well permit them to indulge in their millennial fancies and patriarchal crotchets, so long as they live peaceably and honestly among themselves, and make no intolerant aggressions on the beliefs and religious systems that differ from their own. Their steadfast and honourable industry, the unity of aim and sentiment that subsists among them, their zealous devotion to a central idea, their reverent, if perverted, recognition of a Supreme Power over them, the pleasant fellowship that results from their social regulations, and the robust and sterling independence by which they are distinguished as a community; these, and other highly creditable qualities and characteristics, assuredly entitle them to the honest respect of all candid and discriminating persons, and must sooner or later secure for them an extensive and deserving admiration. Nothing but good-will and an indulgent charity are due to these earnest, stalwart children of the desert—these rough and intrepid backwoodsmen of the universe—who, called by a voice which they but imperfectly understand, have nevertheless gone forth to subdue and cultivate a remote and barren region, so that, instead of the heath and the brushwood, it may bear grain for the food of man, and become a blossoming and fruitful garden for his habitation and delight. Not inaptly have they been likened to the Puritans of New England; for although their professing faith is different, they resemble them thoroughly in their hardy isolation and exclusiveness, and are endowed with the like invincibility of purpose; they are as energetic and as enduring; they have sustained persecutions more fiery and desolating, have toiled against all imaginable obstructions for liberty to work and live, contended bravely with wild Indians and the hordes of pestilent outlaws that lurk about the frontiers of civilisation; they have passed through many and enormous perils in roadless prairies and primeval forests, in rocky fastnesses and on the waves of bridgeless rivers; and after the severest struggles and endurance, they have at last made for

#### HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

themselves a prosperous and peaceful home in the bosom of the wilderness. These people are not to be despised, nor too much taunted with the impositions or irregularities of their founders; for whatever may have been the moral state of Mormon society in times past, according to all reliable testimony, great improvement has been for a long while steadily going on, and is sufficient to justify us in the belief, that in regard to the few peculiarities of conduct which demand our reprehension, there will eventually be a decided and permanent reformation. Their successful exemplification of a great social principle—the principle of concert in employments, and in the distribution of the products of their industry, along with the many solid and generous virtues which are daily manifested by their common lives and conversation—may be fairly considered proof of a large preponderance of worth, sufficient to overbalance the few admitted sins they may be guilty of; and considering that there is no society in which there is so little habitual crime and misery, and so large an amount of general comfort and wellbeing, the Mormon polity may be said to be admirably suited to the people living under it, and to answer all the ends for which it has been constituted. As a plan for obtaining the aggregate result of single efforts, it is the best social and industrial experiment that has yet been tried on any considerable scale. Summed up in the words of one of the Mormon writers—a man of no indifferent learning and ability—it is a polity intended to enable and induce ‘each person to operate at what and where he can do best, and with all his might; being subject to the counsel of those above him.’ In an enterprise so nobly philosophical and judicious, no unprejudiced or discerning mind can wish them anything but a continued and prolonged success.





## THE ROCK REPUBLIC:

A CHRONICLE OF TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

### I.

**S**OME of the most remarkable and curious pages in history escape the attention even of the serious student, because they perhaps refer to some obscure part of the world, or other events occur at the same time with those they record which weigh so heavy in the balance of human progress, that things in themselves deeply interesting are scarcely known beyond the locality where they occur. Local chronicles frequently contain records of actions which, had they simply taken place on a larger scale, would have excited the universal attention of mankind. Rienzi had Rome for his theatre; Masaniello, Naples: hence they live on the perpetual tablets of world-memory. Another hero,

# THE ROCK REPUBLIC.

another thinker, whose history is even perhaps more striking, whose actions excited the wonder, admiration, and love of his fellow-countrymen, and who performed a real prodigy in a time of remarkable men, is now forgotten, his name doubtful, and his acts buried in the archives of his native land, or mentioned in the reports of an antiquarian society.\*

Somewhere about the sixth century, there was built in Gaul a city called Aleth; or rather, we first hear of it at that date. It was on the sea-shore, and well fortified. Near at hand was a rocky island, known as Aaron's Isle, for there a holy man, Aaron by name, built a monastery and a church. The dwellers in Aleth paid no attention for some time to this island, because it wanted water; but by and by the Norman pirates came and twice pillaged their city, making of the island their place of shelter: upon this, in 1140, the inhabitants removed to the island, and built a city upon it, which they fortified, and called it St Malo, after a bishop of that name, much venerated by them. An indomitable and energetic race, a nest of sailors, adventurers, merchants, corsairs, the Malouines were known in the days of the Crusaders as the light troops of the sea. From the time of Clovis, the kings of France and the Dukes of Brittany struggled for possession of the city, but always in vain. It continued to maintain its independence, supporting the prince which pleased the people best. They were governed by a bishop elected by popular vote; he was called Lord of St Malo. But although he and the chapter had much power, the citizens made the laws and elected all officers; they had the duty of guarding the town, and chose their own chiefs. All foreigners who came to reside there were obliged to become citizens, and no king or prince had ever a fugitive given up to him. Even the pope recognised the independence of the Malouines, and took care to be respectful in all his briefs, lest they might haughtily deny his authority. At one time entering into an alliance with Jean de Montfort, they narrowly escaped falling into English hands; and being in difficulties, they gave themselves to the pope, who handed them over to the king: but this remained not long. The Malouines fell under the gentle rule of the Duke of Brittany, and remained so for some time; but presently, when Anne of Brittany married Charles VIII., their ten centuries of independence ended. The Duchess Anne obtained possession of the place, and took all power out of the hands of the maritime republic, making the bishop, chapter, and commonalty together bow to her. She built a formidable citadel, and when the people murmured, ordered an inscription to be stuck up, which at once demonstrated her insolence and the subjection of the people—

QUIC-EN-GROGNE  
AINSY SERA  
C'EST MON PLAISIR.

GROWL AS YOU MAY  
SO IT SHALL BE  
SUCH IS MY PLEASURE.

\* To the patient research of M. Auguste Billiard is owing our extended knowledge of certain facts here recounted.

## THE ROCK REPUBLIC.

The people afterwards effaced this inscription, but the tower to the present day is called familiarly the Tower of Quic-en-Grogne.

Sullen and discontented, the Malouines never even appeared to notice the presence of Louis XII. or Francis I. in their city; and when the wars of religion commenced, contrived to side neither with king nor League, although in heart stubborn Catholics. The Count de Fontaines held the castle of Anne of Brittany for the king; the Duke de Mercœur had possession of the great fort on the mainland, called Solidor. By the exercise of a little cunning and gentle violence, the citizens obtained the exclusive guard of the city itself—still, however, under the guns of the citadel—and in the same way took possession of Solidor. The count and the duke, when they beheld the citizens resume their old trading habits unfettered and untaxed, saw that they had been outgeneraled; and in 1690 it was rumoured that Henry IV., having come to the throne, had given orders for St Malo to be assimilated to other French towns, deprived of its privileges and liberties, and forced to pay regular taxes. This rumour caused a state of extreme and angry excitement.

## II.

St Malo has but little changed since the days of which we speak: it is almost as peculiar and fresh now as it was then. It is a vast rock, on which some ten thousand men, women, and children cluster like bees in a hive. Its towers, its cathedral, its lofty houses, and its magnificent ramparts of hewn granite, rise perpendicularly from the sea; on one side, the ocean; on the other, a narrow channel, separating it from verdant meadows, green-bosomed hills, mounds surmounted by wind-mills, woods, valleys, and scattered habitations, a town—St Servan—and the advanced-guard of the Rancé river, the dark towers of Solidor.

The town of St Malo is composed of narrow and sombre streets, with here and there a little lively open place, with a fountain, or a tree in the centre, and surrounded by very striking mansions. From the ramparts the view is magnificent; while, looking down from the towers of the citadel, you behold, a hundred feet below, the sea breaking against the heavy rocks which form the foundation of the castle. This fortress seemed to overshadow the free city as with a cloud; and few passed the huge tower of Quic-en-Grogne without murmuring, and without cursing the folly that had ever induced them to allow an enemy thus to fix himself in a position by which he was able to intimidate and command the citizens.

‘Those were good old times,’ said a gray-haired citizen one evening, who, surrounded by a group of friends, sat on the ramparts immediately beneath the citadel, ‘when our commonalty made the laws, appointed all officers, and when, under Josselin

THE ROCK REPUBLIC.

de Rohan, the good bishop, we beat off, unaided, except by the blessed Virgin, the Duke of Lancaster and an English fleet.'

'Ay, those were days, Porcon de la Barbinnais,' replied a man somewhat younger than himself, glancing uneasily at the ramparts of the castle, where two or three sentinels walked up and down, while in a corner stood a lady, richly dressed, in conversation with a young man in the garb of a Malouine. 'But mind what you say. Yon walls have long ears, and there are those on the ramparts whom I would not have hear our discourse.'

'Ah, sorrow and shame,' replied the ex-corsair Porcon de la Barbinnais, father of the heroic leader who, years later, attacked the Algerines, and, taken prisoner, was sent away to treat, and failing to bring about an arrangement, returned to die—'Ah, sorrow and shame, to think that so gallant and sedate a youth should allow himself to be led away by love and ambition, to abandon his country and serve the enemy of his native city!'

'Excuse me, Father Porcon,' modestly observed a youth of about twenty, a young sailor, wearing the picturesque naval costume of the day; 'at all events, Henry the Fourth is king of France.'

'And what has France to do with us?' replied Porcon sharply. 'When did St Malo recognise either Brittany or Gaul? By what right does any power or potentate come and impose his sovereignty over us? Did we not found St Malo on a barren rock?—did we not build, and fortify, and defend ourselves always, without king or prince's aid?—have we not fitted out fleets for all parts of the world ourselves?—and why comes any power to ask us for taxes, imposts, and royal dues?'

'Because,' said the youth, whose name was Pepin de la Blinnais, a name in local history most revered, 'we are weak, and the king of France is strong. But again allow me, Father Porcon, to observe, that Michel Fortet de la Bardeliere has as yet not deserved the universal blame which has fallen on him.'

'Has he not?' replied Porcon bitterly. 'Was he not, after two or three years of travel and voyage with our best captains, destined by his father for the robe?—did he not take to learning with enthusiasm?—did he not in five years speak Greek and Latin like a Lutheran doctor?—did not all St Malo love him as one who was to shed glory on his native city?—and has he not deserted all to live in the society of our enemies, whispering soft nonsense in the ears of Isabella de Fontaines—to be one day driven shamefully away for daring to raise his eyes to one so far his superior?'

'He has,' said Pepin with a sigh, while all the crowd gave vent to a low murmur of indignation, casting their eyes upward with menace and anger.

'And are we not promised that our city shall fall into the hands of the Bearnais, have its every privilege destroyed, and its inhabitants crushed by heavy imposts, by the hands of this Count

THE ROCK REPUBLIC.

de Fontaines, who will perhaps give us Michel as *échecvin*, or bishop, or seneschal?’

‘He would not dare,’ said an old man, rising from the seat he occupied—‘he would not dare!’

‘Why not?’ asked a voice near at hand, that made all start and shudder; and yet it was a rich and musical voice too. It was Michel Fortet de la Bardeliere. He had parted with the lady on the ramparts, and, descending quietly, had approached the group of talkers unperceived, and heard the last two sentences. He was a young man of about five-and-twenty, dark, pale, thoughtful, with great lustrous eyes, and a mouth rather hard in expression, as if it were accustomed, or destined, to command. He wore loose breeches, black stockings, shoes with buckles, a jacket, shewing a shirt of lace and fine linen, a broad-brimmed hat, and a sword.

‘Michel—Michel!’ said old Porcon gravely, ‘as you now know our opinions of you, let me speak, and try to lead you the right way.’

‘Speak!’ said he gravely.

‘You are the friend and companion of the Count de Fontaines, our enemy,’ began Porcon.

‘I am but his hired servant—his secretary, if you will,’ said Michel coldly.

‘You love his daughter,’ continued Porcon.

‘I love his daughter,’ replied Michel, folding his arms.

‘You aspire to be the ruler and governor of your native city,’ said Porcon with flashing eyes, while the others looked as if they could have cast Michel from the summit of the battlements.

‘I do. And mark me, good Master Porcon,’ continued Michel coldly, ‘I will be, despite all your efforts, ere many days perhaps, ruler and governor of my native city.’ And without a single word more, the young man turned away and walked along the ramparts in the direction of the Sillon. It was difficult to tell whether his mouth gave token more of scorn or stern resolution.

The group, burning with indignation, descended to the principal place of the city, and there, joined by others, vented their anger in murmurs. So enraged at length became the citizens, that there was a very great crowd collected. Voices were heard giving extreme counsels; threats were freely banded about; and men spoke of attacking the castle with as much earnestness, as if it had not been all but impregnable. Suddenly a loud hush caused silence, as a party of six horsemen, headed by Michel walking on foot, came up to the open place, in the centre of which stood the episcopal palace, now inhabited by Charles de Bourneuf, a notorious Leaguer in his heart, and for this reason as much suspected by the people as was the king’s officer who held the castle. The troop was headed by a captain of noble mien, somewhat bluff, and even then rather stern, who looked about him curiously.

‘Your good people of St Malo are but sorrily pleased at some

#### THE ROCK REPUBLIC.

event,' observed the horseman to Michel, who walked proudly beside the soldier.

'Sir Captain, it is my unworthy self they are exciting themselves about. In favour at the castle, I cannot be in favour in the city.'

'So, young man, you are in favour at the castle,' said the captain with a smile.

'I am private secretary to Count de Fontaines,' replied Michel carelessly.

'But why should your favour in the city be in inverse ratio to what it is at the fortress?' asked the soldier, who was pressing his horse slowly and gently through the crowd.

'Because, Sir Captain, the fortress, without any just reason or excuse, is accused of wishing to make St Malo a king's city.'

'And, *Ventre St Gris!*' cried the soldier, 'where would be the harm of that?'

'St Malo,' said Michel sarcastically, 'was once a free city, ruling itself after the fashion of Greek or Roman republic; its own master, free, owing no allegiance to king or prince, and it wishes to be the same now'—

'No, no! Master Secretary,' replied the soldier merrily, 'this will never do. A republic in the kingdom of France!—a pretty example for the disaffected. Why, all the strong places would be declaring themselves republics, refusing to pay imposts, and leaving the poor king to earn his bread like a farmer or a *manant*.'

'Very likely,' said Michel drily, but speaking so low as only to be heard by his companion.

'No, no! when all France was cut up into provinces, this was possible, Master Secretary; but of many good parts we are making now a noble whole; and let but interior peace come, and we shall have a great, a splendid country, powerful by sea and land; and the king cannot even spare St Malo.'

This last speech was heard by the citizens, who, though they said nothing, shewed by their looks their bitter discontent. When Michel and the soldiers passed up the street leading to the fort, the groups formed again. A few minutes later, a man came hurriedly forth from the episcopal palace. It was the bishop himself.

'Porcon,' said he to the old man above mentioned, 'do you know that captain who was with Michel the traitor?'

'No, your reverence.'

'It was the Bearnais, the king of Navarre, falsely calling himself Henry the Fourth, king of France.' And the bishop returned to his palace without another word. He had said quite enough. A low murmur of surprise, of admiration at the courage of the king, and then an explosion of indignation burst forth.

'The moment for action is come!' said Pepin significantly to some friends around him. The word passed, and silence

### THE ROCK REPUBLIC.

overspread the whole place. In five minutes more the crowd had dispersed, each man to his own dwelling.

### III.

It was Henry IV. indeed, who, not yet firmly seated on his throne, was making a journey through his province of Brittany, to judge for himself of the state of the public mind towards the king. Aware that St Malo was by no means well affected towards his person and dignity, because of his former Protestantism, his doubtful conversion, and his intention to centralise government, he determined to enter the castle, consult M. de Fontaines, and judge for himself as to the spirit of the inhabitants. By the time he had reached the castle, he was still more firmly convinced that in his dear city of St Malo, as he was pleased to call it, he was far from being popular; while he was too good a general, and had too observant an eye, not to be aware of the paramount importance of possessing a place so strongly fortified, and having so hardy a population. He scrutinised with a soldier's glance the ramparts of the castle, and vowed within himself that he would not rest in peace until he ruled over that quaint old city. 'By the faith of a soldier,' said he energetically, as he entered the château, 'Monsieur de Fontaines has done well to bid the king fix his eye on St Malo. It is a good place, Master Secretary, and a goodly jewel in a king's crown.'

'Sire,' replied Michel respectfully, 'it may suit your majesty, but your majesty does not seem to suit it.'

'Truth to say,' laughed Henry, 'you say right. I verily believe the good fishermen would eat me if they but knew who I am. However, since you know me, young master, you must also know that I did not suit France, and yet I am its king.'

'We all in St Malo know the wonders you have effected,' exclaimed Michel; 'but here is the governor coming forth to meet your majesty.'

As the visit of the king to St Malo was intended to be kept secret, the Count de Fontaines received him merely as an officer of rank, and accompanied him to a well-supplied table, where he was soon joined by his daughter Isabella and Master Secretary. The girl at once attracted the king's attention. She was about sixteen, fair haired, with waving curls, a white forehead, intelligent eyes, and a sweet expression of countenance, especially when looking at Michel. This circumstance made Henry IV. frown, being apt to think that when such a cavalier as himself was present, no woman of taste should look at another. But he did not allow this thought to draw his attention from the object of his journey.

'So, my Lord Count,' said he, after some preliminary discourse,

#### THE ROCK REPUBLIC.

'you think it will be easy to capture the city, and put in a royal garrison.'

'Nothing more easy, sire,' replied he, none now being at table but himself, the king, and the two young people: 'give me but the word, and the town shall be ours to-night.'

'But how do you propose to act?' asked the king, who had ever a relish for military plans.

'The city-guard rests, and the people will soon be asleep. At midnight there will not be an owl stirring. I will enter the city with a hundred soldiers, leaving the rest as a reserve, and simply proclaiming your presence in the castle, St Malo is ours.'

Isabella turned very pale, Michel ground his teeth and started. His emotion, however, was not remarked.

'Nay,' said the king; 'the people are goodly burghers, and would fight. We should have a scene of midnight massacre that makes my heart sick. Let us try other means. To-morrow, summon them in the king's name to yield to his authority, and then if they refuse, we can use force.'

'As your majesty wishes,' replied De Fontaines, who, a rough soldier, knew no means of action save brute strength and measures of violence, unfortunately an idea but too prevalent with military men in all ages.

'If I might be permitted to speak,' said Michel respectfully, 'I would give a piece of advice.'

'Speak, Master Secretary,' replied Henry IV. drily.

'In my humble opinion, neither course will succeed. Your majesty is not master of France till your conversion to the Catholic Church has been recognised by the pope; therefore St Malo thinks herself bound by no ties to obey you, while the stout burghers would rather bury their city in its own ruins than be ruled by one suspected of heresy.'

'Truly,' said the king still more drily. 'Well, as you think that my reasons may not prove convincing, what say you to the warlike proposition of Messire de Fontaines?'

'He might succeed; but the Malouines are stubborn dogs, and I fancy the burgher-guard would perish to a man first. They know the value of liberty. They pay no taxes now except to themselves, and they fear that your majesty, however gentle and generous a king, may not exempt them from state charges, if they once join France.'

'And personally what think you?' asked the king with a scrutinising air.

'Sire, I should not sympathise with men who hate me because they see me here, but at bottom I think them right,' and the young man smiled at the vacant astonishment of De Fontaines.

'Then why are you not with them?' continued the king.

'For many reasons, sire,' said Michel with some emotion: 'in the first place, because of my strong personal attachment to Monsieur de Fontaines, a man of learning and parts, in whose

#### THE ROCK REPUBLIC.

society and conversation I learn much that is valuable and useful.'

The Count de Fontaines appeared much flattered, the king laughed heartily.

'I should have thought it was the count found your learning agreeable, for I believe you have studied and read, young man. But is the Lady Isabella a person of learning, and do you find her society also valuable and useful?'

'The Lady Isabella, sire, is a person of rare modesty, talents, and with a deep desire for study. Shut up in this castle, her chief resource is books, and she has been pleased to ask my advice and assistance in fathoming the secrets of Latin and Greek poesy,' replied Michel firmly.

'A new Abelard and Heloise,' said the king with something of a frown; 'but you may retire to your studies, as I have private business with the governor, Master Secretary.'

Michel bowed and retired, the Lady Isabella having preceded him by ten minutes. The king waited until he was quite out of hearing.

'Sir Count, that youth is a burning local patriot. He is personally attached to you, and more so to your daughter, but the moment you turn against his native city, he will abandon you, and combat you even unto the death.'

'Sire!' exclaimed the astounded governor, opening eyes that would have done honour to a Mongolian idol; 'you mistake Michel. The lad loves but Greek and Latin; he reads all day, and is the companion of my daughter, and my secretary and friend. He could never be a traitor.'

'Count de Fontaines, there are few men who have not been traitors within the last twenty years, during these long civil wars. But I have learned to read men's countenances. This youth has served you while the ally and protector of his native city. But once turn against St Malo, and, knowing your plans, he will frustrate them. Make no noise, but see that he does not leave the castle to-night.'

'Your majesty shall be obeyed,' said the count, rising with an effort.

'No haste, Sir Count; let us take a walk on the ramparts, and there consider further of what is to be done.'

And the king and the count walked forth to the battlements in earnest discourse.

#### IV.

The great tower of the castle of Anne of Brittany was the favourite place of resort both of Isabella and Michel. Here they often sat for hours in the day reading, watching the waves, the wide sea, and the white sails glancing in the distance on the moving

## THE ROCK REPUBLIC.

waters. In the evening, they sometimes came with the count to spend an hour or two in discourse; and on the present occasion, the two young people were seated there in the company of two waiting-maids, who conversed in a corner of their absent sweet-hearts; both being well-favoured girls, sought in marriage by rich young citizens of the town. It was a lovely night. The moon danced over the speckled waters with a brightness almost equal to that of day, silvering the house-tops and the ramparts, the cathedral and the rocks of St Malo, while it brought out in bold relief the towers of Solidor.

'I must leave you,' said Michel in a low tone; 'my dream of love and happiness is over. Your father has at last resolved to become the aggressor. You know my feelings, you know my hopes; but you know also that I love my native city, and am determined to see it free and independent. I have never deceived you, and in your heart you are a Malouine yourself.'

'Yes, Michel, you have taught me to love all that belongs to you. Your country is my country, your home my home. I was but a French girl two years ago, now I am of St Malo. But remember your solemn promise and my vow. You will in any struggle look after my father; and I, if anything happens to him, shall enter a convent, and we part for ever. But could I not warn him?'

'Isabella, your father never tells you his secrets; if he did, you would not betray them to me. I tell you mine; they must be sacred as your word.'

They were looking down from the battlements as they spoke to where the sea broke against the rocks a hundred and twenty feet below.

'I will keep true to my word,' exclaimed Isabella; 'but be careful.'

'My love, I answer for your father's life with mine,' replied Michel warmly.

'And be careful of your own,' continued Isabella sadly; and then she added more cheerfully, 'at all events, my Greek and Latin lessons are at an end.'

'Why, dearest?' asked Michel anxiously.

'Because you are now so occupied with your warlike schemes, your plots and conspiracies, that you will have no time to think of me.'

'When the time comes that I do not think of you, my heart will have ceased to beat. But adieu, Lady Isabella; here is the king and your father.'

'Whither away so hastily?' said the rather sarcastic voice of the king.

'I was making place for your majesty,' replied Michel with a shudder. In the sound of that voice, he thought he detected a suspicion of his great secret.

'Nay, stay near the Lady Isabella, while the count and I keep

## THE ROCK REPUBLIC.

sentry awhile. Methinks there will be rumours in the city to-night. What building is that so brilliantly lighted up in the Grand Place?’

Michel drew a long breath, and then answered calmly, a clock meanwhile striking ten: ‘It is the palace of the bishop.’

‘A notorious Leaguer,’ said the king.

‘Yes, sire, and hence kept a prisoner in his own palace.’

‘I faith, a goodly set of rebels, that will own neither one king nor the other, nor even their own bishop-elect,’ said Henry IV. laughing, and then he turned to whisper to the governor. They leaned over the battlements towards the town, so placed that no one could descend the stairs of the tower without brushing against them; while Michel and Isabella overlooked the sea.

The town was dark and still, save where the palace of the bishop stood out in marked relief in the large place. Suddenly this was more evident as the moon disappeared, and the scene became in general dark and gloomy. At this moment, a bugle sounded from some unknown spot in the town—a grave and solemn air, that made the heart of king and governor beat: it was almost unearthly in its tone.

‘What means that?’ said Henry IV. in a low tone.

‘I know not; but perhaps if we ask Michel, he will tell us,’ replied the governor. ‘He knows all the customs of the place.’

‘Then ask him, in God’s name, for methinks that horn bodes no good, sounding at this hour in the silent city.’

They turned to where Michel and Isabella had been, but Michel had disappeared, and Isabella was standing up, her back turned to them, talking with her maids.

‘Where is Michel?’ said the Count de Fontaines, hurriedly advancing towards his daughter.

‘He left me but a moment since, and said he would be back presently,’ replied Isabella.

‘Said I not so?’ muttered the king. ‘There is something beneath all this. Count de Fontaines, go down into the castle, and keep good watch. I will mount sentry myself on this tower. I feel that the night will not pass without events. Be quick; and if you can, prevent Michel from leaving the castle. Put him in safe custody until the morning.’

The count and his daughter left the summit of the tower, and descended the stairs leading to the Place d’Armes. Henry remained alone. His mind was in that uneasy state which is said to prelude misfortune. He was anxious, because he could not tell whence the danger would come; but he determined, fatigued as he was, to watch all night, and take rest only next day. He walked up and down for some time, but he heard nothing but the wind, which had risen almost to a gale, and howled around the battlements, and once more at midnight the sound of the wild music played on the mysterious bugle. He looked down upon the dark town, but without noticing anything

#### THE ROCK REPUBLIC.

remarkable, except that the palace of the archbishop remained lighted up in the same brilliant manner. He then sat down for a few minutes, musing deeply; then his eyes closed a moment: he saw again Michel and Isabella, and he heard afar off the semi-wailing of a plaintive horn; and then he was in a sound sleep, from which he awoke only when startled by the din of arms, the firing of guns, and a general murmur throughout the castle. He rubbed his eyes, and started to his feet.

We must, however, retrograde an hour or two.

#### V.

Pepin de la Blinais occupied, in one of the most retired streets of the town, but close to the port, a large house, where also were stored the goods in which he and an elder brother dealt. There was an office where the clerks attended to their duties and received their customers, the apartments above of the young men, and an extensive warehouse. This had been just emptied of goods and cleared out for the purpose of receiving the cargo of two ships recently arrived in port. About half-past nine on the same evening that saw the stirring events above described, Pepin de la Blinais, who with his brother had been to a grand dinner at the episcopal palace, entered his house, and, while Guillaume performed some prearranged duties in the warehouse, ascended to the roof, and there, precisely at ten o'clock, hidden among the chimneys, sounded the horn which had excited the surprise and alarm of King Henry IV. and his general. Then he descended, wrapped himself in a long cloak, and issued into the street. He went a little way, and then, with a long wand he carried, knocked against a door, and waited; presently the door opened.

'What is it?' said a low voice, as if half aware of what was going on.

'Heard you the horn?' replied Pepin.

'Ay, I heard,' was the whispered answer.

'To-night, at once, at Pepin's.'

'Good,' replied the other.

On went Pepin de la Blinais, knocking sometimes at windows, sometimes at doors, and always going through the form of the same conversation. He thus, in the space of little more than half an hour, visited the houses of more than fifty citizens, and then he returned home. In the warehouse he found more than 200 burghers collected, while at every instant others arrived, Pepin having visited but chiefs of tens, whose business it was on such occasions secretly to advise their fellows. Porcon de la Barbinais was there, and he at once, by common consent, as the oldest man present, took the chair.

Pepin then rose, and addressed the assembly. He told them

## THE ROCK REPUBLIC.

that a moment long looked forward to had arrived. The so-called king of France, certainly a brave and gallant man, but a usurper and heretic, was about to attempt to lay his hand upon St Malo. That city had enjoyed ten centuries of freedom, of liberty and independence, but of late years had fallen under a kind of semi-allegiance to the kings of France, who, however, had never been able to impose taxes, leaving, too, to the people the election of their own officers. But now Henry IV. having become king of France, being a great general, and an ambitious man, was about to attempt the junction of the city of St Malo with his kingdom. He for his part was determined not to consent to this. At all events, at the very worst, the Malouines should assert their freedom so completely, that if ever the power of the kings of France became irresistible, they should be able to make the best terms they could. There was only one way of making terms with a king, and that was to have him on the outside of their walls, or else a prisoner. Now Henry IV. was within their walls, of course with some sinister object. Now, then, or never, was their time. Let them at once fly to arms, and take possession of the citadel; they would then be free.

A loud exclamation of delight and acquiescence burst from the assembly.

'But, citizens and people of St Malo,' said Porcon, rising from his chair, 'though what Pepin proposes be true and just, you must not forget that it is difficult of execution. We can never be independent unless the castle be ours.'

'Then let us take it,' replied Pepin quietly.

'Young man, 'tis easier said than done. The castle is well defended: it has within its walls troops of tried valour and heroism. How can we, burghers and citizens, hope to attack and capture such a citadel? Stone walls are hard, and man's flesh is weak.'

'We can try,' continued Pepin de la Blinais modestly. His very tone was heroic.

'We can all die,' replied Porcon shaking his head. 'No one ever doubted the valour of the Malouines; but courage can do little against stone ramparts.'

The citizens looked grave, and Pepin bit his lip. He seemed, young and ardent as he was, to fear that the counsels of peace would prevail.

'Let us, at all events, prepare some plan. There is no time to lose; not a day'—

'Not a moment—not an instant,' said a deep and earnest voice—the voice of one who, as he spoke, stepped up to where Porcon sat, and cast off a thick cloak and slouched hat, which had gained him admittance to the assembly.

'Michel the traitor!' cried the whole assembly with one voice. 'We are betrayed!'

A rush took place towards the audacious intruder, who, how-

## THE ROCK REPUBLIC.

ever, stood firm, while Porcon, holding out his hand, implored silence.

'We are not wild beasts!' he thundered; 'be still; let Michel speak. He is our fellow-citizen. Silence!'

A murmur arose from all sides, and then, at the voice of the president, who was universally beloved, silence prevailed.

'Traitor!' exclaimed Michel in a sarcastic voice, at the same time speaking with the air of a commander rather than a criminal before his judges—'Traitor! My countrymen, I wish that all men in St Malo were traitors as I have been. You talk of capturing the castle. If I find amongst you but fifty men of heart and courage, the citadel shall this night be yours, and Henry the Fourth your prisoner, and that with little or no bloodshed. You call me traitor! Is there amidst you all one who, for two years, could have borne the obloquy and infamy I have borne, with but one idea in his head—that of freeing his native country? St Malo is my life, my soul! Knowing that no ordinary method could succeed, two years ago, I became the secretary of the Count de Fontaines. 'Tis true I loved his daughter; but even the winning of her heart was secondary with me to the liberty of St Malo. That was my first, my ardent hope. I lived, then, in the castle; I studied its every stone, and as long as nothing was done against my native city, I served my master well. I have no right now to reveal the secrets of my late employer, but this I tell you, the castle must be ours to-night.'

Dead silence followed. Men drew long breaths, and all seemed relieved from something that had oppressed them.

'O Michel! Michel!' cried Pepin, rushing into his arms; 'why did you not trust me? What misery you caused me for ten months past I have no words to tell!'

'My friend, actions like mine cannot bear accomplices. You would have sought to defend my character, and I should have been betrayed. But listen to me; there is no time to be lost. Are all resolved to take the castle to-night?'

'All! All!' said the citizens.

'Appoint a chief, then,' replied Michel quietly.

'Michel,' exclaimed Porcon rising, 'we owe you a reparation of the most marked kind: command—we obey.'

Michel simply bowed his acceptance, and then gave hurried orders.

'Pepin, pick out fifty-five of the younger members of our body, youths who can climb, and whose heads are not likely to grow dizzy. Let these follow us. Do you, Porcon, arouse the whole guard, and when you hear the horn sound from the summit of the Generale Tower, attack the Quic-en-Grogne. Its gates will soon open, and the castle is ours. But mark me: take not the life of the count, as you love me; and respect the king. I am no friend to his authority, but I admire and reverence the man. Not an instant is to be lost—go.'

## THE ROCK REPUBLIC.

Pepin had in a few minutes found the fifty-five volunteers required; the rest then dispersed, to prepare for their warlike expedition. The fifty-six remained alone with their young chief.

‘What orders now?’ said Pepin.

‘Follow me, and let the rest meet us on the port in ten minutes, with such boats as will take us all to the foot of the Tower of La Generale!’

A look of stupefaction met the words of Michel, who, however, coldly waved his hand for them to go.

‘What are you about to do?’ said Pepin in a low tone, while the others hurried to provide arms for the expedition, under the influence of a feeling of confidence inspired alone by the manner of their young leader.

‘To re-enter the castle as I left it,’ replied Michel quietly; and then, as he went along, he explained how he had escaped the vigilance of the king and the governor.

For months he had prepared for the contingency that had occurred. In a hollow of the outward battlements of the tower, beneath some overhanging weeds, he had concealed a long knotted cord, that measured a hundred and twenty feet. This he had fastened, while the king’s attention was withdrawn, to a cannon, and then bidding Isabella turn her head away, had descended with the agility of a sailor. Once upon the water, he had swum round to the port, and reaching the gate, partly by persuasion partly by threats, had got it opened. He now proposed that the whole troop should ascend to the summit of the tower, and thus capture the citadel by a bold and audacious act, letting in afterwards their companions to consolidate their victory. Pepin heard with awe, wonder, and delight the narrative of Michel, at whose house they had now arrived. He went in for a moment, and then came out followed by two men, who had been waiting, bearing a heavy parcel. It was now midnight; the fifty-five adventurers were waiting at the port; the city-guard was collecting and arming throughout the town; Henry IV. was watching on the summit of La Generale, convinced that something strange was going on in St Malo. At this moment Pepin sounded the signal-horn, to announce to all to be ready: they had arrived at the port.

## VI.

The night was dark, gusty, and tempestuous; the moon had fallen some two hours, and left a gray cold sky, which soon was robed in clouds, that came driving up from the north-west with singular rapidity. It was a night for an act of desperation, such as that which they were about to attempt. When Michel and Pepin came down upon the port, they found four large boats ready launched, their masts stepped, the sails loosely flapping, and

## THE ROCK REPUBLIC.

eight men at the oars. Not a word was spoken—not a sound was heard beyond the roar of the tempest, the rattling of cords, and the beating of the waves against the shore. Michel chose a boat, and at once entered.

‘A wild night for fishing,’ said a rough sailor, who had assisted to put out the boats, and, with seven others, was about to share the dangers of the night; ‘and a strange captain,’ he added, as he recognised Michel.

‘Silence, Pierre du Parc!’ replied Michel; ‘but one voice must be heard to-night, and that is mine. Put this packet on board.’

The sailor obeyed with silent wonder. Then Michel and Pepin entered the same boat, the latter taking the helm. The sails were closely furled, but still a small portion was left open to the wind, as the current of the Rancé is strong, and that night ran like a mill-race. When they were outside the port, the helmsman put the helm hard up, and let the boat run right before the wind. The first oarsman almost backed his oar with astonishment.

‘Where, in God’s name, are we going?’ said he. He was one of the sailors who was to take care of the boats and seek shelter up the river, as soon as the party had landed.

‘Silence, forward there; let the first man who speaks be thrown overboard!’ replied Michel in a stern commanding voice. The man bent quietly to his oar. He now knew that he was on a desperate errand, and, like a bold sailor, determined to do his duty, whatever it might be.

Michel steered directly up the bay which formed the mouth of the river, with the castle to his left. Already did he hear the roar of the rushing waters against the rock, and bidding Pepin be cautious, advanced to the bows of the boat. Behind, he saw the three others labouring, like themselves, heavily in the storm, each moment becoming more alarming. The dull roar of heaven’s artillery in the distance soon added to the terror of a scene that, to those who were actors in it, was simply sublime. These hardy natures, these youths who all their lives had been rocked upon the ocean waves, braved the peril with a mysterious feeling of excitement not unlike that with which we gaze at a terrible act in some mimic drama. They had no fear save of failure, and hence only wished themselves at the summit of the Generale. Presently Michel made a sign, just as a flash of lightning illumined the whole scene. Pepin well understood. Following the direction of Michel’s arm, he again pressed the helm, shifted the sail, and plunged through the roaring waves towards the rock.

‘In sail—back your oars!’ cried Michel in a low tone, leaping at the same time into the boiling and seething waters, the painter in hand. The boat struck violently against the rock at the same moment, but Michel was above, fastening the line to a projecting block of stone. The other boats were easily moored to the first. This dangerous part of their duty effected, Michel made a sign that the boats should run for shelter up the river, to return in two

## THE ROCK REPUBLIC.

hours with a good crew, unless they heard such tidings as rendered their coming back unnecessary. First, however, the heavy parcel was put on shore. Here, then, in the cold, beaten with the surf, stood these fifty-seven men, about to attempt an act almost unexampled in history, and which in days when courage alone obtained much credit, should have immortalised them all. All stood close together, grasping the rock; no one moved a step. They would have rolled into the sea, and none could have stirred to save them. All were silent, waiting the orders of Michel; and the lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled, and then the clock of the cathedral struck one.

‘You see this cord?’ said Michel in a low, firm, but clear voice. ‘I must ascend by this. It will safely bear but one man. Once up, I shall haul up the ladder contained in this packet. It will support a dozen at least. Let parties of thirteen and fourteen ascend at a time. But recollect, I will come down again, to head the band that ascends first.’

‘Nay, stop up there,’ said Pepin. ‘It will be so much time saved.’

‘But how know when all is safe?’ asked Michel.

‘At half-past one, the first man shall put his foot on the first rope,’ replied Pepin. Michel made no reply. He had thirty minutes to do his work in, and his time was therefore precious. While several below held the cord tight, Michel, his sword in his teeth, his musketoon on his back, began his ascent; shaken by the wind, stunned by the thunder, and seeing, as he mounted, the sea first, then the port, then the ramparts, then the summit of the fortress. No man not inured to the sea, and who had not during a hurricane gone aloft to furl topgallant-sails, or who had not sat out at the leeward end of a yard, plunging almost at every moment in the waves, could have gone up safely. Even Michel looked upward, on one side, but never down. His thoughts, however, were so bent on his enterprise, that he had no time for dizziness to seize him, and in ten minutes he was at the summit. He was about to climb over, and had raised one leg, when he saw a man seated on a stone-bench opposite.

Michel felt his head swim. His daring attempt in favour of the ancient liberties and hereditary independence of his native island, was about to fail before an unforeseen accident. No sentry ever guarded at night the impregnable Generale; they occupied the other ramparts. But in twenty minutes his companions would be climbing up, perhaps, a half-fastened ladder. Inside the port-hole, which was large, lay a heavy cannon, the carriage of which was mending. On this depended the whole success of the young man’s enterprise. He ensconced himself as well as he could outside on the stone projection which served as a gutter, holding on inside the port-hole; then he unfastened the rope, and passed one end round the cannon: to this, watching the sleeper the whole time, he attached a heavy piece of iron prepared

## THE ROCK REPUBLIC.

for the purpose, and long secreted, which he then began lowering, by this means slowly drawing up the rope-ladder. The quarter struck, and the sleeper slightly moved. Michel went on deliberately with his work as if the man had not been there, and soon found the end of the rope-ladder in his hand. At this moment the man moved again, and rose. Michel had laid down his musketoon, but he clutched a dagger and a heavy pistol. He had never taken life, but now he was resolved to spare not this stranger, if he stood in the way of his success. The man went to the side where was the tower, looked over, saw nothing suspicious, and returned to his seat. In another minute he was again asleep; and Michel, passing his arm through the loophole, crossed the battlements, and in a minute was on the top of the tower, crouching in the deep shadow of the wall.

'Who goes there?' said a deep commanding voice that made Michel shudder. He lay still and made no reply, his hand upon both pistol and dagger, resolved that no man made by God's hand should cause his enterprise to fail.

The man looked sleepily about, muttered to himself that he saw shadows everywhere, and again fell asleep. He thus most certainly saved his own life.

At this instant of time, Michel heard distinctly above the storm, the first stroke of the half-hour: his heart sank within him. The ladder was not safely fastened on one side; on he went, however, with cold and steady hand, knotting, tying, until he heard the deep-toned bell cease to vibrate.

He had not finished yet, and his companions were ascending; but still he pursued his work, and in a few minutes had completed his task. The ladder seemed firm as a rock. Then he rose up boldly, and walked slowly up and down the platform of the tower.

\* \* \* \*

When Henry IV. awoke the first time from a heavy sleep, his eyes were so fatigued that he did not perceive the unusual movement in the town. He never thought of looking towards the sea: it never struck him that any danger could come thence. He accordingly, although determined to watch through the night, again allowed slumber to gain upon him, believing that any danger would become apparent at dawn. When he heard a faint incautious movement made by Michel, he was half asleep, and what he heard seemed part of a restless dream.

The king was a peasant, alone in a hut—that is, the only one awake. On a couch slept a beautiful young woman, with two children beside her. All looked warm and comfortable, and a dog nestled comfortably at her feet before a bright fire. The peasant was gazing with rapture at the scene, when the dog moaned, and raised its head, but seeing nothing, it lay down again. Presently it barked sharply, and this time the young woman held up her head, and seeing the peasant, smiled. 'Art not going to rest

to-night, my husband?' she said in well-known tones that made the man's heart leap.

'Presently, dearest; but I have been so happy gazing at you that I never thought of slumber,' replied the peasant.

'Then will I get up and share your watching,' said she; and the beautiful girl rose, and advanced towards the fireplace, while the dog leaped up, wagging its tail.

The king at this moment started, and found himself seated on a hard stone-bench, on the summit of the great tower of the Generale, a man looking curiously at him. 'Who is it?' cried he, leaping up, and laying his hand upon his sword.

'I, sire,' replied Michel coldly.

'Michel!' exclaimed the king, rubbing his eyes, and much surprised; 'and what do you here? Surely you do not expect the Lady Isabella!'

'No, sire. I am waiting to hear the cathedral clock strike two,' continued Michel firmly, and even somewhat sternly.

'Why, Master Secretary?' cried the king, somewhat struck by his tone, and still impressed with the belief that something was about to happen.

'That is a secret your majesty will learn soon enough,' replied Michel; 'for it now strikes the quarter.'

At this moment Michel heard a noise that made his blood run cold: he clearly distinguished the grating of a cord against iron, and knew that the ladder had slightly slipped. His anguish was intolerable.

'Young man,' exclaimed the king with severity, 'I am not accustomed to receive such replies. Your answer bodes no good. Already I have spoken to the count of my suspicions, and they are now realised. Speak, young man, or I will have you arrested as a traitor, and punished as you deserve.'

'Before I reply to any questions,' said Michel firmly—he had heard no further sound—'I must beg your majesty to explain what you mean by the word traitor applied to me.'

'If you are in any plot to secure the independence of St Malo, and to take this castle out of the king's hand, you are a traitor, a double traitor—first to your king, and then to your employer.'

'Sire, I have no king.'

'How mean you, sirrah?' continued Henry IV., much struck by the lofty and bold manner of the young man. 'Who then, if you please, am I?'

'Henry of Navarre, king of France, but not monarch of St Malo; which, since its foundation, has been an independent community, allied sometimes to France, sometimes to Brittany, but never the serf of either.'

'But France and Navarre are now united; you can pretend no longer to resist both. You might cope with one, backed by the other, but never with united France.'

'We will try,' said Michel modestly.

## THE ROCK REPUBLIC.

'But, madman!' said the king, his anger vanishing before the other's audacity, 'you may be sure that all France will soon be peacefully inclined, and ruled over by me. How, then, can you contend against me, with a citadel commanding your town?'

'I mean to take the castle,' continued Michel, listening anxiously all the time.

'Fore Heaven, you are a bold rascal, Master Michel; and had I not been warned, you would make me uneasy. But now I have nothing to fear, since I am prepared. You must certainly expect me to put you in confinement.' And the king made a motion for the other to follow.

'Your majesty may be assured, that had I not been certain of my success, I should have remained silent,' said Michel coldly.

'But, man of enigmas, explain yourself. When do you mean to take the castle?' cried the king impatiently.

'This morning, as the clock strikes two,' said Michel quietly.

'The fellow is mad!' exclaimed Henry, half inclined to laugh.

'Your means; for it will strike two instantly.'

'If your majesty will look over towards the town at the open place before the Quic-en-Grogne, you will begin to understand.'

The king turned hurriedly to the ramparts, and peering down into the depths below, saw distinctly a body of about 1000 men, standing silently in front of the main-entrance of the castle, with six pieces of cannon pointed towards the gates of the hated tower.

'Ah! Ventre St Gris! these knavish citizens have caught us napping. Master Secretary, this must be looked to. You are my prisoner; follow me!'

'Your majesty is mistaken,' said Michel firmly, at the same time placing himself before the head of the winding-stair; 'it is your majesty who is my prisoner!'

'Passez-leu! this is beyond a joke; make way, man, or my sword shall carve it for me,' and the king laid his hand on the hilt of his sword.

Michel never replied; and at the same instant the horn which had already so puzzled the king, was heard sounding wofully but clearly behind his back, on the summit of the tower of La Generale. The king turned sharply round, and saw behind him three men, while a fourth was leaping over the battlements.

'St Denis to the rescue!' cried Henry IV.; but ere he could utter another word, he was caught hold of by the armed men, and held a prisoner.

'Respect the brave Henry of Navarre, king of France!' said Michel in a low tone. 'And you, your majesty, give your royal word not to seek escape by violence, and I will leave you your sword.'

'Ventre St Gris, young man!' exclaimed the king, overwhelmed with surprise and vexation as much as with fury at defeat, and well aware that, if Michel chose, he could now put

## THE ROCK REPUBLIC.

him into the hands of the League, and thus buy their support—‘I promise what you ask; but pray tell me by what magic you have gained possession of this tower? Surely you have not ascended from the sea?’

‘We have, your majesty, by the same rope that enabled me to escape this evening, some four hours before; but we have no time to explain anything now. Hark! the cannon proclaim the attack; and as I mean my victory to be accomplished without bloodshed, we must act. Your majesty will be pleased to descend with me, and announce to the garrison, that fifty-seven of the bravest youths in St Malo hold the Generale; that we thus have the powder-magazine in our hands; that I offer to the garrison an honourable capitulation; but mark this—I have vowed to take the citadel or die. At three o’clock, if the gates are not opened, and the castle be not in my hands, I will set fire to the powder-magazine!’

The king heard his calm cold voice, he saw his iron face, he looked out upon the raging waves, and down the immense depths of the tower, more terrible from the profound darkness, and he believed.

‘I will bear your message, Sir Michel,’ he said quietly; ‘but let us hasten.’ There were now fifteen men on the summit of the tower, and others were rapidly ascending.

‘Follow me, Pepin,’ continued Michel, speaking in loud commanding tones; ‘we must hasten below. The castle is alarmed; but as yet all attention is drawn from this side. As you go, tell me how you fared.’

They descended rapidly the winding staircase, overcame the resistance of the small guard of four men in a lower chamber, and then barricading themselves in, awaited the progress of events, after sending forth their great prisoner as bearer of their wishes and commands.

The bold youth had then time to listen to Pepin’s story.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Michel had half ascended the rope, leaving his companions behind, a low murmur from one or two attracted the attention of Pepin, who had been appointed lieutenant by the improvised dictator of the night. He asked in a whisper what was the matter; and hearing that an idea had been set afloat that Michel was perhaps betraying them, burst forth, despite all his caution, in a whole vocabulary of invectives against the coward who dared suspect one greater than them all: he then imposed strict silence. It was a singular scene. Around, rocks and the sea—the first black, the second white—with wind howling, and waves roaring; and above, sheer point blank upward, apparently reaching the skies, the vast tower. The men were pressed together closely, as the base of the castle afforded little space, and the rope-ladder even took up a portion. At first they could see Michel, but presently they lost sight of him, his figure mingling with the

## THE ROCK REPUBLIC.

darkness, except when a flash of lightning revealed his presence; but still the vibration of the rope told that he was ascending, for Pepin and several others held it. Suddenly this ceased, and then an anxious moment of silence followed, all eyes being cast upward toward the summit of the tower.

'It ascends,' said Pepin then in a low whisper, that went round the whole body like an electric shock. Up it went, quickly at first, then slowly, and at last with so slow a motion as to alarm the daring youths.

'Michel finds it too much for him, I fear,' said Pepin with a shudder. 'Two should have ascended.'

'It goes up again!' exclaimed one with an exclamation of delight.

From that moment its ascending motion never ceased. But when about twenty yards remained uncoiled, a man who stood on the very edge of the rock spoke in a startled whisper: 'Michel is letting something down.'

All drew in their breath and waited; but their suspense was not of long duration, as most of them had guessed Michel's ingenious device for aiding the carrying up of his ladder. Pepin lost not a moment: he cast loose the piece of iron as soon as he could lay hands on it, and set the rope adrift. It went up again with extreme rapidity. Then an anxious pause ensued, and the clock struck half-past one. All pressed forward; but Pepin was thoughtful and wise.

'Give him one minute's grace,' he said; 'he may not have been quite ready.'

That minute decided the fate of the enterprise. Had Michel not had that one minute, his ladder would have fallen. As it was, it was but ill fastened. Then Pepin, having seen that his horn was safe, put his foot on the ladder, bidding twelve others follow, and they began their ascent. They were all bold and resolute youths; but the peril was so extreme, the enterprise so hazardous—a chafed rope might cast all headlong into the sea or on the heads of their companions, a sentry might give the alarm—that not one but felt his heart beat quicker than it had ever done before. The ladder to the first company was comparatively easy of ascent, but to the last it would be terrible; for then it would hang loosely, and shake at the will of the wind. On they went, then, these thirteen men, their musketoons on their backs, their swords between their teeth, their daggers ready at hand, and every man vowing a wax-candle to our Lady of St Malo, if ever he lived to enter a church again. They climbed with steady and measured steps—a proceeding when they were half-way up of considerable inconvenience, for as the thirteen left feet descended on thirteen ratlins on the left side, the ladder swung fearfully from side to side.

'Stop!' said Pepin suddenly to the next man; and then as the word passed down, he bade them step one on one side, and one on

## THE ROCK REPUBLIC.

the other. They found this remedy, in a great measure, the evil complained of.

'Ave-Maria, God rest our souls!' exclaimed Pepin suddenly in a frantic tone, as he felt the ladder give way, and already saw himself, with his unfortunate companions, cast upon the heads of his friends below.

At the same instant a terrific jerk, sufficiently proclaiming that for a moment the danger was over, nearly cast them from their holding; but then the rope remained steady again, and all breathed. There was not a face at that moment, could it have been seen, but was blanched with terror. Their hearts had almost ceased to beat, their wrists were wrenched, and their hands, though clutching the thick rope convulsively, seemed to be about to refuse their office. Then muttering a hurried prayer, the adventurers continued their ascent, and soon arrived at the summit, with the feeling of men snatched from certain death.

Their first act was to examine the fastening of the ladder. A hastily tied knot had become unfastened, and the loosened cord had given the ladder two feet additional length. Nothing had saved them from destruction, but that the top ratlin of the ladder caught in two projecting stones of sufficient strength to bear them. They took care now to make the whole so firm, that those below had nothing to fear.

When those who were anxiously awaiting their turn felt the ladder fall, for one second of time, loose in their hands, and become two feet longer, their first impulse was flight, and some dashed into the sea up to their necks, to save themselves from destruction; but two held on, and the panic, which lasted little more than a second, being over, the whole again congregated fearfully at the foot of the tower in whispered conference. There were one or two brave men and true, who afterwards were not ashamed to own that they would, but for very terror of the others, have retreated. All understood that the ladder had partially given way, and even now it was possible every minute that the whole might come down about their ears.

They listened, then, with deep anxiety, and kept their eyes fixed upwards. Then came the sound of the horn. It was now one general rush towards the ladder, and the inferior chiefs had some difficulty in preventing the whole from ascending at once. As it was, persuaded that those above would now see to their safety, twenty-three ventured to ascend.

At half-past two, all were safely up, having performed one of the most daring feats on record, and in a cause far more justifiable than usual in those days, or even in any days of heroism, men being too apt to judge the manner of a deed less than its object. The pirates of the Gulf performed many acts almost as bold, but they, actuated by cupidity, are not to be compared with those ardent youths, whose sole object was the freedom of their native town.

## THE ROCK REPUBLIC.

### VII.

The Count de Fontaines had not retired to rest, nor had his daughter: they believed it to be their duty to await the king's descent from the tower; but they were up under the influence of very different feelings. The count believed the bluff monarch's fears chimerical. He had so long seen the Malouines quiet, that although he knew their aspirations after liberty and independence to be real and serious, yet he did not think them capable of asserting them by force of arms. But Isabella knew that something was about to be done, and she therefore remained up, much against her father's will, as much to protect him in case of danger, as to await the hour which should signal the outbreak. Her position was difficult: her sympathies were with Michel. She understood that a free city, proud of its liberties, should wish to possess its own citadel, free from what it considered foreign troops: she comprehended its desire for self taxation; and able as it was to defend itself, she believed it entitled to continue as it had existed for ten centuries. But then her own father headed these foreign soldiers, and there might be danger to him. She hoped and believed there was none; but she remained up to be ready in case of any serious events, resolved to die herself, if necessary, for him.

The count then sat calmly in an arm-chair, softly cushioned, and covered with Genoa velvet; while Isabella leaned her elbows on a table, to all appearance reading in a huge folio, but really wrapped in her own thoughts. Suddenly she heard the horn sounded from the summit of La Generale, and started to her feet, her volume falling on the ground in her haste.

'What is it? who calls?' exclaimed the count, rubbing his eyes.

Isabella listened, but replied not, while the governor rose and hearkened, not yet sufficiently awake to understand what had occurred. Two minutes later, the roar of artillery, then the cries of sentries, the sound of trumpet and the beat of drums, told him that some event of alarming import was going on.

'In the name of God, what means this?' said he, about to rush out. 'Have the mad Leaguers learned the king's presence here, and come to break their heads against stone walls?'

'Stay, my dear father, stay,' cried Isabella passionately; 'there is danger without, and I should die if you go.'

'Nay, child, I must go. What is it, Choppau?' he added, as a soldier entered in hot haste.

'My lord, a revolt of the citizens. They fire cannon on the castle gates, and are at least ten thousand,' said the alarmed soldier.

'Tush, tush!' exclaimed Henry entering, 'talk not so big,

## THE ROCK REPUBLIC.

my man. Go to the ramparts, and command that they cease all firing. Bid your officer ask ten minutes' truce, and say that Henry of Navarre will himself treat with them.'

'Sire!' cried the astonished count, while the soldier rushed out to obey his sovereign's command.

'De Fontaines,' continued the king calmly, 'there is no time to be lost; answer my questions quickly.'

'I await your majesty's commands,' replied the other, bewildered beyond all possibility of description at what was going on around him.

'How many men have you?'

'One hundred and thirty-six, sire.'

'For how long have you ammunition, supposing the powder-magazine in their hands?'

'For not one moment. It is all kept there, sire, for safety,' said De Fontaines, still more astounded.

'How long could you hold out, supposing the Generale in the enemy's power, the powder-magazine captured, and fifty-seven devils of Malouines raging within?'

'Not five minutes, sire; the men would fear'—

'The blowing up of the magazine!'

'Your majesty! I am lost in amazement; explain yourself, sire,' continued the stupefied soldier.

'De Fontaines, the Generale is in their hands; the powder-magazine is theirs; their chief threatens to blow it up if we do not surrender; and I am a prisoner on parole!' said the king, half amused at the other's alarm.

De Fontaines sank on a chair, overwhelmed with confusion, shame, and astonishment.

'But—how—in—the—holy—name, did they get there?'

'Your Malouines are good sailors—they climbed up the tower from the sea, deceiving the sentry, by name Henry the Fourth of France, and taking him prisoner,' said the king bitterly.

'The foul fiend,' exclaimed De Fontaines, 'must be at the bottom of this.'

'No; but one as clever,' said the Bearnais, looking fixedly at Isabella, who was pale and red alternately, as various emotions affected her.

'Who, sire?'

'Master Secretary Michel, my wise governor!' replied the king sarcastically.

'Sire,' said De Fontaines, rising with dignity, 'let me go seek death. I have deserved it.'

'My futher! your majesty, stop him! he is desperate,' cried Isabella passionately.

'Remain, De Fontaines. You are a brave soldier, but one deeper than you has overcome you. We must surrender. I cannot risk my life for one town, and my peculiar position with regard to the League commands me to be on friendly terms with St Malo,

## THE ROCK REPUBLIC.

though defeated. They will take the castle, let them have it quietly,' and he took up a sheet of paper. 'Send this safe-conduct to Michel, and let him come here and treat with us for the capitulation.'

De Fontaines turned round to his daughter in despair. 'Isabella, am I awake? Do I dream?'

'No time is to be lost. Lady Isabella, do you bear this to Master Secretary; give him our royal word that it shall be respected.'

Blushing, trembling, and yet proud of her mission, Isabella went forth. She found the court full of soldiers, some with torches, some with arms, while women and children sat sobbing and screaming in corners. She passed through the whole party, all making way, and stood at the barred gate of the Generale.

'Who comes?' said a stern voice, while the clank of arms was heard.

'I bear a message to General Michel,' replied the young girl in a firm voice.

'Ah! Isabella, is that you? Why here at this hour?' exclaimed the clear voice of the young leader of the audacious band within.

'I bear in my hand a safe-conduct for Michel de la Bardeliere, signed by the royal hand of Henry of Navarre, king of France, who demands to treat with General Michel for the capitulation of the fortress of St Malo.'

It was now first known that the Generale and the powder-magazine were in the hands of the enemy. The mass of soldiers dispersed to look after their private effects, and to prepare for a movement which all felt to be inevitable. Michel opened the door, and came forth boldly. His first step—Isabella had fled—was to seek the ramparts. All was still. The citizens had understood at once the meaning of a truce.

'Citizens,' he exclaimed in a loud voice, 'let not a gun be fired until firing recommences from within. The castle is ours, and before daylight the gates will be opened.'

A terrific shout arose of 'Long live Michel! Long live St Malo!' and then the young man directed his steps towards the apartment where Henry IV. and the governor awaited him. His face was pale, but his brow was firm, and his lips compressed. There was a flash of triumph in his eye, that shewed the joy he felt at his certain victory. When he entered the council-chamber, he found himself in presence of the king, the Count de Fontaines, and his daughter.

The king rose, which shewed that he meant to treat with Michel as an equal for the moment, and seated himself only when the other was seated also.

'Sir Michel,' said he graciously, for he could assume gentleness, though in reality furious at his defeat and the loss of such

## THE ROCK REPUBLIC.

a town, 'I had hoped to have won over the Malouines to our royal selves. It seems they prefer independence. Far be it from me to wish to force them to comply. I prefer hoping that time may bring them to wiser councils. The castle, then, I willingly place in your hands, and only ask for my men an honourable capitulation.'

'Such is my wish, sire—arms and baggage, but the treasure and ammunition must be ours,' replied Michel gravely. 'We have supported the garrison long enough, and as men who know the value of money, we consider what the treasury contains to be our due.'

'God have mercy on me!' cried De Fontaines, turning very pale, for the king knew nothing of his funds.

'How much is there?' inquired the king, almost inclined to smile.

'I cannot say,' replied the count; 'ask my secretary. He knows far better than I do.'

'Nothing of consequence,' said Michel quietly. 'It is, however, understood that this castle capitulates at daybreak; that the garrison march out with arms and baggage; and that no hostilities take place in the interval between the contracting parties.'

The king acquiesced by a nod, Michel took up a sheet of paper, and in a bold clear hand noted down the particulars of the capitulation. He then handed it over to the king to sign. Henry IV. read it through without a word, but his quivering lip and half-closed eyes shewed the fury that filled his mind. It began: 'Terms of the Capitulation of the Citadel of St Malo, agreed to between Henry IV., King of France and Navarre, and Michel Fortet de la Bardeliere, Provisional Dictator of the Republic of St Malo,' &c. The monarch, however, made no remark, signing one, and taking another signed by Michel. The count and his daughter figured as witnesses. Then Michel rose, bowed gallantly but rather haughtily, and prepared to leave the room.

'Stay,' said Henry IV., who saw all the value of attaching such a man personally to himself, feeling convinced, as he did, that St Malo must be his at last. 'Michel de la Bardeliere, though much humiliated at my defeat, I can respect and esteem in you a loyal enemy. I wish, however, public circumstances apart, to be your friend, and therefore beg your acceptance of a gift.'

'Your majesty mistakes; you have in your possession no gift that a Malouine can accept,' replied Michel rather haughtily.

'Dictator of the Republic of St Malo,' continued the king almost good-humouredly, 'I have. Count de Fontaines, the best way of sealing an alliance such as I wish to enter into with my dear friends the Malouines, is to marry the republic to one of mine. Michel loves your daughter, and I believe your daughter'—

'Sire, I fall from the clouds—I cannot breathe—I am faint with emotion—it is not possible!'

## THE ROCK REPUBLIC.

'Sire,' said Michel, deeply moved, 'your majesty has a noble way of forgiving your enemies. In acting as I have done, I have been solely actuated by a strong sense of duty. Be assured that my personal gratitude and friendship will be as enduring as my life. I own that I love the Lady Isabella, but I never hoped'—

'But is it possible that my daughter can have encouraged a young man employed in my house as a secretary?' said the governor, perfectly aghast with horror.

'My dear father,' replied Isabella, 'one of whom you made a companion and a friend. You have never refused me anything yet, and you will not now.'

The Count de Fontaines sank in a chair. The king tapped him gently on the shoulder.

'Come, my old and faithful friend,' he said, 'to oblige your sovereign. You know I am no hard master.'

'Sire, I can refuse you nothing. But to give my daughter to one who has deceived me, who has degraded me, who has captured a castle under my command'—

'De Fontaines, Henry the Fourth mounted guard, and was overcome by the audacious valour of this youth. None will dare blame you. It is I upon whom the disgrace will fall.'

De Fontaines held out his hand to Michel, whom in reality he loved. The other pressed it, and hurried away; his most ardent dreams realised beyond his brightest hope.

## VIII.

The postern-gate opened to let Michel pass, after he had placed his own sentries over the whole castle, and then he went forth to announce to the citizens assembled without, that at daylight the castle that had so long frowned above their heads would be in their power. The young man was received with rapture. He immediately ordered a portion of the guard to remain under arms, sending the rest to take an hour's refreshment. He then asked Porcon and ten others of the notable citizens to accompany him to his house, where he found his mother and sister sitting up in a state of deep agitation and excitement.

'My son,' cried the fond mother on seeing him enter, while his sister embraced him cordially, 'what is all this I hear? Your name, unjustly execrated until now, has been this night lauded to the skies.'

'My mother, the cause is simply this: my fellow-citizens hitherto have not known me; they know me now.'

'I never doubted you,' said his sister warmly.

'I knew you did not, Caterina,' said the brother gently. 'But I must talk with my friends; I can but tell you now,

## THE ROCK REPUBLIC.

that you will in a few days welcome a new sister. Isabella is mine!’

This was said in a whisper, and then Michel seated himself at a table with his friends. Their discourse fell at once on the form of government which the free city of St Malo should assume. The young man, true to his classical traditions, proposed that they should appoint a consul and a senate, the whole spiritually dependent on their bishop, but in reality free, the priest having no part in temporal affairs. Michel, however, indulged in no illusions. He was aware that, despite their victory, their position was difficult, and was perhaps only tenable as long as civil wars continued to weaken France. But he chose that they should keep their entire independence as long as possible; that if the day of servitude should ever come, they might fall nobly, securing to themselves immunities and privileges such as their position deserved. His friends adopted his ideas without hesitation, and then, having partaken of refreshment, they departed to summon the old members of the commonalty to confirm or reject their decision. Michel remained with his family, who now asked of him an explanation of what had passed. The young leader of the successful revolt gladly satisfied their curiosity, and had just concluded, amid exclamations of admiration and astonishment from both, when a servant entered.

‘What is it, Jean?’ asked Michel.

‘His reverence, Charles de Bourneuf, Bishop and Lord of St Malo, wishes to see you,’ replied the youth.

‘Let him enter,’ said Michel coldly. ‘Dear mother and sister, leave me alone awhile with him.’

The two women acquiesced, and Michel remained alone. A moment later, the bishop entered. He was a middle-sized, slight-made man, with an expression of great cunning, and a countenance in general expressive of inordinate ambition and lust of power and wealth.

‘Hail, saviour of Gaul!’ cried he enthusiastically. ‘You have the reptile in your hands. The enemy of our church, the heretic usurper, is taken; a power greater than any held by man for ages is yours. Use it well, Michel, and heaven and earth have no rewards great enough for you.’

‘Explain yourself,’ said Michel quietly, at the same time offering the bishop a seat.

‘Michel, are you not aware that Henry of Navarre is a heretic?’ began the bishop.

‘He *was* a heretic, but to gain a crown he has abjured,’ replied Michel in his driest tones; ‘and although still suspected of being of the new religion, is at least in name a Roman Catholic, and servitor of his holiness the pope.’

‘You say truly, Michel. He is still a heretic, and as such unfit to reign in France. On the other hand, there is the League of all true Catholics, which seeks to place on the throne a prince devoted

to the interests of the church. But Henry, supported by the devil and Calvin, is a great general, and we have not been able to overcome him. It has been left for you to perform this wondrous feat. He is your prisoner. Michel, the interests of our religion, the salvation of the monarchy, are in your hands. Declare for the League, give up the Bearnais as hostage to them, and the war is over; peace will reign, the true interests of God will be triumphant, and your name will be everlastingly glorious.'

'Rather, then, let it be everlastingly infamous,' replied Michel firmly; 'for I have signed a convention with Henry of Navarre and France; and mark me, my lord bishop, at dawn he rides forth freely.'

'Never!' said Charles furiously. 'I am lord here, and I will not allow it. I am hereditary ruler in St Malo, and no treaty is valid without my signature. Never will I sign my name to a wicked and absurd capitulation that sets a heretic and a usurper free.'

'Then, your reverence, the treaty must live without your signature. It is signed, and must be carried into effect.'

'Who will dare to carry it out in defiance of me?'

'I will, my lord bishop! I braved last night and this morning greater dangers than any you can place in my way. I braved the ascent of the Generale by a single rope, the threatening sword of Henry the Fourth, and for two years the contempt of my fellow-citizens. Mark me: reading, philosophy, and reflection, have taught me that the difference between Romanism and Protestantism is a matter of feeling. There are abuses on both sides, but the balance is with us. I am not bigoted to the one or the other, and like not sudden changes; but rather than submit to the rule of a priest, and change masters, I pledge myself in six months to make St Malo as strong a hold of the Reformation as La Rochelle. I respect the sincere piety of my countrymen, but, myself half a Huguenot, I should not grieve to see all my countrymen so. But I will not, in so grave a matter, take any initiative: they are good and happy. But mark me, Charles de Bourneuf, no tampering with our liberties. I am neither for king nor League—I am for the liberties of St Malo. But, in preference to the League, I would accept the king.'

'But you, a simple citizen, a merchant, a trader, how dare you resist your hereditary lord, the bishop of St Malo? Michel, fear not only the excommunication of the church, but temporal punishment.'

At this instant a deputation of citizens entered, headed by Porcon. They bowed slightly to the bishop—profoundly to Michel.

'Michel Fortet de la Bardeliere,' said Porcon in a voice of deep emotion, 'I have submitted your proposition to the citizens, and they have decided that St Malo is an independent commonwealth,

#### THE ROCK REPUBLIC.

governed by a consul, a senate of fifty, and a town-council of one hundred—all elected by the people. In token of their deep gratitude to you, the saviour of your country, they declare unanimously that you are consul for four years. Long live the republic and its first consul !'

Michel closed his eyes, to check the strong feelings that overcame him. The bishop advanced furiously towards the deputation.

'And my rights?' he asked—with clenched fists, says the old chronicle.

'Charles de Bourneuf,' said Michel firmly, 'return to your palace, and leave it not without further orders. We respect you in your spiritual capacity, but your known devotion to a foreign party causes the city to declare that you are for ever excluded from its temporal councils.'

Michel had always objected to the interference of priests with government, but, in those days of spiritual bondage, he threw in the party allusion to soothe the bigoted. The priest went out muttering words of revenge, and shut himself up in his palace, which he never left again for four years, except under good guard. Michel received on his shoulders with humility the furred cloak of ancient days worn by the lords of St Malo, allowed the tiara to be placed on his head and the sword by his side, and then marched forth to carry out the terms of the capitulation. As the sun rose he entered the castle, where, to his great surprise, he found a chapel fitted up for his marriage, which there and then was celebrated by the command of the king. Then trumpets sounding and colours flying, and all military honours rendered to them, the garrison, headed by the king and count, marched out, Michel accompanying them some distance. At last they parted, with many mutual good wishes, and the consul returned to his native city, to organise and consolidate his government.

During four years Michel ruled as consul, beloved by his countrymen, whom he made rich, prosperous, and happy. His views were enlarged and comprehensive, and his first thought was to foster commerce—the right hand of civilisation. St Malo became wealthy to a proverb, enjoying as she did the greatest blessing of a state—peace. But at the end of four years, war ceased in France; Henry IV. was universally recognised as king; the pope allowed him to be a good Catholic; and every town and city in the land did homage. He sent word to Michel that he could not resist the advice of his ministers, but must reduce St Malo to allegiance. Michel was too clear-sighted not to be aware that resistance was useless. He sent, however, a haughty message to the king, in the name of the senate, for he would not join even in the least appearance of submission. He spoke as Cromwell might have done to Louis XIV., and the terms offered by the senate were accepted. Henry IV. forbade any Protestant chapels to be built within three leagues; the people were exempt from taxes for six years; they chose their own guard; they elected their own magistrates;

#### THE ROCK REPUBLIC.

had a prior and two consuls to try all causes: in fact, they simply owned themselves a city of France, and remained as they were.

Though not in importance one tithe of what it was, St Malo is still an important place, and there are many even now who would gladly return to the good old times, under the rule of their first and last republican consul, Michel Fortet de la Bardeliere, whose descendants have uniformly served their city well, either as magistrates, merchants, or sailors, preserving religiously in their family the legend of the Rock Republic.

The general reader, however, more readily connects the name with smuggling and contraband brandy, and is almost always ignorant of the daring feats which has induced us to recall the name of Michel Fortet de la Bardeliere.





MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

**H**IS biography of Cervantes, author of *Don Quixote*, and of several other works once esteemed and popular, is less known, perhaps, than it ought to be to the people of this country. In his own day he met, properly speaking, with no reward. Towards the close of his life, indeed, the Spaniards may be said to have exhibited some inclination, in a certain degree, to recognise his merits, though not by any means to do him justice; but death interposed to deprive him of the fruit, whatever it might have been, of their tardy recognition, and from that time to the present the world has been more disposed to enjoy his invention and his humour than solicitous to acquaint itself with the sad story of his life. Through this it has happened that most of the materials which might have thrown a light on his career have been suffered.

# MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

to perish. He stands, consequently, in nearly the same category with Shakspeare, whose life was never attempted to be written till it had become impossible to write it. Considerably more, however, is known of Cervantes, though of the years which he devoted to study and to the acquisition of experience we can be said to possess no knowledge whatever.

*Don Quixote* has been so completely naturalised in all parts of Europe, that people almost forget its author was a foreigner. He is the only Spanish writer, however, who has been so naturalised out of Spain. There was, nevertheless, a time when the literature of that country was the most popular in Christendom; when to be ignorant of it, was almost considered to be a proof of boorish origin; and when, consequently, its principal writers formed the delight of courts and all polite circles, and were everywhere regarded as models for imitation. Arms, in that case, did a service to letters. The pen followed in the wake of the sword, and the victories of Charles V. and Philip II. gave a currency and influence to the Spanish language which, like our own in the present day, was looked upon as an imperial dialect. As the limits of the Spanish monarchy shrank, the literature of Spain likewise relinquished one by one its conquests over public taste, until it might at length be doubted whether the compositions of the Hindoos and Chinese did not exercise a greater sway over the populations of the west than Garcilaso, Boscán, Caldron, and Lope de Vega.

That this is a fact our readers, we think, will concede to us. They will probably acknowledge with equal readiness, that 'pity 'tis 'tis true.' No doubt the genius of Spain gave birth to a gloomy phantom, which, almost constantly overshadowing the minds both of writers and people, scared them from the study of pure literature, to wander and be lost in the mazes of casuistry, theology, pedantry, and superstition. But all the intellects of the country did not bow the knee to these grotesque idols. A certain number, of whom Cervantes was one, cultivated the study of genuine learning, which they adorned with a profusion of wit and fancy. Even now, therefore, it might be profitable to study the literature of Spain, which amidst vast mountains of rubbish contains many veins of pure gold. It is true there exists no second *Don Quixote* in the Peninsula; yet there are several productions which, though of inferior merit in comparison with this master-piece, may still be read with considerable pleasure by all who take delight in an original and exciting literature.

Miguel de Cervantes, descended from an ancient and noble family, was born at Alcalá de Henares, near Madrid, in the month of October 1547. Fortune, however, did not smile upon his birth. His father had already fallen into adverse circumstances, so that it would appear to have been with much difficulty he provided for his education. How this was conducted in his early years we are not informed, for the fact that he amused himself

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

with reading the ballads in the streets, and occasionally frequented the theatre to witness the performances of the celebrated Lopez de Rueda, affords us no light. At a later period he was sent to Salamanca, where he studied grammar and general literature, under Juan Lopez de Hoyos. During his stay in this city, which does not seem to have exceeded two years, he resided in the Calle de los Moros; but respecting the nature of his pursuits, we know little more than may be inferred from the character of his writings. It seems extremely probable that, instead of applying himself diligently to classical learning, he devoted much of his time to the reading of books of chivalry, upon which he afterwards revenged himself by the most merciless satire. He soon began to exhibit a leaning towards literature, though what was the character of his earliest compositions he has nowhere told us. In the year 1568, when he was already twenty-one, he united with many friends and disciples of Juan Lopez de Hoyos in producing a miscellaneous volume of prose and verse. His contributions consisted of a sonnet, an elegy, and four redondillas, in which he celebrated the merits, graces, and sudden death of Doña Isabella de Valois, to whose memory the whole volume was consecrated.

These royal obsequies were celebrated at the end of October, at which time Julio Aquaviva, afterwards cardinal, arrived from the pope with orders to condole with Philip II. on the loss of his queen, as well as that of the Prince Don Carlos, who had died in prison in the preceding July. The Spanish monarch was probably little grateful to his holiness for reminding him of what history must regard as a crime, since it can scarcely be doubted that his son fell a victim to his suspicious cruelty. The real object of the pope's nuncio was political, and connected with the affairs of northern Italy, where certain Roman ecclesiastics had taken great offence at some proceedings of the Spanish ministers. Philip II. brooked but ill the haughty message of the pope, and ordered his ambassador to quit the territories of Spain within sixty days.

In the suite of this learned prelate, who delighted in the society of authors—in which he exhibited good taste—Cervantes is supposed to have quitted Madrid and proceeded to Rome, where he spent some time as a chamberlain, though in whose service is not stated. Shortly afterwards he entered the Spanish army as a common soldier, and travelled up and down the Italian peninsula, observing the manners of its inhabitants, and admiring the opulence and grandeur of its cities. The most formidable danger at that time threatened the Christian nations of the west. The Ottoman sultan, collecting together the strength of his nation, and appropriating its resources to the preparation of a vast armament, suiled down the Mediterranean, exciting everywhere the utmost terror and dismay. To protect Christendom from this implacable foe, the united fleets of Spain and Venice, under the command of

#### MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

Philip II.'s natural brother, Don Juan of Austria, encountered the Turkish power at Lepanto, in the entrance to the Corinthian Gulf. Victory declared in favour of the Christians, and the Moslem combatants, amazed and humiliated at their defeat, fled, panic-stricken, into the several ports and harbours of the Levant. In this famous battle, Cervantes lost the use of his left hand, or rather through the unskilful manner in which his wound was treated at Messina, whither a portion of the Spanish fleet retired after the victory. He was not, however, considered by this accident to have been completely disabled, since he continued some years longer in the service. At length he obtained leave to return to Spain, with the strongest letters of recommendation to the principal ministers and courtiers, who, it was expected, would obtain for him from their sovereign a suitable reward. While on this homeward voyage, it cannot be doubted that Cervantes entertained his imagination with brilliant pictures of success in gallantry and literature. He was then full of hope and vitality, and glowed with the consciousness of the laurels he had won by his own intrepidity in the battle of Lepanto.

But the Mediterranean, in those days, was not to be navigated even by ships of war with impunity. From every harbour, bay, and creek on its southern shores, galleys, under the Ottoman flag, darted forth in quest of plunder and captives, which were then so numerous that they constituted a large class of the population on the Barbary coast. Fifteen thousand Christian slaves, who had been chained to the oar in the Turkish fleet, are said to have been liberated by the victory of Don Juan of Austria; and the business of redeeming slaves was so extensive and important, as to give rise to the institution of a particular order of monks, called The Fathers of Redemption, who stationed themselves in the various cities on the coast of Africa, where they negotiated for the ransom of Christian captives.

The ship which bore Cervantes towards Spain, was attacked in the open sea by a squadron of Algerine pirates, which, after a long and bloody conflict, succeeded in capturing it. All the persons on board were of course carried to Algiers, and sold for slaves. Travellers in the East at the present day, who observe the manners and treatment of the servile population in the Turkish empire, can draw from what they see no conclusions respecting the manner in which persons in the same condition were treated in the sixteenth century. Difference of colour and religion greatly aggravated the evils naturally inherent in slavery. The masters knew that their slaves despised and detested them; that they believed them to be condemned to eternal perdition; and that when they had no other consolation, they derived some semblance of it from this article of their creed. On the other hand, the Moslems of those days united the utmost ferocity of manners with the relentless cruelty inherent in fanaticism. Their muftis and ulemas re-echoed the anathemas of the Catholic priests; and with

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

an earnestness which certainly yielded in no respect to theirs, consigned the enemies of their faith to perdition in another world. The feelings may, therefore, be somewhat understood with which Cervantes and his companions sailed in chains towards Algiers, where he arrived in the autumn of 1575.

The piratical system, which had been established in those ages on the Barbary coast, may be regarded as one of the most curious phenomena of which any account is given in the history of modern times: out of what circumstances it arose, has never been exactly explained. When the Osmanlies were in the zenith of their power, their victorious fleets and armies swept along the whole face of the Mediterranean, and subdued nearly the entire extent of its shores. Greece became a province of the Turkish Empire; attempts had been made at the reduction of Italy; and Spain had only recently escaped from the Mohammedan yoke. On the south, from the Pillars of Hercules to the foot of Mount Taurus, the protracted coast of Africa and Asia had submitted to the sceptre of the sultan; and Ottoman governors, under the name of Bey, Dey, or Prince, exercised the sovereignty in the name of the padishah or chief of El Islam.

These military satraps, though acknowledging the authority of the Porte, and paying their tribute punctually, were, during the continuance of their government, possessed of absolute and despotic power. The persons immediately surrounding them were, like themselves, Turks; but their subjects for the most part consisted of a strange mixed multitude—Moors, Arabs, Kabyles, with renegades from all nations, fierce, profligate, addicted to every species of atrocity by which money could be made. Living along a coast of difficult approach, with harbours scattered at great distances, they were tempted by circumstances to become wreckers, from which the step to piracy is short and easy. This manner of life they led long before the Turkish invasion; and when they bowed their necks before the new conquerors from the East, who had compelled many prouder nations to succumb, they preserved their ancient habits, and soon discovered the means of reconciling them to their sceptred chiefs.

The bey of Tunis, the dey of Algiers, the sultan of Fez, with the numerous inferior governors who held maritime commands in the western part of Morocco, made common cause with the lawless sailors who lived under their sway. The Sallee rovers have been rendered familiar to the public by De Foe in the early part of *Robinson Crusoe*; and several historians of Spain and Italy, together with a long list of travellers, have celebrated the exploits of those Moslem banditti, who brought disgrace on the Koran and the civil institutions of El Islam. From every port in the territories of the Barbary states, galleys, stoutly built and well armed, put forth continually to lie in wait for the honest traders who sailed up and down the Mediterranean from England, France, or Spain, to or from Egypt, Syria, Greece, and the Archipelago.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

When the pirates fell in with any of these, a fierce engagement often took place, in which victory decided now for one side, now for the other. When the Christians obtained the mastery, they were sometimes content with plundering and sinking the enemy's vessel. The pirates were more refined in their cruelty, for, under similar circumstances, they converted their captives into beasts of burden, sold them publicly in the markets like cattle, or held and tortured them in chains, to hasten the ransoming of them by their friends.

Nor did these marauders confine their attacks to the merchants and mariners they encountered on the sea; frequently, when least expected, they made descents on the coasts of Sicily, sacked and burned the towns and villages, and carried away the inhabitants into servitude. For a long time, these calamities were confined to the southern parts of the island; but as experience rendered them bolder, the pirates penetrated northwards, swept round Messina and Palermo, and landed occasionally in the Lepari Islands, where they have left to this day very striking mementos of their visits: for the towns and private dwellings are built at a distance from the sea on precipitous and almost inaccessible rocks, where nothing was to be dreaded but surprise, since a very small number of armed men could defend the passages leading to the towns and castles against a whole army.

Several Christian powers fitted out expeditions against Algiers, which was attacked by sea and land; but for ages without success. Spain made herself prominent in these irregular wars, and Charles V., having become formidable by his wars to all the powers of Europe, landed an army on the coast of Barbary, which melted away like snow before the terrible cavalry of the desert. Among the most redoubtable enemies of these corsair states, was that famous order of martial monks denominated the Knights of St John of Jerusalem, who, having been dislodged from the island of Rhodes, fortified themselves on the impregnable rock of Malta. Thence, before luxury had rendered them effeminate, they sallied forth against the hereditary foes of Christendom, attacked and captured their galleys, plundered and devastated their coasts, carried away their wives and daughters, and enriched themselves and all their dependents at their expense.

It may be worth while to glance at the sequel of the history of these bucaneeering communities. As centuries rolled on, the light of the crescent began to pale. Sloth, ignorance, and barbarism seized upon the Oriental nations, while the states of the west sprang rapidly into opulence and power, especially upon the sea. Still, the existence of the pirates was winked at or tolerated; and the time through which this feeble policy prevailed, illustrates most strikingly the disinclination of modern governments to put down a long-established nuisance. So long as the Moors respected the flags of great and formidable states, they were suffered to

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

plunder with impunity the subjects of inferior governments. Hardened by the forbearance of Christendom, they at length ventured to attack the ships of England, and speedily received a chastisement, which proved the precursor of their ruin. A British squadron was despatched to Algiers, and poured its thunders into the city, until every building in it rocked to its foundations. The sky was red with flame, balls and shells fell upon the devoted Moslems like hail; and though the government was suffered to subsist a little longer, it never recovered from that blow. Fourteen years afterwards, France completed what Great Britain had begun; and at this moment, chasseurs de Vincennes, gendarmes, Parisian shopkeepers, Burgundian vine-dressers, and grisettes from all the cities of France, prance, and mince, and amble, where the bearded companions of Barbarossa divided the spoils of Europe by the light of their scimitars.

Such were the people among whom the renowned author of *Don Quixote* was destined to wear away several years in servitude. The service he had seen under Don Juan of Austria, by no means tended to diminish the prejudice with which he naturally regarded the Mohammedans. He had fought against them—he had lost one of his hands in the conflict; he had suffered hardship, and toil, and poverty, in the attempt to repress their inordinate ambition; and now he beheld himself at their mercy—a slave, and in chains. Yet to their power and their cruelty he resolved to oppose an invincible will; and his determination was supported and strengthened by the number of Christian captives who lamented his arrival, and by their sympathy and admiration augmented his heroic constancy.

To this period of his life, his memory through the entire remainder of it continually returned. It was one succession of toil, apprehension, and solicitude. He beheld around him numerous individuals raised to distinction through the abandonment of their religion; he witnessed perpetual attempts at escape, and knew that for this and other similar offences the punishment of impaling alive was frequently inflicted. He fell to the share of an Arnaut, whose name he has distorted into Dali Mami; and this piratical chief would at least appear to have rivalled any miscreant on the Barbary coast in cruelty and ferocity. The letters of recommendation of Don Juan of Austria, and the Duke de Sesa, which might have been productive of good fortune in Spain, were now converted into so many sources of calamity, for Dali Mami, imagining from their contents that Cervantes was a nobleman of the highest rank and distinction, treated him with extreme severity, in the hope of thus augmenting his desire of freedom, and the amount of his ransom. He was, accordingly, loaded with heavy irons, and kept in strict confinement.

Nearly all the events of this captivity are enveloped in obscurity. Things happen we know not how, and the most ingenious schemes

# MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

are defeated by means of which we obtain imperfect glimpses. For example, in spite of his chains and strict incarceration, we find Cervantes conferring with numbers of his countrymen, and corrupting a Moor, under whose guidance the whole party escaped from the city, and sets out towards Oran. The guide, we are told, was a habitual traitor, and on the very first day of their march deserted them. Abandoned by this miscreant, they were unable to prosecute their journey, and found themselves under the necessity of returning to Algiers, to encounter additional harshness in their masters, and a greater weight of chains. In one of his plays, entitled the *Trato de Argel*, Cervantes is supposed to describe some of the incidents of his first attempt at escape from captivity; but as he probably rather consulted his invention than his memory, it would hardly be safe to place any historical reliance on surmises of this kind. Shortly afterwards, several Spaniards, who had been his companions in misfortune, obtained their deliverance by ransom, and returned to their native country, when one of their number, Gabriel de Castaneda, represented to the father of Cervantes the sad condition of his sons in Algeria—for the two brothers were companions in misfortune. The father was evidently a man of a generous and affectionate disposition, and would appear to have been supported in his design by all the members of his family. He therefore sold the whole of his property, and even sacrificed the marriage-portions of his daughters, in order to redeem his two gallant sons from slavery. But the Moslem into whose hands Miguel had fallen, affected to believe him to be a noble of the first order, and rejected the proffered ransom with contempt. The master of his brother, Rodrigo, was less unreasonable. With the money forwarded by their father he therefore was liberated, and requested on his return home to send out an armed brigantine, to cruise along the coast of Algiers, a little to the east of the city, in order to co-operate with Cervantes in effecting the deliverance of himself and his companions.

It seems probable, that of the money placed in the hands of Cervantes for the ransom of himself and his brother, some considerable portion remained after the deliverance of the latter had been effected. This supposition is indeed necessary to account for the events which followed, since he had to put a complicated machinery in motion, and to engage several persons in his service, which he could not have done without gold.

A Greek renegade possessed, three miles east of the city, a garden reaching on one side down to the beach. The gardener was a Christian slave, who, partly through the sympathy of his faith, partly through the influence of dollars, consented to hazard impalement in the service of the captive Spaniards. Even with his assistance, it is difficult to comprehend how the plan of the author of *Don Quixote* could have been carried into execution. There existed, it appears, a spacious cavern in the garden, the entrance to which was either unknown, or else the proprietor could not have

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

been in the habit of frequenting his own paradise. It may possibly have been one of those pieces of ground which, in the neighbourhood of Mohammedan cities, are laid out as market-gardens, and are rarely if ever visited by the gentlemen to whom they belong. They are contented if the produce is sold and the money safely lodged in their pocket. There is also another class of proprietors among the Moslems, who cultivate gardens in the vicinity of great towns. These men do not covet the value of the fruit and vegetables that may be grown on their grounds, but are simply desirous of possessing some wild and lonely retreat, to which they may betake themselves when oppressed by melancholy or misfortune, when their wives are cross or their friends unfaithful. With a bag of tobacco, a pipe, and a slave, they repair in the dead of night to their secluded gardens, where, stretched on their prayer-carpets, they smoke and meditate till dawn, after which they retire to their houses, to sleep away the troublesome hours of day.

For some such purpose, Dali Mami may have kept the garden referred to in the biography of Cervantes, though the existence of the cave must have been absolutely unknown to him, otherwise it would have been the very place he would have selected for his nocturnal fumigations. But whatever decisions we may come to on this point, we must admit the existence of the garden and of the cavern, in which a whole company of runaway captives concealed themselves from the month of February 1577 to the month of September in the same year, supported all the while by the liberality or ingenuity of the ingenious hidalgo, who afterwards celebrated the everlasting wallet of Sancho Panza, which always, like Fortunatus's purse, appeared to contain crust and onions with whatever else its owner desired to take out of it.

When he considered his scheme matured, Cervantes himself escaped from his master, and joined his friends in the cave, where they suffered much from damp and cold, although they were cheered and enabled to endure by the hope of liberty. In the month of September, the brigantine he expected set sail from the coast of Valencia, and traversed the Mediterranean to Algiers. Here the captain cruised about as he was directed, and at length seized on what he considered a favourable opportunity to put off a well-manned boat towards the garden.

But the hopes of the unfortunate men were doomed to be frustrated. A galley filled with Moors happening just then to pass by, detected the movements of the Spaniards, several of whom, in the hurry and bustle of the moment, would appear to have been drowned. The project of Cervantes, however, was not by this means discovered; but one of his own countrymen, called El Dorador, in whom he had until then confided, determined at once to abandon his honour and his religion. This miscreant proceeded to the palace of the dey, and disclosed to him the enterprises and hopes of Cervantes. In consequence of this information, a body

#### MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

of soldiers, partly horse and partly foot, were sent to surprise Christians in the cavern; and making their appearance sudden in overwhelming force, were enabled to effect their purpose with difficulty or bloodshed.

When Cervantes observed the Moslem soldiers putting claim on his companions, he gallantly stood forward, and declared himself to be innocent of all knowledge of his purpose, which he said he had contrived and sought to execute. This procured him the admiration, though not the sympathy of the dey, a tyrant, who through avarice seized on all the prisoners, and appropriated them to himself.

It would be tedious to prolong the narrative of Cervantes' captivity and attempts at escape. The greatest interest was in his fate, both among the reverend Fathers of Redemption at Algiers, and his own friends and relatives in Spain, by whose indefatigable exertions the sum necessary for his ransom was at length raised, and towards the end of the year 1580 he obtained his liberty, and set sail for Spain.

Cervantes now experienced the emptiness and vanity of man's hopes and expectations we form in this world. He had served his country gallantly as a soldier during many years; he had taken part in some of the greatest battles and victories of Christendom; he had fallen by accident into captivity; but while suffering the deepest misfortunes himself, had found the means and opportunity of conferring eternal obligations on some of the noblest families in Spain. It was not, therefore, without reason that, as he returned home, he amused himself with building magnificent castles in the air. He was thoroughly persuaded that the foremost among the grandees would hasten to welcome him to Madrid; the courtiers would prove his enthusiastic friends; and even the monarch himself would be eager to express to him, by honours and places of emolument, his appreciation of his merits.

Upon his return, he found Philip II. engaged in the conquest of Portugal, and at the same time oppressed by the influence of a recent sickness and sorrow. Had it been otherwise with the monarch, Cervantes's reception would have been still the same. Philip was too selfish and gloomy a tyrant to interest himself in the fortunes of a brave man, who had nothing but his genius and his virtues to recommend him. Finding no other course open to him, Cervantes once more entered the army, and proceeded with his old regiment to the subjugation of the Portuguese. He again distinguished himself by land and sea; was present at the battle of Terceira, and excited in all who witnessed his career the strongest possible admiration of his enthusiasm and valour.

But he was not a grandee; and in the service of Spain, as well as of some other countries, he who has influence at court may be eclipsed by the possessor of all the genius and virtues under heaven.

#### MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

The heroic captive and soldier by degrees despaired of rising to eminence through the profession of arms, and began to think of some other means by which to live comfortably in his own day, and to hand down his name with honour to posterity.

In the midst of these meditations, Cervantes proceeded to Lisbon on private business, and resided there for some time. During this period, he became acquainted with a Portuguese lady, by whom he had a daughter. Why this connection did not end in marriage, is nowhere explained. She seems to have been a highly respectable person, and to have made a deep and lasting impression on the mind of her lover. But there would appear to have existed some insurmountable obstacle to their union. Cervantes, therefore, returned to Spain, taking along with him his little daughter, Doña Isabella de Saavedra, who ever afterwards lived in his house. To despatch all his love-affairs at once, we may here state, that some years afterwards he married a Spanish lady, who shared with him all the calamity and poverty of his life. With this woman he resided successively at Esquivias and Valladolid.

We now arrive at that period in the life of Cervantes in which he made a complete transition from one of the opposite poles of social existence to the other. Arms and letters were in old times commonly enough associated, but in these latter ages of the world the pen and the sword, if not antagonistic, have generally eschewed all intimate association. Soldiers know little how to write; while the servant of the Muses is generally eager to escape from the noise, frivolity, and vices of the camp. But Cervantes, throughout his active career, while following the standard of Don Juan of Austria, in the prisons of Algiers, and in the fascinating society of Lisbon, never wholly lost sight of his original love of literature; for it will be remembered, that in the very opening scenes of his youth, the love of books absorbed him entirely. The cultivation of the intellect was carried on at that period in Spain after a very peculiar fashion. Barbarism, which still lingers in the Peninsula, was then irresistibly predominant; but predominant in conjunction with energy, enterprise, and the effervescence of original thought. The great classic authors exercised a powerful influence, and produced numerous imitations. The imitations, however, were not servile, but exhibited a freedom and a vivacity, united, no doubt, with extreme quaintness, which scarcely any literature of a later period has equalled. Cervantes, when he began to write, fell quite naturally into the taste of his age, which leaned towards pastoral poetry and romance; extravagant in conception, though often in execution extremely polished and refined. Most of these productions passed out of sight with the age which produced them. They were calculated to amuse their contemporaries, but were too local, and bore too completely the stamp of a particular period, to suit the relish of succeeding generations.

Unfortunately, no exact picture has been left us of the life led

## MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

by the literary men of those days in Spain. Thomas Roscoe, in his *Life of Cervantes*, has done much towards throwing light on the manners and studies of the period, and it is to be hoped he may yet be induced to go again over the ground, and finish what he has so ably commenced. Meanwhile it is certain, that few of those who then wrote were mere recluse students. They mingled freely with the world, whose character and manners they desired to describe; they travelled; they fought by sea and land; they entered upon the career of political ambition; they rivalled the doctors of theology in the church; and when they sat down, therefore, to write, it was with minds filled by experience, and rendered capacious by an enlarged intercourse with mankind. Yet we must not exaggerate the advantages of such a state of things. What authors gained on one hand, they lost on the other. The art of writing is the most difficult which the intellect of man has ever attempted for the advantage of the human race. It asks the whole mind, the whole energy, and the entire love of those who cultivate it.

‘Desire of fame the noble mind doth raise,  
To scorn delights and live laborious days.’

The furnishing of the mind with ideas is a more difficult process than we are apt to believe. It is not men of the world who best understand the world; but men of study, who calmly look down upon it from the lofty heights of speculation. The others are actors, these are spectators; the others, consequently, are too busy to observe, while of the latter, observation is nearly the only business. Then comes the art itself—the translating of ideas into words, the grouping, the painting, the colouring of thought, with all those fascinating and marvellous contrivances by which the most fleeting of all essences is fixed, and invested with indestructible durability.

The contemporaries of Cervantes were comparatively ignorant of this art of arts; but he, through superior sagacity, gradually made the discovery, that an author is rendered immortal or otherwise by his style, which he fits like an impenetrable coat of armour about his ideas. He felt also, no doubt, how absurd it would be to put such a coat of mail on anything too weak to bear it, and laboured to develop his thoughts to the proportions which nature designed them to possess.

In the year 1585, Cervantes married at Esquivias a lady whose name was much more considerable than her fortune; but, with the generosity natural to all children of the Muses, he preferred beauty to gold, and elegance of manners to extent of domains. The lady rejoiced in the appellation of Doña Catalina de Palacios Salazar y Vozniediano, and was descended, we are told, from two distinguished families, which, like many others, had tried to live upon their distinction till very little else was left them. Her uncle, however, bestowed upon Catalina one-tenth of his property, which proves him not to have been rich, since her portion

#### MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

amounted to no more than 100 ducats. But Cervantes was opulent in his feelings and affections. He loved the lady whom he had espoused, and with her, as with untold treasures, he removed to Madrid, where he doubted not he should speedily acquire both fame and riches. Experience by degrees had taught him that fame, even with men of the greatest merit, is often of slow growth. He became acquainted with the literary celebrities of his day, who were in the praiseworthy habit of augmenting each other's reputation by friendly sonnets and redondillas. The effect of these was like the circle made by throwing a stone into water—at first small and insignificant, but spreading continually, till it at length embraced the whole kingdom of Spain.

At that time it became the fashion in Italy to found academies for encouraging the cultivation of literature. Society had not then learned to dread the consequences of exciting the popular intellect. Nobles and grandees felt they derived honour from associating with the lords of thought, and were not ashamed to confess it, which proved them to be in possession of some elements at least of true greatness. But it may perhaps be doubted whether letters or the professors of them derived all the advantages which might have been made to flow from the institutions to which we have alluded. Still much good was certainly done, because a mental elegance was then infused into Italian society, which, after the lapse of 300 years, has not yet entirely disappeared. From Italy the passion for establishing academies passed into Spain, where an association of poets and learned men was formed in the latter portion of the sixteenth century, of which it is presumed Cervantes was a member. But as many heroes who flourished before Agamemnon were swallowed up remorselessly by oblivion, because they had no Homer to pour an immortal blaze of glory upon their names, so the deeds done, the suppers eaten, and the witty and elegant things uttered by the members of the Spanish academy, have perished utterly, because none undertook in time to chronicle them for the benefit of posterity. The authors of those days resembled in no respect the French writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, who have left us, embalmed in delightful memoirs, ten thousand things which would scarcely be thought worth remembering if they were not invested with brilliance by practised and polished pens. Literature in Spain, as in England, seems as a rule to have invariably led to poverty, and therefore the professors of it were little induced to dwell with anything like pleasure on the history of their own struggles. All their arts and energies were exhausted in the endeavour to live, especially when they happened, as they generally did, to depend for success on the caprices of the court.

Cervantes may almost be said to have commenced his career as a regular author with the pastoral romance of *Galatea*, in which he is supposed to have celebrated his own love for the lady of the

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

long name, who is the heroine of the piece. Several of his literary friends figure among the other characters, and doubtless he himself is the principal hero. But this is not at all a peculiar circumstance. The *Galatea*, however, is so little known out of Spain, except by the pretty imitation of Florian, that it is quite unnecessary to enter into any detailed criticism of it. It may be more to the purpose to advert to his dramatic performances, which about this period of his life followed each other in rapid succession. Previous to his time, an extraordinary degree of barbarism prevailed upon the Spanish stage, which resembled neither that of the Greeks nor that of modern times. The pieces called eclogues, dialogues, or colloquies, were substituted for tragedies and comedies; and little art or ingenuity appears to have been displayed in the conduct of the story, for plot, properly speaking, there was none. Still, the writers persisted in spinning out these performances to the length of five acts, to their own great discomfort, and to the positive annoyance of the public. The author of *Don Quixote*, who makes so many just observations on the laws which should regulate the theatre, commenced his dramatic career in the character of a reformer. He determined to introduce greater vivacity and more poetic splendour into the plays of his age. In some respects, also, he may be said to have shewn superior regard for nature and probability; but while he was building up with one hand, he was in some sense pulling down with the other; because, by entering upon the field of morals and allegory, he communicated an inexpressibly insipid character to dramatic exhibitions. Authors sometimes are tempted to write against the bent of their natural genius, in obedience to the spirit of the times. They think more of what will suit the public, than of what will best harmonise with their own genius. Cervantes is an illustration of this truth. The idiosyncrasies of his mind were essentially undramatic, as he ran naturally into description, not into impersonation. He loved detail, with minute and graphic touches, and was inclined to indulge in luxuriant developments, while the drama is concentrated, condensed, and abounding in rapid energy. Yet as the pieces of Cervantes were an improvement on those of his predecessors, he was for awhile popular, until his example awakened the slumbering fire in the breast of a greater poet—Lope de Vega—whose plays were afterwards so familiar to Doña Inez, that if any actor missed his part, she could have served him for the prompter's copy. Besides, to say the truth, Cervantes was not naturally a poet. His mind was observing, discursive, full of humour, and inclined to luxury of illustration, but he could not convert his observations into living principles; his thoughts, when fused, did not run naturally into metaphors; he was wanting in that flashing power which, like lightning, pervades the whole world of ideas, and quickens them into life. Neither did he excel in the invention of dramatic characters or incidents. His persons of the drama declaim rather than act, and tell stories instead of giving efficacy

#### MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

to their own determinations and passions. When a true master of the stage, therefore, arose, Cervantes was almost ignominiously banished; and as authorship then, as now, seldom inclined or enabled men to practise economy with success, he soon found himself in debt and difficulties.

Now came a proof of the flexibility and vigour of Cervantes's character. He really loved literature for its own sake, and had fortune vouchsafed him the slightest independence, would have pursued it cheerfully in a garret. But even the garret could not be secured to him by his devotion at the shrine of the Muses; and as he sincerely loved his wife, with all those whom nature had made dependent upon him, he resolved to make the bitterest of all sacrifices to one thinking as he thought and felt, and gave up literature for a petty employment in the provinces. Some endeavours have been made to invest his new position with imaginary importance; but it was very much to him what the Excise office was to Burns—a misery and a degradation—although he bore up with superior manliness and dignity against the torrent of reflections which it must have inspired. The office he held it is somewhat difficult to describe. Antoine de Guevara, a man who would now be utterly unknown but for his connection with Cervantes, having been appointed commissary-general, shewed his respect for his distinguished countryman in the best way he could, by appointing him one of his four subordinates under the name of commissioner. The duties of the office consisted in receiving and laying out money in the purchase of stores and provisions for the fleets and armaments of the Indies. In the exercise of these functions, it was necessary for Cervantes to travel through Andalucia and the neighbouring provinces, which enabled him to observe frequently and at leisure the manners and customs of the inhabitants, which in those days were still more peculiar than they are now. During these excursions, he heard likewise innumerable anecdotes, stories, and legends, which he naturally treasured up in his capacious memory; witnessed striking traits of character, and prepared himself in other ways to produce, at a future period, the most original picture ever drawn of the idiosyncrasies of a semi-barbarous nation. Still, though he derived such advantages from his position, the position itself was by no means agreeable or flattering. It required unremitting attention, and appears to have absorbed entirely both his time and energies. In such occupations, opportunities may no doubt be found for amusement and personal enjoyment, for dissipation and frivolity, for cultivating ordinary friendships, and performing all the usual duties of domestic life. For the taste and intellect little can be done. There can be no continuous study, no profound meditation, no long solitary hours devoted to the mechanism of style, to the invention of plots, to the delineation of sentiments, or to the development of original theories. Accordingly, Cervantes was soon disgusted with his new manner of life, as may be certainly

#### MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

inferred from the project he formed about this time of emigrating to the Indies.

He drew up and presented to the king a memorial, stating his services, and claiming some promotion as a recompense. He ran over the whole story of his life, modestly recounted his achievements, described his sufferings and misfortunes, and petitioned to be allowed to devote the remainder of his days to the service of his country in some honourable post, which would enable him to live as became his birth and character. Kings, however, have something else to do than to think of rewarding merit or encouraging genius and virtue. Their patronage is usually exhausted upon those who do not need it—that is to say, rich nobles and powerful grandees, who crowd around them to intercept and turn to their own advantage the bounty which should be diffused among the deserving. Mandeville once wrote a book to prove that private vices are public benefits: he might have demonstrated with much greater certainty the fact, that the misfortunes of individuals often operate as blessings to the world. Many among the great founders of the English commonwealth were prevented from emigrating to the new world only by the tyranny of the court, which thus kept at home its own scourges and destroyers. Burke was on the point of removing to America just before the breaking forth of the war of independence; in which case he might have figured among the revolutionary leaders of the new world, and descended to posterity with the reputation of a patriot. Had the king of Spain listened to the petition of Cervantes, mankind would, in all likelihood, have lost one of the most mirth-inspiring productions which genius and humour have bequeathed to our race. But we are not entirely indebted for this to the ingratitude of the king or his courtiers, since Cervantes himself is admitted by his most friendly biographers to have been guilty of some imprudence, which on this occasion blasted his hopes. What the imprudence was, has nowhere, we believe, been stated; but this is immaterial, since the consequence was the frustration of his plans. He remained, therefore, in the service of the commissariat at Seville, and proceeded with his usual avocations—travelling, buying, selling, keeping accounts, and wearing away his life in a manner most unsuited to his abilities.

About this time an event happened in Spain which strikingly characterises the manners and sentiments of the period. A saint of great reputation, living in a monastery at the town of Ubeda, was attacked by a contagious fever, of which, after a short illness, he died, and, like the rich man in the parable, was buried. In ordinary cases, his career would now have been supposed to be terminated. But with saints the case is quite different, as many of their most remarkable achievements are often performed after death. This happened to the saint in question, Juan de la Cruz. A noble lady at Madrid, who, with her brother, would appear to

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

have been a great admirer of the holy man, made application to the vicar-general of the Carmelites for leave to disinter his body, and convey it to the great convent at Segovia, of which she was an enthusiastic patron. The vicar-general consented, and a messenger was despatched to Ubeda with the necessary instructions, which he delivered to the abbot, who, expecting favours from court, immediately granted the desired permission. Understanding, however, the character of the monks of this establishment, and expecting a vigorous opposition from them, he stipulated with the alguazil that the disinterment should take place by night, when the brethren were all sound asleep. The saint had now been buried nine months, and therefore it was naturally expected that his body would have been found completely decomposed. To the surprise, however, of these pious resurrection-men, they found it not only entire, but emitting a delicious fragrance, as if it had been composed of spices and myrrh. Terrified by this phenomenon, which they regarded as a signal from Heaven, they desisted from their enterprise; and having piled a quantity of chalk over the sacred remains, that they might be able to recognise them another time, they departed secretly, and returned to Madrid.

But the piety of Doña Anna de Mercada was not to be satisfied with this abortive attempt. A second time she despatched the alguazil, who, experiencing the same good-will from the abbot, was on this occasion more fortunate. Juan de la Cruz was completely unearthed, and consigned, like a bale of valuable merchandise, to the alguazil's portmanteau. There is something comic in this part of the affair. Portmanteaus were obviously designed to carry cloaks, shirts, and trousers, and not the bodies of saints, whether fragrant or otherwise. But the alguazil had to perform the behests of a lady, whom to disobey would have been manifestly imprudent. The portmanteaus of those times, too, were certainly very different from such as we make use of in our degenerate days, into which it would be impossible to compress the dead body of a bishop or archdeacon; but Juan de la Cruz accommodated himself easily to the interior of the alguazil's valise. Having secured the precious treasure, the man in authority and his myrmidons departed by night, in the hope of thus escaping unpleasant interruptions on the road. They reckoned, nevertheless, without their host, for one supernatural messenger after another came from the region of saints, to question them respecting their proceedings. Still they would not relinquish their undertaking. The alguazil was a man of courage, who, despising monks, priests, and spectres, advanced steadily through the hours of darkness, and at length deposited his holy burden in the convent of Segovia. This adventure, it might have been hoped, would have ended here; but as the rage for dead bodies then possessed the minds of the worthy Spaniards, a loud cry was raised by the pious citizens of Ubeda, which alarmed half Europe. Those

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

honest persons considered themselves robbed of the palladium of their city, and sent a deputation to his holiness at Rome, demanding the restitution of the inestimable treasure. The pope, to whom this strange rhapsody was addressed, was that same Clement VIII. to whom Machiavelli dedicated his history of Florence, in which so many examples and illustrations of superstition are related for the instruction of mankind. But popes, however philosophical may be their own belief, have generally had to do with an unreasoning multitude. The question was not what Clement VIII. might himself think rational, but what was likely to prove agreeable to the people of Spain. His holiness, therefore, imitated the wisdom of Solomon, and decided that the saint's body should be cut into halves, and that, while the honest folks of Segovia retained one moiety, the other should be sent back to solace the pious and enlightened corporation of Ubeda.

Such an incident as this was nuts to a genius like that of Cervantes. Like Hamlet, he set it down on his tables, and when the proper time came, related it, invested with all its grotesqueness, for the entertainment of Christendom. The reader who is familiar with the chronicle of *Don Quixote*, will remember the adventure of the Cuerpo Muerto in the first part of that marvellous narrative. We have given what may be called the historical original, which, although it abounds with the elements of comedy, requires the treatment of Cervantes to bring out its humour.

The next public employment of Cervantes was that of collector of customs in the kingdom of Granada, in which he acquitted himself with great industry and intelligence, moving about rapidly from place to place, sweeping into the government net both hard cash and bills, and giving by his vigilance great satisfaction to the public authorities. But the details of this part of his life, though instructive perhaps, are not very interesting, so we abandon them to the care of the literary antiquaries of Spain. By way of introducing some little variety into his monotonous existence, he determined to contend for the prize in a literary contest, which, in 1595, took place at Saragossa; the occasion was the canonisation of St Jacinto, whom, at the request of the Dominicans, to whose order he had belonged, his holiness consented to enroll in the numerous army of saints. The piece to be produced was a redondilla in praise of the holy man; and the prize, three silver spoons, two yards of dark taffeta, or a gold time-piece. Cervantes produced his poem, and recited it in the church of the Dominicans, who not only awarded him the prize, but crowned him with laurel, as the very Apollo of Aragon. The priests and monks of those days were often men of taste, who thought of something beyond their amas, their cellars, and their refectories. Yet their generosity scarcely kept pace with their literary admiration. Cervantes, however, took possession of his two yards of taffeta, and, as proud

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

as if he had gained the sovereignty of Sancho's island of Barataria, returned to Seville.

It may appear to be a satire on friendship to maintain, that most men who are overtaken by calamity owe the circumstance, in part at least, to their friends. Sometimes they become security for them, and are left to pay instead of their principals; sometimes they are made the victims of the indiscretion of those in whom they placed confidence; and not unfrequently caprice and fickleness inflict on them the injuries which would appear to flow from malice alone. Through one of those whom he regarded as his friends, Cervantes fell into disgrace with the government, and lost his public employment; but as he could not be said in any sense to have forfeited his integrity or his honour, he went on at Seville as the agent of private persons, and gained in this way a scanty and precarious livelihood. But it was not in his nature to confine his attention entirely to the breeding of ducats or maravedis; he witnessed around him innumerable examples of folly, grotesqueness, and extravagance, and indulged his inclination to convert them into subjects of satire. This, we may be sure, rendered him the terror of his contemporaries, who often took their revenge on the satirist by obstructing his advancement in life. And it is perfectly intelligible, that what amuses posterity should have disgusted the persons of his own time, who each expected to become in turn the butt of ridicule. Through the influence, probably, of some of those whom he had offended, his pecuniary defalcations to the treasury were converted into a cause of imprisonment, and he was thrown into the common jail at Seville till he should be able to discharge his debt. Here his ingenuity and eloquence served him in lieu of friends. He forwarded a memorial to the capital, representing all the hardships of his case, and shewing that it would be impossible for him to comply with the demands of government unless he were set at liberty, and allowed to make personal exertions to raise the sum required. This pleading was not in vain. He was released from prison, and repairing to Madrid, immediately used his utmost exertions to free himself from his obligations to the Exchequer.

During the same year died Philip II. of Spain, after having embarrassed the finances of the kingdom, and, like Louis XIV. of France, after laying the foundations of innumerable calamities, troubles, and revolutions to come. The conquest of Portugal, the expedition against Terceira, the preparation for the grand Armada, and other wild undertakings, had exhausted the resources of the country. Yet now when death came to put an end to his ambitious extravagance, the inhabitants of Madrid forgot their own poverty in admiration of the splendour of his enterprises. They erected in one of the churches a grand catafalque, and prepared to celebrate his obsequies with unusual splendour and magnificence. The various orders of priests and monks vied with each other in enthusiasm; but soon gave indubitable proof that they were less

# MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

actuated by admiration for the deceased monarch, than by the desire to distinguish and exalt themselves. The grand inquisitor, who acted on this occasion as president, having covered his seat with a piece of black cloth, the priests were so enraged at what they regarded as his presumption, that they excommunicated both him and all the other Dominicans connected with the Inquisition. This took place in November. The combat raged with great fury; accusations, denunciations, and recriminations, were lavished on both sides; and the whole peace of Spain was in danger of being disturbed for a few square feet of black cloth. The important subject was referred to the king and his council, and after more than a month passed in ludicrous quarrels, carried on with fierceness and indecency, the ban of excommunication was removed from the inquisitors, and the funeral ceremonies recommenced on the 30th and 31st of December. Even in his funeral Philip II. bore some resemblance to Louis XIV., the latter having been accompanied to his grave by the hootings and insults of the people, the former by the brawls and mutual revilings of priests. A short time after, Cervantes, who had now returned to Seville, composed on this subject a comic sonnet, in the dialect of Andalusia, which he himself always reckoned among the most successful of his works.

During his long residence at Seville, he became acquainted with the most distinguished authors and artists residing in that city, though little or nothing remains to throw a light on their intercourse, or to mark the degree of friendship in which they stood to each other. Pacheco, who still enjoys a reputation in Spain, painted his portrait as part of a gallery of illustrious men; but while time has delivered over the greater number of them to oblivion, it has only added fresh lustre to the name of Cervantes.

Cervantes's next removal was to the province of La Mancha. When at the town of Argamasilla, he was thrown into prison, for what reason is altogether unknown. Some have, consequently, doubted the fact, though there is the strongest probability that the tradition is well founded. He must have lived, however, several years in that part of Spain before this misfortune came upon him, since he had not only studied accurately the topography of the province, but had likewise rendered himself familiar with the manners and customs of its inhabitants. But whether in prison or out of it, nothing could damp the ardour of his mind, or repress the overflowings of his genius. It may even be suspected, that in more ways than one his imprisonment was an advantage to him, because it inspired him with the desire to satirise those who had treated him so harshly. Probably the Manchegans were the most original population in Spain, and supplied the most curious traits of character. They were proud and ignorant, barbarous and superstitious, and among them had lingered the most palpable relics of the times of chivalry. Probably Cervantes was

#### MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

acquainted with some one particular hidalgo, who suggested the idea of *Don Quixote*—lean and romantic, eaten up with ancestral pride, but without ancestral traditions; humane in the extreme by nature, yet capable of cruel excesses in the practical development of his favourite theory. If we could dive into the minds of great authors, we should probably find that they have always in their wildest inventions drawn more or less from experience. Falstaff and the Tartuffe, Hudibras and Sir Charles Grandison, are all portraits, distorted or exaggerated, to suit the purposes of their painters; and, in like manner, the knight of the rueful countenance had doubtless his prototype among the Manchegans.

It has often been remarked, that men of genius produce with the greatest facility in their sixth decade. Possibly the mind may then be supposed to have reached its maturity, while in vigorous and robust men the physical constitution has lost little or nothing of its original energy. In whatever way we may explain it, the fact, we believe, is indisputable. It was pre-eminently the case in the instance of Cervantes, who, having devoted his youth and early manhood to the writing of works very little if at all above mediocrity, suddenly, at the age of fifty-seven, dazzled Spain and the whole world by a creation of inimitable splendour and originality. It is perfectly intelligible, that just and philosophical remarks on life should proceed from no one who has not enjoyed numerous opportunities of observing it. Time necessarily ripens the head, as the sun ripens fruit; but while it gives maturity, it often, at the same time, excites indifference and inactivity. A man may become wise, but be deterred from giving utterance to his wisdom by indolence. He may be content with what Lord Bacon calls wisdom for a man's self, which exhausts itself in securing personal enjoyment, and inspires carelessness of the opinions and interests of the world. In men of real genius the effect is very different. As the sun declines from the zenith, he spreads a mantle of many-coloured light over the world, which becomes more glowing and gorgeous as he approaches the horizon, behind which he often sets amid a display of indescribable glory. So it is with the mind. Through long years of toil and study, it invests itself with power, enlarging and beautifying the wings of its fancy, brightening and kindling its imagination, and extending immensely the field of its ideas. When it desires to create, therefore, it does so in the plenitude of its capacity, and fulfils all the conditions required by a work of art.

When *Don Quixote* appeared, very few exhibited the power to appreciate its merits. The timid were afraid to express the admiration they felt; the learned, accustomed to other forms of composition, conceived that everything must be trivial which abounded with mirth and amusement; and they who possessed a mental sight sufficiently keen to discern the value of the romance, were too envious to point out to the public beauties

which they secretly hoped it might be stupid enough to overlook.

It would be out of place to enter here into a critical examination of *Don Quixote*; but as it is unquestionably the greatest literary production of Spain, it may not be too much to take a brief view of its chief merits and defects. Never was there a more complete contrast imagined than that between the knight and his squire. The former is all disinterestedness, courtesy, urbanity, gentleness, and affection; the latter is gross, selfish, intemperate, but nevertheless has something about him which so thoroughly counterbalances his vices, that we love him notwithstanding. He exhibits occasionally traits of affection, first for his wife and children, then for his master. He is provident according to the measure of his capacity, and looks with one eye to the interests of Don Quixote, while the other is steadily fixed on the great wealth and distinction he is to acquire by following him. Out of the humours and contrarieties of these two individuals the whole zest of the composition is derived. Much has been said of the design of Cervantes to ridicule books of chivalry, and bring them into discredit. Our own opinion is, that he had no such intention; but that his object rather was to hit upon an excuse for talking perpetually on the subject and class of books of which he was fondest. The satire is much too good-natured to have proceeded from a hostile pen. He was himself Don Quixote, and really loved the order of things which he seemed desirous of covering with ridicule. That he never read the books of chivalry with any intention of treating them with contempt, must be obvious to every one acquainted with his famous work. He had spent much time in familiarising himself with their contents, he had taught himself to experience a deep interest in the adventures of knights-errant, and he manifestly enjoyed with peculiar relish the history of their fantastic loves. At the same time, he could not but be aware that the taste of his contemporaries had already run into another channel; and that although some retired gentlemen in remote parts of the country might still dream with pleasure of those days in which knights redressed the wrongs of distressed damsels, procured husbands for princesses, and restored monarchs to their thrones from which they had been expelled, and performed many other wonderful achievements, a great majority of the Spanish nation looked upon these things as quite obsolete, and could only be made to tolerate a picture of them when lavishly enriched with satire and ridicule.

It may be said in defence of his predilection, that whatever we may fancy, the books of chivalry are by no means so contemptible as many persons who probably have never read them pretend. In *Amadis de Gaul*, for example, there are descriptions of scenery which, for richness and beauty, have never, we suspect, been surpassed. At this moment, a lovely valley adorned with magnificent castles, and watered by a broad shining river meandering

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

through fresh pastures, and overshadowed here and there by trees, presents itself to our mind's eye. No landscape in *Don Quixote*, however carefully or elaborately drawn, is more beautiful—not even that in which Dorothea, disguised as a peasant-boy, makes her appearance to the curate and barber. The adventures, also, in which the knights engage, though completely out of harmony with the spirit of these times, are often such as would not have appeared absurd to our simple and ignorant ancestors. It may also be possible, that the very things upon which we now so much pride ourselves may come in process of time to be regarded with no less scorn than the actions of knights-errant. With change of times comes change of manners, and even when civilisation has done its best, and seemed to elevate the accidents of social life above vulgarity, it is not at all unlikely that beings of a higher order look upon our affairs and proceedings as intensely farcical.

The Knight of La Mancha is one of a series of characters of extremely limited range which appear in fiction, and make it more like nature than the creations of nature herself: Falstaff, my Uncle Toby, Hamlet, and Sancho Panza. We never in the least doubt that these were real men, to whose authority in proverbs, humanity, or philosophy, we ought naturally to defer. Perhaps the Manchegan don is equal to any of his companions, both for originality and innate excellence. His heart is always overflowing with kindness, and rarely can stupidity, insolence, or even ingratitude sting him into indignation. His distinguishing attribute is forgiveness. He bears with injuries as if they were the natural fruits of life, which in some sort they are. It is only when his theory is attacked, when his beau-ideal is spoken of or treated contumeliously, that he forgets the equanimity of his Christian stoicism. With such a man one would willingly wander over half the world. He may be mad, he may at times be even dangerous, but the moment he comes within the range of our mental vision, we behold him through brilliant sunshine, and tremble at the bare idea of being compelled to part company with him. At times, indeed, he grows tedious, but it is only the tediousness of a friend whom we never love a bit the less on account of it. Nay, we hardly wish it were otherwise, because it constitutes his idiosyncrasy, making him what he is both to ourselves and others.

Among the imperfections of the work, is the character of several of the stories introduced, which in some cases are uninteresting, in others, absurd—that, for example, which is called the Curious Impertinent, is a horrid tragedy, inconsistent in many of its incidents with nature, and conducted on principles which are totally at variance with those of true art. We regard it as a blot upon the work. Cervantes probably picked up the incidents in Italy, or borrowed them from some Italian collection of novels in which nature is constantly outraged.

# MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

Several of the other stories, especially those laid in Africa at once inartificial and tedious. Nothing is more difficult, even these days of travelling and experience, than for a writer to throw himself into that strange system of ideas which prevailed among the professors of El Islam, and to paint their idiosyncratic religions, and morals, their characters, motives, passions, pursuits. Cervantes, as will have been seen from the early portion of this tract, had always been placed in the relation of an enemy to the Moslems. He hated them too much, properly to comprehend their peculiarities. This is, at least, one cause of the insipidity of his Moorish tales, which, in their invention and development, scarcely seem to belong to the biographer of *Quixote*. To some extent the same objection may be made to the pastoral tale of *Chrysostom*, who dies for love, while his tormentor comes in some sort to triumph over his death, at his very grave. This is unnatural: women have been guilty of strange things rather for than against love, though Cervantes puts into their mouth the best defence that could be made for so outrageous proceeding.

One of the most beautiful parts of *Don Quixote* is that portion of events which is connected with the fair Dorothea: this is a nature and tenderness. She herself is one of the most exquisite creations in modern fiction, and literally sheds a bloom as fresh as the flowers over all the pages in which her name occurs. In connection with this truly fascinating damsel that the chivalrous La Mancha's knight shines forth most conspicuously. Part of the narrative remind us strongly of the forest scenes in *As You Like It*, to which they are scarcely inferior. In some respects they are more ingenious and surprising, because of the wonderful contrasts supplied by the various characters—the don, the cur Sancho Panza, and the barber. Nowhere does a priest appear so much to advantage in Spanish fiction. He really entertains an affection for his crazy neighbour, and, in company with the romantic barber, places himself in very disagreeable situations to reclaim and bring him home. All these adventurous adventures come together opportunely to save the lovely Dorothea, and win every moment on the reader's feelings, until she comes some sort to be the heroine of the whole work, and the favourite with all its admirers. Still, when we leave the barren mountains, though the author be judicious in lingering there longer, we feel as if awakened from a delightful dream, to the realities, agreeable enough in themselves, but far inferior in poetic interest, and magnificence, to the wild creation from which they have emerged.

One of the peculiarities of Cervantes, of which we find trace throughout *Don Quixote*, is the fancy he entertained that he was a poet. No mistake could have been greater: he wrote poetry with exquisite art, and often introduced into it a rich colour which we are in the habit of denominating poetical, but i

# MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

merely rhetoric. The moment he attempts verse, his happy genius forsakes him. He is witty, ingenious, sometimes graphic, but never inspired. This we may concede without regret, because the other parts of the work are sufficient, without the verses, to delight us with the author's powers, and carry us away by his marvellous inventions. Still, several of the poetical pieces are, in themselves, pleasing enough, though they never could have earned for their author anything beyond a short-lived reputation.

When the first part made its appearance, the Spanish public, as we have said, was little prepared to receive it with approbation. But the few acted as pioneers to the many, and its fame, which spread slowly at first, afterwards diffused itself with an accelerated movement, until it became co-extensive with the area of the Peninsula. It then passed the sea, and in the course of a few years embraced the whole of Europe. Cervantes, even in his lifetime, obtained the glory of having his work receive a royal approbation. As Philip III. was standing in a balcony of his palace at Madrid, viewing the country, he observed a student on the banks of the river Manzanares reading in a book, and from time to time breaking off, and beating his forehead with extraordinary tokens of pleasure and delight; upon which the king remarked to those about him: 'That scholar is either mad or is reading *Don Quixote*.' The latter proved to be the case. Profit, however, did not keep pace with reputation; Cervantes found himself a great man with very little means; and in this world, though remote ages may idolise a name or abstract celebrity, it is generally found that contemporaries are swayed by more solid considerations. If they do not actually despise a poor author for his poverty—which is perhaps giving them too much credit for generosity—they certainly admire the rich man for his wealth, for the parties or dinners he can give, for the capaciousness of his house, for the magnificence of his furniture, for the extent, and beauty, and variety of his grounds. Cervantes, even after he had written *Don Quixote*, had none of these adventitious helps to reputation. He was still poor while kings, and courtiers, and archbishops, and abbots, regaled themselves, and shook their fat sides over his humour, his grotesque incidents, and his wit. It was of course observed that the work remained imperfect, and that the author evidently meditated taking out his hero on another series of adventures. The people, therefore, while enjoying the present, looked forward with hope and expectation to the future. But as year after year passed away, and the second cycle of comic and extravagant effects did not make its appearance, the notion at length gained ground, that the author had exhausted himself in the first part, and that he was capable of producing nothing further. Under these circumstances, a man named Avellaneda undertook to complete the history of *La Mancha's* renowned knight. As the original author was still living, *this cannot be regarded otherwise than as an act of impertinent*

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

dishonesty, and the offence was much enhanced by the insolent and ungrateful manner in which he spoke of his great original. In other respects, the book must have possessed considerable merit, since it amused the whole population of Spain and disquieted Cervantes for his own reputation. It, consequently, roused him to exertion, and compelled him to finish the second part, which he might otherwise never have completed. He affected to despise his rival, but his contempt was only simulated; for although he may have been conscious of his own great superiority, he had not quite so much confidence in the superior discernment of his countrymen, who, accustomed to works of a much coarser texture, were scarcely able to appreciate his original invention, his extraordinary character and ideas on a level as they were with the artificial platform on which his object was to place them.

When the second part of *Don Quixote* came before the world, it was universally felt that in nearly every respect it betrayed a great falling off. The fire of imagination which had sustained him throughout the earlier cycle of adventures now began to burn low; there was less wit in the speeches, less vivacity in the conversations, less humour and pathos in the situations and incidents. He perceived that he had a great rival to contend with, and that rival was himself. He had, properly speaking, exhausted his originality in the first part, together with his store of situations, his brilliancy of wit, his freshness of imagery, his peculiar power of delineating singular characters, and placing them in singular circumstances. There is wit in the second part, but it is pale; comedy, but it is forced; vivacity, but it is artificial. You discover nearly everywhere comparative poverty of invention by a perpetual tendency to imitate himself. On the other hand, the literary merit is probably augmented—the style is more various, the diction more eloquent, and the words, through a more artistic arrangement, run more trippingly on the tongue. He had made progress, moreover, in didactic wisdom, and talks of life and its concerns as from a higher elevation. But Sancho Panza is no longer the same rich, racy, gluttonous dealer in proverbs he was in the first part. He has recourse, indeed, to the same great storehouse of popular sayings, and often with extraordinary effect; but in many cases he becomes tiresome, while his master runs into extravagances not perfectly in harmony with the prevailing law of his mind at the time.

The truth, perhaps, is, that the real quantity of comic materials possessed by one individual is always exceedingly limited, and that nothing so soon tires as comedy, when it exhibits the slightest show of repetition. If wit be not spontaneous, it is mechanical, and felt to be so. You perceive the process by which it is distilled, not so much from the brain as from the obvious resources of language. Don Quixote often amuses us by his small misfortunes. He is buffeted about like the Clown in the *tomime*, and the more hard knocks he receives, the more

#### MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

people laugh. But pity, sometimes, with persons of sensibility, steps in to interfere with the merriment; we feel the blows given as if they descended on our own shoulders, we regret his mistakes, we commiserate his sufferings, and at length make the discovery that we love the man. It is in this nice management that the great art of Cervantes consists. Had Don Quixote been simply ludicrous, we should have regarded him as a buffoon; had he been a man of grief and sorrow only, we should have viewed him as a tragic hero; but alternating, as he does, between folly and calamity, between fantastic tricks, which almost appear to justify the buffetings they bring upon him, and those serious accidents which are every now and then his portion, we find a singular variety in his single character, and rank him among the most original creations of the human mind. Sancho, likewise, is a man full of moral contrasts. Sometimes we find him literally wallowing in the sty of Circe, worshipping his animal appetites, regarding life simply as an opportunity to eat and drink. Just as we are on the point of overwhelming him with contempt for this base epicureanism, our feelings are checked, or hurried into a totally different channel, by some striking proof of affection or fidelity to his master. Occasionally, too, he displays a shrewdness and sagacity, a fund of good sense, and even an aptitude for homely logic, which, though they astonish us, we never once suspect to be inconsistent with his stupidity in other respects.

There is a beauty in *Don Quixote* which can scarcely be said to be found in any other work of fiction, at least in the same degree; it abounds with pictures of rural nature of a novel and strange description, which are most artistically introduced in contrast with many of the characters. Few of the adventures take place in cities; almost everything occurs at small roadside inns, or remote villages, or little country towns, or in the solitudes of the brown mountains, where, by a series of poetical pictures, Cervantes contrives to conjure up an image of the golden age.

The history of this work since the author's death is tolerably well known to most persons. It has been translated into all the languages of Europe, and in every country the version into the vernacular is reckoned a portion of its popular literature. Here, in England, we have five or six translations, each remarkable for some peculiar excellence, yet none faithfully representing the original. But this is perhaps unavoidable. The Spanish idioms and proverbs, the provincialisms of Sancho, the chivalrous idiosyncrasies of the knight, the allusions to local institutions, render it almost unintelligible to a foreigner without the aid of a commentary, or of a translation adapted to his knowledge.

In spite of the success of his work, Cervantes did not the less remain a prey to poverty. The shadow of death too soon became visible in the distance, and he began, after the manner of literary men, to put his house in order, and prepare for his long journey

#### MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

Such of his works as had remained unpublished, he finished and corrected for the press; and such as the booksellers would take, he laid before the world. The friends of old age, even of the old age of genius, are few, unless when wealth and rank and power accompany intellectual greatness. In the case of Cervantes, there was an additional cause of repulsion; for though the world delights in satire, it dreads and therefore dislikes the satirist, though he could with Shakspeare have exclaimed: 'Our censure, like a wild goose, flies unclaimed of any man.' In conformity with the manners of his age, he was to the last compelled to have recourse to court patronage, and applied to the Conde de Lemos for his aid and protection against

'The whips and scorns of the time,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes.'

The other works which he published towards the close of his life can hardly be said, in a literary sense, to have passed the Pyrenees or the sea. Neither is their merit such as to excite very great admiration. Still they are curious, and would well enough repay perusal. They produced him, however, but a very slender reward, though it seems highly probable that, had his life been much more prolonged, fortune would have exhibited her usual caprice, and overwhelmed him with her favours.

The way in which he supported illness as well as poverty, proves him to have been no mean proficient in philosophy, though he probably owed it more to his constitution than to study. Such, observes Mr Thomas Roscoe, was his situation on Holy Saturday, the 2d of April, that not being able to go out of his house, he made his profession of the venerable order of St Francis, whose habit he had taken in Alcalá on the 2d of January 1613; but as the nature of his protracted complaint allowed him some interval of alleviation, he thought he might possibly recruit his strength by a change of air and diet, and in the next week of Easter he removed to the village of Esquivias, where the relations of his wife resided. But becoming worse in the course of a few days, and being desirous of dying under his own roof, he returned to Madrid, with two of his friends to attend and assist him on the way. On this journey, an incident occurred which he narrates in his prologue, and which affords us the only circumstantial account we possess of his illness.

Cervantes and his friends had just quitted the village of Esquivias, and taken the road to Madrid, on his return home, when they heard some one following them in haste, and calling on them to stop. They accordingly drew in their reins, and in a few minutes there came up a student on a she-ass, complaining that they travelled so fast he could not keep up with them. 'We must lay the blame,' said one of them, 'on Señor Miguel de Cervantes, whose horse is rather mettlesome.' Scarcely had the

# MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

student heard the name of Cervantes, of whom he was a passionate admirer, though he did not know him personally, than he threw himself from his ass, and embracing Cervantes, and taking him by the hand, 'Ay, ay,' said he, 'this is the sound cripple, the renowned, the merry writer—in a word, the darling of the Muses.' Cervantes, who thus saw himself suddenly overwhelmed with praises, replied with his accustomed modesty and courtesy, and, embracing the scholar, desired him to mount his ass again, and accompany them, that they might enjoy his friendly conversation for the remaining part of the journey. The student complied, and there ensued between him and Cervantes a dialogue, which affords us some information on the subject of Cervantes's complaint, and which he himself relates in the following terms: 'We drew in our reins,' he says, 'and proceeded at a more moderate pace, during which the conversation turned on my complaint, and the good student decided my fate in a moment, saying: "This thirst of yours arises from a dropsy, which all the water of the ocean, if it were fresh, could never quench. Therefore, Señor Cervantes," added the student, "you must totally abstain from drink, but do not neglect to eat heartily, and this regimen will effect your recovery without physic." "I have received the same advice from other people," answered I; "but I cannot help drinking, as if I had been born to do nothing else but drink. My life, indeed, is drawing to a close; and I find by the daily journal of my pulse, that it will have finished its course by next Sunday at furthest; and I also shall then have finished my career; so that you are come just in time to make my acquaintance, though I shall have no opportunity of shewing how much obliged I am to you for your good-will." By this time we had reached the Toledo Bridge, by which I entered the city, while the good student passed over that of Segovia.'

The last act of Cervantes's life was to write a dedication to his patron, the Count of Lemos. He says: 'There is an old ballad, which in its day was much in vogue, and it began thus: "And now with one foot in the stirrup," &c. I could wish this did not fall so pat to my epistle, for I can almost say in the same words:

"And now with one foot in the stirrup,  
Setting out for the regions of death,  
To write this epistle I cheer up,  
And salute my lord with my last breath."

'Yesterday they gave me the extreme unction, and to-day I write this. Time is short, pains increase, hopes diminish, and yet, for all this, I would live a little longer, methinks, not for the sake of living, but that I might kiss your excellency's feet; and it is not impossible but the pleasure of seeing your excellency safe and well in Spain might make me well too. But, if I am decreed to die, Heaven's will be done. Your excellency will at least give me leave to inform you of this my desire, and likewise that you had in me so zealous and well-affected a servant as was willing to go

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

even beyond death to serve you, if it had been possible for his abilities to equal his sincerity. However, I prophetically rejoice at your excellency's arrival again in Spain; my heart leaps within me to fancy you shewn to one another by the people, "There goes the Comte de Lemos!" And it revives my spirits to see the accomplishment of those hopes which I have so long conceived of your excellency's perfections. There are still remaining in my soul certain glimmerings of "The Weeks of Garden," and of the famous Bernardo. If by good-luck, or rather by a miracle, Heaven spares my life, your excellency shall see them both, and with them the "second part" of *Galatea*, which I know your excellency would not be ill-pleased to see. And so I conclude with my ardent wishes that the Almighty will preserve your excellency. Your excellency's servant, MICHAEL DE CERVANTES.

The life of Cervantes, which had been nothing but a protracted series of trials and sufferings, now drew rapidly towards a close. He had foreseen his fate with only too much accuracy. The physicians were unable to arrest the progress of his disease; his strength failed; his spirits gave way; and on Saturday, the 23d of April 1616—the day on which Shakspeare died—the greatest ornament of Spanish literature took his leave of this world. Over the concluding scene of his unhappy but eventful career, history throws no light. The admiration excited by his genius drew no memoir writer to his bedside, his family were all incapable of chronicling his last words and giving them to fame. Affection paralysed some, ignorance or indifference others; and for this reason it has happened, that the circumstances of his death, like those of his birth, are involved in extreme obscurity. The people of antiquity behaved very differently towards their great men; for among them numerous friends were generally found to attend the last moments of the dying, and receive the parting soul as it fluttered tremblingly from their lips. Something, perhaps, may be attributed to the different forms of belief which prevailed in the old world, and necessarily developed themselves in different practices; but in addition to this, it is not to be denied that friendship is less common among modern than among ancient nations. Men now attend more to their interests and less to their affections; though, if the experience of the soul up to its last moment of earthly existence could be made known, it might be found that we had made, after all, a very poor exchange. One tender word, one kind look, one affectionate pressure of the hand, might go further towards soothing the pangs of death, than the consciousness of having amassed heaps of treasure. Money is good, but friendship and affection are still better. Cervantes was unfortunate, poor, old, and afflicted with dropsy. The authors of Madrid, accordingly, kept aloof from him, to attend the levees of princes or grandees, and accumulate reminiscences of meanness and selfishness for their own last hours.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

It is stated that Cervantes, before his death, composed his will, though what he had to bequeath, except his poverty and his fame, we are nowhere informed. His executors were his wife Catalina, and the licentiate Francisco Núñez, whose acquaintance he had probably made from the accidental circumstance of living in the same house with him. If Núñez had possessed literary abilities, he might have done the world good service by becoming, even at the eleventh hour, the Boswell of our ingenious hidalgo. All we know, however, is, that he desired his remains should be interred in a church belonging to the monks of the Holy Trinity, the habit of whose order he had himself put on, while his daughter Doña Isabella de Saavedra had taken the veil among the corresponding order of nuns. Here at length his ashes might be supposed to have been at rest. But vicissitude attended him even in the grave, for the church a few years afterwards was pulled down, and the bones of the old warrior of Lepanto had to be removed, with those of many other persons, to a new domicile.

The Spanish nation affects still to be proud of Cervantes, but its admiration is probably confined to the students and professors of literature, who engaged, however humbly, in the same career, naturally experience some degree of sympathy for the most distinguished of their countrymen. These have published new editions of *Don Quixote*, with engravings, notes, commentaries, and biographies, which the opulent have sometimes purchased, but more frequently left on the hands of their enterprising publishers, to be transmitted, as slowly-consuming property, from generation to generation. When the man himself died, not an inscribed stone was placed over him to tell where he lay. His contemporaries and immediate successors neglected the spot, and now it is unknown. All this while the princes and nobles of the land, though gorged with wealth, and spending daily whole fortunes on frivolous amusements, or amusements worse than frivolous, have never thought of appropriating one small sum to commemorate, by a suitable mausoleum, the genius and personal virtues of Cervantes. The heroes who fell before Troy have their mighty barrows, to which fame attaches indissolubly the names of those whom they cover; and the stranger and mariner as they glide along the Troad can recall their favourite chief, and point distinctly to the spot, 'where, far by the solitary shore, he sleeps.' But the princes of literature and lords of thought are frequently dismissed from the earth without the slightest token from their countrymen of gratitude or recognition. Yet 'after life's fitful fever they sleep well,' whether with or without a monument, though mankind are obviously unmindful of their own interest when they consign their instructors to an obscure grave, and content themselves with pronouncing barren eulogiums on their writings. It is not even now too late for Spain to do herself justice by enlisting the arts in the service of literature. A statue

#### MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

to Cervantes would be the most admired object in Madrid. Spaniards of taste would flock to behold it from all parts of the Peninsula; and France, and Germany, and Great Britain, would send pilgrims to the old cradle of the Goths, to gaze upon the effigies of one of the greatest masters of humour.

But the neglect of the Spaniards does not end here. Two portraits were taken of Cervantes during his lifetime, by known artists; but both have been suffered to perish, so that, as Mr Roscoe observes, a copy only has survived to our days, which is undoubtedly of the reign of Philip IV., and is attributed by some to Alonso del Arco, while others pretend to trace in it the style of the schools of Vicencio Carducho, or of Eugenio Caxes. But whoever painted this picture, it is certain that it agrees in every respect with the portrait Cervantes drew of himself in the prologue to his novels, when he says: 'He whom you see here with a sharp countenance, chestnut hair, a smooth and cheerful forehead, lively eyes, a nose aquiline, though well-proportioned, a beard silver, though, some twenty years ago, it was yellow as gold, large mustaches, small mouth, teeth now few in number, as he has only six left, in height of a middle size, neither tall nor low, of a good complexion, rather fair than brown, somewhat heavy in the shoulders, and not very active: this, I say, is the portrait of the author of the *Galatea*, and *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and of him that wrote the *Viage al Parnaso* in imitation of César Caporali of Perugia, and numberless other works, known by the name of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.'





### SPIRIT OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

**V**OLTAIRE, in his essay on Epic Poetry, says: 'There is no monument of antiquity in Italy that more deserves the attention of the traveller than the *Jerusalem* of Tasso. Time, which subverts the reputation of common performances, has rendered that of the *Jerusalem* more stable and permanent: this poem is now sung in many parts of Italy, as the *Iliad* was in Greece; and Tasso, notwithstanding his defects, is placed without scruple by the side of Homer and Virgil.'

That which constitutes the distinguishing character of the work now before us, is the blending of the romantic school of poetry with the classic. Each of the two great eras of European civilisation was preceded by a heroic age, which formed the ideal of succeeding times; the achievements of Hercules and his compeers were the themes of the ancient Greek and Roman

#### SPIRIT OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

poets; the chivalry of the middle ages supplied those of Western Europe after the revival of letters. The poems of the former which have been handed down to us as classic epics, are characterised by unity of design, all the parts of the narrative contributing to bring about one great event. But in the chivalrous fictions of the latter, this was not dreamed of. Strength of colouring in the portraits of the heroes, fertility in the invention of adventures to be ascribed to them, vivacity of narration, and truthfulness of detail as to the manners of the times referred to—these were the only requisites. A construction including necessary beginning, a decided progress, and an end which might be termed a satisfactory winding-up of the story, was never attempted.

In the age of Tasso, Italy was inundated with these wild and incoherent productions; scarcely a single paladin of Charlemagne, or knight of King Arthur's round table, but had his poet in the sixteenth century. Tasso himself wrote in this style in his youth; and at seventeen years of age produced a poem called *Rinaldo*, which was received by his countrymen with passionate admiration. But in his maturer years he conceived the design of embodying the best of the fictions of chivalry in a classic form, taking the materials of his poem from the heroic ages of Christendom, but assimilating it in design and execution to the works of Homer and Virgil. The result was the production of an epic which exhibited the beauty arising from unity of design, combined with that kind of romance which fell in with the feelings, the recollections, and the prejudices of Europeans. It was first called *Godfrey*, after the hero to whom even *Rinaldo* was to give place, but afterwards *Gerusalemme Liberata* (Jerusalem Delivered).

The poem comprises part of the history of the first Crusade—that is, the campaign of 1099—so that it is brought within a space, which, according to history, does not exceed forty days. It is easy to see that Tasso was particularly happy in choosing a subject, than which we cannot imagine one more calculated to inspire a poet of his age. Here are the Saracens, believing it to be their vocation to subjugate the whole world to the religion of the Prophet; and the Christians, persuaded that it is their duty to enfranchise the sacred spot where the mysteries of redemption had been accomplished, and where all those great facts had taken place which constituted the foundations of their faith.

The religion of that age, Christian as well as Mohammedan, was intimately connected with all that was chivalrous and war-like; and nothing could be more poetical than the mixture of self-devoting piety with martial valour and confidence in Heaven, which formed the mediæval hero. Divine assistance was invoked before every conflict: if his own side prevailed, it was by the approving favour of the Eternal; if it suffered loss, it was his chastening rod upon his people; and if the enemy performed prodigies of valour, it was through the powerful alliance of evil spirits. God, therefore, and his angels, on the one side,

#### SPIRIT OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

devils and magicians on the other, constitute the supernatural machinery by which the course of events is directed.

The tender passions are throughout combined with the main action. In this respect Tasso enjoyed a great advantage over Homer and Virgil. In a Greek or Roman hero, love must have been treated as weakness; but in a Christian knight it was a flame ennobled by religion, giving elevation to the character, and prompting to the noblest deeds of valour.

The materials of the poem thus considered, are the most suitable that can be imagined for a modern epic; and the execution has rendered it not less interesting than elevated. It is admitted at the same time that Tasso could scarcely divest himself of his early habits of thought and feeling; and that, in spite of the more correct notions which he had acquired of the true epopee, he has not always avoided the anomalies inseparable from the romances of chivalry.

#### CANTO I.

I sing the illustrious chief, whose righteous hands  
Redeemed the tomb of Christ from impious bands;  
Who much in counsel, much in field sustained,  
Till just success his glorious labours gained.  
In vain did hell in hateful league combine  
With rebel man, to thwart the great design;  
In vain the mingled force from Libya's coasts  
Joined their proud arms with Asia's warlike hosts;  
High Heaven approved, and made the roving bands  
His standard seek, and wait his high commands.

Five years had passed since the commencement of the war; and the Christian forces having taken Nice, Antioch, and Tortosa, had rested for the winter months. It was now spring. The great Searcher of Hearts, having perceived in Godfrey of Boulogne the pious valour necessary to constitute him the leader of the host, despatched Gabriel to intimate to him his high behest. Gabriel prepares to obey:

He clothes his heavenly form with ether light,  
And makes it visible to human sight;  
In shape and limbs like one of earthly race,  
But brightly shining with celestial grace;  
A youth he seemed, in manhood's ripening years,  
On the smooth cheek when first the down appears;  
Refulgent rays his beauteous locks unfold;  
White are his nimble wings, and edged with gold; . . .  
Thus stood the angelic power, prepared for flight,  
Then instant darted from the empyreal height.

#### SPIRIT OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

Finding Godfrey at his morning devotions, the angelic messenger directed him to summon a council of the chiefs and stimulate them to prosecute the war. In the council thus assembled, Peter the Hermit proposed that Godfrey should be appointed general-in-chief of the whole force, which was unanimously approved of.

His equals once, to his dominion yield,  
Supreme in council, and supreme in field.

On the morrow, he marshalled the forces, and passed them in review before him. Here was Tancred, second only to Rinaldo in martial fame; and spotless, unless his love for a fair infidel could be deemed a fault. It was said that in the last campaign, when the Persians fled before the Franks, Tancred, exhausted with the fatigue of the pursuit, rested himself in a shady bower, beside a crystal stream; when suddenly a Saracen female, clothed in dazzling armour, sought the same retreat. Her unlaced helmet displayed her surpassing beauty, and the Christian warrior kindled at the sight.

O wondrous force of love's resistless dart,  
That pierced at once and rooted in his heart!  
Her helm she closed, prepared to assault the knight,  
But numbers, drawing nigh, constrained her flight;  
The lofty virgin fled, but left behind  
Her lovely form deep imaged in his mind;  
Still, in his thought, he views the conscious grove,  
Eternal fuel to the flames of love!

Another and another leader with his followers passed in review:

But lo! o'er these, o'er all the host confest,  
The young Rinaldo towered above the rest:  
With martial grace his looks around he cast,  
And gazing crowds admired him as he passed.  
Mature beyond his years his virtues shoot,  
As mixed with blossoms grows the budding fruit.  
When clad in steel, he seems like Mars to move;  
His face disclosed, he looks the god of Love!

On the following morning, the sound of drums and trumpets bade the warriors prepare for the march, and the banners unfurled displayed the sign of the cross.

Meantime the sun, above th' horizon gains  
The rising circuit of th' ethereal plains:  
The polished steel reflects the dazzling light,  
And strikes with flashing rays the aching sight.  
Thick and more thick the sparkling gleams aspire,  
Till all the champaign seems to glow with fire;  
While mingled clamours echo through the meads,  
The clash of arms, the neigh of trampling steeds!

## SPIRIT OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

But Fame (the messenger alike of truth and falsehood) flies before them, and represents to the enemy the number, the prowess, and the unanimity of the Christian bands, so that Aladin, king of Jerusalem, revolves in his mind a thousand direful fancies.

These thoughts inflamed and roused his native rage  
(Now chilled and tardy with the frost of age) : -  
So turns in summer's heat the venom'd snake,  
That slept the winter harmless in the brake ;  
So the tame lion, urged to wrath again,  
Resumes his fury, and erects his mane.

Laying aside his first purpose of destroying his own Christian subjects, he devastates the surrounding country, levels the dwellings, poisons the streams, puts his capital in a state of defence, and summons his allies.

## CANTO II.

In the midst of Aladin's warlike preparations, Ismeno the sorcerer appears, advises him that the arts of magic should also be used, and promises to bring the powers of darkness to his assistance. He induces Aladin to seize and place in his mosque a statue of the Virgin Mary from its subterranean temple, and he proposes by it to form a spell which shall secure the city. But during the night the stolen image disappears from the mosque ; the wrathful king searches for it in every direction, and offers large rewards for its restoration ; the wily sorcerer also applies his arts to discover what has become of it, but in vain. Again Aladin determines to destroy his Christian subjects, that the thief may perish in the general slaughter, when, lo ! a beautiful maid of Christian race comes forward to save her people by accusing herself of the theft. Entering the presence of the king, she avers that she alone, without counsel or accomplice, had stolen and burned the sacred image, and Aladin immediately doomed her to the flames.

Among those that crowded to the tragic scene was Olindo, who had long but secretly loved the beautiful Sophronia. As soon as he recognised the victim, he sped through the crowd to the king, and assured him that it was not, indeed could not be a woman's feeble hands that performed the deed ; that it was himself had stolen the statue. The lovers continued contending for the right to suffer ; and the monarch, doubly provoked that his fury should be thus braved, ordered that both should obtain their desire. The youth was bound to the same stake, and the fire kindled around them, when thus the lover :

'Are these the bands with which I hoped to join,  
In happier times, my future days to thine ?  
And are we doomed, alas ! this fire to prove,  
Instead of kindly flames of mutual love ?

SPIRIT OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

Love promised gentler flames and softer ties,  
But cruel fate far other now supplies !  
Too long from thee I mourned my life disjoined,  
And now in death a hapless meeting find.  
Yet I am blest, since thou the pains must bear,  
If not thy bed, at least thy pile to share.'

As thus they stand, there advances on horseback one who at first appears to be a foreign knight, of fierce and noble aspect, but who proves to be the warrior-maid Clorinda, displaying on her helmet the well-known crest of a sculptured tigress. She spurs her steed to observe the victims, and learn the cause of their punishment.

One mourned aloud, and one in silence stood ;  
The weaker sex the greater firmness shewed :  
Yet seemed Olindo like a man to moan  
Who wept another's sufferings, not his own ;  
While silent she, and fixed on heaven her eyes,  
Already seemed to claim her kindred skies.

Having learned their story, Clorinda stops the proceedings, and hastens to the king, to whom she offers her services against the Christian foe, and makes request for the pardon of the lovers. The monarch gladly accepts the one, and concedes the other.

Meanwhile, Godfrey, with his army, reaches Emmaus, where he receives Alethes and Argantes, ambassadors from Egypt : Alethes, a man of ignoble birth,

Whose subtle genius every taste could meet—  
In fiction prompt, and skilful in deceit.

And Argantes—

Exalted 'mid the princes of the land,  
And first in rank of all the martial band :  
Impatient, sudden, and by fury steeled—  
In arms unconquered, matchless in the field ;  
Who owned no heaven above, but onward strode,  
His sword his law, his own right hand his god !

Alethes, in a flattering and artful harangue, endeavours to dissuade Godfrey from attacking Jerusalem. His proposals are rejected ; and Argantes demands that Godfrey shall instantly decide between peace and war. The Christian chiefs at once cried aloud for war.

At this the pagan shook his vest afar—  
'Then take defiance, death, and mortal war !'  
So fierce he spoke, he seemed to burst the gates  
Of Janus' temple, and disclose the fates :  
While from his mantle, which aside he threw,  
Insensate rage and horrid discord flew :  
Alecto's torch supplied her hellish flame,  
And from his eyes the flashing sparkles came.

SPIRIT OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

Godfrey desires them to inform their master that he accepts the declaration of war; and then dismisses the ambassadors with costly gifts.

CANTO III.

Now from the golden east the zephyrs borne,  
Proclaimed with balmy gales th' approach of morn;  
And fair Aurora decked her radiant head  
With roses crompt from Eden's flowery bed;

—when the Christian army marched towards Jerusalem

With holy zeal their swelling hearts abound,  
And their winged footsteps scarcely print the ground.  
When now the sun ascends th' ethereal way,  
And strikes the dusty field with warmer ray.  
Behold Jerusalem in prospect lies!  
Behold Jerusalem salutes their eyes!  
At once a thousand tongues repeat the name,  
And hail Jerusalem with loud acclaim.

To sailors thus, who, wandering o'er the main,  
Have long explored some distant coast in vain,  
In seas unknown and foreign regions lost,  
By stormy winds and faithless billows tost,  
If the expected land at length looms out,  
They hail it from afar with joyous shout;  
They point with rapture to the wished-for shore,  
And dream of perils, toils, and fears no more.

At first, transported with the pleasing sight,  
Each Christian bosom glowed with full delight;  
But deep contrition soon their joy suppressed,  
And holy sorrow saddened every breast:

\* \* \* \* \*  
Each took th' example as their chieftains led,  
With naked feet the hallowed soil they tread:  
Each throws his martial ornaments aside,  
The crested helmets, with their plummy pride:  
To humble thoughts their lofty hearts they bend,  
And down their cheeks the pious tears descend.

The Saracens receive from the watch-tower the alarm of the enemy's approach, and fly to arms; while Aladin, accompanied by Erminia, the orphan daughter of the sultan of Antioch, ascends a tower to see the armies defile. Clorinda makes the first sally, puts the Franks to the rout, and drives them to the hill. Tancred, at the signal of Godfrey, now advances, and Clorinda hastens to encounter him. In the first shock, her helmet is struck off with a blow of his spear:

The thongs that held her helmet burst in twain;  
Hurled from her head, it bounded on the plain;

#### SPIRIT OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

Loose in the wind her golden tresses flew,  
And now a maid confessed to all she stood.  
Flashed her bright eyes with anger stern and wild,  
Beauteous in rage—how beauteous had she smiled!

Tancred, on recognising her, no longer attempted to defend himself; he turned to engage other foes; but she persisted in fighting him. At length, resolved to make himself known, he challenged her to combat hand-to-hand, apart from the general strife. She consented, and had already aimed a stroke, when he bade her stay to fix the conditions:

Awhile her lifted arm the virgin stayed,  
And thus the youth, by love emboldened, said:  
‘Ah! since on terms of peace thou wilt not join,  
Transfix this heart, this heart no longer mine;  
For thee with pleasure I resign my breath;  
Receive my life, and triumph in my death.  
See, unresisting in thy sight I stand;  
Then say what cause withholds thy lingering hand?  
Or shall I from my breast the corselet tear,  
And to the stroke my naked bosom bare?’

He would have said more, but they were separated by a band of routed Saracens, flying in confusion before the Christian squadrons. The action now became general—Argantes rallying the pagan forces, and Rinaldo and Tancred withstanding them. Dudon, the leader of a body called the Adventurous Band, was slain; but the Christian arms prevailed, and the Saracens, closely pressed, were compelled to retire into the city.

#### CANTO IV.

Meanwhile, the great enemy of God and man summons a council of the infernal powers, to deliberate on the best means of resisting the Christian arms. At the awful signal of the hoarse-sounding trumpet, the demons throng around their grisly king. Some of them wear human faces, with cloven feet, their hair composed of snakes, while behind appears a serpent's tail in immense volumes. A thousand Harpies and Centaurs, Gorgons and Sphinxes, appear, and the air is rent by barking Scyllas, hissing Pythons; here glare the Hydras, and there the Chimeras, are seen ejecting flame—

And many more of mingled kind were seen,  
All monstrous forms unknown to mortal men.

\* \* \* \*

# SPIRIT OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

Full in the midst imperial Pluto sate ;  
 His arm sustained the massy sceptre's weight.  
 Nor rock nor mountain lifts its head so high ;  
 E'en towering Atlas that supports the sky,  
 A hillock, if compared with him, appears,  
 When his large front and ample horns he rears.  
 A horrid majesty his looks expressed,  
 Which scattered terror o'er that throng unblest ;  
 His sanguine eyes with baleful venom stare,  
 And, like a comet, cast a dismal glare ;  
 A length of beard, descending o'er his breast,  
 In rugged curls conceals his hairy chest ;  
 And, like a whirlpool in the roaring flood,  
 Wide gapes his mouth obscene with clotted blood.  
 As smoking fires from burning Etna rise,  
 And steaming sulphur that infects the skies ;  
 So from his throat the cloudy sparkles came  
 With pestilential breath and ruddy flame ;  
 And while he spoke, fierce Cerberus forebore  
 His triple bark, and Hydra ceased to roar ;  
 Cocytus stayed his course ; the abysses shook  
 When from his lips these thundering accents broke.

He addresses his compeers as Tartarean powers, worthy of a place above the sun, reminds them of the bliss they lost in heaven, and stimulates their resentment by representing the Almighty as now ruling unopposed, and having elected man, a creature of abject birth, to fill their places : nor this only, but having sent his Son to oppress them yet more by entering their dark domain, conquering them a second time, and carrying off their lawful captives of human kind. He appeals to them if they will tamely submit to see him worshipped in every land, while Pluto sways an empty kingdom :—

' Ah ! no—our former courage still we boast ;  
 That dauntless spirit which inspired our host,  
 When, girt with flames and steel, in dire alarms  
 We durst oppose the King of Heaven in arms !  
 'Tis true we lost the day (so fate ordained),  
 But still the glory of the attempt remained :  
 To him was given the conquest of the field ;  
 To us, superior minds that scorned to yield.'\*

\* The employment of Satanic agency in a heroic poem presented difficulties which can scarcely be appreciated by modern readers. The superstition of the middle ages had invested the devil with a mean and somewhat ludicrous character, and it is doubtful whether the arch-fiend had ever appeared in the loftiness necessary to the part which he has to sustain in this poem. Tasso has grappled with the difficulty, and endeavoured, though not with complete success, to describe him as an object of terror rather than disgust. It was reserved for Milton, following in the path thus opened, to complete the splendours of Satanic majesty, and improve on the model of gloomy eloquence which he found in Tasso.

SPIRIT OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

He bids them hasten now to crush the rising power of Christendom :—

‘ Let what I will be fate ; let some be slain,  
Some wander exiles from their social train ;  
Some, sunk the slaves of Love’s lascivious will,  
An amorous eye adore or dimpled smile.  
Against its master turn the sabre fell,  
And teach discordant legions to rebel.  
Perish the camp, in final ruin lost,  
And perish all remembrance of the host !’

The fiends, obedient to the voice of their chief, rushed from the shades of night, dispersed, and taking their flight to different regions of the earth, air, and water, began to exercise against the Christian army all the power which they possessed over the elements, and which they had acquired over those human beings who devoted themselves to their worship. One of them instigated Hidraotes, the sultan of Damascus, to undertake the seduction of the Christian knights by the charms of Armida, his niece, who, besides being a sorceress, was the most beautiful woman of the East. Confident in her personal charms, she ventures alone into the Christian camp, and frames a story to excite compassion :—

Few days were past, when near the damsel drew  
To where the Christian tents appeared in view ;  
Her matchless charms the wondering bands surprise,  
Provoke their whispers, and attract their eyes.  
So mortals through the ærial fields afar  
Observe the blaze of some unusual star.  
Sudden they throng to view th’ approaching dame,  
Eager to learn her message and her name ;  
Not Argos, Cyprus, or the Delian coast,  
Could e’er a form or mien so lovely boast.  
Now through her snowy veil, half hid from sight,  
Her golden locks diffuse a doubtful light ;  
And now unveiled in open view they flowed ;  
So Phœbus glimmers through a fleecy cloud,  
So from the cloud again redeems his ray,  
And sheds fresh glory on the face of day.  
In wavy ringlets falls her beauteous hair,  
That catch new graces from the sportive air ;  
Declined on earth, her modest look denies  
To shew the starry lustre of her eyes :  
O’er her fair face a rosy bloom is spread,  
And stains her ivory skin with lovely red ;  
Soft breathing sweets her opening lips disclose,  
The native odours of the budding rose !  
Her bosom bare displays its snowy charms,  
Where Cupid frames and points his fiery arms :

#### SPIRIT OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

Her smooth and swelling breasts are part revealed,  
And part beneath her envious vest concealed ;  
Her robes oppose the curious sight in vain,  
No robes opposed can amorous thoughts restrain :  
The gazer, fired with charms already shewn,  
Explores the wonders of the charms unknown,  
As through the limpid stream, or crystal bright,  
The rays of Phœbus dart their piercing light ;  
So through her vest can daring fancy glide,  
And view what maiden modesty would hide ;  
Thence paints a thousand loves and soft desires,  
And adds fresh fuel to the lover's fires !

Seeking for some one to conduct her to Godfrey, she meets his brother Eustace, who is captivated with her beauty, and eager to serve her interests. Throwing herself at the feet of Godfrey, the artful beauty implores his protection. She represents herself as the rightful heir of the throne of Damascus, of which she has been deprived by her uncle, who has even attempted her life. She is a fugitive, an outlaw, an unprotected orphan ; but if a small band of warriors be granted to protect her back to Damascus, her partisans there have promised to open one of the gates to her ; and having recovered her crown, she will cheerfully transfer it to the Christian chief in gratitude for the preservation of her life. After a moment's hesitation, Godfrey courteously declines ; alleging that he cannot with propriety divert the army from the service of God for an object of mere human interest. But his companions, smitten by the beauty, and softened by the tears of Armida, condemn his cold prudence, and his brother Eustace expostulates with warmth :—

‘Forbid it, Heaven, that ever France should hear,  
Or any land where courtesy is dear,  
That dangers or fatigues our souls dismayed,  
When such a cause as this required our aid.  
For me, with shame and grief I cast aside  
My glittering corselet and my helmet's pride ;  
No longer will I wield my trusty sword,  
No more shall arms to me delight afford :  
Farewell, my steed ! our proud career is o'er :  
Knighthood, thy honours I usurp no more.’

Godfrey relents, and allows that ten knights shall accompany Armida ; but she seizes the opportunity afforded by the impression she has made, and determines to prove the power of her beauty in the seduction of a much larger number :—

Each varied art to win the soul she tries—  
To this, to that, a different mien applies ;  
Now scarcely dares her modest eyes advance,  
And now she rolls them with a wanton glance.

SPIRIT OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

These she repels, and those incites to love,  
As various passions various bosoms move.

\* \* \* \*

While thus she gives alternate frost and fires,  
And joy and grief, and hope and fear inspires,  
With cruel pleasure she their state surveys,  
Exulting in those ills her power could raise.  
Oft when some lover trembling woos the fair,  
She seems to listen with unconscious air ;  
Or, while a crimson blush her visage dyes,  
With coyness feigned, she downwards bends her eyes ;  
While shame and wrath, with mingled grace, adorn  
Her glowing cheeks, like beams of early morn !  
But when she sees a youth prepare to tell  
The secret thoughts that in his bosom dwell,  
Now sudden from his sight the damsel flies ;  
Now gives an audience to his plaints and sighs !  
Thus holds from morn till eve his heart in play,  
Then slips, delusive, from his hope away ;  
And leaves him like a hunter in the chase  
When night conceals the quarry's devious trace !  
With arms like these she made a thousand yield,  
A thousand chiefs unconquered in the field.

CANTO V.

Godfrey, perceiving the necessity of appointing a leader of the band of adventurers in the place of Dudon, desires them to choose one from among themselves, and Eustace points out Rinaldo as the most deserving of this honour, being secretly desirous of preventing him from attending Armida. However, Gernando, son of the king of Norway, thinks he has a better right to it, and he spreads false accusations against Rinaldo, who hears his contumelious language, flies to vengeance, encounters, and slays him. Well knowing, however, that all dissensions among the Crusaders ought to have been suspended till the conclusion of the campaign, and anticipating that the result of a military trial might be the degradation of committal to a common prison, he forsook the camp, and bent his way to Egypt.

Meanwhile, Armida pressed for her escort, and ten knights were chosen for her by lot. Many others, however, and first among them Eustace, secretly deserted the camp during the night, to follow her ; and—

Though each concealing what his thoughts designed,  
Now jealous scowled his rivals there to find,  
She seemed on all a gracious eye to cast,  
And each new comer welcomed like the last.

#### SPRIT OF THE JERUSALEM BELLETTIER.

At this juncture, while the Christian army was emboldened by the presence of so many warriors, it was thrown into disorder by the attack of its convoys with supplies, and by the repeated approach of the Egyptian fleet. Godfrey endeavoured to rally the ranks of his followers, yet scarcely succeeded in stifling his own.

#### CANTO VI.

On the other side, Argantes, impatient of remaining inactive within the walls of Jerusalem, obtained leave from the king to challenge the Franks to single combat: but Clorinda was secretly to follow him with a thousand men. Tancred was the Christian hero selected to meet the pagan. But as he passed the spot appointed for the combat, he perceived Clorinda on the neighbouring heights—

The lover to a lifeless statue turns:  
With cold he freezes, and with heav' he burns:  
Fixed in a stupid gaze, unmoved he stands,  
And now no more the promised fight demands.

While Tancred thus carries Otin's spear forward, when his spear and refuses to resign it again: Argantes, in his turn, renounces the laws of knightly combat, and Otin a witness. Tancred alone is place, and the combat is sustained with mortal valour: the fight falls, and the heralds proclaim a cessation of arms for ten days.

Both warriors had been severely wounded, and it was the art of Erminia, who was killed in other single combats — the arts of healing, to administer relief to Argantes. But the saint had once been a prisoner in the Christians, and the mysterious behaviour of Tancred on that occasion had won her heart: he could not bear to nurse his rival, and therefore turned a deaf ear to transferring her cares to him the wound. Being the intimate friend of Clorinda, she obtained access to her chamber to see to her wounds: she arrayed herself in her martial vestments, and prepared to ally orth in her name.

In stubborn steel her tender limbs she pressed,  
The massive helm her golden tresses pressed  
Next in her feeble hand she grasped the shield,  
A weight too mighty for her strength to wield,  
Thus dart a radiant light her maiden charms,  
In all the fire magnificence of arms  
Love present languish, as when he found of old  
The female weeds Aeneas' wife unfold.  
Heavy and slow, she moves along with pain,  
And scarce her feet the unwielded load sustain:  
The faithful damsel by her side attends,  
And with assisting arms her steps softens.

SPIRIT OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

But love her spirits and her hopes renews,  
And every trembling limb with strength induces,  
Till, having reached the squire, without delay  
They mount their ready steeds, and take their way.

As soon as she had escaped from the city, she despatched her squire to inform Tancred that a friendly maiden, skilled in the art of healing, was waiting to cast herself on his honour and afford him her assistance. Tancred joyfully consented to receive her; but while the messenger was on the way, she advanced to a rising-ground to survey the tents she so much longed after :

Now was the night in starry lustre seen,  
And not a cloud obscured the blue serene :  
The rising moon her silver beams displayed,  
And decked with pearly dew the dusky glade.  
With anxious soul th' enamoured virgin strays  
From thought to thought, in love's perplexing maze ;  
And vents her tender complaints, and breathes her sighs  
To all the silent fields and conscious skies.

Then, fondly gazing on the camp, she said :  
'Ye Latin tents, by me with joy surveyed !  
From you, methinks, the gales more gently blow,  
And seem already to relieve my wo !  
So may kind Heaven afford a milder state  
To this unhappy life, the sport of fate !  
From you alone I seek from care release,  
And hope to find 'mid martial terrors peace !  
Receive me then !—and may my wishes find  
That bliss which love has promised to my mind ;  
Which ev'n my worst of fortune could afford,  
When made the captive of my dearest lord !  
I seek not now, inspired with fancies vain,  
By you my regal honours to regain :  
Ah no !—Be this my happiness and pride,  
Within your shelter humbly to reside !'

As she thus stood pensive on the hill, the moon shone full upon her—

Her snow-white vesture caught the silver beam ;  
Her polished arms returned a trembling gleam ;  
And on her lofty crest, the tigress raised,  
With all the terrors of Clorinda blazed.

And now a band of Christian scouts, mistaking her for the Amazon, rushed forward to attack her ; she fled, but was still pursued. The leader of the band, sending tidings of this adventure to the camp, Tancred concluded that Clorinda had thus used herself for him, and that she had been the author of the

#### SPIRIT OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

message he had received. Wounded though he was, he followed in the pursuit to watch over her safety.

#### CANTO VII.

Erminia escaped into a wood, and after flying the whole day, reached a solitary and peaceful valley, where she was received by an aged shepherd, and resolved to wait for happier days.

Tancred, guided by her track, had reached the wood, but missing his way, he relinquished the pursuit, and sought to return to the camp. Misled by the treachery of one whom he asked to direct him, he was made prisoner in the castle of Armida, the sorceress. And now the day arrived on which his combat with Argantes should have been renewed. Argantes is ready, and the herald summons his rival. But Tancred cannot be heard of; and the venerable Raymond is chosen by lot to fill his place. Argantes bitterly taunts the Christian host for their tardiness; and Raymond devoutly invokes the aid of Him who gave victory to the youthful David over Goliath. Heaven heard, and sent a guardian angel to shield the Christian hero. Thus defended, he remains invincible; but an arrow is sped against him from the walls of the city; and this breach of the laws of single combat leads to a general battle, the result of which is, that the Christians are obliged to retreat.

#### CANTO VIII.

A Danish knight arriving at the Christian camp, informed Godfrey that Sweno, the son of the king of Denmark, fired with ambition to rival the deeds of Rinaldo, had marched with his followers to the neighbourhood of Palestine, and was there surprised by the enemy, defeated, and slain: that he alone had escaped the general slaughter, and had brought Sweno's sword, which he was to present to Rinaldo. The most affectionate regrets for Rinaldo are awakened throughout the camp, and threaten a mutiny against Godfrey. Argillan, the leader of the tumult, is arrested and confined, and order restored by Godfrey's firmness.

#### CANTO IX.

Alecto, still burning with rancour against the Christian host, incites Solyman to fall on their camp by night.

Now had the night her sable curtain spread,  
And o'er the earth unwhinnowed vapours shed;

#### SPIRIT OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

The noisome ground no cooling moisture knew,  
But horrid drops of warm and sanguine dew :  
Monsters and prodigies in heaven were seen ;  
Dire spectres, shrieking, skimmed along the green :  
A deeper gloom exulting Pluto made,  
With added terrors from th' infernal shade.

Through this fearful darkness Solyman with his Arab followers made their way to the Christian camp. But the sentinels give the alarm on his approach ; the soldiers snatch their arms and fight ; a dreadful slaughter ensues on both sides. As the combat deepens, Argantes and Clorinda advance to join Solyman, and Godfrey awakes to lead the Christian forces. Clorinda strews the field with mangled heaps ; and the number of the combatants is continually swelled by the arrival of new companies. In the morning, Argillan rushes from prison to efface his former disgrace by deeds of glory in the field.

As when, to battle bred, the courser, freed  
From plenteous stalls, regains the wonted mead,  
There unrestrained amid the herds he roves,  
Bathes in the stream, and wantons in the groves ;  
His mane dishevelled o'er his shoulders spread,  
He shakes his neck, and bears aloft his head :  
His nostrils flame, his horny hoofs resound,  
And his loud neighing fills the valleys round.  
So Argillan appears ! so fierce he shews,  
While in his look undaunted courage glows :  
He bounds with headlong speed the war to meet,  
And scarcely prints the dust beneath his feet.

In the train of Solyman was a beautiful boy on a white courser, pleasing himself with the din of arms, and mingling in the shock. Argillan, advancing towards him, hewed him down without mercy, and Solyman came all too late to the rescue of his favourite.

Untouched before, now melts the marble heart,  
And 'midst his wrath the gushing sorrows start.  
And weep'st thou, Solyman ! at pity's call,  
Who, tearless, saw thy mighty kingdom's fall ?

But now, his grief turning to fury and revenge, he falls upon Argillan,

And cleaves his head beneath the weighty blow—  
A wound well worthy of so great a foe !

The Christian arms prevail ; and Aladin, perceiving this from his post of observation, orders a retreat to be sounded. Clorinda and Argantes obey with great reluctance ; while Solyman, severely wounded, hesitates whether to end his own life or quit the field to save it.

'Fate has subdued,' at length the leader cried ;  
'My shame shall swell the haughty victor's pride :'

SPIRIT OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

Again th' insulting foe my flight shall view,  
Again my exile with their scorn pursue;  
But soon behold me turn in arms again,  
To blast their peace, and shake their tottering reign.  
Nor yield I now—my rage shall burn the same;  
Eternal wrongs, eternal vengeance claim:  
Still will I rise a more inveterate foe,  
And, dead, pursue them from the shades below!

CANTO X.

As he thus spoke, he perceived a vacant steed, which he gladly mounted; and bent his way towards Gaza, with the view of joining the king of Egypt. Presently, he was met by Ismeno, the magician, who dissuaded him from this journey, healed his wounds, and conveyed him to Jerusalem in a chariot, which dissolved in air on their arrival. The magician prepared to conduct him through a subterranean passage into the city.

Then thus the soldan: 'Through what darksome way  
Must here my steps by stealth inglorious stray!  
O rather grant that, with this trusty blade,  
Through scattered foes a nobler path be made.'

Ismeno overruled his objections, and led him by this cavern to the council-hall, where, himself under the concealment of a cloud, he witnessed the deliberations of Aladin and his advisers. When he heard them speak of himself as probably dead, or in prison, or exile, and advise Aladin to sue for peace, even while they spoke he shewed himself among them, and fiercely threatened the advocates of compromise.

'First in one fold shall wolves and lambs remain,  
One nest the serpent and the dove contain,  
Ere with the Franks one land behold our state  
On any terms but everlasting hate!'

Meanwhile, Godfrey discovers that the squadron which turned the scale of victory was composed of the knights that had deserted to Armida, and learns from one of them how the deceitful beauty had endeavoured by magic arts to terrify them into serving against Godfrey: and then was sending them with Tancred prisoners to Damascus, when they were met and delivered by Rinaldo.

When the knight ceased, Peter the Hermit turned his eyes devoutly towards heaven:

And now his colour changed; a nobler grace  
Shone in his mien, and kindled in his face;  
Full of the Deity, his raptured mind  
With angels seemed in hallowed converse joined.

Under this inspiration, he announced that Rinaldo still lived; and prophesied of his future glory and that of his posterity.

SPIRIT OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO XI.

The preparations for the assault of the city being now nearly completed, the Christian host advanced towards the Mount of Olives in religious procession, with the voice of holy hymns, instead of the clang of arms or blast of trumpet.

Meantime in wonder fixed, the pagan band  
All hushed and silent on the ramparts stand ;  
Struck with their solemn pace, their humble tone,  
The pomp unusual, and the rites unknown.  
But when their wonder ceased, the ungodly crew  
From impious tongues blaspheming curses threw ;  
With barbarous shouts they shake the bulwarks round ;  
The hills and valleys to the noise resound.  
But not their course the Christian powers refrain,  
Nor cease their ritual or melodious strain ;  
Fearless they march, nor heed the clamours more  
Than cries of birds loquacious on the shore.

The next morning, a general assault was given, in which Godfrey was wounded, and numbers were slain on both sides. A breach was made in the walls, and the conflict continued all day—

But night, to check their rage, her veil displayed,  
And wrapped the warring world in peaceful shade.

CANTO XII.

During the night, Clorinda sought Argantes, and opened her mind to him :

‘Long has my soul unusual ardour proved,  
And various thoughts this restless bosom moved ;  
I know not whether God the attempt inspires,  
Or man can form a god of his desires.  
See ! from yon vale the Christians’ glimmering light,  
My mind impels me, this auspicious night,  
To burn their tower : at least the deed be tried,  
And for the event let Heaven alone provide.’

The wondering chief caught the flame, and desired not to be left behind :

‘No ; if in arms I ever graced thy side,  
Still let me here thy doubtful chance divide ;  
I, too, can boast a heart despising death,  
That prizes honour, cheaply bought with breath.’

#### SPIRIT OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

In vain the Amazon would have dissuaded him; and it was agreed between them, and sanctioned by Aladin, that they should go together, while Ismeno undertook to frame such mixtures as should produce a sudden and rapid conflagration. Arsetes, an aged eunuch, who has attended Clorinda from infancy, implores her to desist; and, when no tears or entreaties will avail, he thus reveals to her a history as yet concealed:—

‘In Ethiopia there once reigned, perhaps still reigns, a Christian king; and I, a Mohammedan, was one of the attendants of his beautiful but swarthy queen. In her room was a sacred picture of a beautiful maiden, white as snow, and a dragon, pierced with the javelin of her heroic deliverer. Here the queen was wont to address her vows and prayers to Heaven. When thou wast born, the fairness of thy skin alarmed the virtuous matron, lest jealous fears should be excited in her husband’s mind; she therefore consigned thee unbaptised to my care, and displayed as her own an infant of her own colour. With many a tender kiss, and streaming tear, and heavy sigh, she bade thee farewell.

At length, with lifted eyes—“O God,” she cried,  
“By whom the secrets of my breast are tried,  
If still my thoughts have undefiled remained,  
And still my heart its constancy maintained  
(Not for myself I ask thy pitying grace—  
A thousand sins, alas! my soul deface!),  
Oh, keep this harmless babe, to whom, distressed,  
A mother thus denies her kindly breast;  
Give her from me her spotless life to frame,  
But copy in her fate some happier name!”

With tears I bore thee away, and wandered in a thick and lonely forest, when, lo! an enraged tigress drew near, and, wild with terror, I climbed a tree, and left thee on the ground. The furious animal became softened as she gazed upon thee; she licked thy infant limbs, and offered thee her milk. Willingly didst thou thus appease thy hunger, and the creature departed. Hastening down from the tree, I resumed my charge and my journey, till I found a village, where I nursed thee in secret for sixteen months, and then I bore thee with me to Egypt, my native country. Then I saw in a vision a warrior with a naked sword, reminding me of the charge I had received to have thee baptised with Christian rites. But I heeded not; I was wedded to my own faith, and bred thee in it; in this alone unfaithful: in all besides thou hast found in me the duty of a servant and the care of a parent. Yesternorn, the phantom came again, with fiercer look, and in louder accents upbraided me. He said, too, that thine hour was at hand. Then, O forbear!’ still pleaded the aged guardian—

‘Consent no longer now these arms to wear;  
Suppress thy daring, and relieve my care.’

#### SPIRIT OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

He ceased and wept. She remained in suspense a moment, for similar visions had troubled her own spirit; but brightening up at length, she strove to calm his fears, while she declared her own purpose was unshaken.

Meeting with Argantes, and receiving two sulphurous balls from Ismeno, she departed from the city, disguised in black armour. Being perceived by the guard, the two warriors had to fight their way, but succeeded in firing the tower, and making good their retreat. The gates were opened to receive them; but Clorinda, in her eagerness to avenge a wound she had received, turned to pursue and slay her antagonist, and found on her return that the gates had been hastily shut, and she excluded. Favoured by the night, she threw herself among the ranks of the enemy, till, finding convenient opportunity, she withdrew. Tancred, however, had observed without recognising her, and now pursued and challenged.

Then turning swift—'What bring'st thou here?' she cried.

'Lo! war and death I bring!' the chief replied.

'Then war and death,' the virgin said, 'I give:

What thou to me wouldst bring, from me receive!'

Perceiving that his foe was on foot, Tancred dismounted, that they might meet in equal combat.

Thou night, whose envious veil with dark disguise  
Concealed the warriors' acts from human eyes,  
Permit me from thy gloom to snatch their fame,  
And give to future times each mighty name:  
So shall they shine, from age to age displayed,  
For glories won beneath thy sable shade!

The darkness precluded all display of skill in the combat, and fury supplied its place.

No pause, no rest th' impatient warriors know,  
But rage to rage, and blow succeeds to blow:  
Still more and more the combat seems to rise,  
That scarce their weapons can their wrath suffice;  
Till, grappling fierce, in nearer strife they close,  
And helm to helm, and shield to shield oppose.

As the day dawned, they gazed on each other and paused. The gallant Tancred at length broke silence, and begged to know the name and lineage of the enemy whose prowess was to give renown either to his death or his victory. She haughtily refused to reveal herself, but told him she was one of those who fired the tower. Burning with renewed rage, Tancred challenged his foe again.

What dreadful wounds on either side are given!

Through steel and flesh their ruthless swords are driven.

Though faint with blood effused from every vein,

Their staggering limbs can scarce their weight sustain;

SPIRIT OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

Yet still they live, and still maintain the strife,  
Disdain and rage withhold their fleeting life.

But now Clorinda's fated hour was come—

Full at her bosom Tancred aimed the sword—  
The thirsty steel her lovely bosom gored ;  
The sanguine current stained with blushing red  
The embroidered robe that o'er her form was spread.  
She feels approaching death in every vein ;  
Her trembling knees no more her weight sustain ;  
But still the Christian knight renews the blow,  
And threatening, presses close his vanquished foe ;  
She, as she fell, with moving voice addressed  
The chief, and thus preferred her last request  
(Some pitying angel formed her last desire,  
In which faith, hope, and charity conspire).  
To the fair infidel such grace was given,  
That though in life she spurned the laws of Heaven,  
Yet now submitting in her dying hour,  
Her humbled spirit owned a Saviour's power.  
'Friend, thou hast conquered ! I forgive the stroke ;  
O let me pardon, too, from thee invoke !  
Not for this mortal frame I urge my prayer,  
For this I know no fear, and ask no care ;  
'Tis for my sinful soul I pity crave :  
O wash my guilt in the baptismal wave !'

The wrath of the victor subsides at the touching request preferred  
in feeble accents ; he recollects a scanty rill which murmurs at no  
great distance—

Hither the chieftain hied without delay,  
Here filled his casque, then took his pensive way  
Back to fulfil the strange and sad demand ;  
But some portentous instinct shakes his hand,  
As from her face the glittering helm he draws ;  
The features now appear—he sees, he knows—  
O knowledge best unknown ! distracting sight !  
Scarcely she lives, and speechless stands the knight.  
Yet rousing all his strength, with holy zeal  
Prepares the sacred office to fulfil.\*  
While from his lips he gave the words of grace,  
A smile of transport brightened in her face ;  
Happy in death, she seemed her joy to tell ;  
And bade, for heaven, an empty world farewell.  
O'er her fair face death's livid hue arose,  
So mixed with violets the lily shews.

\* According to the canons of the church, any man, woman, or child may administer baptism in a case of emergency.

#### SPIRIT OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

Her eyes to heaven the dying virgin raised ;  
The sun, the sky, with kindly pity gazed ;  
And since the power of speech her lips denied,  
Her clay-cold hand the pledge of peace supplied.  
So fled the spirit from her peaceful breast,  
So seemed she but as lulled in quiet rest.

Tancred's firmness now forsook him ; a mortal coldness seized his frame, and he lay pale and speechless like his victim—

Then had his soul pursued the fleeting fair,  
Whose gentle spirit hovered yet in air—

But a band of Christians chanced to pass in search of water, and recognised the Latian hero. Nor would they leave the beautiful form of Clorinda to the wolves, but carried both to the tent of Tancred.

On recovering his recollection, Tancred abandoned himself to frantic grief, tore the bandages from his wounds, and desired to die. The other Christian chiefs strove now to console and now to reprove him ; and Godfrey, with the venerable Peter, in part succeeded in calming his passion, by reminding him of the second death, which might justly punish his impiety. The consolation came, however, when Clorinda appeared to him in a dream, told him of her heavenly happiness, and encouraged him to hope to share it.

‘Then live,’ she said—

‘Then live—and know thou hast Clorinda's love,  
As far as earthly thoughts can souls immortal move.’

#### CANTO XIII.

To prevent the Christians from constructing new works, Ismeno invoked a band of demons to occupy the only spot where wood could be obtained. Tancred alone disdained to fear. He entered the enchanted forest ; the earthquakes rocked, and the thunders rolled in vain to terrify him. The burning walls and flaming ramparts which had appeared to others rose on his sight ; he resolved to defy them and walk through ; the flames disappeared as he entered them ; a cloudy tempest rose, but as he walked on, the storm vanished and the clouds withdrew. Now nothing impeded his passage but the tangled boughs of the trees, and he came at last on a spacious sylvan theatre, having only a stately cypress in the midst. The trunk was covered with hieroglyphics, and among these, which he could not decipher, were conspicuous and intelligible words, beseeching him not to violate this grove, the residence of departed spirits. He heard the murmur of human voices, prompting him *like to awe and pity* ; yet, nothing moved, he drew his shining *and struck the cypress, intending to hew it down. The tree*

#### SPIRIT OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

ran blood, and stained the grassy turf. Filled with horror, yet resolved to persevere, the hero struck again, and Clorinda's voice was heard from the stem in plaintive tones reproaching him for violating her repose. She informs him that these trees are for a time inhabited by the souls of those warriors who have fallen under the walls of Jerusalem, and he has struck that which she occupies. Tancred cannot brave this; he departs, and confesses himself worsted.\*

#### CANTO XIV.

Now from her mother's ancient lap arose  
Indulgent Night, befriending sweet repose;  
Soft breezes in her train attendant flew,  
While from her robe she shook the pearly dew;  
The fluttering zephyrs breathed a grateful wind,  
And soothed the balmy slumbers of mankind.

As the Christian host slept peacefully under the Almighty's watchful care, a dream was sent to Godfrey.

Not far from where the sun, with eastern ray,  
Through golden portals pours the beamy day,  
A crystal gate there stands, whose valves unfold,  
Ere yet the skies the dawning light behold.  
From thence the dreams arise, which heavenly power  
To pious mortals sends in gracious hour.

And thence the vision sped its way to Godfrey's tent. He seemed upraised to the realms of glory; he heard the sacred choir chanting their hymns of praise, and presently he was addressed by a warrior clothed in lambent flames, who announced himself as his deceased friend Hugo. By him he was encouraged to prosecute his enterprise, and counselled to recall Rinaldo, whom alone Heaven will empower to destroy the enchantment of the forest, and who is divinely appointed to bear the honours of the war second only to himself.

In the council held in the morning, Guelpho interceded for Rinaldo, the other chiefs murmuring their approval; and Ubald, with Charles the Dane, was commissioned to seek out the warrior. Proceeding towards Ascalon, according to the directions of Peter, they are met and entertained by a friendly magician.

\* Some critics have condemned the prominent place allotted to enchantments in this epic machinery, but there is no doubt whatever that they were believed in by the brave and the fair of the twelfth century. The scepticism of modern days would have seemed quite as shocking to these valiant knights, as their superstition does to our philosophy; and all that poetry does in gratifying the natural love of the marvellous, is to avail itself of the current belief of the times which it describes. To render fiction poetically true, it is only necessary that he who relates it should have grounds for appearing persuaded of its truth.

# SPIRIT OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

An oaken wreath surrounds his aged brow,  
 In lengthened folds his snowy vesture flows,  
 A wand he shakes ; secure he treads the waves,  
 And, with his feet unbathed, the torrent braves.

He shews them many wonders connected with the secret origin of springs and rivers—of vapours, rains, and dews—of winds, lightnings, meteors, and comets ; while he explains that he obtained all this knowledge in his unconverted state, but now submits to Divine authority, and retaining his arts, employs them in the Christian service.

He then gives them a particular account of the snares that Armida had laid for Rinaldo, and how she has led him to an enchanted island, seduced him with siren songs, and lulled him into fatal repose. He warns them of the allurements they must shun, and the way in which they must awaken the knight to a sense of shame and duty.

## CANTO XV.

In the morning, the two knights resumed their journey, and presently reached a stream in which was a little bark conducted by a lady, whom they had been instructed to recognise by the ringlets on her forehead, and her vestments of changing colours. In this vessel they reached the open sea, sailed along the African coast, passed the Pillars of Hercules, and steering to the south and west, found themselves among the islands which poets call the *Fortunate*. Amidst these islands they found a spacious lonely bay, which they entered, and were landed by the virgin pilot, who pointed out to them the enchanted castle of Armida. As they attempted to gain the ascent, a hideous serpent, and afterwards a ferocious lion, intercepted their passage ; but these and numerous other monsters were quelled by the shaking of the golden wand. Having reached the summit, they came upon a spacious level of surpassing beauty.

There youthful spring salutes the enraptured eye,  
 Unfading verdure and a gladsome sky ;  
 Eternal zephyrs through the groves prevail,  
 And incense breathes in every balmy gale.  
 No irksome change the unvaried climate knows  
 Of heat alternate, and alternate snows ;  
 A genial power the tender herbage feeds,  
 And decks with every sweet the smiling meads ;  
 Diffuses soft perfumes from every flower,  
 And clothes with lasting shade each rural bower ;  
 There reared aloft a stately palace stands,  
 Whose prospect wide the hills and seas commands.

*In vain a copious stream and a shady bower invited the knights to repose ; warned of the dangers of the place, they refused to*

# STORY OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED

taste any of its pleasures. They advanced till they reached a lake, on whose banks a sumptuous banquet was spread. Two beautiful damsels were sporting in the water, and one, half rising from it, revealed in part her beauties.

Till on the approaching chiefs she turned her eyes,  
Then feigned, with mimic fear, a coy surprise ;  
Swift from her head she loosed, with eager haste,  
The yellow curls in artful fillets laced ;  
The falling tresses, o'er her limbs displayed,  
Wrapped all her beauties in a golden shade ;  
Thus hid in locks and circled by the flood,  
With sidelong glance, o'erjoyed, the knights she viewed.  
Her smiles, amid her blushes, lovelier shew ;  
Amid her smiles, her blushes lovelier glow.

Now raising her voice, in witching strains she invited them to lay aside their armour, and refresh themselves by bathing and partaking of the viands prepared. But their hearts were firmly steeled against every soothing art, and they pursued their way to the palace.

## CANTO XVI.

The palace rose in the midst of a sumptuous garden—  
There silver lakes reflect the beaming day ;  
Here crystal streams in gurgling fountains play ;  
Cool vales descend, and sunny hills arise,  
And groves, and caves, and grottos strike the eyes.  
Art shewed her utmost power ; but art concealed,  
With greater charms the pleased attention held.  
It seemed as nature played a sportive part,  
And strove to mock the mimic works of art.

In the midst of the feathered choir, the Phoenix sang with human voice, inviting to the voluptuous pleasures with which the place abounded ; but the virtuous warriors, passing through these alluring scenes, suffered nothing to detain them till they perceived Rinaldo and his mistress—

One proud to rule, one prouder to obey,  
He blest in her, and she in beauty's sway.

They watched awhile her guileful arts : the binding and loosing and smoothing of her hair ; the sweet repulse, the tender scorn, the engaging smile, the tear of transport—till she rose and left him for a time. They then approached Rinaldo ; and Ubald held up his shield before him, that he might view in it his own image :—

His sweeping robes he saw, his flowing hair  
With odours breathing, his luxurious air ;

SPIRIT OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

His sword, the only mark of warlike pride,  
Estranged from fight, hung idly at his side ;  
And wreathed with flowers, seemed worn for empty show,  
No dreadful weapon 'gainst a valiant foe.

Thus beholding himself, and sickening at the sight, Rinaldo awakes from his trance—

And wishes opening earth his shame would hide,  
Or ocean veil him in its 'whelming tide.

The knights invite him again to join the ranks of the brave ; and shame giving way to anger, he hastens with them from the alluring bower. Armida perceiving his departure, follows him in the wildest anguish and with the tenderest entreaties :

She who so late the laws of love despised,  
Who scorned the lover though the love she prized ;  
Whose conquering eyes could every heart subdue—  
Behold her now a lover's steps pursue !

Rinaldo stops but a moment, at Ubald's suggestion, to hear what she has to say.

Deep sorrow spread o'er all her languid air ;  
Yet sweet in wo, and beauteous in despair ;  
Silent on him her eager look she bent ;  
Disdain, and fear, and shame, her speech prevent,  
While from her eyes, the knight, abashed, withdrew ;  
Or snatched, with wary glance, a transient view.

She bade him not suppose she addressed him as a lover, since he now scorns that relation, but as an enemy. She confesses that, through hatred to his religion, she had pursued, deceived, and detained him ; but confesses that she in turn has been vanquished and enslaved. She declares herself content to attend him as his captive, to be exhibited to all the camp as his once proud betrayer :

'These hands shall cut the tresses from my head,  
And o'er my limbs a servile habit spread ;  
Thee will I follow 'mid surrounding foes,  
When all the fury of the battle glows ;  
I want not soul, so far at least, to dare  
To lead thy courser, or thy javelin bear.  
Let me sustain, or be myself, thy shield ;  
Still will I guard thee in the dangerous field ;  
No hostile hand so savage would be found  
Through my poor limbs thy dearer life to wound.'

Repressing his starting tears, Rinaldo assures her she is **not his foe**, and cannot be his slave ; that he bears her no hatred, nor harbours scorn against her ; that her love and her anger have

#### SPIRIT OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

alike deceived her in this matter. He expresses his shame and sorrow for the weakness of which he has been guilty, and avows himself still her champion so far as Christian faith permits, while he refuses to take her with him.

Now eyeing him with scorn, she broke out in accents of rage :

‘Boast not Bertoldo’s nor Sophia’s blood !  
Thou sprung’st, relentless, from the stormy flood :  
Thy infant years th’ Hyrcanian tigress fed ;  
On frozen Caucasus thy youth was bred !—  
See if he deigns one tender tear bestow,  
Or pay one sigh in pity to my wo !  
What shall I say, or whither shall I turn ?  
He calls me his—yet leaves me here in scorn !  
See how his foe the generous victor leaves,  
Forgets her error, and her crime forgives !  
Hear how sedate, how cool his counsels prove !  
This rigid Zeno in the school of love.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Go, wretch !—such peace attend thy tortured mind  
As I, forsaken here, am doomed to find !  
Fly hence !—begone !—but soon expect to view  
My vengeful ghost thy trait’rous flight pursue :  
A fury armed with snakes and torch I’ll prove,  
With terrors equal to my former love !’

Rinaldo leaves her fainting on the shore, and sets sail with his companions. When she recovers, she destroys the enchanted palace and gardens, and, consenting to live only for revenge, returns to Gaza to join the army of the caliph of Egypt.

#### CANTO XVII.

Arriving at Gaza, which was then held by the Egyptian monarch, Armida makes her appearance in the character of a female archer seated on a stately car, drawn by four unicorns, and attended by a hundred maids, and a hundred pages on milk-white steeds ; while behind is her troop of soldiers, commanded by Aradine. While the gazing hosts admire her beauty, she proposes herself and her domains as the reward of him who shall bring her the head of Rinaldo. All are eager to proffer their aid, Adrastus and Tissaphernes especially appearing as rivals for the honour of avenging her.

#### CANTO XVIII.

Meanwhile Rinaldo, arriving at the camp, confesses his errors, implores and finds forgiveness, and is immediately despatched to the enchanted forest. It does not present monsters and objects

SPIRIT OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

of terror to him, as it did to the other warriors, but offers all the charms of an earthly paradise.

Then new desires incite his feet to rove  
Through all the deep recesses of the grove.  
As searching round, from shade to shade he strays,  
New scenes at once invite him, and amaze.  
Where'er he treads, the earth her tribute pours  
In gushing springs, or voluntary flowers:  
Here blooms the lily; there the fragrant rose;  
Here spouts a fountain; there a riv'let flows:  
From every spray the liquid manna trills;  
And honey from the softening bark distils.  
Again the strange, the pleasing sound he hears  
Of plaints and music mingling in his ears:  
Yet nought appears that mortal voice can frame,  
Nor harp, nor timbrel, whence the music came.

A stately myrtle attracts his attention. And now a hundred trees display each a cleft from which issues a woodland nymph, and these forming a circle, dance around the knight and the myrtle, with songs of welcome and the music of timbrel and harp. Presently a low sound was heard from the myrtle, and Armida's self issued from the trunk. Blushing, and rolling her mournful eyes, she seeks a renewal of their affectionate intercourse—

Unwary pity here, with sudden charm,  
Might melt the wisest, and the coldest warm.

But Rinaldo, remembering his instructions, drew his sword to cut down the myrtle. In vain she throws herself between the weapon and her tree; in vain she becomes transformed into a huge giant figure, an armed Briareus with fifty pair of hands wielding many swords and shields, while the surrounding nymphs were changed to Cyclops. The hero, unmoved, pursued his task, amidst the groans of the myrtle, and the infernal gloom of the scene, the stormy winds, the hoarse thunder, the flashing lightning, and the rocking earthquakes. As soon as the myrtle fell, the phantoms fled; the enchantment was dissolved. The forest, now restored to its natural state, supplied wood for new machines of war, superior to those used in the former assault, and Godfrey disposed everything for a new attack.

During the struggle, the Christian cause was favoured by signal interpositions of Heaven: the fires of the Saracens were driven back on themselves, and a falling rock crushed Ismeno to death at the moment he is preparing new enchantments. Rinaldo performed prodigies of valour, and the sacred banner was at length placed on the ramparts, while the assailants poured in on every hand. The souls of all the warriors that had fallen in the conflict assembled in mid-air to share the triumph of the Crusaders.

SPRIT OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO XIX.

Argantes remained one of the last of the infidels on the walls, where, being met and defied by Tancred, he taunted him with having come so late to finish his duel; and now not as a hero to dare a hero, but as a base artificer of war, defended by troops and engines. Tancred indignantly invited him to retire with him, and prove his boasted might in single combat.

Then to his troops: 'Withhold your wrathful hands;  
This warrior now my sword alone demands:  
No common foe; by challenge him I claim;  
By former promise mine, and mine by fame.'

\* \* \*  
Already Tancred hopes the glorious strife,  
And burns with zeal to take the pagan's life:  
He claims him wholly, all his blood demands,  
And envies e'en a drop to vulgar hands.  
He spreads his shield, forbids the threatening blow,  
And guards from darts and spears the mighty foe.

Reaching a secluded valley, the warriors stopped, and Argantes turned a thoughtful mournful gaze upon the conquered town. Tancred, perceiving that his adversary had no shield, generously threw away his own, and asked the meaning of this sudden gloom.

'On yon fair town,' the infidel replied,  
'Judea's sceptred queen and Asia's pride,  
That bows her vanquished head, I think with pain,  
While I, to stay her downfall, strive in vain.  
Too small a vengeance will thy life afford,  
Though Heaven adjudge it to my conquering sword!'

They advanced to combat, each well knowing the valour of his foe. Argantes excelled in size and strength; Tancred, in lightness and dexterity. Twice did Tancred, having obtained the advantage, offer to stay his hand and spare life and liberty to the fierce Circassian. Disdaining his clemency, Argantes rose and renewed the combat:—

Again his hand the courteous victor stayed;  
'Submit, O chief, preserve thy life,' he said;  
But while he paused, the fierce insidious foe  
Full at his heels directs a treacherous blow,  
And threats aloud. Then flash from Tancred's eyes  
The sparks of wrath, while thus the hero cries:  
'And dost thou, wretch! such base return afford  
For life so long preserved from Tancred's sword?'  
He said; and as he spoke, no more delayed,  
But through his visor plunged the avenging blade.

#### SPIRIT OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

Thus fell Argantes : as he lived, he died ;  
Untamed his soul, unconquered was his pride ;  
Nor drooped his spirit at the approach of death,  
But threats and rage employed his latest breath.

Tancred now vainly endeavoured to return to the camp : exhausted from loss of blood, he swooned away on the plain.

Meanwhile, the victors had made a dreadful slaughter within the city ; and Solyman had induced Aladin, with the remnant of the troops, to retire within the tower of David, in the hope that the succours from Egypt might arrive in time to save them. This army was, indeed, on its march ; and Godfrey had despatched Vafrino, a squire of Tancred's, familiar with Eastern languages, to watch its movements. Vafrino, mingling freely with the warriors, is recognised by Erminia, who reveals herself to him, discloses the plans of the enemy, and accompanies him on his return to the Christian host. On the way, they find Tancred, and get him brought into the holy city. While Erminia remains with him, Vafrino reports to Godfrey the state of the Egyptian army, and the danger especially menacing his life and Rinaldo's. Precautions are taken accordingly, and the Christians prepare to meet this new enemy.

#### CANTO XX.

At sunrise on the following morning, the Egyptian army appeared in sight ; and the Christian host went out to meet it, and offered battle,\* leaving Raymond in command of a body of Syrian auxiliaries and Gascons, to keep the Saracens beleaguered in the tower of David. Godfrey flew from rank to rank, encouraging and stimulating the troops, while Rinaldo headed the onset. The Christian arms prevail, and the ranks of the foe are yielding, when Rinaldo meets the car of Armida. Conflicting passions rise within her : she prepares her bow against him, and fits the shaft, but love withholds it for awhile.

Thrice in her hand the missile reed she tries,  
And thrice her faltering hand its strength denies.  
At length her wrath prevails—she twangs the string,  
And sends the whizzing arrow on the wing :  
Swift flies the shaft—as swiftly flies her prayer,  
That all its fury may be spent in air !  
She hopes, she fears, she follows with her eye,  
And marks the weapon as it cuts the sky.

\* All the epic poets have described battles, and have lavished their most brilliant poetry upon these scenes ; yet, perhaps, few passages in their works have afforded less pleasure to their readers. It is for this reason, and not because Tasso is inferior in this kind of description, that we have quoted few such passages.

SPIRIT OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

The weapon, not unfaithful to her aim,  
Against the warrior's stubborn corselet came.  
Harmless it fell ; aside the hero turned :  
She deemed her power despised, her anger scorned.  
Again she bent her bow, but failed to wound,  
While love, with surer darts, her bosom found.

While the combat raged on the plain, the proud Solyman, viewing it, disdained to remain in the tower, and burned to join the fray. Aladin and the rest of the garrison partook of his martial rage, and a desperate sally was made. Solyman cut his way through, and hastened to the fiercer battle ; while Aladin and his followers dispersed the Syrian troops, and forced the Gascons back. The tumult reaches the place where Tancred is lying ; he rises from his couch, grasps his sword and shield, and appears in the conflict. His presence decides the struggle, and Aladin falls under the hand of Raymond. Meanwhile, Solyman brings a short but glorious aid to the Egyptian allies. Among the many warriors slain by him, fame has snatched from oblivion the names of two only—Edward, and his wife Gildippe, who had performed wondrous deeds of valour throughout the campaign, and who, ever succouring each other, had never been separated in fight.

As when an axe the stately elm invades,  
Or storms uproot it from its native shades,  
It falls ; and with it falls the mantling vine,  
Whose curling folds its ample waist entwine,  
So Edward sunk beneath the pagan steel ;  
So with her Edward, fair Gildippe fell.  
They strive to speak, their wounds are lost in sighs,  
And on their lips th' imperfect accent dies.  
Each other still with mournful looks they view,  
And, close embracing, take the last adieu,  
Till, losing both the cheerful beams of light,  
Their gentle souls together take their flight.

The Christian arms, however, prevail ; Adrastus, Solyman, and Tissaphernes fall successively beneath the arm of Rinaldo ; and the fair enchantress is forsaken by the rest of her champions. Leaping from her car, and mounting a charger, she herself took to flight—

But like two hounds that snuff the tainted dew,  
Anger and love her parting steps pursue.

Rinaldo, pausing to observe what friends he should aid, or what foes pursue, marked her flight, and followed. He overtook her just as she had laid aside her armour, and was about to plunge an arrow into her own bosom. ' Love,' she exclaimed, ' that has so deeply pierced my heart, knows how well it will admit this weapon also.

' Unblest Armida ! what is now thy fate,  
When *this alone* can cure thy wretched state !

#### SPIRIT OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

This weapon's point must heal the wound of love,  
And friendly death my heart's physician prove.  
Fond love, farewell ! But come, thou fell disdain !  
For ever partner with my ghost remain ;  
Together let us rise from realms below,  
To haunt the ungrateful author of my wo ;  
To bring dire visions to his fearful sight,  
And fill with horror every sleepless night !'

Rinaldo now rushed behind her, and withheld her hand. Again he vowed himself her champion, and swore to restore her to the throne of her fathers.

He spoke ; and speaking, sought her breast to move  
With sighs and tears, the eloquence of love !  
Till, like the melting flakes of mountain snow,  
Where shines the sun, or tepid breezes blow,  
Her anger, late so fierce, dissolves away,  
And gentle passions bear a milder sway.

Meanwhile, Godfrey gathered the last laurels on the battle-field,  
the few remaining foes falling, flying, or surrendering.

Thus Godfrey conquered ; and as yet the day  
Gave from the western waves the parting ray,  
Swift to the walls the glorious victor rode,  
The domes where Christ had made his blest abode.  
Still in his blood-stained vest, with princely train  
The impatient chieftain sought the sacred fane ;  
There hung his arms, there poured his votive prayer,  
Kissed his loved Saviour's tomb, and bowed adoring there.



CHAMBERS'S  
**REPOSITORY**  
OF  
INSTRUCTIVE AND AMUSING  
**TRACTS**



LONDON & EDINBURGH,  
WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS



## CONTENTS OF VOLUME VIIL

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LIBERIA, . . . . .	NO. 57
LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA, . . . . .	" 58
THE BASKET OF CHERRIES: A TALE, . . . . .	" 59
CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS, . . . . .	" 60
THE OCEAN, . . . . .	" 61
THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER: A TALE, . . . . .	" 62
TWO DAYS ON THE WELSH BORDER, . . . . .	" 63
SPIRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO, . . . . .	" 64

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## CHAMBERS'S REPOSITORY.



### LIBERIA.

**T**HE little African republic of Liberia has of late years excited in this country and other parts of Europe, as well as in America, an amount of interest which, unless its sources were known, would appear quite out of proportion to the actual importance of that infant commonwealth. A small community of emancipated slaves and descendants of slaves, recently established on a remote and unfrequented coast, would seem likely to attract but little notice, and that only of a casual and half-contemptuous kind. Such would certainly have been the manner and spirit in

## **LIBERIA.**

which Roman statesmen and philosophers, in the days of Scipio or of Augustus, would have regarded such an insignificant colony of freedmen, if indeed they had deigned to notice it at all. But at the present day we have learned, or are gradually learning, to estimate communities, as well as individuals, by a new standard. The result is, that this young and feeble colony, whose brief history inspires so many hopes for the cause of human progress, is regarded by many persons with an interest which might almost be termed affectionate. The extinction of the slave-trade, and ultimately of slavery itself—the diffusion of Christian civilisation over the vast interior of Africa—such are the splendid results which philanthropists and politicians expect from the success and extension of this settlement. Men of science and men of business, who confine their attention to their own special pursuits, cannot but regard with curiosity and good-will the prosperous growth of a community which seems destined to solve the long-vexed question of the capacity of the African race for self-government, and to convert the African peninsula into a vast garden of tropical products for the supply of industrious and wealthy Europe.

Views and expectations like these influencing the minds of eminent statesmen in this and some other countries, have led them to form favourable treaties with the young republic—to protect its interests with friendly care, to receive its chief magistrate with the honours reserved for the most distinguished visitors, and to manifest in other ways the peculiar regard which the colony seems to awaken in all who are acquainted with its history and character. The same feelings, it is hoped, will lend an interest, in the eyes of many readers, to the following account of the past fortunes and present condition of the settlement. The facts embodied in this narrative, it should be stated, have been obtained in part from publications of good authority, and in part from the communications of respectable inhabitants of the colony.

A history of the Liberian republic, to be fully intelligible, must be preceded by a description of its situation and present extent. In most of our modern maps, the coast of Upper Guinea is divided into four sections, styled respectively, beginning from the east, the Slave Coast, the Gold Coast, the Ivory Coast, and the Grain Coast. The three first-named divisions face to the southward, the line of coast running nearly east and west, and forming the northern shore of the Gulf of Guinea. But at Cape Palmas, which is the western limit of the Ivory Coast, the line of coast bends to the north-east, facing the Atlantic Ocean, and keeps on in this direction beyond Sierra Leone, nearly to the mouth of the river Gambia. The southern portion of this coast, between Cape Palmas and Sierra Leone, is the fertile region formerly known as the Grain Coast. The native inhabitants, though as barbarous in most respects as their neighbours, were somewhat more industrious, and more addicted to agricultural pursuits. The slave-

## LIBERIA.

dealers, as well as the honest traders who visited the Guinea Coast, were accustomed to purchase here their supplies of rice, and such other provisions as the country afforded. The influence of this trade upon the inhabitants, had it not been counteracted by one more powerful, would have been highly beneficial; but, unhappily, the slave-trade was at the same time carried on here with great activity, and with the usual results. The native population was first demoralised by it, and then nearly exterminated. The destructive effects of the African slave-trade have only of late years become fully known. It is probable that, during the past century, the population of a great part of Africa, and more particularly of the regions near the coast, has been constantly diminishing from this cause alone. In the year 1823, shortly after the arrival of the first Liberian colonists on the Grain Coast, the governor of the settlement travelled about 150 miles along that coast. There were indications sufficient to shew that the country had formerly been very populous. He found it 'nearly desolated of inhabitants,' and covered with dense forests and almost impervious thickets of brambles. Of one of the streams, on which he had purchased a site for a colonial village, he wrote: 'Along this beautiful river were formerly scattered, in Africa's better days, innumerable hamlets; and till within the last twenty years, nearly the whole river-board, for one or two miles back, was under that slight culture which obtains among the natives of this country. But the population has been wasted by the rage for trading in slaves. A few detached and solitary plantations, scattered at long intervals through the tract, just serve to interrupt the silence and relieve the gloom which reigns over the whole region.'

Such was the state of that part of the country in which Liberia was founded. The whole of the Grain Coast, from the colony of Sierra Leone on the north, to Cape Palmas on the south, is now comprised within the territory of that republic. The length of this line of coast is about 500 miles. The average breadth of the colonial territory, between the coast and the independent tribes of the interior, is about 40 miles. The extent of country over which the republic now exercises jurisdiction is not less than 20,000 square miles. This is nearly three times the area of Wales, or about equal to two-thirds of Scotland. But the population of the republic, though rapidly increasing, is as yet by no means commensurate with its extent, or with the natural capabilities of the country. It comprises only about 12,000 colonists from America, with about 340,000 natives, who have voluntarily placed themselves under the laws of the commonwealth. But along this coast the slave-trade has been entirely abolished. Cultivation of the soil is rapidly extending. The forests and brambles are already in many parts cleared away. Where once stood the innumerable hamlets of pagan savages, Christian villages are springing up. Small colonial *schooners*, laden with palm-oil, dye-woods, rice,

## LIBERIA.

coffee, and other products of the country, ply constantly along the coast, where, fifty years ago, even the pirate and the slave-trader sometimes hesitated to land, so great was their dread of the fierce and treacherous tribes that inhabited it. On what was, at one time, the site of the principal slave-mart of the Grain Coast, is now situated the capital of Liberia—a thriving seaport town, of 2000 inhabitants, with its stores and wharfs, its light-house and fort, its court-house, schools, churches, newspapers, and literary and charitable associations. In the following pages, we propose to sketch, as briefly as possible, the causes and events by which these astonishing and delightful changes have been effected.

About the close of the year 1816, an association was formed at Washington, styled the American Colonisation Society for Colonising the Free People of Colour of the United States. The founders of this society were a few benevolent Americans, who felt deeply for the unhappy condition of the coloured inhabitants of their country, both bond and free. On some accounts, indeed, the free negroes in America are even more to be pitied than the slaves. With the natural aspirations of freemen, they find themselves depressed into an inferior caste, repulsed from the society of the white race, and excluded from all but the most humble and least lucrative employments. The object for which the Colonisation Society was established, was to found on the coast of Africa, or in some other place beyond the limits of the United States, a colony of free coloured people from America. The originators of the society did not, however, confine their views merely to the deportation of persons previously free; on the contrary, they anticipated that many slaves would be emancipated by their owners for the express purpose of sending them to the colony. The event has shewn that these expectations were well founded. More than half of the colonists now in Liberia were originally slaves, and would probably have remained in that condition but for the establishment of the colony. If the Colonisation Society had done nothing more than procure the freedom of 5000 slaves, and place them in comfortable circumstances, its members would have abundant reason to be satisfied with their work. But the society has accomplished much more than this. The real purpose which some of its most intelligent and far-seeing founders had in view, was of a much vaster scope: they meant to discover and open a way by which the emancipation of all the slaves in the United States might ultimately be effected. It is true that this expectation—which might, if publicly proclaimed, have fixed upon them at the time the reputation of visionaries—was kept in a measure out of view. But abundant evidence remains to shew, that the purpose and hope were really entertained by them; and the fact ought to be remembered to their credit, now that their noble and philanthropic design seems to be in a fair way for accomplishment.

Although some of the most eminent public men of America, including the late distinguished statesmen, Mr Henry Clay and

## LIBERIA.

Mr Daniel Webster, were members of the society, it was from the beginning a private association, dependent for its resources entirely on voluntary contributions. The slight assistance which it occasionally received from the government, was given through an indirect channel. A few Africans, liberated from slave-ships, were placed by President Monroe in charge of the society, with the funds necessary for their support. The American men-of-war cruising on the coast of Africa gave, on some occasions, valuable aid and protection to the settlement; though, as it happened, the most important succour which the colony ever received, was given shortly after its establishment by a British ship and a British military officer.

The members of the society seem to have relied much from the first on the sympathy and interest which their undertaking would awaken in this country. The two agents who were sent out in 1817 to purchase a site for the settlement, came first to London, and sought the counsel of Mr Wilberforce, Mr Clarkson, and other distinguished and influential friends of the African race. As may be supposed, they were cordially welcomed, and the advice and aid they required were readily given. From England, they sailed for Sierra Leone, where they met with an equally friendly reception. Every desired facility was afforded to them; and two intelligent men from that colony accompanied them as guides and interpreters in their voyage down the coast. They selected for the site of their first settlement the island of Sherboro, situated near the coast, about 120 miles south of Sierra Leone. In returning to America, one of the agents, Mr Samuel Mills, who had also been one of the most active in founding the Colonisation Society, sickened and died, probably of disease contracted on the coast. His name is the first in a long list of martyrs who have fallen victims to their zeal for the accomplishment of this benevolent enterprise. Nearly 100 white men, Americans and English, have thus perished while aiding in founding the republic of Liberia.

In February 1820, the first emigrant ship sailed from New York for the African coast. There were on board thirty families of colonists, comprising in all eighty-nine individuals. They were under the charge of three white men, one of whom was a clergyman, and another a medical man. They touched at Sierra Leone, where they were kindly received. An American man-of-war arrived shortly after them, and a lieutenant, with a boat's crew, went with them to aid in forming their settlement on Sherboro Island. The result of this first attempt was most disastrous. The island was low, and covered in most parts with a dense jungle: it proved to be one of the most unhealthy spots along that pestilential coast. Within a few months the three agents, the lieutenant with all his boat's crew—every white man, in short, who took part in the expedition, died of the African fever; twenty of the emigrants shared their fate. The remainder were conveyed back to Sierra

## LIBERIA.

Leone, where the governor generously provided for them until the Colonisation Society was able to resume its charge of them.

When the news of this deplorable issue of the first experiment reached America, some members of the society were for giving up the whole undertaking as a hopeless affair, but the majority determined to persevere. Four gentlemen undertook the perilous office of agents—a duty on which they must have entered with feelings somewhat similar to those which animate the volunteers who lead a forlorn-hope in an assault upon a strongly garrisoned fortress. Two of the four were clergymen, and one of them was a brother of one who had just before perished on Sherboro Island. In less than six months after their arrival on the African coast, two of the agents died, another returned in broken health to America, and the fourth was left alone. He was presently joined, however, by a fellow-worker, a physician from Philadelphia, who volunteered for this service. It is worthy of notice, that although the almost inevitable fate which awaited those who were engaged in this duty was well known, the society seem never to have had any difficulty in finding zealous and well-qualified persons to undertake it. The last-mentioned volunteer, Dr Ayres, aided by Captain Stockton of the American navy, succeeded in purchasing a small tract of land, in a locality which happily proved to be the most eligible site for the colony that could have been chosen. This was at Cape Montserrado—a name sometimes corrupted to Mesurado—on the Grain Coast, about 300 miles south-east of Sierra Leone. The cape is a long promontory, rising about 200 feet above the general low level of the coast, and jutting boldly forward into the sea. On the north side is a small bay, with a roadstead, offering a safe anchorage for shipping. To this place the emigrants were transported from Sierra Leone, and on the 25th of April 1822, the American flag was hoisted on the cape, and the foundation was commenced of what is now the capital town of the Liberian Republic. The colonists who had survived the fever on Sherboro Island, were found to be thoroughly acclimated, and as healthy as they had been in America. There was reason to hope that the colony, being at length fairly established in a favourable situation, would continue to grow and prosper.

The little settlement had yet, however, some severe trials to go through. A few months after the colonists had taken up their residence on Cape Montserrado, the neighbouring tribes formed a confederacy to expel or exterminate them. The land they occupied had been fairly purchased; but the native chiefs, who derived most of their revenue from the slave-trade, soon discovered that this source of wealth would be entirely cut off by the new settlement. They feared, also, and naturally enough, that the colonists, gradually increasing in numbers and strength, would seize upon the whole country, and destroy or drive away the native occupants. This was the manner in which powerful chiefs among themselves were accustomed to treat their weaker neighbours, and

## LIBERIA.

they could not suppose that the colonists would act upon a different system. Fortunately, at this time, the settlement was governed by a man of singular ability and energy, Mr Ashmun, then just appointed agent of the Colonisation Society, and known in the annals of Liberia as the first governor, and the real founder of the infant state. Mr Ashmun was a young man, who had been engaged in literary labour in the United States. His remarkable capacity for the management of affairs was probably not known even to himself until it was called forth by the circumstances of his new position. These were of such a nature as would have appalled an ordinary mind. He arrived in the midst of the rainy season. On landing, accompanied by his wife, he found that neither for himself nor for the fifty emigrants whom he brought with him was there any shelter provided. Only about thirty huts had been erected, and these were barely sufficient to accommodate the colonists already in the settlement. An accidental fire had recently consumed the greater part of the colony's stores. The natives were threatening hostilities, and no works of defence had been constructed. During three months, Mr Ashmun laboured incessantly to supply these deficiencies, and insure the safety of the colony. He had cabins hastily constructed for the shelter of his company. The colony had six small pieces of artillery, some of which were half buried in the mud on the opposite side of the river. These were disinterred, brought over, and dragged, with great labour, up the steep bank to the height on which the town was built. They were then mounted on rude carriages, planted about the town in commanding positions, and covered by stockades. All the men in the settlement, only forty in number, were enrolled, drilled, told off into watches, and carefully instructed in their several duties. The forest, which encroached closely upon the little settlement, was cleared away, so that it might not afford a cover for the enemy. Mr Ashmun, while directing these labours, had to endure great sufferings. His wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, became ill with the fever, and died about six weeks after they landed. Mr Ashmun himself, attacked by the same illness, and oppressed with grief and toil, was for a time disabled. He lay for several days insensible; but as soon as he had partially recovered, he resumed his duties with indomitable resolution. After a night of delirium, he sometimes spent the following morning in directing the important works which were going on. He made repeated efforts to conciliate the hostile chiefs by negotiations and by presents, but without success. Finding that war was inevitable, he took care to be prepared in time. He states in the journal, and the fact should be mentioned as an evidence of his forethought and good judgment, that he 'had arranged a plan for obtaining intelligence, which left him ignorant of none of their movements; and by the singular fidelity and diligence of an individual, whose name it was still necessary to conceal, was perfectly informed of the temper and stand of every influential headman in

#### LIBERIA.

the country, and often furnished with the very arguments used by them in their debates.'

At length, on the morning of the 11th of November 1822, the threatened attack took place. A thousand savage warriors, armed with muskets and cutlasses, rushed suddenly upon the little village of the colonists. Their first assault was made with such violence as to be irresistible. One of the guns was captured, and several of the defenders killed or wounded. But the assailants having stopped to plunder some of the houses, time was given for the colonists to rally and bring the other pieces of artillery to bear upon the enemy. This was done with such effect, that the barbarians were soon thrown into confusion, and at last fled in dismay. They carried off, however, some of the spoil they had obtained, and seven small children whom they had seized in the houses. These children were restored unhurt to their friends after the conclusion of the war. Mr Ashmun now attempted again to resume negotiations with the chiefs, but they were in a bad temper, and refused to treat with him, still believing themselves strong enough to crush his little band by a bold and well-combined effort. Accordingly, on the 1st of December, a second attack was made on the town, which was assaulted on two sides at once with great fury and determination. The enemy, though promptly encountered and repeatedly driven back, kept up the contest for nearly two hours. The colonists, however, were so well sheltered by the fortifications, that only three of them were severely hurt, one of whom died from the effects of his wounds. The enemy's loss in both the assaults was heavy, though its exact amount was not known.

The discomfited but sullen chiefs still refused to come to an accommodation. The situation of the colonists had become well-nigh desperate: they had only provisions in the settlement sufficient to last for fifteen days—their supplies from the country were entirely cut off by the besieging force; and they had only two rounds of ammunition left for their guns. From this perilous condition they were rescued in a remarkable manner. On the night after the last attack, the watch on duty heard a suspicious noise, and, fearing an ambuscade, fired off some muskets and a cannon. It proved to be a false alarm; but the report of the gun was fortunately heard on board an English government schooner, which was just then passing Cape Montserrado, on its way from Sierra Leone to Cape Coast Castle. The discharge of artillery at midnight, on a barbarous coast, was a strange and unaccountable event, which naturally excited curiosity. The schooner lay-to till morning, when a boat was sent on shore. The character and situation of the colonists, as soon as the circumstances were known, excited great sympathy, and every aid that could be given to them was at once afforded. Among the passengers in the schooner was Major Laing, the distinguished African traveller, who at once offered his mediation to bring about a restoration of peace. British

## LIBERIA.

influence was then, and still is, powerful along that coast; and the hostile chiefs, humbled by two defeats, were glad to accept the terms proposed by Major Laing. Peace was concluded, and a good understanding for the first time seemed to prevail between the colonists and the natives. Some fear of treachery, however, was still entertained; and when the schooner departed, on the 4th of December, midshipman Gordon with eleven sailors volunteered to remain behind, to watch over the execution of the treaty, and protect the colony. But these warm-hearted seamen were destined only to swell the dismal list of victims who have perished in this benevolent work. Within four weeks after the sailing of the schooner, Gordon and eight of his men, struck down by the poisonous malaria of the coast, were borne to their graves by the sorrowing colonists. A few months afterwards, an American man-of-war cast anchor in Montserrado Bay, and the officers and crew, animated by similar feelings, spent three weeks in strengthening the fortifications, improving the buildings, attending the wounded, and otherwise assisting the colonists. By that time, the inevitable fever began its ravages. The surgeon was the first victim; and though the vessel put to sea immediately, forty men of the crew died before the pestilence was subdued. Thus the Angel of Death guards the threshold of Africa from the tread of the conquering white race, and preserves the land as the future home of its own oppressed and far-scattered children!

Since this first struggle for existence, the colony has never been in serious danger from the hostility of the native tribes. Its chief town has not again been attacked, and the colonists now consider themselves as safe in it as they would be in America. Nor has there been another confederacy of many chiefs against the colony; but, on several occasions, small outlying villages have been assailed by marauding chieftains, who have been unable to restrain their own warlike propensities or those of their followers. In two or three cases, these attacks have been incited by slave-dealers, who have found that the extension of the colony was putting an end to their atrocious traffic. The result has been, in every case, that the volunteer or militia forces of the colony, usually headed by the governor in person, have been able to subdue the enemy and put an end to the war, if such it could be called, in one or two combats. One reason of the speedy success of the Liberians in their wars, is to be found in the circumstance that they make no conquests, and exact no indemnities. All the land they possess has been purchased in time of peace. A hostile chief, who ceases to fight and is willing to come to terms, is allowed to retain his land, usually on condition of submitting to the general laws of the colony. Many chiefs and tribes have sought this union with the colony as a favour, hoping to find themselves thus protected from the attacks of their more powerful neighbours. In this way, as well as by frequent purchases of land with funds supplied from America and from this country, the authority of the colony has

## LIBERIA.

been gradually extended over about a quarter of a million of the native inhabitants.

One other important event in Mr Ashmun's administration remains to be noticed. It has been seen how that gentleman, a student and a writer of books, suddenly displayed great energy and large mental resources in the performance of the practical duties of his office. It might have been expected that he would be found still more at home in whatever concerned the theory of government. Curiously enough, it was in this alone that he failed. He did not perceive that, to insure the complete success of any colony, but, above all, of a colony like Liberia, it was essential that the settlers should have, in a great measure, if not entirely, the management of their own affairs; and he greatly underrated the capacity of the colonists for self-government. By a rather strange oversight, although the colony was founded for the purpose of testing the ability of the coloured people to govern themselves, no provision had been made by the Colonisation Society for enabling the first emigrants to take any part in its public administration. The society's agent had absolute power in the settlement. During the first year of danger and distress, the common perils and labours occupied the attention of all; and little heed was given to other subjects, however important. But at length when peace was restored and trade commenced with the natives, when new settlers arrived and fresh distributions of land took place, the natural interest which free citizens must feel in the affairs of their community began to be awakened. Some acts of the agent excited dissatisfaction. The colonists demurred to his exercise of absolute authority, and demanded a share in the government. At length the excitement became a mutiny. Mr Ashmun met it with his usual energy, and partially repressed it by a fervid and solemn appeal to the gratitude and reason of the colonists, reminding them of the duties which they owed to the parent association, and of the evils which would follow if they should then break off their connection with the society. 'The authority of the United States and the Colonisation Society,' he finally warned them, 'must be re-established in all its perfection on this cape, or you must scatter and perish.' The appeal produced a considerable effect. The mutineers submitted; but the discontent was not allayed.

Happily, just at this time the Colonisation Society had determined to repair the original omission in their plans. Some inkling of the state of affairs in the colony had reached home, and it was determined to send out a special agent, with full powers for the redress of grievances. The Rev. Mr Gurley undertook this office, and executed it in a manner which produced a very beneficial effect. Of Mr Ashmun's general system of management, he found every reason for approving; and he persuaded that gentleman to give up his intention of returning to the United States, and continue in charge of the settlement. But on the self-government question,

## LIBERIA.

Mr Gurley perceived that the colonists were in the right. Assembling all the men, to the number of about 100, in their little church, he laid before them the plan of a constitution, by which the election of all public officers, except the agent (or governor) and two magistrates, was to be committed, under certain regulations, to the colonists. The supremacy of the society was still insisted upon, for the present; but there was no probability that it would be exercised in a manner opposed to the wishes of the settlers. The plan was cordially accepted by the colonists; and all discontent vanished as soon as it was put in operation.

Mr Gurley, it should here be stated, besides a constitution, brought out also an appropriate name for the settlement. Hitherto, it had commonly been known as the Montserrado Colony; but the society had determined to rechristen it by the attractive and significant appellation of LIBERIA—the Land of Freedom. The chief town, or Cape Montserrado, received the name of Monrovia, in token of gratitude to President Monroe, who had done all that lay in his power to favour the society's undertaking. The progress of the colony during the remainder of Mr Ashmun's term of office was in every way satisfactory. Peace was maintained with the natives, and a profitable trade was opened with the tribes of the interior. Frequent arrivals of emigrants from America strengthened the colony, and led to the formation of new settlements. Most of these were on the St Paul's River, a fine stream which flows into the ocean near Montserrado Bay. The settlers now began to apply themselves to agricultural labours, to which many of them had been accustomed in America. Some failures were experienced by the cultivators before they learned to adapt their methods to the soil and climate of their new country. Their crops were swept away by floods, devoured by insects, or laid waste by troops of antelopes, monkeys, and porcupines from the surrounding forests. But in time the means of preventing these disasters were discovered; and plantations of rice, maize, sweet potatoes, bananas, oranges, and various other vegetables and fruit-trees, were found to yield ample returns for the labour bestowed upon them.

In March 1828, Mr Ashmun was compelled, by the failure of his health, to quit the colony. The people, who had become warmly attached to him, accompanied him in a body to the ship, and took a last leave of him with many demonstrations of sorrow. He survived to reach his native country, and died a few days afterwards at Newhaven, in Connecticut, where a monument has since been erected to his memory by the Colonisation Society. His successors in the government of the colony for the next ten years—Dr Randall, Mr Mechlin, the Rev. Mr Pinney, and Dr Skinner—appear to have been animated by a similar zeal, and to have conducted the affairs of the colony with discretion and good success. The first named of these gentlemen died in office; the others withdrew in failing health, after two or three years of

## LIBERIA.

service. The history of the colony during this period comprises only the usual incidents—frequent purchases of territory, particularly along the coast, with a view of suppressing the slave-trade; the arrival of emigrant ships; the formation of new settlements; the building of churches and schools; with occasionally some breach of the peace by a turbulent native chief, who, after being summarily put down by the Liberian volunteers, was usually glad to be received into favour and made a Liberian citizen.

But while the colony was thus prospering, the society to which it owed its existence underwent some remarkable vicissitudes. At the outset, its object and plans were regarded with much favour in the United States. Even those who doubted its success were disposed to admire the benevolence of its founders, whose good intentions were not questioned. Such continued to be the state of public feeling in regard to the Colonisation Society during the first ten or twelve years of its existence. At that time, although slavery, in the abstract, had few defenders in America, the strong and lively anti-slavery feeling which now exists had not been awakened. It appears to have been first aroused by the indirect influence of the Colonisation Society. That association, being sustained entirely by voluntary contributions, was obliged, of course, to appeal frequently to the public for support, either through newspapers and other periodicals, or in public meetings. One of the topics on which writers and speakers, in advocating its claims, touched most frequently, was of course the evils of slavery, which the society hoped to mitigate, and perhaps finally to remove. The misery and hopeless degradation of two or three millions of slaves, and the disgrace of tolerating such injustice in a land of liberty, furnished a theme on which the orators and writers of the society could dilate with powerful effect. In fact, the effect which their appeals produced was much greater than they anticipated or desired. Some of their hearers, men of logical minds and ardent tempers, began to ask why, if slavery was so great an evil, and so evident an injustice, its existence should be tolerated for a day. Should they delay to do justice until two or three millions of persons could be transported to Africa? What proof had they that the instant release of all the slaves in America would do any serious injury to the country? And if they could be certain that it would, ought they not to do what was right, regardless of consequences? By such inquiries and arguments, the anti-slavery sentiment which has agitated the Union for the last twenty years was first aroused. It might have been expected that the advocates of the immediate abolition of slavery, if they did not think proper to aid the Colonisation Society, would at least have regarded it with some favour, seeing that one of its objects was to prove the capacity of the African race for enjoying the privileges of freedom without abusing them. The abolitionists, however, took a very different view of the question. They denounced the Colonisation Society as the worst enemy of the coloured man, whether slave or

## LIBERIA.

free. 'It was, they affirmed, a slaveholders' association, and its real object was to relieve the slave states of their free coloured population, whose presence alarmed and annoyed the slave-owners, and stimulated the slaves to recover their liberty. The unfortunate creatures committed to the society's charge, they declared, were transported to a barbarous and unhealthy coast, and there left to perish in misery. By withdrawing the free people of colour from the country, the society would deprive the slaves of the sympathy and assistance of this portion of their race, and render their situation more hopeless than it was before. These and similar statements were reiterated everywhere throughout the northern or free states, and with an effect very injurious to the Colonisation Society, which found itself, like Frankenstein in the romance, pursued or confronted in every movement by a terrible and unrelenting enemy, which it had itself called into existence.

Many ministers, of various religious denominations, had been accustomed to recommend the society to the liberality of their congregations, or to allow the society's agents to occupy their pulpits for this purpose. But after the awakening of the anti-slavery excitement, this custom was generally discontinued. In most of the states, there had previously been auxiliary societies, which sent their contributions to the central society at Washington. During the 'abolition storm,' as the society's directors term it, nearly the whole of these affiliated associations suspended their operations, and some of them dropped out of existence altogether. Many of the early friends of the cause became estranged from it, and discontinued their subscriptions. The receipts of the society fell off; it became embarrassed, and had to compound with its creditors. By many persons it was supposed to be extinct; and the experiment which its founders had undertaken was generally considered to be a failure.

But as the society had unexpectedly called into being the enemy which nearly destroyed it, so in like manner it had created the support by which it was afterwards uplifted into an equally unexpected prosperity. It owed its revival from its temporary depression to the colony which it had founded. Every one who has paid attention to the general subject of colonisation, is aware of the astonishing vitality and elasticity which characterise a colony that has once been fairly established. Take a few hundred families out of any civilised community, set them down in a new country with plenty of fertile land open to them, and after leaving them to themselves for a few years, the probability is that they will have become a flourishing and well-organised community, with good laws and institutions, well-cultivated farms, comfortable dwellings, and every other essential sign of prosperity. The wants and the opportunities of colonial life call into activity powers which the emigrant was not before conscious of possessing. He works harder and to better effect, thinks more deeply, and learns more readily, than he ever did at home. The whole colony

## LIBERIA.

gains, of course, by the improved character and condition of every individual settler. The progress of any new settlement, if placed in only moderately favourable circumstances, is usually so rapid as to surprise any observer who revisits it after an absence of ten years. Thus it happened in the case of Liberia. When the temporary decline of the Colonisation Society commenced, about the year 1830, it had already sent out between 2000 and 3000 emigrants; and even at the period of its greatest depression, the directors were able to add a few to this number every year. The colony's territory was gradually extended, and considerable numbers of natives voluntarily submitted to its jurisdiction. New villages grew up; chapels and schools were built; roads were opened; small vessels were constructed and launched; the trade of the colony steadily increased. At length, evidences of this progress began to become known in America and likewise in England—where, also, both the society and the colony were for a time under a cloud. The channels by which these evidences reached the public were of various kinds. Occasionally a colonist, who had accumulated a little fortune in Liberia, went over to America to find his relatives, and bring them back with him to the colony. Then a body of coloured men in the United States, anxious to ascertain the truth, sent out two of their number to the colony as a deputation, who brought back a most favourable report. English and American naval officers, who had landed in the colonial ports, gave their unimpeachable testimony, in language evincing equal surprise and gratification at the signs of industry, good government, and civilisation which they had witnessed. Sometimes a worthy merchant-captain, after strolling through the cheerful streets of Monrovia, dining sumptuously with some colonial official, and driving bargains with the civic traders for his cargo, would return home to furnish his friends and the newspapers with a wonderful story about a thriving town of black citizens on the African coast, where he did not hear a profane word during his whole stay, and could not induce a human being to work for him on a Sunday for love or money. When these and similar reports had begun to revive the public interest which had formerly been felt for the colony, other evidence, of a different kind, fixed the attention of all parties, and produced a most favourable and a decisive effect.

The first elective institutions of Liberia were of a simple kind, suitable for a small and compact settlement. The colonists chose a vice-agent, two councillors, a high-sheriff, a registrar, and a treasurer; and with the aid of these officers, the agent, appointed by the Colonisation Society, managed the affairs of the little community. But the colony had, in twelve years, increased considerably in population and extent. New settlements had been founded at a distance from the chief town. It became expedient to unite them all under one system of administration, and at the same time to enlarge the basis of the representative government. A new

## LIBERIA.

constitution was drafted for this purpose by the directors of the society. Under this constitution, the governor of the colony was to be appointed and paid by the society, and was to be, *ex officio*, chief-justice. A lieutenant-governor was to be elected by the people. The legislative power was to reside in a council of ten representatives, chosen by the electors of the two counties, Montserrado and Bassa, into which the colony was then divided. The Colonisation Society had the power of revoking any law passed by this legislature; but for several years before the colony became independent, this right was not once exercised. The new constitution was established in 1839. In April of that year, Mr Thomas Buchanan, the first and only white governor who held office under this constitution, arrived in the colony. He managed its affairs, during a little more than two years, with excellent judgment. His administration was the commencement of a new era in the colony's existence. The energies and intelligence of the colonies were wonderfully quickened by the influence of free and orderly political discussions. In the first session of the new legislature, an act was passed, providing for the establishment of a common school in every township of the colony. Provision was also made, at public expense, for the support and maintenance of 'aged widows, destitute orphans, poor persons, and invalids,' in a public asylum, to which a workhouse and a school should be attached. A post-office department was established, and the colonial secretary was appointed postmaster-general. Liberia at this time contained nine towns, in which were twenty-one churches, ten day-schools, and many Sabbath-schools. There were four printing-presses in the colony, and two newspapers. One of these, the *Liberia Herald*, had been established ten years before by a well-educated colonist, Mr Russwurm, who was afterwards governor of the new settlement known as Maryland in Liberia. One of Governor Buchanan's first acts was to break up a slave-traders' factory at Bassa Cove. The factory was defended, not only by the traders, but by a large body of well-armed natives, whom they had induced to join them. The Liberian volunteers forced their way into the barracoons, drove out the defenders into the forest, attacked them there, and dispersed them, and finally compelled the native chief to sign a treaty, binding him never again to take part in the slave-trade. In this contest, one man was killed and six wounded in the Liberian force. On a subsequent occasion, another powerful slave-trading chief made a sudden and murderous attack on a native village, which was under the protection of the colony. Several of the harmless inhabitants were killed, and others were carried into captivity. Governor Buchanan mustered a force of 300 colonists, with a troop of natives to carry the baggage, and marched against the enemy's stronghold, situated about forty miles inland. Though Mr Buchanan accompanied the expedition, the military command was given to a young colonist, Mr Joseph John Roberts, whose

## LIBERIA.

distinguished abilities and estimable character had already gained for him the confidence both of his fellow-colonists and of the governor. On this occasion, his dispositions were so skilfully made, and the onset of the volunteers was so impetuous, that the wall of the enemy's fortress was scaled and the town captured with a suddenness that astonished the victors themselves. Two of the assailants were killed in the action. The captives were set free, the town was burned, and the troops returned to the colony. So great was the effect of this blow in inspiring the natives with a respect for the military prowess of the colonists, that several chiefs, with their followers, came to place themselves under the protection of the colony; and for more than twenty years afterwards, no serious collision took place between the colony and any native tribe.

Mr Buchanan died of the African fever in 1841, universally regretted. Mr Roberts was at that time lieutenant-governor. The official duties of the deceased governor devolved upon him until a successor should be appointed by the Colonisation Society. The society, however, wisely continued Mr Roberts in the office. From that time to the present, a period of twelve years, all the public offices of the colony have been filled by men of colour. The experiment, which was to test the capacity of a community of that class for self-government, may be said to have commenced from this period. The fact was known in America, and naturally excited much interest; and this interest was greatly heightened when the 'messages' of Governor Roberts to the colonial legislature, and his dispatches to the society's directors, were published. Extracts from them were reprinted in the newspapers, and produced a great sensation, highly advantageous to the colony, and to the general scheme of colonisation. Some of these documents have been read by many persons in this country, who are aware of their remarkable merits. It is no exaggeration, they will admit, to say, that the public writings of Governor Roberts will compare favourably, in point of clearness of statement and force of reasoning, with the best state-papers of our time. Here, then, was evidence which could not be overlooked or explained away, either by the depreciators of the African race, or by the enemies of the colonisation scheme. Governor Roberts, it was generally known, was born in Virginia. His parents were both free persons of African descent. In the year 1829, when he was eighteen years of age, his mother, with her children, emigrated to Liberia. His intellectual culture had been nearly all obtained in the colony, and his political experience had been wholly acquired there. He was evidently a fair specimen of the class of public men whom the colony might be expected to produce. The letters of other intelligent Liberians, published at the same time, sufficed to shew that Governor Roberts was not a remarkable exception, or very strikingly superior in ability to his fellow-colonists. The favourable reaction in public opinion now became very rapid;

## LIBERIA.

nobody could doubt that the colonisation experiment had thus far proved successful; the largest hopes of its most ardent advocates ceased to be considered visionary. The opinion began to prevail, that the fearful and perplexing anomaly of negro slavery in republican America, would be, in some manner or other, removed through the success of this experiment. Many persons saw reason for believing that the whole coloured population of the United States would in time be transferred to the shores of Africa; while, on the other hand, the far-sighted advocates of the immediate abolition of slavery began to perceive that Liberia was about to supply them with their most powerful argument. The opposition from this quarter gradually abated; the travelling agents of the society found themselves again received with favour in all parts of the country; the collections rapidly increased. At length, in the annual report of January 1846, the directors had the satisfaction, for the first time in many years, of announcing that the society was out of debt, and had a handsome surplus in its treasury. The various local societies in the several states were now revived, and new ones were formed. The Colonisation Society of Massachusetts mention, in their report for 1847, that their agent, the Rev. Dr Tenney, had recently advocated their cause before 139 congregations in that state, and before nine ministerial associations—'a mighty change,' they add, 'since the time, but a few years ago, when not six pulpits in the state were open to us, and not a single ecclesiastical body would listen to an argument in favour of opening them, or of allowing us any other privilege.'

While this change of feeling was taking place in America, events were occurring in Africa which were destined to awaken a strong interest in other countries for the colony, and to exert a favourable influence upon its fortunes. The British government had observed with pleasure the gradual extension of a settlement, which was evidently doing much to check the slave-trade in its vicinity. Complaints, however, began to be made by British traders on the coast, that their commerce with the natives was checked by the import duties, levied by the new legislature of the colony, for the support of the colonial government. The question of the legality of these imposts at once arose. Had the settlement been a recognised dependency of the United States, or had it, on the other hand, been an independent state, there would have been no doubt about the matter: in either case, its government would have had a perfect right to impose these taxes within the limits of the colony; but it was just as clear that a mere collection of private individuals could have no such right. In September 1844, Commodore Jones, who then commanded the British squadron on the coast of Africa, apprised Governor Roberts of the decision of the British government. The letter was couched in terms of great courtesy and kindness. The respectable character and benevolent purposes of the Colonisation Society were acknowledged, and the governor was assured of the sympathy and cordial satisfaction with

## LIBERIA.

which the progress of the settlement had been remarked in Great Britain. But he was told, while the British government would fully recognise the rights of property on that coast, as they might appear to be acquired by purchase, it could not admit that property so acquired could confer sovereign rights upon a private association, or justify the imposition of state duties, or the exclusion of British commerce from its accustomed resorts.

This decision was evidently well founded; and soon after it was announced, some perplexing circumstances happened which shewed the necessity of settling the difficulty without delay. A British merchant-captain landed some goods in Bassa Cove, and refused to pay the harbour dues, on the ground that these charges were illegal. The collector, thereupon, seized a portion of the goods equivalent to these duties; and the trader left the harbour to report the case to Commodore Jones. By an extraordinary mischance, a British man-of-war brig came into the harbour on the following day, seized a small coasting schooner belonging to a respectable colonist, and sent it off to Sierra Leone, on the ground that it was engaged in the slave-trade. The colonists were naturally thrown into great consternation, believing that the seizure had been made by way of reprisal, and that the ground alleged for it was a mere pretence. Even the subsequent release of the schooner by the vice-admiralty court of Sierra Leone, with an official expression of regret for the seizure, did not wholly disabuse the minds of the colonists of this impression. At the next session of the Liberian legislature, the whole subject was brought under the consideration of that body by Governor Roberts. The council came to the conclusion, that the colony could not long continue to exist without possessing absolute political jurisdiction over its territory. This conclusion was communicated to the Colonisation Society, and its justice was so evident, that the society did not hesitate to adopt a resolution expressing its opinion, that 'the time had arrived when it was expedient for the people of the commonwealth of Liberia to take into their own hands the whole work of self-government, including the management of all their foreign relations.' The Liberian council on being apprised of this resolution, determined to submit the question to a general vote of the electors, who were to pronounce, by their ballots, whether the colony should be declared an independent state or not. This portion of Liberian history, it may be observed, offers a valuable lesson to every mother-country on the most effectual method of securing the affection of her colonies. The Colonisation Society was regarded by the Liberians as their home-government. The society had always treated them with the greatest consideration, and had left to them the uncontrolled management of their local affairs. So strong, consequently, was the attachment of the colonists to the society, that most of them were extremely unwilling to dissolve their connection with it. The leading colonists saw the necessity for the step, but the others clung to the home-government; and nothing but the positive

## LIBERIA.

assurance that the society itself considered the separation advisable, induced them to vote for it. Even under that persuasion, the majority in favour of independence was but small. It was, however, legally sufficient; and a convention was consequently called, in July 1847, to frame a new constitution for the nascent state, and to proclaim its independence to the world. These duties were performed in a satisfactory manner. A national flag and seal were at the same time adopted by the convention. The flag consists of red and white stripes alternately displayed, to denote, as in the American ensign, the number of the original states of the Union, in which, of course, the coloured as well as the white population dwelt at the time of the separation from Great Britain. In the upper and inner angle of the flag is a square blue ground, with a single white star in its centre. The seal of the state has for its device a dove on the wing, bearing in its claws an open scroll; beneath is a view of the ocean, with a ship under sail, the sun just emerging from the waters; and at one side is a palm-tree, with a plough and spade at its foot. Above the emblems is the national motto: 'The love of liberty brought us here.'

On the 24th of August 1847, the Liberian flag was for the first time hoisted on Cape Montserrado, with ceremonies and rejoicings appropriate and natural on such an occasion. A few weeks afterwards, it was saluted by English and American men-of-war in due form, as the ensign of an independent state. In September following, the new constitution was submitted to the vote of the people, and accepted by them; and in the next month the first election of officers took place. Mr Roberts was chosen president of the republic. The first session of the new legislature was held in January 1848. A brief abstract of the Liberian constitution, which has hitherto been found to work very well, will not be considered out of place here. It is fashioned, as may be supposed, on the well-known American model. It commences with a 'bill of rights,' comprising various miscellaneous provisions and maxims, some of them of an abstract character, and others of great practical importance. Thus, after announcing that 'all men are born equally free and independent,' that 'all power is inherent in the people, all free governments are instituted by their authority and for their benefit, and they have the right to alter and reform the same when their safety and happiness require it'—this bill declares that 'all men have a natural and inalienable right to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences;' and 'no sect of Christians shall have exclusive privileges or preference over any other sect, but all shall be alike tolerated; and no religious test whatever shall be required as a qualification for civil office or the exercise of any civil right.' Slavery is not to exist within the republic, and all dealing in slaves, directly or indirectly, is forbidden to citizens of the state or to persons resident in it. No person is to be deprived of life, liberty, property, or privilege but by judgment of his peers, or

## LIBERIA.

the law of the land. All elections are to be by ballot, and 'every male citizen of twenty-one years of age, possessing real estate, shall have the right of suffrage.' It should be observed, in reference to this provision, that every colonist, on arriving in Liberia from America, receives a few acres of land. The suffrage, at present, is therefore virtually universal. But it is obvious that, as population becomes dense, a large and intelligent class must be gradually formed in the towns, consisting of persons who are occupiers but not owners of real estate, and who will be disfranchised by this provision. It may be presumed that an amendment will then be made to suit this change of circumstances.

The right of holding public meetings, the subordination of the military to the civil power, the liberty of the press, the right of bail, except for capital offences, and the benefit of the writ of *habeas corpus*, are all guaranteed by this bill of rights.

The frame of government is divided into three distinct departments—legislative, executive, and judicial. The legislature consists of two branches—a senate and a house of representatives. The senate is composed of two members from each county, there being at present three counties in the republic—Montserrado, Bassa, and Sinoe. The members of the senate hold their seats for four years, one half of them going out of office every two years. A senator must be an inhabitant of the county which he represents, must be twenty-five years of age, and must own real estate of not less value than 200 dollars, or about L.40. The senate, in addition to the legislative power which it possesses concurrently with the house of representatives, has the exclusive functions of trying impeachments, confirming all appointments of public officers made by the president, and sanctioning treaties. The members of the house of representatives are to be apportioned among the several counties in the ratio of their population; and in addition, every town of 10,000 inhabitants is to have a representative. They are to be elected for three years. A representative must be an inhabitant of the county in which he is elected, must be twenty-three years of age, and must possess real property of not less value than 150 dollars—about L.30. Both senators and representatives are to receive a compensation for their services, to be fixed by law. A bill or resolution, after passing both houses, is to be signed by the president before it becomes a law. If he does not approve it, he returns it to the legislature with his objections; and should the legislature then pass it by a vote of two-thirds in each branch, it becomes a law.

The president, who exercises the 'supreme executive power,' is elected by the people for the term of two years. He must be thirty-five years of age, and must possess 'unencumbered real estate' of the value of 600 dollars, or about L.120. He receives for his services a compensation 'which shall neither be increased nor diminished during the period for which he shall have been elected.' He is commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and

## LIBERIA.

he makes treaties and appoints public functionaries—including ambassadors, secretaries of state, judges, sheriffs, coroners, and justices of the peace—with the concurrence of the senate; but all these officers, except the judges, may be removed by the president at his pleasure. A vice-president, having the same qualifications as the president, is elected for the same term, and succeeds to the office in case of the president's removal, resignation, or death. At other times, the vice-president acts as speaker of the senate. The judicial department is composed of one supreme court, and such subordinate courts as the legislature may from time to time establish. All the judges hold their seats during good behaviour, but may be removed by the president on the address of two-thirds of both houses, or by impeachment. The salaries of the judges are established by law, and may be increased, but not diminished, during their continuance in office. They are to receive no other perquisites or emoluments on account of the duties required of them.

Then come some miscellaneous sections: two—rather singular provisions to be inserted in a constitution—declare that the private property of a woman shall not be held responsible for her husband's debts, whether contracted before or after marriage; and that the widow of an insolvent person shall be entitled to one-third of the real estate during her life, and one-third of the personal estate as her absolute property.

'The great object of forming these colonies being to provide a home for the dispersed and oppressed children of Africa, and to regenerate and enlighten this benighted continent, none but persons of colour shall be admitted to citizenship in this republic.'

It will be seen that this is a system of pure republicanism, though not, properly speaking, of pure democracy, inasmuch as the power of the electoral majority is limited by numerous artificial checks. These restraints are, however, self-imposed, and there is no doubt that the system is one which requires great intelligence, moderation, and self-control in the people who are to manage it. Thus far, the experiment has undoubtedly been successful. The government of the republic, during the four years of its independent existence, has been conducted with much prudence, and the settlement has been more prosperous than at any former period. The most important events in its recent history may here be briefly narrated.

After the close of the first session of the Liberian legislature, President Roberts left the colony on an official visit to America and Europe, with the object of procuring the recognition of the new state. He arrived in the United States in May 1848, and was very well received. The prejudice against colour seems, in his case, to have been quite put aside for the time—a fact shewing the purely accidental and ephemeral nature of this prejudice. The civic authorities of Boston and New York paid him attentions as honourable to themselves as to him. The national government

## LIBERIA.

evinced an equally favourable disposition, but did not formally recognise the republic. The refusal was dictated not by any unkindly feelings, but by obvious motives of state policy. The presence of a black ambassador at Washington might, it was supposed, exert a dangerous influence upon the minds of the coloured people, and dispose them to assert their claims to freedom and to equal political rights with the white citizens. It is doubted, however, by many persons, whether this effect would be really produced. They are of opinion, that the sight of a coloured minister from Liberia, holding, as he must, a respectable position in American society, would rather induce the more intelligent members of the coloured class in that country to desire to emigrate to the African republic; and this is the very result which American statesmen are now anxious to bring about. It is, therefore, now supposed that the recognition of Liberia by the American government will not be long delayed.

From the United States, Mr Roberts came to England, where his reception was perfectly satisfactory. The republic was at once recognised, and a very liberal commercial treaty was concluded. The British government presented a beautiful cutter, mounting four guns, to the new state; and authorised the president to call upon the ships of the African coast squadron for assistance whenever he required it, for breaking up any slave-trading establishments on that coast. The reception which Mr Roberts experienced in private society, is shewn by the following extract from a letter written at that time by an American gentleman in this country to a friend in the United States, where it was published. The letter also records an act of munificent generosity, which ought not to pass unnoticed:—‘I do not recollect whether I have already told you of the very interesting interview which Mr Roberts had with the Bishop of London, and also what took place at the Prussian ambassador’s house, where the president dined with Lord Ashley, Mr Gurney, and others. The bishop was exceedingly interested in what the president told him, and took down notes of the conversation, which filled three sides of a large sheet of paper. He promised all the aid in missionary efforts possible. At Chevalier Bunsen’s table, Mr Roberts sat beside the excellent and benevolent Lord Ashley, who was very minute in his inquiries about Liberia and the suppression of the slave-trade. Mr Roberts told him, the most effectual way to put down the latter would be to purchase the Gallinas territory, which is between the Sierra Leone colony and the republic of Liberia, and thus 700 miles of coast would be for ever guaranteed against the slave-trade. His lordship asked how much money would buy it; to which Mr Roberts replied, L.2000 would be ample to do the thing perfectly. Lord Ashley said the enterprise must be set about immediately; and, after they rose from the table, he went to Mr Gurney, and proposed to him to buy and present this territory to the new republic. Mr Gurney received the proposition favourably, and

## LIBERIA.

requested Mr Roberts to call upon him in Lombard Street next morning, when Mr Gurney gave him an obligation for half of the amount, L.1000, and a kind of promise that if the British government did not make the purchase for President Roberts, he himself would see that the purchase was made on his own responsibility, if he could not get some friends to join him in effecting this important object. I have now the pleasure to add, that when I called upon Mr Gurney a few days ago, he informed me that such arrangements have been made as will secure the acquisition of the Gallinas to the republic of Liberia.' This desirable object, it may here be stated, has since been accomplished. The slave-factories at Gallinas, which had once before been broken up by Captain Denman, R.N., were completely destroyed, in September 1849, by Commander Dunlop, of Her Majesty's ship *Alert*, who liberated about 1200 slaves, and conveyed away all the European traders to Sierra Leone. The native chiefs shortly afterwards transferred the sovereignty of their country to the Liberian government, and the slave-trade in that quarter was thus effectually extinguished.

From London, Mr Roberts proceeded to Paris, where he was received with similar kindness by General Cavaignac and other members of the government. The independence of Liberia was acknowledged, and the commanders of French ships of war on the African coast were instructed to assist the president in his efforts for putting down the slave-trade, and maintaining peace upon the coast. Mr Roberts afterwards visited Belgium, and attended the Peace Congress, which was then assembled at Brussels. Being called upon to address the congress, Mr Roberts made a speech which was much admired for its good sense, appropriateness, and prepossessing manner of delivery. On his return to England, having accomplished the duties of his mission in a way highly advantageous to his new country, he was offered a passage to Liberia in Her Majesty's ship *Amazon*, and accordingly, in December 1848, sailed in that vessel for the colony.

The Liberian republic has since been recognised by the governments of Prussia and Brazil. A Brazilian *charge d'affaires*, the Chevalier Niteroi, arrived in Liberia in 1852. An American paper, in noticing his appointment, observes: 'The chevalier is a captain in the Brazilian navy, and has served on the coast of Africa. There his sympathies became enlisted in the cause of African colonisation, and he has returned to Africa as the representative of his nation, with authority to recognise the independence of Liberia, and form treaties of alliance and commerce. He is also charged with the duty of establishing a colony of free blacks on the coast, under the auspices of that country.' This fact is worthy of notice, as an evidence of the sincerity of the Brazilian government in its endeavours to suppress the slave-trade.

Mr Roberts has been twice re-elected to the presidency for terms of two years. A brief account of the principal events which distinguished one year of his last term of office will give some idea of

## LIBERIA.

the multifarious duties which a Liberian president has to perform. In December 1851, Mr Roberts delivered his annual 'message' to the Liberian legislature. He reviewed in this document, at considerable length, the progress of the commonwealth during the previous year, and pronounced it to have been in most respects highly satisfactory. The only serious drawback arose out of the conduct of a few turbulent native chiefs, who had recently committed acts of unprovoked hostility. They had treacherously attacked a small colonial settlement at Bassa Cove, and murdered nine of the inhabitants. Except in that quarter, the relations between the republic and the native tribes were on a most friendly footing. 'And generally,' adds the president, 'from a conviction that we consider them a part of ourselves, and cherish with sincerity their rights and interests, the attachment of the natives is daily gaining strength. Constant applications are being made to the government to supply them with school-teachers, and with other qualified persons to reside among them, to instruct them in the civilised modes of agriculture and the mechanic arts; and it is a matter of deep regret that the government, for want of pecuniary means, has not been able to meet their wishes, but to an exceedingly limited extent.' The president remarks, that 'the cause of colonisation seems to be gaining favour in the United States,' but he regrets that the government of that country has not yet seen fit to acknowledge the independence of Liberia. He notices with pleasure several proofs recently afforded of the kind feelings entertained by the British government towards the republic. He mentions a proposal made by a benevolent association in America to establish a college in Liberia, if the legislature would incorporate it, and furnish it with certain endowments. He recommends a revision of the navigation and revenue laws, the taking of a census, and some regulations for the new postal arrangements with Great Britain and America. The public income for the past year is stated at 32,000 dollars (L.6400), and the expenditure at 34,000 dollars (L.6800), the small deficiency being, however, more than covered by the surplus previously in the treasury.

The session of the legislature could not have lasted many weeks, as in the early part of January we find Mr Roberts acting in his capacity of commander-in-chief of the army, in an expedition against the hostile chiefs, Grando and Boyer, the perpetrators or instigators of the massacre at Bassa Cove. These chiefs had assembled a formidable force, numbering 'not less than 5000 effective men.' The Liberian army consisted of 550 colonial volunteers, and about the same number of native troops. The history of the brief campaign cannot be better given than in the president's own words, as we find them in a published letter: 'On the 6th instant [January 1852], we marched upon Grando's barricaded town, where he had made every warlike preparation to receive us; and which place he and his deluded followers believed impregnable. Within about two miles of the town, at a most

## LIBERIA.

difficult swamp we had to cross, he had constructed a substantial breast-work, which was defended by a large force of about three times our number. There Grando expected certainly to defeat us; but our men behaved well, and, after an action of one hour and thirty-five minutes, drove them out. They retreated to another strong position on the line of our march, and, as the head of our column cleared the heavy forest intervening, they opened upon us a heavy fire. They were, however, soon driven back, and panic-stricken fled to the town, two miles distant, which they fired immediately and dispersed, with instructions, as I afterwards learned, to join Boyer, of Trade-town. In these two attacks we had sixteen wounded, five badly, none mortally. Being joined, on the morning of the 15th instant, by the Second Regiment, which had been operating separately in the upper part of the Bassa country, we commenced our march upon Boyer's principal town. No sooner had our advanced guard cleared the woods, and sighted the barricade, than the enemy opened upon us a tremendous fire of musketry and big guns. The fire was promptly returned, and for an hour and three-quarters the conflict was desperate. We had to contend against fearful odds; but the hand of divine Providence was on our side, and we gloriously triumphed. The loss of the enemy was very considerable; Boyer had two brothers killed, and was himself badly wounded. We had four killed, and twenty-seven wounded—two since dead; the others will all doubtless recover. I exceedingly regretted the necessity of this campaign, but it could not be avoided. The effect, however, will be most salutary. It will convince the aboriginal inhabitants of every part of the republic of the ability of the government to maintain the majesty of the laws, and punish crime wherever committed within its jurisdiction.'

Having thus successfully performed the military part of his duties, the hard-worked president had next to turn his attention to his diplomatic functions. In connection with these hostilities, some difficulties had arisen with two or three English traders, who claimed certain portions of land at Bassa Cove, and who objected to pay import duties on the goods which they sold to the natives. This was a claim which, if sustained, would have been fatal to the authority, and ruinous to the revenue of the republic. The Liberians were naturally disquieted, being uncertain of the view which the British government might take of these disputed points. Under these circumstances, they adopted the judicious resolution of laying the whole case fully before that government. President Roberts sailed in May 1852 for England, where, on his arrival, he found the same friendly disposition existing as had been manifested on his former visit. All the points about which questions had been raised, were settled to his satisfaction, with much less delay than is usually exacted in diplomatic discussions. As on the former occasion, the government offered the president a passage to Liberia in a vessel of the royal navy. Such an offer was not a

## LIBERIA.

mere empty honour, as it might have been in the case of a European ruler. There is reason to fear that white traders of all nations are too much disposed to look upon the Liberian settlers as an inferior race, and to treat them and their laws with a contempt and disregard which they would not venture to evince towards white colonists. Any conspicuous public act, therefore, by which the greatest maritime power shewed a determination to regard and treat the chief magistrate of Liberia as the representative of an independent and respectable state, must have a very salutary effect. President Roberts left England in Her Majesty's steamer *Dee*, in the early part of November 1852. Thus, in less than twelve months, he had held a session of the Liberian legislature, had conducted a difficult and laborious military expedition, and had completed an important diplomatic mission to a country 5000 miles distant from Liberia. And what will to some seem the circumstance most surprising of all is the fact, that these various functions of president, commander-in-chief, and ambassador-extraordinary, have been thus satisfactorily performed by an officer receiving the very modest salary of L.300 a year.

Having thus brought the history of Liberia down to the latest period, our account of this infant state may be suitably concluded by a brief description of its present condition.

In the statistics given at the commencement of this paper, the numbers include not only the area and population of the republic of Liberia, properly so called, but also those of the neighbouring settlement of Maryland in Liberia, concerning which nothing has yet been said. This settlement was commenced in the year 1834 by the Maryland State Colonisation Society, aided by an annual grant of 10,000 dollars (L.2000) from the treasury of the state. It was thought that the people of the state would take more interest in the enterprise if it were kept for a time distinct from that of the national society; but as an ultimate union of the two settlements was expected, the name of 'Maryland in Liberia' was given to the new colony. The experience derived in the formation of the older settlement enabled the promoters of the new undertaking to avoid the mistakes and mischances which had proved injurious to the other at the outset. An eligible site was found at Cape Palmas, a small promontory or peninsula, situated about 300 miles south-east of Monrovia, at the point where the African coast changes its general direction from south-east to east. On this promontory, which is about half a mile long by a quarter of a mile wide, is situated the town of Harper, the capital of the settlement, containing about 800 inhabitants. On the mainland, at a distance of three or four miles, is a smaller town, with a fort and numerous farms. Care was taken, from the commencement, to keep on friendly terms with the natives: no serious differences have ever occurred; and ten of the native chiefs, occupying all the territory for about fifty miles on each side of the settlement, have placed themselves and their people, estimated

## LIBERIA.

at about 100,000 souls, under the protection of the colony. From the beginning, the colonists have had almost the whole management of their public affairs. A bill of rights was sent out with the first ship, and a republican government was shortly afterwards instituted. The agent or governor is indeed appointed for the present by the society in America, but the councillors and other officers are elected by the people. Every man in the colony, twenty years old, has the right of voting, provided he holds land in his own right, or pays a tax of one dollar for the support of education. No man can sit on a jury who does not know how to read and write. The use of ardent spirits as a beverage is prohibited by law. On this point, the board of directors in America make the following observations in one of their early reports:— ‘At the end of seven years, the board can speak confidently of the temperance principle, which they made a fundamental law of the colony when it was established; and they firmly believe that, under Providence, the remarkable success that has attended the settlement—a success to which history affords no parallel—the harmony that has existed with the natives, and the general comparative prosperity, are to be attributed to the strict observance of the colonial laws in this particular. By none can the importance of the temperance principle be more highly appreciated than it is by the emigrants themselves.’

Along the whole sea-board of Liberia the land is generally low, and either marshy or sandy, though not deficient in fertility. There are, however, immediately on the coast, some conspicuous eminences, such as Cape Montserrado, rising 250 feet above the sea; and Cape Mount, about 1000 feet in height. A few miles from the sea, the land becomes more elevated, and gradually rises into irregular hills and mountain summits. Of the distant interior, nothing is yet known except from the reports of the natives. On the latest maps, this part of Africa, lying north and east of Liberia, and covering an extent of about 200,000 square miles—equal to the whole area of France—is a blank. A line of mountains is, indeed, traced along its northern border, with the designation of the Mountains of Kong. Of the existence of this range, the number and direction of the rivers which intersect the country leave no doubt; but beyond this circumstance, nothing is positively known. There is every reason to suppose, from the partial explorations that have been made, and from the accounts of the natives, that this region is a fine, elevated, fertile, well-wooded and well-watered country, occupied by a thin population, composed of small tribes, similar in character and in habits to those who dwell near the coast. As the Liberians have already begun to extend their settlements towards the interior, we may anticipate that at no very distant period the whole of this extensive country will be included within the limits of the republic. It deserves to be noticed, that on the north side of the Kong Mountains, about 300 miles from Monrovia, the famous river, variously known as

## LIBERIA.

the Joliba, Quorra, or Niger, takes its rise. A time will doubtless come when this great navigable river, 2500 miles long, will become the chief commercial highway of civilised Africa.

There are no large rivers within the present limits of Liberia. There are, however, many fine streams, some of which are half a mile wide at a distance of fifty miles from the sea; but none of these are navigable for boats more than twenty miles from their mouths, their currents being obstructed by rapids. The St Paul's, the St John's, and the Junk, are the largest. The former, which falls into the sea a few miles north of Monrovia, is a beautiful stream, flowing through a picturesque and fertile country, in which many native hamlets and flourishing colonial villages are intermingled. The St Paul's, which is the chief river of Bassa County, is also a fine stream, studded with numerous islets, and bordered by a very productive country.

The climate of Liberia is warm, but equable, tempered by frequent rains and daily sea-breezes. The year is divided into but two portions, known as the rainy season and the dry season. The former commences about the middle of May, and the latter about the middle of November. It should be understood, however, that this absolute distinction is in some degree to be qualified, as there are rainy days, and clear, pleasant days, in every month of the year. The dry season is the warmest, and January is the hottest month of the year; the average height of the thermometer in that month is 85 degrees. June, on the other hand, is the wettest and the coldest month, the thermometer usually standing at about 75 degrees. Coloured emigrants from the United States do not find the heat in Liberia oppressive at any season; and Dr Lugenbeel, a white man, states, that at the coldest season he generally found it necessary to wear woollen outer as well as under garments, and to sleep beneath thick covering at night.

It is one of the most mysterious and unaccountable facts in physiology, that a climate which is fatal to one race of men, should be not only innocuous, but congenial to another. If white men could have lived in Africa between the tropics, the whole continent would doubtless have long since been subjected, like America, to the domination of rulers of European origin. Many attempts have been made by different nations—Portuguese, Dutch, English, French, Danes, and Swedes—to establish settlements of white colonists on various intertropical portions of the African coast, and all have failed from the same cause—the deadly nature of the climate. Yet, at Sierra Leone and in Liberia, coloured men, whose ancestors for 200 years had resided within the temperate zone, find the climate salubrious, and live as long as others of their race in America. All emigrants, however, have to pass, shortly after their arrival, through what is known to foreigners as the African coast fever, but in Liberia more commonly as the acclimating fever. It is a bilious remittent fever, which usually passes into the intermittent form. The first settlers suffered severely from this disease; but now that its

#### LIBERIA.

treatment is better understood, and that proper accommodations and attendance are provided, it has ceased to be so much dreaded as formerly. Two or three deaths, indeed, usually happen out of every hundred emigrants who arrive; but it is observed that the fatal cases are almost always those of persons who were previously in bad health, or who neglected the simple precautions which are prescribed to new-comers. In many cases, on the other hand, the emigrants find their health sensibly improved by the change of country.

The vegetable productions of Liberia, natural and cultivated, are very numerous. In fact, it is said—and there is no reason for doubting the statement—that every species of tropical produce is found to thrive in that country. Rice is abundant, and is cultivated on the high lands as well as on the low grounds near the coast. Indian corn, sweet-potatoes, cassada or cassava root, beans, peas, water-melons, pine-apples, oranges, lemons, guavas, mangoes, plantains, bananas, papaws, tamarinds, pomegranates, and a great variety of other edibles, afford ample supplies for the tables of the inhabitants and for the demands of shipping. Among articles which already yield valuable exports, or are likely hereafter to do so, are mentioned coffee, cotton, sugar, ginger, pepper, indigo, ground-nuts, and arrow-root. Nearly all these productions are indigenous in the country. The wild coffee-tree may frequently be met with in the woods; it is the same species as that ordinarily reared in other parts of the world, but may be much improved by cultivation. Several of the colonists have applied themselves to this branch of agriculture, which may be carried on with smaller means than are required for the cultivation of sugar or cotton, though both of these have been tried by a few individuals, and with good success. Specimens of Liberian coffee, which have been sent to the United States, have been pronounced by good judges equal to the best received from the East or West Indies. It must be remembered, however, that the population of Liberia has hitherto been too small to warrant the expectation of any large amount of agricultural exports from the settlement. Some 8000 or 10,000 emigrants, of both sexes and all ages, have had to perform the work of founding a dozen settlements along 500 miles of coast—clearing away the forest, building habitations, raising food for themselves and for a continual accession of new settlers, preserving peace among the native tribes, framing and executing laws, and labouring as teachers, physicians, traders, and mechanics of every description. The duty of the first generation of settlers has been to prepare the country for the residence of the thousands of emigrants who are expected to follow them, and most of whom, as they arrive, will naturally direct their attention to the agricultural pursuits which they followed in America. There can be but little doubt that cotton, sugar, coffee, and other tropical products, will in a few years begin to be largely exported from Liberia. At present, the chief articles of export are palm-oil and the camwood,

## LIBERIA.

from which a valuable dye is extracted. The value of the annual exports was estimated in 1839 at 700,000 dollars, or L.140,000; and that of the imports at 400,000 dollars, or L.80,000. Since that time the amount of both exports and imports has considerably increased. The recent establishment (in 1852) of a monthly line of steam-packets, from Plymouth to the settlements on the western coast of Africa, including Liberia, will doubtless be of considerable advantage to the commerce of the young republic. The American Congress has lately had under its consideration a proposal for a monthly line of large steamers, to run between the United States and Liberia, for the conveyance of emigrants and merchandise. The project has been received with considerable favour, and has been recommended by the legislatures of several states. It will probably be soon adopted, and must greatly promote the progress of the little republic.

Nearly all the common domesticated animals of this country are now reared in Liberia. Cows are numerous, but do not give much milk, probably from not being properly attended to. Oxen are coming into use for ploughing and as beasts of burden. The horses which have hitherto been brought into the settlement have not thriven well, and many of them have perished of a disease similar to the fever which attacks newly arrived emigrants. They do better, however, in the inland villages. A colonist, in a recently published letter, speaks of having four horses in his stables. Sheep and goats are easily raised—the former, however, being covered with short hair instead of wool. Swine do not thrive so well, but are raised in sufficient abundance to supply the wants of the people. Fowls of every description are very numerous and cheap.

Little is yet known of the geology or mineralogy of Liberia. As in other parts of Guinea, gold is occasionally found along the banks of the streams. A colonist once accidentally discovered a quantity valued at fifty dollars, and the natives occasionally bring it in for sale. As they have been acquainted with its value for centuries, it is fortunately not probable that any large surface deposits of this metal remain to be discovered. Some of the more useful minerals, particularly copper, iron, and coal, are found in other parts of Africa, and it may reasonably be expected that future researches will bring to light similar stores of natural riches in Liberia. At present, were any mines to be discovered, the want of means to work them would render the discovery of little advantage.

For political and judicial purposes, the republic is divided into counties, which are further subdivided into townships. The counties are three in number—Montserrado, Bassa, and Sinoe—to which Maryland in Liberia will probably soon be added as a fourth. The townships are commonly about eight miles in extent. Each town is a corporation, its affairs being managed by officers chosen by the inhabitants. Courts of monthly-sessions, and of quarter-

## LIBERIA.

sessions, are held in each county. The civil business of the county is administered by three commissioners. There were, in 1850, eleven towns in Liberia, besides a few smaller settlements. Monrovia, the capital, has already been noticed. Other towns in Montserrado County are Caldwell, Virginia, Millsburg, and New Georgia, on or near the St Paul's River; and Marshall, on the Junk River. In Bassa County are the flourishing towns of Bassa Cove, Edina, and Bexley, on the St John's River and its branches. The last-mentioned was named in honour of the late Lord Bexley, who took a warm interest in the colony, and presented to the American Colonisation Society, of which he was one of the vice-presidents, the sum of L.500 for the purchase of the land on which the town is situated. Edina, in like manner, was so named in token of gratitude for contributions received from Edinburgh at an early period of the colony's existence. In Sinoe County is the pretty town of Greenville, at the mouth of the Sinoe River; and not far from it is the village of Readsville, formed by slaves manumitted by Mrs Read, a benevolent lady of Mississippi.

A few statistical facts remain to be added to the foregoing statement. In 1843, when the last census was taken, there were twenty-three churches in Liberia, with an aggregate of 1474 communicants, of whom 1104 were emigrants from America and their children, and 469 were native Africans, who had been converted from heathenism. In 1849, the number of churches had increased to about thirty, with, it may be presumed, a proportionate increase of members. The principal religious denominations in the republic of Liberia are the Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians; the Protestant Episcopalians have churches and a mission in the colony of Maryland in Liberia, under the superintendence of a bishop. In 1843, there were sixteen schools, with 562 scholars. In 1849, the number of schools had been doubled, and the number of scholars exceeded 2000. There were, in 1851, three 'high schools' in Monrovia; and in 1852 an act was passed incorporating a board of trustees for a college, which is to be established in that town with the aid of funds from America.

In view of the facts embodied in the foregoing narrative and description, it is not surprising that the interest generally felt in the progress of Liberia should have greatly increased throughout the United States. The free coloured people who, as a body, have hitherto been unwilling to leave America, are now preparing to emigrate in great numbers. Many slaveholders have emancipated their slaves for the purpose of allowing them to emigrate; and many more have given notice of their intention of doing the same. The Irish and German emigrants, who are arriving in the United States in such vast numbers, are gradually displacing the free coloured labourers, and diminishing the value of slave labour. The annual emigration to Liberia, under the pressure of these various influences, is already numbered by thousands. It is becoming a general opinion in the United States, that in this

#### **LIBERIA.**

manner the whole negro population of that country will finally be transferred to the shores of Africa. The probability is, however, that long before this result can take place, all the slaves in America will be emancipated. The great obstacle in the way of their liberation has hitherto been the not unreasonable apprehension that they would be found incapable of self-government, and that the sudden introduction of three millions of semi-barbarous freedmen into the civil polity of the country would be fatal to the stability of its institutions. The successful experiment of Liberia must in a short time remove this apprehension. It is impossible to believe that an intelligent, benevolent, and high-spirited people like the Americans, will continue to hold their fellow-men in slavery after it has been clearly shewn that the emancipation of all the slaves in the Union might, with proper precautions, be effected without danger to the country.

It is deserving of notice, in this connection, that a decided change of public feeling is known to have recently taken place in Brazil on the subject of the slave-trade, which has almost entirely ceased. Manumissions have long been common in that country, and a large free coloured class already exists in it. The recent appointment of a minister to Liberia, and the project of founding a Brazilian colony of free blacks on the African coast, would seem to indicate the existence of some amount of anti-slavery feeling in that empire. When we consider the rapid diffusion of opinions in this age, and the marvellous progress of social improvement, it does not seem too much to expect that the present generation may be fortunate enough to witness the complete extinction of slavery in all nations professing the Christian religion. Should Liberia continue to prosper, this consummation may be regarded as certain. The existence of a powerful nation of civilised and Christian negroes in Africa, must speedily render the maintenance of negro slavery in America impossible. In the prospect of such a result, and of the vast changes in Africa which must accompany it, there seems ample warrant for the assertion, that the founding of the colony of Liberia is likely to be ranked hereafter among the greatest historical events of our age.



## LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.



ON the morning of the 23d of December 1793, the city of Berlin presented a scene of unusual gaiety and bustle. At an early hour, the whole of its inhabitants seemed to pour forth in living streams, joyful anticipation lighting up every countenance. Short but expressive greetings were exchanged. From all parts of the country there arrived crowds to swell the moving mass. Thousands of spectators were seen gazing from the windows and from the roofs of the houses, and the whole city was decked as for a festival; for on that day, at noon, two young and lovely princesses were to make their formal entrance into Berlin—the betrothed brides of the crown-prince and his younger brother. Public rumour had loudly vaunted the extreme beauty of her who was to be their future queen; and when the stately procession was seen at length to advance, amidst the loud sounding

## LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

of drums and trumpets, curiosity had reached its highest pitch, and every eye was strained in search of one object. It were impossible to describe the shouts of welcome that burst forth on the first appearance of this charming princess, whose loveliness surpassed all expectation.

At the entrance to the Linden Allee, one of the widest streets in the world, on the spot **where** now stands the monument to Frederick the Great, a splendid triumphal arch, having Corinthian pillars adorned with a variety of allegorical emblems, had been erected in honour of the occasion. Here the procession paused; the drums and trumpets were still, and a deputation of the citizens advanced to greet and welcome the princess in the name of the whole city. A group of pretty children, dressed in white, with green wreaths, emblems of Purity and Hope, then advanced and surrounded the royal bride. One of them, a lovely little girl, presented to her a crown of myrtle blossoms, repeating at the same time, with so much sweetness and expression, a simple little poem of welcome, that the princess, yielding to the impulse of her open loving nature, drew the child towards her and kissed her tenderly. This gush of natural feeling charmed the whole assembled multitude, save one, the lady in waiting, the Countess von Vosz, a very incarnation of etiquette, who, shocked, but too late to arrest the hasty deed, exclaimed: 'My God! **what has your Royal Highness done?** It is contrary to all court rules and precedents.' But the young princess, with a serene and innocent countenance, only replied ingenuously: 'What! may I no longer do so?'

On Christmas-eve, the nuptials were celebrated with all due pomp and splendour. At six in the evening, the diamond crown of the royal house of Prussia having been placed on the head of the bride, the whole court repaired to the apartments of the widowed queen of Frederick the Great, to invite her to attend the ceremony, which took place in the White Saloon, in presence of the ministers of state, foreign ambassadors, nobility, and a considerable concourse invited as spectators. At the conclusion of the solemn benediction, a discharge of seventy-two cannons announced the completion of the ceremony. Amongst all classes of the citizens, the king had issued tickets of admission to the interior of the palace, and the people seemed to gaze with unwearied delight on the lovely, graceful, and dignified bride of their favourite prince. At nine, a banquet was spread for the royal family in the Hall of the Knights, under a baldachin of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold, the dishes being placed on the table by two generals of Prussia, the whole of the ladies and gentlemen of the court waiting on the royal party until after they had drunk for the first time—a usage introduced by Frederick I., as practised at the French court under Louis XIV. After the banquet, there followed ~~the~~ solemn torch-dance, a relic of the middle ages, everywhere fallen into disuse except at the court of Prussia. On a signal from the lord high-chamberlain, and to sound of trumpet and drum, the

#### LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

ministers of state advanced in couples, each bearing in his hand a lighted wax-taper, in imitation of a torch. Then followed the royal family, the king leading the bride, and the bridegroom the queen his mother and the widowed queen of Frederick the Great. We are told, 'the entire procession went slowly and solemnly round,' which, rather than rejoicing, carries the mind far back to the high and dark times of mediæval superstition, and further still, to heathen rites and Eleusinian mysteries. Thus ended the festivities of the day; and on the second day after Christmas, Prince Louis was united to the Princess Frederica, who was two years younger than her sister—the elder princess being seventeen, the younger fifteen years of age.

Louisa, daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and of a princess of Hesse-Darmstadt, was born at Hanover on the 10th of March 1776. When only in her seventh year, she had the misfortune to lose her mother, which she felt the more deeply, that both her intellect and her affections had been very early developed; and even when, in after-years, the misfortunes of her country bowed her to the earth, the memory of her beloved mother she ceased not fondly to cherish. This excellent parent, by her wise and affectionate instructions, laid the foundation of a sound and enlightened education, which was afterwards happily completed under the care of her maternal grandmother, the landgravine of Hesse-Darmstadt, who, together with two happily chosen governesses, Mesdames von Wollzogen and Gelieur, was the means of fostering and maturing those virtues and graces which raised Louisa, Queen of Prussia, to be the model of her sex and the admiration of all Europe. In addition to solid and elegant accomplishments, she was also taught the exercise of benevolence, in which she ever found high enjoyment, visiting frequently the abodes of poverty and sickness, and never failing to bestow pity, consolation, and relief. In company with her grandmother, she made frequent journeys to visit relatives in different parts of Germany, traversed the banks of the Rhine, and also many of the provinces of the Netherlands. Her gentle and inquiring mind was thus strengthened and enlarged, and her great power of discrimination, which had already begun to shew itself, happily and profitably exercised.

While Louisa was yet young, her eldest sister Charlotte had been married to the reigning Duke of Hildburghausen; and some years after, her second sister Theresa, to the Prince of Tour and Taxis, which latter alliance was the occasion of several visits to Frankfort, where, in the end of the year 1792, she first met with her future husband, who, with his brother, and the king their father, were then in head-quarters in that city. The contagion of the French Revolution, destined in its effects to be so fatal to the kingdom of Prussia, had already overspread Germany, and was shaking the political relations of the whole of Europe. The Prussians marched an army across the Rhine, commanded by

#### LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick. So strong was the delusion of the Prussians in this, the first of these campaigns which ere long issued in the total loss of the left bank of the Rhine, that the officers were told: 'Do not purchase too many horses—the affair will soon be over;' and the Duke of Brunswick remarked: 'Gentlemen, not too much baggage; this is merely a military trip.' The insolent French general Custine, on entering Frankfort, had predicted to the citizens the fall of the Holy German Empire, which followed so soon after. 'You have beheld,' said he, 'the coronation of the emperor of Germany: well, you will not see another.' This Custine, with his rapacious army, had just been expelled from that city by the Prussians, when Louisa and her sister chancing to pass through, were introduced to the king and the two princes. What wonder if this young princess, who charmed every one who beheld her, should have instantly captivated the crown-prince? for she was rich in those nameless graces which, even with no great personal beauty, exert so powerful an influence over the hearts of men. But her beauty was perfect. She was indeed one of those rare beings who seem to be endowed with every perfection of mind and body; and all so harmoniously blended, that the biographer is embarrassed between the two feelings, that enumeration is useless, and that truth will be called hyperbole. This may seem like exaggeration, but here we have the testimony of Germany's greatest poet, Goethe, who was in the suite of the Grand Duke of Weimar at the siege of Mayence, in May 1793, just after the double betrothal had taken place, and who there saw the two princesses of Mecklenburg. He says: 'In my sojourn with the court, I had the opportunity of observing them closely as they passed to and fro in unconstrained freedom amidst the assembled company, and the effect they produced on me was such, that I could only compare them to two celestial beings, whose impression on my mind could never be effaced.'

The crown-prince, who was then about twenty-three, is described as tall and well proportioned, with a military bearing, a countenance expressive of intellectual repose, agreeable but somewhat serious; a high forehead, a mouth indicating firmness with a tinge of satire. When he had reached his prime, he was considered the handsomest man in Prussia; and when he appeared in public or on parade, no one had ever to ask, 'which is the king?' Bishop Eylert, court-preacher at Potsdam, in his interesting, but somewhat cumbrous and truly German, *Memoirs of Frederick-William III.*, thus describes the prince and princess: 'He was grave, she affable; he curt, she copious; he full of care, she cheerful; he absorbed, she sympathetic; he prosaic, she poetic; he practical, she ideal; he satirical, she playful; he cautious, she ingenuous; he irritable, she tranquil; he inquiring, she anticipating; he simple, she kindly; he wholly a man, she wholly a woman, full of grace and love: both one in heart and soul.' Such were this royal pair, who lived

#### LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

together a life of rarest harmony for seventeen years, the last four darkened by misfortunes, which, though uniting them only the more closely in love, broke the heart of the lovely queen, and brought her down to the grave in the flower of her age.

The first four years of their union were spent almost entirely at Paretz, a small estate purchased by the crown-prince near Potsdam. Here they lived with the utmost simplicity, Louisa regulating her own household, diligently cultivating her understanding, reading history, ancient and modern, translations from the classics, taking especial delight in the old Greek tragedy and in our own Shakspeare. She also wrote with great facility, elegance, and intelligence. During these four years, two sons were born to her—in 1795, Frederick-William, the present king of Prussia, and William, Prince of Prussia, presumptive heir to the throne. Death came, too, to chequer the scene, for Prince Louis was carried off by malignant fever, leaving her beloved sister Frederica a widow when not yet nineteen; the widow of the illustrious Frederick, greatly venerated by Louisa, died at the age of eighty-two; and in 1797, died the reigning king, Frederick-William II., nephew and successor of the Great Frederick.

When, at rare intervals, Louisa had appeared in the court-circles and in the assemblies of the great, she was the chief ornament and centre of attraction—the cynosure of every eye; but she turned away from such scenes to the far higher enjoyment of domestic life. Now, however, she must come forth from the retirement which she loved, to be the queen of a great nation, by whom, from the instant she ascended the throne, she was, even at the early age of twenty-one, universally hailed as ‘the mother of her country,’ a title of which she was justly proud, and never ceased to merit. It has often been remarked, that a life of happiness is singularly barren in events calling for especial record. It certainly presents few of an exciting nature; many, however, from which high and holy lessons may be drawn; and from none more than from the life of rare felicity enjoyed by the king and queen of Prussia for the next eight years. So far as was consistent with their duty to the state over which they were called to preside, they continued to live a life of retirement, and always of simplicity, making frequent journeys through their dominions, to the great delight of their simple loving subjects. The year after their accession, the sovereigns visited the remote eastern provinces of their dominions, where scarcely an inhabitant had ever beheld a queen, and whose appearance everywhere was the signal for the most hearty though rustic rejoicings; the royal pair being likened, in the poetic language of the people, to ‘the embodied genius of Justice and Mercy.’ The queen frequently joined in the dance, and excited the utmost enthusiasm by her queenly air and gentle condescension, and the appreciation she shewed of whatever was presented to her, by instantly making use of it—such as ornaments of amber, which she constantly wore during her stay in the places where she

5

#### LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

received them. Such deeds are to matters of taste and feeling what the golden rule is to Christianity. In this journey, the queen's carriage was overturned when descending a hill, and while her attendants were fuming at the carelessness of the servants, the queen said kindly : ' Say nothing about it ; we are not hurt ; and these poor people are assuredly more terrified by the accident than ourselves.' Many other traits are recorded of her in this journey, during which she won all hearts. After a two months' absence, she returned to Charlottenburg, where, in July 1798, was born Charlotte, now called Alexandra, the present amiable empress of Russia.

To the queen's untiring benevolence was intrusted the superintendence of the charitable institutions, and of whatever tended to the religious and moral improvement of the state. In all these, as well as in her enlightened encouragement of learned men, of science, and the fine arts, she proved herself to be in reality a nursing mother. To the sick, the poor, and the desolate, she was indeed a ministering angel ; for although as yet she had only known hours of ease, her exquisite sensibility was quick to detect even an expression of sadness, and knew not only what balm was needed, but how it could best be administered. The king supported and warmly encouraged her in every good deed ; for above all—and without which her fine qualities might have lacked free exercise—he knew well how to prize the divine gift that had been sent him in this jewel without price. He shielded her as much as possible from all that might burden or distress her, and was unwearied in those small and delicate attentions, dearer to the heart of a woman than the most costly sacrifices ; and also lost no opportunity of publicly manifesting his high respect for her, frequently surprising her by fêtes in honour of her, especially on her birthday. When she reached her twenty-eighth year, the king gave, in the theatre at Berlin, a splendid masked-ball, varied by mythological representations, all having complimentary reference to the queen ; and when the king led her forward to the front of the box, in the full blaze of her beauty, and radiant with splendour, there was a tremendous outburst of enthusiasm, which Louisa acknowledged with her usual grace and sweetness. So great were the purity and transparency of her character, that she seemed a very embodiment and emblem of truth, that principle she so much venerated ; and hence, joined to her quick sympathies, the confidence she inspired. Her character was full of emphasis, to which truth was the key-note. When conversing on serious subjects, she spoke slowly, almost solemnly : was the theme lighter—then her tones were light and ringing ; her arch and witty sallies were irresistible. This varied power of expression was greatly enhanced by her fluency and command of language, in which she greatly excelled the king.

Louisa had a manner all her own of welcoming her guests, and smiling around graciously when she broke up the dinner-party,

#### LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

always shewing marked attention to those who enjoyed the confidence of the king, and especially the aged. Having observed that the old General von Köckeritz, the valued and devoted servant of the king, had begun to retire earlier from the dinner-table than they could have wished, the queen desired to know the cause; but the king said: 'Let the good old man do as he likes; perhaps after dinner he prefers repose.' But the queen would not be satisfied, and soon discovered that he retired to enjoy his pipe. Next day, when he rose as usual to excuse himself, the queen stepped forward with a merry arch smile, and placing a well-filled pipe and matches in the hands of Köckeritz, said: 'My good old friend, to-day you don't escape us. You must smoke your pipe with us here. Now, then, at it at once!' The king, with a smile of affectionate approbation, said: 'Dear Louisa, that was charmingly done.' The faithful old servant continued ever after to enjoy this privilege. Such consideration reminds us of the bearing of our own gracious Sovereign towards the Duke of Wellington, especially of her hastening forward to assist him when he stumbled on the day of her coronation; and the resemblance is also to be found in punctuality, which may well be called a virtue in sovereigns. Louisa was a model of regularity, and always made an apology when she unavoidably infringed her rule. Having promised to honour with her presence a fête given by one of the cabinet ministers, and arriving much later than the appointed hour, she apologised, saying: 'My husband had very pressing business, which detained him, and I could not come without him.' She never interfered, at least openly, in public matters. When asked to intercede with the king in any matter of public interest or private necessity, she knowing, besides, how jealous he was of his prerogative, always replied: 'You must speak to the king about it yourself. With him, there is no necessity for taking any indirect means to obtain what is just and right.'

In 1798, her young widowed sister was married to the Prince of Solms Braunfels; and in the following year Louisa gave birth to a daughter, who died in a few months. In August 1800, the king desired to make a journey into Silesia, and the queen, who was an enthusiastic lover of nature, and took especial delight in the charming repose of a pastoral country, accompanied him. They ascended the Schneekoppe, the highest mountain in Germany, the queen performing the first part of the journey on horseback, and in the Amazonian costume; but the final ascent could only be made on foot. On reaching the summit, the king reverently uncovered his head, and the queen stood with folded hands, as in silent prayer. After a pause, loud shouts arose from the loyal multitude around, and cannon thundered from height to height. The queen afterwards said: 'This was one of the most blessed and solemn moments of my life. I felt as if elevated above the earth, and nearer to my God.' They then visited the mines; and twenty-one years afterwards, an old miner, when asked by Prince Radzivil

#### LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

if any of them had been present at the royal visit, replied: 'Yes, your highness; more than half of us are alive who had that honour: three are with you now. I sat at the rudder, and I could see the queen's sweet face well by the light of the lamps. In all my life I never saw such a face: she looked grand, as a queen should look; but gentle as a child; with the sweetest smile I ever saw—just for all the world like my dead blessed mother! When the psalm began—"Praise the Lord, the mighty King of all the earth"—the queen took the king's hand, and said softly: "My favourite psalm: this is heavenly!" then turning to me, said: "More slowly, my good steersman." She gave me two new Holland ducats, which I gave to my wife, and she wears them round her neck when she goes to church, or to take the sacrament, for what *she* touched was holy. Ah, my God! what a woman she was! Why did the good God take her away from us so soon?' As he spoke, big tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks.

As the royal children grew up, they became more and more objects of constant interest and solicitude to the queen, whose tender maternal care extended even to the personal superintendence of their education, so rare in her exalted rank; and she repeatedly expressed her approbation of the exertions of Delbrück, tutor to the crown-prince, especially because he sought to instil into the hearts of her children the precepts of religion. In this, and every other good work, she had generally the assistance, and always the approbation of the king, who allowed her a certain sum for benevolent purposes. This she often exceeded, and when informed by the treasurer why his accounts did not balance, the king had a way of quietly replenishing the drawer of her desk. She would then say: 'What angel has filled that drawer for me again?' To which the king replied, that the angels were legion, although he knew only one; and then repeated the beautiful verse, 'He gives his favours to his favourites while sleeping.' This high and tender appreciation of the queen's graces and virtues appeared at all times. Himself grave, often morose, silent, and somewhat sarcastic, he knew well how to make use of and shelter himself behind the serene smiles and ever genial, gracious demeanour of the queen; to whom he used to say, when assailed by the plaudits of their subjects: 'Now, Louisa, you must salute them for me; you can do it better than I; but how you can hold out so long, I cannot think.'

Much is said of her sly playfulness and ready repartee, one anecdote of which we cannot resist giving. The king, who was extremely careful and judicious in his expenditure, and whose maxim it was that the secret of dollars lies in *groschen*—exactly similar to our saying about pennies and pounds—on entering the queen's apartments one morning espied a pretty new head-dress, of which he jestingly inquired the price.

The queen replied in the same tone: 'It is not always right'

LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

that men should know the price of women's dress; they don't understand it, and think everything too dear.'

'Well, but do tell me the price of this cap, for I should like to know.'

'Oh, certainly I will. I bought it a great bargain; I only gave four dollars for it.'

'Only!—an enormous price for such a thing. What a large sum of money!'—and running on in the same vein, he saw from the window an old invalided veteran of the guard, whom he beckoned to come in, saying to him as he entered: 'The lady who is sitting on that sofa has a great deal of money; now, what ought she to pay for that little cap on the table? You must not be dazzled by the beautiful pink ribbons, but say what you think it is worth.'

The old soldier shrugged his shoulders, and said, after a pause: 'Why, I suppose it would cost some *groschen*' (pence).

'There now!' said the king; 'do you hear that? *Groschen*, indeed! That thing cost four dollars. Now go and ask that pretty lady for four dollars. She can well afford to give you as much as she can afford to pay for *that*.'

The queen smilingly opened her purse, and presented the four dollars to the old man. 'And now,' continued the queen, archly imitating the king's tone, 'you see that noble gentleman standing at the window; he has much more money than I have. All I have is from him, and he gives very freely. Now go and ask him for double of what you have got from me: he can afford to give you eight dollars.'

The king saw at once that he was caught in his own trap, and laughingly gave the old man the sum she had so charmingly forced from him. This anecdote excited great merriment when recounted among the court attendants. When the king returned to Potsdam after the queen's death, he met this man, the sight of whom brought back a rush of sweet memories. He could only utter the words: 'Brandes! do you remember?' and turned quickly away.

Engrossed with the duties of her exalted station and her maternal cares, Louisa had not much leisure for reading; but this was atoned for by her amazing facility in gleanings and appropriating whatever was useful, and improving and shewing its adaptation in her conversation. She took especial delight in the works of Herder, Goethe, and Schiller. She sought to elevate the character of woman and increase her influence, and therefore strongly condemned mere superficial acquirements, and the prevalent flimsy system of education. Ridicule and innuendo were abhorrent to her, and she could not bear to see any one placed in a painful situation, or good intentions mistaken. The conclusion of the faithful old serving-man, who one day, when the queen remarked on the goodness of the coffee at a certain watering-place, and he ascribed it to the *moral* water, causing shouts of laughter; but which she turned off, as if he meant to convey a moral

#### LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

lesson on the benefit of moderation, simplicity, and quiet, ending by saying: 'My good Henry, give me a glass of this moral mineral water;' and the old man, recovering from his confusion, said: 'Nobody understands me so well as our good queen'—was felt by all who approached her. She placed the diffident at ease, and seemed to tell them what they meant and felt; penetrated and drew out different tastes and talents. In conversing with ambassadors, she shewed an intimate knowledge of the history of their country, and their own family relations; expressed her opinion on historical facts, but avoided diplomatic and political subjects.

In 1801, was born Prince Charles, third son of the queen; in 1803, the Princess Alexandrina, afterwards married to the hereditary Prince of Mecklenburg-Schwerin; and in 1804, Prince Ferdinand, who died about two years afterwards. The only important journey made by their majesties during these years, was one into Pomerania, when they visited also Königsberg and Memel, where they were met by the Emperor Alexander of Russia, who took advantage of their proximity to his dominions to become personally known to them. The sovereigns always dined together in public. The merchants and shipowners gave a splendid ball, which was opened by the emperor and the queen; and here first began that mutual good understanding, afterwards cemented by family unions, which has ever since existed between Russia and Prussia, with only slight interruptions during the early part of the ensuing war with France. In all these journeys, at home or abroad, the vain efforts of the Countess von Vosz to keep the king and queen right in matters of state ceremonial, they being both careless of external forms, gave rise to constant banter and merriment. On one occasion, when the congratulations of a foreign court were to be received, the countess said this was an occasion on which the state-carriages must be used; that of the sovereigns must be drawn by eight horses, richly caparisoned, with two state-coachmen, and three footmen, in their best state-livery. 'Well,' said the king, 'let it be as you desire.' Next morning, when the grand equipage drew up, the king handed in the countess, quickly shut the door, calling out to the coachman: 'Go on,' and then jumped into his own open carriage with the queen, thus driving her majesty behind the countess, to the great amusement and delight of the spectators. We can well imagine how this piece of animated buckram (she was, however, by the way, a person of talent and attainments) would have revelled in the discussions that were wont to take place in the petty German courts; such as that related by the sister of the Great Frederick, who was married to the Margrave of Bayreuth, as gravely and tediously deliberated on, touching the respective dignity of two small great potentates who were to meet there, when it was at length determined that one of them was to have *a large chair without arms, and the other a small chair with arms!* And this at so poor a

#### LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

court, that the royal palace was so dilapidated as scarcely to exclude the cold, and the witty Prussian princess had tattered hangings to her bed! \* We need scarcely tell how faithful was the attachment of Madame von Vosz to the royal family of Prussia, how deeply she felt their misfortunes, and how great was her hatred of the oppressor. In 1808, an English officer, who had been in the West Indies, presented her with a beautiful parrot, which kept constantly repeating, for the gratification of the royal family, and as if to nurse the wrath of all: 'God d——n Napoleon!' Upon which the countess was wont to exclaim: 'O the charming parrot!'

A short mile from Potsdam, on the river Havel, shut in on the north and south by wooded hills; on the west, looking over to Potsdam; and on the east, to Spandau, deeply shaded by magnificent old oaks, richly adorned with flowers, and alive, so to speak, with all sorts of rare animals—lies the beautiful little isle called Peacock Island, only about a mile in circuit, on the most romantic spot of which rises a small fancifully formed castle. This charming island was the favourite retreat of the king and queen; and when they entered the boats to convey them thither, the king would unbutton his coat, as if to breathe more freely, and during his stay would suffer no ordinary state business to interrupt his domestic enjoyment. Many pleasant stories are told of their manner of life there. Bishop Eylert states, that he was once required by their majesties to read to them a sermon he had delivered in their presence on the beautiful words of Ruth to her mother-in-law, and which he had applied to the close union of a Christian marriage. He says: 'I read the sermon to them one calm summer evening on Peacock Island, under the shade of the tall oaks. The royal suite were present; and as I read, the queen sat by the king, her hand in his, and the holy calm of devotion seemed to be felt by all around. At the close of the discourse, the tones of the military band were heard playing the psalm: "In all my actions, I take counsel of the Lord." There was a long and solemn pause, for we were all disposed to be silent. The full moon had already risen in the east; the mellow tones of the distant music echoed through the pure expanse in soft accordance with the stillness which seemed inspired by the peace of God within our souls. This beautiful island seemed to us to be the very temple of the living God. At length we exclaimed: "Surely this spot is holy; this night it seems as the gate of heaven." The king was the first to move. Placing his hand on the queen's shoulder, he said softly, but audibly, gazing on her earnestly, as was his wont when thoughtful: "It shall be so, dear Louisa; I and my house, we will serve the Lord." He then retired in visible emotion to a small thicket on the brink of the Havel, to meditate alone.' When conversing with Bishop Eylert on the expression of the apostle

\* See the amusing *Memoirs of the Margravine of Bayreuth*.

## LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

James, as to the difficulty of not offending in word, the queen said: 'Who can be always and in all things correct? My best friend, the king, certainly can; he is laconic: richer in thought than word, but always true. In truth, lies the key to everything.' The king entering, inquired the subject of their conversation; and the queen replied: 'When I speak of my model and example, you know already who I mean; but you will never listen to me when I speak so.' When she spoke of the king, it was always thus: 'my best friend.' By her talent and feminine grace and tact, she had the art of embellishing every subject she touched on, and of refining and improving the most common occurrence. All this may be told, but Bishop Eylert says: 'These are mere dead characters; but to see her, to hear her speak in her enthusiastic tones, the mind, the soul that beamed from her countenance as she uttered the feelings of her inmost heart, made an impression never to be forgotten, but totally indescribable.' Such was Louisa, Queen of Prussia. Hers were virtues which adversity could only cause to shine the more brightly. We have seen her on the very summit of earthly happiness—we have looked on *this* picture, and would fain linger over it before turning to *that*—but we must on.

But here, towards the end of the time happily spent, there reached her 'a low long distant murmur of dread sounds;' for the mighty despot, he who did then 'bestride the narrow world like a Colossus,' was about to set his foot on the neck of Prussia, the people were to 'walk under his huge legs,' and the lovely high-spirited queen was to go down to the grave while her country was yet groaning under the hated bondage.

The campaign of which we have already treated, and which ended in the loss of the left bank of the Rhine, came to a close in 1795, when peace was concluded at Basle between France and Prussia; who thus saw herself excluded from the triple alliance formed at that time between Austria, Russia, and England against the growing power of France. The following year, a convention was concluded at Berlin, ostensibly to secure the neutrality of northern Germany, but coupled with a secret understanding, that the Rhine was to be recognised as the French boundary; which, with other-purposed infringements equally discreditable, placed Prussia at the mercy of France, and led ere long to the fall of the German Empire. In 1799, war with France was resolved on; but the vexatious vacillation of the king caused him to withdraw the consent he had given. Stein, afterwards the celebrated minister, says of this time: 'The king, however, took back his resolution, gave Haugwitz instructions to back out of the matter the best way he could, and the event is known to all the world. The discontent in Prussia at this hesitation and delay was universal.' We have no intention of following the gigantic strides of Napoleon towards universal dominion; of telling of his assumption of the imperial crown, and how he drew forth the iron crown of the ancient Lombard kings from its repose of a thousand years, and put it on his own head after the

#### LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

manner, and with nearly the same words as those used by Charles XII. of Sweden on crowning himself. In 1805, the allied powers, now joined by Sweden, earnestly solicited the aid of Prussia in opposing a barrier to France; but, unable to resist the temptation held out to her by Napoleon of the acquisition of Hanover, she remained fatally firm to the French alliance. The eyes of the king, however, were soon opened, at least for a time, to the small measure of respect he could trust to; for a French corps passing from Hanover to the Danube, crossed the territory of Anspach, thereby violating the neutrality of Prussia; which so exasperated the nation, revealing as it did the humbling effects of so vacillating a policy, that the general voice was for instant war, which was warmly advocated by the queen and Prince Louis of Prussia, cousin of the king. The first-fruit of this new awakening appeared when the allies landed in Hanover, and besieged the only fortress occupied by French troops, with no opposition on the part of Prussia. Then followed, shortly after, the arrival of the Emperor Alexander in Berlin, which the French ambassador regarded as a signal to quit, and left the capital accordingly. A treaty was concluded between the two monarchs, to which they solemnly pledged themselves at the tomb of the Great Frederick; and the minister Haugwitz was desired to notify to Napoleon, that Prussia had joined the other powers. But remarkable events intervened. Napoleon had suffered a partial repulse from the Russians near Ulm, but his route lay open to Vienna; and there then followed the brilliant victory of Austerlitz, the entrance into Vienna, and the complete prostration of the Austrian power. Of this most remarkable campaign of Austerlitz, concluded in the space of three months, Alison writes: 'A hundred days unparalleled in the past history of Europe, though destined within ten years to be eclipsed by another hundred days of still more momentous celebrity!' From day to day did Haugwitz delay his departure for the fulfilment of a mission which had, in truth, been reluctantly determined on by the king. The minister arrived at the French camp at a moment when the dawn of the 'sun of Austerlitz' was already visible in the political horizon; and scarcely had that sun gone down when Haugwitz, with matchless effrontery, presented his sovereign's congratulations on the victory—a message of which 'fortune had changed the address,' as Napoleon in his cool caustic manner remarked; signed on the very day on which hostilities were to have commenced, a treaty by which—we almost blush to write it—Prussia was to receive Hanover, the inheritance of her ally, in return for Neuenburg, Anspach, and Cleves. The peace of Presburg followed, and Napoleon returned in triumph to Paris. We find in the life of Stein how deeply the Prussian people felt the degradation of their country. For himself, 'there lay, as it were, a heavy cloud on his breast; and for eight bitter years he knew no unmixed joy.' The harbours of Prussia were blockaded by the allies, and her flag swept from the seas. Now was the time

#### LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

for Napoleon to bring to maturity his grand project of the Confederation of the Rhine, the greatest blow to European independence, concluded and signed at Paris 12th July 1806; by which most of the southern states, including 16,000,000 subjects, were lost to the German Empire. On the 6th of August following, the Emperor Francis, grandson of the celebrated Empress Maria Theresa, renounced by a solemn deed the ancient throne of the Cæsars, which had stood for 1000 years, and declared himself the first of the new emperors of Austria.

In Berlin, the alarming state of the kingdom had produced the greatest discontent and irritation. Delay could only increase the danger. The king's eyes must be opened. A remonstrance, no less bold than that addressed by the Long Parliament to Charles I., prepared by the celebrated Müller, and signed by the king's two brothers, by Prince Louis, Stein,\* Blücher, and other generals, was laid before the king, in which no point was omitted touching his own honour and that of the kingdom, and praying him to dismiss Haugwitz and other offensive ministers. Even before this, Stein, at that time finance minister, had in his own name alone presented an address to his sovereign, which we wish we could give entire. Let all who would know what an honest man, burning with indignation, can and will dare, read that address, which will be found in his Life. The king was highly displeased, and the queen, who shared in all his counsels, partook of this feeling. He made known his displeasure to Stein, sharply reprimanded the princes his brothers, and sent them off to their regiments. But the popular ferment was now to rise to an uncontrollable height, for it became known that Napoleon had offered to restore Hanover to England. He also caused to be seized and shot a bookseller of Nuremberg, who had published works hostile to France. The war-party now overbore all opposition. The queen openly fostered the general enthusiasm. She frequently appeared in the uniform of the regiment which bore her name, and excited the enthusiasm of the soldiers by riding at their head. Prince Louis and a band of young nobles, burning to repeat the victories of the Great Frederick, are said to have sharpened their sabres, like foolish boys, on the threshold of the French ambassador, and broken the windows of the ministers in the French interest. Doubt and hesitation now universally gave place to a reckless spirit of defiance and confidence. In the market-place at Halle, one professor met another with the news that war had been determined on; adding, that nothing could now save the mad Napoleon from destruction. On his friend venturing to say something about French generals, he interrupted him vehemently: 'Generals! where should they come from? We Prussians have generals that understand war, who have known service from their youth: these tailors and shoemakers beyond the Rhine, who never knew they had legs to stand

\* See the life of Stein (*Das Leben des Ministers Freiherrn vom Stein*), first volume — a valuable work, but not yet completed.

#### LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

on before the Revolution, in presence of our practised captains can only take to their heels. I pray you, in God's name, speak not to me about French generals !' This we believe only too truly to represent the feeling of the whole nation.

Twenty years had passed away since the death of 'Old Fritz,' as the Prussians called the Great Frederick. His successor had been ruled by weak ministers, who strengthened his belief in ghosts, and opposed toleration. A treasury containing 70,000,000 was speedily replaced by as much debt. Profligate courtiers received the Order of Merit, bestowed by Frederick only on the heroes of the Seven Years' War. Valets and rogues were dubbed nobles, and mockingly termed 'the newly baked.' Mirabeau, then French agent at Berlin, thus writes : 'A decreased revenue, an increased expenditure, genius neglected, fools at the helm. Never was a government nearer ruin.' The king, however, loved military glory, and had opposed the peace of Basle. To such misrule of eleven years, Frederick-William III. succeeded. Stein generously excuses his desire to avoid war because of the unsatisfactory state of the army, which had acquired a great name in the Seven Years' War under a military system far from perfect, but owing its success to the genius of Frederick, whose presence must have been as well worth that of 40,000 men as Napoleon's was said to be. It was only among the younger officers that a martial spirit prevailed. The commanding-officers were all aged nobles, receiving high pay in time of peace; the commandants of fortresses, gray-headed old men. No attention had been given to the improvements in warlike tactics; the equipments were ancient and cumbrous; the exercises suited to an age that had passed away; the soldiers ill armed, clothed, and fed. But there were soldiers and officers who had served under the Great Frederick; amongst others, the gallant Blücher; and the army contained elements of bravery which, under a bold leader, might have achieved mighty deeds. Unhappily, the king intrusted the command to the Duke of Brunswick, his near kinsman, who had gained renown in his youth, but had come off with little honour in the last campaign, and now, at the age of seventy-two, would hesitate for an hour how to spell the name of a town; knew so little of the topography of the country, that detachments belonging to different corps were billeted in the same village, of which they disputed the possession; and in a military council, he would ask, in the hearing of the young officers, and with a troubled countenance: 'What are we to do?'

Alas for poor devoted Prussia! Now was come the time when she must so grievously expiate her vacillating and crooked policy. Frederick-William gallantly took the field at the head of 150,000 men, and marched out of Berlin amidst songs of triumph, leaving the inhabitants literally delirious with joy. With fatal rashness resolving to assume the offensive, the Prussians advanced towards the valley of the Maine, purposing thus to cut off the enemy's

#### LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

communication with France. This was instantly retorted by Napoleon, who marched the whole of his army, stronger in number than the Prussian, in three great columns towards Saxony. Appalled by such an unexpected step, the duke ordered his troops to be concentrated round Erfurth and Weimar, but in this retrograde movement several detachments were routed; and on the 10th of October fell Prince Louis, near Saalfeld, fighting with desperate bravery at the head of his corps. The Prussians at length succeeded in concentrating their troops in two great divisions—one under the king and the duke, near Weimar; the other under Prince Hohenlohe, near Jena, leaving a space of ninety miles between their extreme flanks. Their situation at this time has been compared to a ship with all sail spread lying at anchor. When within half a day's journey of the enemy, Napoleon sent a letter to the king, couched in the language of a victor, full of cruel irony, and offering kind counsels and the restoration of peace to his 'good brother;' which Scott compares to the exulting sensations of the angler when he has hooked his fish, and is about to secure his prey. On the 13th, Napoleon seized the Prussian magazines, imprudently placed at Naumburg, instead of being in the rear of the army, and burned them up. Next day, the memorable 14th of October 1806, took place the battles of Auerstadt and Jena—called the battle of Jena, because Napoleon fought there in person. He completely routed Prince Hohenlohe, who is said to have been first roused from his couch by the thunder of the French artillery, and still under the hands of the barber when an important post was lost. At Auerstadt, the king and the Duke of Brunswick encountered the French general Davoust, and were as signally defeated: the duke, who fought with great bravery, being carried off the field mortally wounded, the king escaping with great difficulty across the fields in the direction of Weimar. Forty thousand Prussians were killed or taken on that fatal day. Great personal bravery had been shewn; but the mismanagement of the generals, the total want of regular plan or combined movement, amounted to infatuation, and the confusion of the retreat was such, that 'the broken army resembled a covey of heath-fowl which the sportsman marks and destroys at his leisure.' But where was now Blucher, the gallant hussar? He had been left at Bortzenberg with the rear of Prince Hohenlohe's army, and on hearing of his general's defeat, he advanced, and tried to rally the scattered remnants of Jena and Auerstadt, at the head of which he performed prodigies of valour, fighting his way desperately through the very streets of Lubeck, until, overpowered by numbers, he surrendered his sword, to be resumed in glorious days, when his name should be sounded forth as a war-trumpet among the nations. Napoleon's progress to the capital was one triumphal procession. As of old, Jericho fell before the Israelites at the sound of the trumpet and the blast of the ram's horn; so fortress after fortress—Spandau, Stettin, Cüstrin, Hameln, Magdeburg—surrendered.

#### LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

on little more than a summons, or at the first flight of shells; and on the 25th of October, eleven days after the battle of Jena, Napoleon made his victorious entrance into Berlin, most of the annalists say, amidst the grief and tears of the people. This is the account given even by Hazlitt, in his petulant, off-hand, surface-pleading for the despot, in which, however, nothing more is made out than that he was not altogether a monster. Menzel alone, in his *History of Germany*, says that 'Napoleon was received, not as at Vienna, with mute rage, but with loud demonstrations of delight, which so struck him with astonishment, that he declared: "I know not whether to rejoice or to feel ashamed."' We are inclined to think that both accounts are true. Assuredly, Menzel could be no willing witness to such a fact. To reckless confidence had not only succeeded such a panic that strong men became as babes, but all the lesser souls, here as everywhere, were eager to prove how 'might and wrong combined are endowed with irresistible attraction.' The public money and stores were betrayed to the French. To one who had discovered a large store of wood, the new French commandant said with crushing irony: 'Leave the wood untouched; your king will want a good deal to make gallows for traitorous rogues.' Müller, too—he who drew up the famous remonstrance—now basely pandered to Napoleon, and delivered a lecture in Berlin on the Great Frederick, in which he artfully contrived to flatter Napoleon at the expense of that monarch. The rage in Germany for everything French had now reached at once its culminating point and its bitter fruits. The cheers of the traitor, the prostration of the servile, were repaid with scorn. One step more, and the victor, mad with success, would complete the work of subjection. He was dastard enough publicly to asperse the fame of the first lady in the land, the boast of her age, and the queen of hearts. Prussia had fallen; but even the most abject of her sons glowed with fierce indignation against the man who could thus seek to quench an enthusiasm he with too good reason feared. The aged and dying Duke of Brunswick, too, must be hunted down. Wounded in both eyes, and suffering tortures, he was carried to the town of Brunswick; but the victor threatened not to leave one stone upon another, and the duke, who was adored by his subjects, was compelled to seek refuge on Danish ground. Resolved not to outlive the fall of his house, he refused all food and medicine. Once only his physician succeeded in tempting him with an oyster, which, having tasted, he instantly rejected, saying in a tragic tone: 'Man, you have given me my eyes to eat!' At length he died, near Altona, on the 10th November. His son, who witnessed his sufferings, and to whom the victor refused permission to lay his father's body in the tomb of his ancestors, bequeathed, in true Highland fashion, the work of revenge to his successors, so amply fulfilled by the Black Brunswickers on the field of Waterloo. And surely if ever such a

#### LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

legacy can be excused in a Christian land, it is when foul injury is offered to an honoured parent.

For nearly a century, Prussia had ranked amongst the first powers in Europe. Before the campaign of Austerlitz, she had but to stretch forth her hand, which held the balance, and the scale would have been turned. In her fell the last German state that could treat with Napoleon as an equal, and the news was received with mingled astonishment, dread, and sympathy. Her territories, consisting largely of late acquisitions made by the Great Frederick, want breadth and concentration, while their length has been compared by Voltaire to a pair of garters stretching across the map of Europe. The people, too, had placed entire reliance on the standing army; and now, especially in the distant states, stood aloof when they saw the destruction of that army they had deemed invincible, and knew not to whom they might be called on to transfer their allegiance. Hence the unimportant assistance now given to repel the invader. The ruin of the House of Brandenburg seemed complete, and the sovereigns, whose calamity excited deep and general sympathy, were driven beyond the Oder, and took refuge in the city of Königsberg. Most of the lesser states were seized on by Napoleon, who threatened to impoverish the nobles till they should beg their bread. At Potsdam he enraged the people by violating the tomb of the Great Frederick at his favourite palace of Sans Souci, and carrying off his sword and orders, to send them as trophies to Paris. After thundering forth his famous Berlin decree, he set out for Poland, to intercept the Russians on their march to Germany.

Louisa was now in a state of extremest wretchedness. She was the object of insults both direct and indirect. She was dragged before the public in the disgraceful pages of the *Telegraph*. In the bulletins of Napoleon, she was accused of being the cause of the nation's sufferings; her enthusiasm was ridiculed; and in the scene at the tomb of Frederick, when the king and the Emperor Alexander pledged their fealty, he represented her as assuming a theatrical attitude, and being attired 'like the London engravings of Lady Hamilton!' Falsehood and calumny everywhere found vent. So suddenly came those shocks, that for a moment Louisa lost faith in herself and trust in Heaven. Had she become the sport of some evil destiny, or had she her life-long been calling wrong right? She scanned her inmost soul with a rigidity known only to the pure in heart; but she failed to find that the light which was in her was darkness. To a sensitive mind, however, there is no greater suffering than a sense of injustice. These conflicting feelings, together with the thick darkness now overshadowing her house and country, threw Louisa into a nervous fever, which for many days threatened her life; and she was only recovering, when the approach of the French troops to Königsberg obliged her to fly; and on a dismal day in December she was placed on a bed in her carriage, and conveyed

#### LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

in safety to Memel. The king, seeing the necessity of calling to his counsels men of probity and vigour, offered to make Stein minister of the interior; but this he declined, unless the cabinet were remodelled, which so irritated the king, that he wrote him a letter, in which he called him 'a refractory, obstinate, disobedient servant of the state.' Stein replied with equal severity and vehemence, sought and obtained his leave, and set out for his own country of Nassau. The remaining fortresses were in a deplorable condition, and could not long hold out unless relieved. The Prussian troops had joined the Russian shortly before the frightful carnage of Eylau, after which Napoleon offered to make a separate peace with Frederick-William; but this he generously refused. Rays of hope appeared from time to time, but were at length extinguished by the decisive battle of Friedland. The progress of the war, and Louisa's feelings and state of mind, will best be described by her letters sent to her father. In May 1807, she writes from Königsberg thus: 'BELOVED FATHER—The departure of General Blücher [he was about to assume the command in Pomerania] gives me once more, thank God, an opportunity of writing to you without reserve. How long I have been deprived of this happiness, and how much I have to say to you! Blücher's mission to Pomerania, and the patriotism now awakening in every bosom, have animated me with new hope. Yes, best of fathers, I am convinced all will yet be well, and we shall meet again in happiness. The defence of Dantzic goes on well; the inhabitants behave admirably, will hear of no surrender, and declare they will rather be buried under its ruins than prove untrue to their king. The same with Colberg and Graudenz. If all the garrisons had so done!—But enough of past evils; let us turn our thoughts to God, who never forsakes us so long as we do not forsake Him. The king is with the Emperor Alexander and the army, and will remain as long as he does. This delightful unity, founded on constancy in misfortune, fills me with the brightest hopes, that by perseverance we shall sooner or later conquer. I confidently trust in God for a happy future; and ever am, best of fathers, your grateful and obedient daughter—LOUISA.' One after another these fortresses fell, and after the fatal battle of Friedland, the queen writes: 'MEMEL, 17th June 1807.—I read your letter of 14th April with tears of the most grateful affection. How shall I thank you, best and tenderest of fathers, for so many proofs of your love and inexpressible paternal kindness? What a consolation and support to me in my troubles! When so tenderly beloved, one cannot be entirely wretched. New and frightful calamities have come upon us, and we are on the eve of being forced to quit the kingdom. Think of what my condition must be. But do not, I pray you, mistake your daughter, or suppose me bowed down by doubt and despondency. I am sustained by two considerations—first, the belief that we are not the sport of blind chance, but are in God's hand, and led by His providence,

## LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

even through darkness into light, for He is light; second, that we full with honour. The king has proved to the world that honour was his sole desire, and that he is better than his fate. Prussia will not willingly endure the chains of slavery. The king, who is truth itself, could not have acted otherwise than he has done, without being false to himself and a traitor to his people. But to the point. By the unfortunate battle of Friedland, Königsberg has fallen into the hands of the French. We are pressed by the enemy, and if more closely endangered, I must leave Memel with my children. The king will join the emperor again, and I shall go to Riga. May God sustain me when the trying moment arrives that I must quit the kingdom! Then strength will indeed be needed; but I lift my eyes to the Almighty, from whom all our blessings and trials come; and my firm faith is, that He will not try us beyond what we are able to bear. . . . To live and die in the ways of the just, and, if need be, live on bread and salt, is our firm purpose, and I never can be wholly wretched; but hope is no more for me.'

After the battle of Friedland, Napoleon took up his quarters at Tilsit, and negotiations having been opened for peace, Alexander soon joined him there. And now was enacted one of those strange dramas in real life, far stranger than any fiction. In the midst of the river Niemen was moored the memorable *raft of Tilsit*, on which stood an immense pavilion. Here, on the 25th of June, having embarked from different sides of the river, the two emperors met; and those who aforetime were foes, and soon would be foes again, those two 'good brothers' cordially embraced, amid the shouts of both armies, and entering the pavilion, held a long private conference. During their stay, the closest intimacy subsisted, and the two emperors were said to have divided Europe between them. On the 28th, arrived the unfortunate king of Prussia, but he was not admitted by Napoleon as an equal. The queen arrived a few days later, deeming it no degradation to intercede for her people, even with the man who had personally insulted her. She writes thus: 'What this costs me, God only knows; for although I do not hate this man, I look on him as the cause of the king's and the nation's misery. I certainly admire his talents, but his manifestly false and deceitful character I cannot endure. To be courteous to him will be difficult, but this is required of me, and I am accustomed to make sacrifices.' The crafty Talleyrand had sought to prevent this meeting, fearing the effect of the queen's charms on Napoleon; but he resolutely desired it, that he might gratify his pride by triumphing over the humbled queen, and also from curiosity to behold her surpassing beauty. To gratify his own love of pomp, and outwardly to do her honour, the Emperor sent for her a magnificent state-carriage, drawn by eight horses, with an escort of dragoon-guards. The king was grave, but inwardly as well as outwardly calm; the demeanour of the queen, graceful and unconstrained, marked by a perfect composure which

#### LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

did not forsake her during the whole of the interview. Very different with the mighty conqueror, who was visibly embarrassed and surprised by the dignity of the king and the beauty of the queen, to whom he awkwardly addressed some complimentary phrases, of which she took no notice, but regretted he had to ascend so bad a staircase as in the house where they now met, and inquired how his health was in such a northerly climate. Whilst replying, he swung about his whip, and turning to the king said: 'Sire, I admire the magnanimity of your soul amidst so many and so great misfortunes.' The king replied, in a marked and placid tone: 'True strength and tranquillity of mind can only spring from a good conscience.' Whether irritated by these telling words, or giving way to his usual arrogance, Napoleon said abruptly: 'But how could you venture to begin a war with me after I had conquered more powerful nations?' The king, wishing to avoid such a discussion, looked at him fixedly and severely, while the ever-ready queen replied with dignity: 'Sire, trusting to the glory of the Great Frederick, we deceived ourselves as to the extent of our powers: we were deceived; but it was so ordained.' She then turned the conversation into other channels. The Emperor had ordered a sumptuous banquet, and they sat down to table, the queen on his right hand and the king on his left. The king was reserved and laconic, leaving the conversation to the queen. She avoided political topics, and without condescending to flatter the despot, spoke on subjects likely to interest him, especially of the Empress Josephine with respect and kindness. The Emperor was quite enchanted with Louisa, and his admiration increased every moment. He afterwards said to Talleyrand: 'I knew I was to see a beautiful queen, but I have found at once the most beautiful of queens and the most interesting of women.' A French author says: 'On sitting down to table, Napoleon, with great gallantry, told the queen he would restore Silesia according to her earnest wish.' It is asserted, that he was disposed to yield to all her wishes, and that one of his generals asked him, in a sulky tone, 'If he thought every tear shed by a woman was to efface the blood of hundreds of his soldiers.' This may account for his refusal of Magdeburg, as to which Louisa often said, she felt like Mary of England with regard to Calais, that if her heart were seen, that name would be found engraven on it in characters of blood. Connected with this refusal, a story runs that once Napoleon offered the queen a rose of great beauty, which, after some hesitation, she accepted, adding: 'At least, with Magdeburg;' to which he replied: 'Your majesty will be pleased to remember, that it is I who offer, and your majesty has only the task of accepting.' In a letter to Josephine, he writes: 'The queen of Prussia is really a charming woman; she is fond of coquetting with me; but do not be jealous, for I am like cerecloth, off which everything slides. It would cost me too dear to play the gallant in this matter'—an insinuation the insolence of which must excite

#### LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

universal scorn; it is, however, what every woman who has the power of pleasing, or rather, who cannot help pleasing, is exposed to, from the vanity of the one sex and the envy of the other. Here we have Napoleon's own refutation of a charge caused by mortification, for he said to Talleyrand, that Louisa might have come forward as a new Armida, and dictated terms of peace in Paris, but that she attached too much importance to the dignity of her sex, and so forth.

How instructive to have been present at that strange banquet, where sat side by side the slanderer and the slandered, the thoughts of the thoughtful revolving the contrast they exhibited! He essentially an actor; she all truth and nature: he with a face like a marble statue, smiling with the mouth alone, while the other features were rigid, the true indication of an unsunny soul; her lovely face instinct with expression, the mirror of all sweet and holy thoughts: he devoid of conversation, and only easy when saying severe things, without wit, without soul, repeating the wonderful remark to a whole row of ladies—*il fait chaud*; she fluent and liquid, now scattering seeds of thought, now embellishing and multiplying the thoughts of others: he living for self, and to subjugate mankind; she living for others, desirous that men should be mentally and morally free: he walking in the way that seemed good unto him, not knowing that the end thereof is death; she in the paths of the just, whether strewn with thorns or flowers, blessed by her own, and to be blessed by future generations.

The Russian and French treaty of peace was signed at Tilsit on the 7th July; that of Prussia on the 9th, by which she lost half her territories, including the whole of the fruitful lands between the Elbe and the Rhine. Midst such deep humiliation, the king and queen maintained throughout the most perfect composure, and a dignity of demeanour evidently irritating to Napoleon, who said of the king: 'He is as stiff as an ill-broken horse;' and the French officers, in evident astonishment, said to each other: 'He comports himself as if he were the victor, and we the vanquished.' Napoleon's bearing could not but act as a successful foil; for not even his genius for command could redeem him from the charge of vulgarity. The news of the Peace of Tilsit caused everywhere the deepest dejection. The country stood in need of a deliverer, and all eyes were turned to Stein. On hearing of the Peace of Tilsit, so strong were his feelings of shame and indignation, that he was seized with a tertian ague, and he was still in a state of extreme weakness, when letters arrived from the Princess Louisa Radzivill, the king's sister, from Blücher, from Niebuhr, and from Hardenberg in the name of the king, urging him to come and preside over the nation's counsels. They prayed him to lay aside personal considerations, to forget former injuries; and Hardenberg assured him that the king had learned much in the school of adversity, and would now be ready to

#### LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

comply with his demands. Stein hesitated not an instant, nor made conditions: he seemed at once to receive new strength; and, before many weeks, joined the court at Memel. There could not well be a greater contrast than between those two celebrated ministers—Stein and Hardenberg. Stein was firm as a rock, fiery, rough, faithful, quick in perception, and careless of appearances; Hardenberg, soft and yielding, liberal, open, spreading joy around him. The one a Stoic; the other, if not an Epicurean, enjoying much the good things of this life, and splendid in his outlay: the one seeming to govern circumstances; the other looking out whence the wind came: the one for war; the other for peace. Stein, so vehement in conversation, that he forced every one to meet him with a decided front, and to become a controversialist; Hardenberg, polished and elegant, adapting himself to tastes and persons: the one, a perfect specimen of the *fortiter in re*; the other, of the *suaviter in modo*. The king loved Hardenberg with a strong and unceasing attachment. To Stein he had always accorded genius, but hitherto regarded him more in fear than love. Henceforth, however, he was esteemed by the king, queen, and royal family as their best friend. One bond of union existed between the king and Stein: they hated German metaphysics with a perfect hatred. In arguing with men of this class, Stein always got into a towering passion,\* and fumed out: 'Mere words; a pitiful school jargon,' and would say: 'Our German youth is incurably infected with this fever of empty speculation: the German has an unfortunate instinct, that leads him to grope in abstract corners; and, therefore, he never understands the present moment, and falls an easy prey to the cunning aggressor.' How this doughty champion of practicality would have chuckled over the significant lamentation of Hegel: 'I have met with only one man who understands my philosophy, *and he does not!*' Both the king and Stein belonged to the class of practical Germans, who so strongly resemble the Scotch. In his own councils, his majesty was ever exclaiming: 'To the point! to the point!' But Stein could make a whole nation *act* to the point. Stein was a helmsman for the roughest weather; the king for a calm moonlight night. We have spoken of Frederick-William, when troublous times first came on him, with our Charles I., but great was the contrast when these thickened; for we find from the queen's letters, and from his conduct to Stein, that the king had the magnanimity both to confess his errors and to repair them; and although in the outset he displayed the weakness of weak rulers, waiting to be, if possible, on the winning side, and throughout the whole war had strong aggressive measures forced on him, rather than adopted them, still he had the merit, the very opposite of the Stuart race, of

\* Like men of his temperament, however, in a great crisis he was calm. When all were marshalling for the Liberation War, he was told Goethe had said, the people might shake their chains, but would only rivet them the faster. Stein coolly remarked: 'Just let him talk; he is getting old.'

## LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

yielding honestly and graciously, if not timously. With his later promise of a constitution never fulfilled, and his conscientious endeavours to force 'a state conscience' on his people, we have nothing here to do. Louisa was more impulsive and high spirited than the king, but she had not force of character enough, and loved him with too intense a love to see with other eyes than his. Stein was assuredly no flatterer, and there can be no better testimony to their worth as well as his own, widely different as they were in disposition, than the high terms in which he speaks of their exalted virtues, and even talents. He would say: 'The king is the most clear-sighted of us all, but as unconscious as a child is of its innocence.'

The condition of Prussia was now deplorable in the extreme. She was deprived of all her conquests made by the Great Frederick excepting Silesia, and even the towns and fortresses in her possession were garrisoned by French soldiers; the whole country subject to the most enormous exactions, and means lacking to discharge them. Stein writes to his wife: 'The sufferings of the people are unendurable, and the number of impoverished families daily increasing; domestic and public comfort all gone.' William, Prince of Prussia, went to Paris to intercede for his wretched country. This noble prince had formerly remonstrated with his brother. He, and his no less noble wife, now offered to suffer imprisonment till the exactions were paid; but this the despot declined, granting, however, no alleviation of the burdens. A proposal was made in the Prussian cabinet, to marry the crown-prince to the daughter of Joseph Bonaparte, but Stein instantly rejected it. We wish we could tell the wonders done by him for his country, in conjunction with the generals Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, who remodelled the army; and how, when he strode on too fast for the king, the queen—a blessed peacemaker—would write entreating him to have patience, and the king would be sure to accede to his desires. In his short ministry of fourteen months, his bold reforms and retrenchments had reached every department in the state; he had emancipated the serfs; he was the promulgator of an altogether new agrarian law. He was not, however, the founder of the *Tugendbund*, as was universally supposed, till the publication of his life, nor even a member of it. Niebuhr, Scharnhorst, Blucher, Schleiermacher, all the first men, held aloof from it, regarding secret associations as unsuited to the German people. The king and queen also viewed it with suspicion. This union—a sort of general self-denying ordinance, and bond to strengthen government and repel the invader—must have aided the good work, but the king was forced by Napoleon to dissolve it in 1809. At length, Napoleon's spies intercepted the correspondence of Stein; he was forced to resign, and by a decree of December, 18, 1808, *Le nommé Stein* (a certain Stein) 'trying to create disturbances,' was declared an outlaw, and the whole of his property, which had been six hundred and seventy-five years in the family,

#### LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA:

confiscated. On the night before he left Berlin, when his friends in deep emotion were gathered round him, one of them said: 'Your excellency is now robbed of your ancient inheritance by the French; we Prussians must win it back for you with our blood!' And nobly was the pledge redeemed. Stein took refuge on Bohemian ground, and afterwards entered into the service of Russia. But wherever hatred of the tyrant and hope of freedom for Germany existed, he found a home. With fire glowing in his soul, scorn flashing from his eyes, and tempest-clouds resting on his noble brow, he was everywhere secretly laying trains, and waiting, with what patience he could, for the fitting time to fire them off in the face of the oppressor. Napoleon's hatred had pointed out a leader to his enemies; one who now stands in the foremost rank of patriots and statesmen.

The king and queen continued to live at Memel almost in a state of privation. Their table was as scanty as that of a small tradesman, and their house so small, that the two elder princes were lodged in that of a merchant, whose amiable wife the queen, in the midst of her own privations, found means of surprising with a birthday-fête. During the miseries of the war, the poor people had been reduced to such wretchedness, that mothers even abandoned their children in despair. A Foundling Hospital was instituted in Berlin, which the queen, in a most touching letter, consented should be called by her name. In December 1807, the country having been evacuated as far as Weichsal, the royal family returned to Königsberg, where, on the 1st of February following, the Princess Louisa was born. On the 6th March, the crown-prince, although only thirteen, was installed rector of the university, to the great gratification of his royal parents. This was the first public tribute to the talents of Frederick-William IV., the present king of Prussia, universally allowed to be one of the most accomplished men in Europe. The king and queen were profoundly grave in their demeanour, and yet cheerful, seeking, especially the queen, to inspire others with hope. They frequently were heard to say: 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth;' and the queen wrote: 'If posterity will not place my name among celebrated women, yet those who know what I have gone through will say: "She suffered much, and endured with patience."' One Sunday, when Archbishop Borowsky found her alone reading the Bible, she spoke much of the 126th psalm as very precious to her, and with a clear soft voice and ecstatic countenance, added: 'When the Lord shall liberate the captives, and the heavily burdened shall be released, then all will appear to us as if we had been dreamers; then will our lips be opened in praise, and our tongues utter songs of triumph; then will the world say of us, The Lord hath done great things for them. Lord, look down upon our sorrows, and make an end of our afflictions. Thou who hast set bounds to the raging sea, make those who have sown in tears reap in joy.' Thus cheered and sustained by her exalted piety, blest in the love of her children

## LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

and all the royal family, adored by her husband, of whom she wrote: 'The king is more tender to me than ever; a great happiness and consolation after a fourteen years' union: we are always new and indispensable to each other'—she had also the strong consolation of knowing that the attachment of the people was unshaken. Of this, ever since the period we have called the culminating-point, before the frenzy had subsided, or the base adulator of tyranny returned to his allegiance, the sovereigns had received frequent and touching proofs, which the queen often spoke of with emotion. As time wore on, sparks were everywhere appearing, indicative of the coming flame. Since the rule of the usurper, the birthdays of the royal family were passed over in silence. In the theatre at Berlin, 10th March 1808, the birthday of the queen, Iffland and Jacobi called for a cheer, which was enthusiastically responded to. They were placed under arrest. The birthday of the oppressor must, however, be celebrated. An inhabitant of Hamburg once placed over his door in large letters, but a little apart, the word *Zwang* (thralldom). When called to account by the prefect, he calmly said it meant, *Zur Weihe an Napoleon's Geburtstag* (to the celebration of Napoleon's birthday). In such sallies, and in words of scorn, did the voice of the German people find an utterance. The professors and teachers of youth assiduously fanned the flame. Gymnastics, long neglected, were re-introduced, as tending to heighten moral courage. As Jahn marched with his pupils out of Berlin, and passed underneath the Brandenburg gate, he would ask the new ones: 'What are you thinking of now?' If the boy hesitated, he would give him a box on the ear, saying indignantly: 'You should be thinking of how you can bring back the four fine statues of horses that once stood over this gate, and were carried by the French to Paris.'

The renewal of hostilities between France and Austria, the seat of war being so near the capital as Saxony, and the disastrous state of affairs in Spain, deeply affected Louisa's mind, and a serious ague, which prostrated her strength, followed. She now writes to her father:—

'It is all over with us; if not for ever, at least for the present. I am quite resigned to this dispensation of Heaven, and if not in temporal happiness, yet spiritually blessed. It is always becoming clearer to me, that Providence is bringing about a new order of things, for the old has crumbled and fallen to pieces. We were slumbering on the laurels of Frederick the Great, who, lord of his own age, became the creator of a new one. With this new age we have not advanced, therefore it has outrun us. No one sees this more clearly than the king, and after much thought he has frequently said, it must be otherwise with us now.' Of Napoleon, she says: 'It were blasphemy to say that God is with him, but he is manifestly an instrument in the hand of the Almighty to abolish the old order of things, which has no more room in it. Improvement is sure to come, but good can be done

## LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

only by the good; and, therefore, I believe not that Napoleon is secure on his now brilliant throne. It is only truth and justice that can be secure; and he is politic, that is, cunning, and does not follow unchangeable laws, but acts as circumstances direct.'

Louisa was now greatly changed, and there is every reason to believe that the seeds of her insidious disease had been sown at the period of the fatal Peace of Tilsit. Outward composure, the effort to bear foul wrong, injustice, and misfortune, had produced its usual effect of heightening the inward tension. She is described as now more interesting than ever; her cheeks were pale, and there was frequently a slight quivering of the lips; her expression was full of that depth and elevation and subdued pathos which a large experience of sorrow gives to those who have proved its high and sacred uses; her eyes had lost their brilliancy, and it was evident that she wept much; but there were other tears, as we shall find, that had been turned into drops of blood, and were all congealed around her heart. She now said: 'I feel daily more and more that my kingdom is not of this world.' In October 1809, preceded and followed by long indisposition, was born Albert, Louisa's youngest child, the last of ten births and of seven living children, all of whom still survive. The following December was fixed for their return to Berlin, to which Louisa looked forward with longing, and yet an indefinable apprehension. She wrote: 'I shed so many tears when I think of it, that I know not what I shall feel when I arrive, and find all the same and yet so altered. Dark forebodings trouble me. . . . I hope it will be otherwise.' The journey was a triumphal procession; and on the very day on which, sixteen years before, she had entered as a bride, she now, seated in a carriage presented to her by the citizens, richly adorned with silver, and tastefully decorated with her favourite colour of lilac, was greeted with a still more enthusiastic welcome, and received in the arms of her beloved father at the entrance to the palace. The king did what he could to moderate all costly demonstrations of joy, and continued his own strictly simple mode of life. When asked whether a certain quantity of champagne should be ordered, he replied: 'Not till all my subjects can afford to drink beer again.'

In the spring of 1810, Louisa visited Paretz, Sans Souci, and the Peacock Island, those scenes of former happiness; and there were times when her sad forebodings seemed forgotten, and gleams of cheerfulness appeared, which so delighted the king, that he would exclaim: 'The queen is quite herself to-day. Once she was always gay. Better times are in store for us, I hope and trust.' But these were only gleams. At the celebration of her birthday, it was by a great effort that Louisa preserved her composure. She said: 'I think this will be the last time I shall celebrate my birthday here.' She was soon after seized with a violent cough and fever, and, for the first time, with those fatal spasms in the chest, indicative of deep-seated disease. She revived, however, as summer approached, and her desire to fulfil a long-cherished design of visiting her

21

#### LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

father became so ardent, that her departure was fixed for the 25th of June. She left Charlottenburg early in the morning, and seemed tranquil during the first part of the journey, but on entering the frontiers of Mecklenburg, a profound melancholy seized her. At Fürstenberg, she was met by her father, her sister Frederica, and her two brothers. She exclaimed: 'Ah, there is my father!' and with increased sadness and flowing tears sank into his arms. She soon regained her cheerfulness, and resuming her journey, arrived at Strelitz at seven in the evening, amidst the loud acclamations of the people. Another moment, and she was under the much-longed for paternal roof; but over every one there was an undefinable sadness. It had come to their turn to feel that a voice was speaking to them, but they knew not as yet the words of Him that spake. That awful stillness without rest, that waking swoon, the sure presage of coming calamity, had fallen upon them. One other gleam ere the scene darkens. A reception was held on the 27th, at which Louisa seemed to most eyes lovelier than ever, from the mingled expression of dignity, serenity, and chastened sorrow diffused over her noble countenance. From a tender feeling of reserve, the subject of her misfortunes was avoided; but she often spoke of them herself in an exalted strain of resignation, and as if to make a general diffusion of her views of the high uses of affliction. After a long conversation with her brother, she said: 'Dear George, I am now completely happy;' and sitting down at her father's writing-table, she wrote on a scrap of paper: 'My dear father, I am very happy to-day as your daughter, and the wife of the best of husbands.' These are the last words she wrote, and they were preserved by the king as sacred relics. On the 28th, the whole court removed to the duke's castle of Hohenzieritz, that the queen might enjoy undisturbed the repose of the country. She had already begun to suffer from catarrh and slight fever, and retired early; and on the 29th, pain in the head and great oppression came on; but feeling somewhat better towards evening, she joined the family circle at tea in the garden. It was for the last time; and on the sacred spot there now stands a monument to the memory of her whom her father, whose greatest pride she was, used to call 'The Princess of Princesses,' which, coming from him, must have been dearer to her than every other epithet. Next day, the oppression increased so much, that she desired to be bled. During the operation she swooned, but soon revived, and seemed, on the whole, to be so much relieved, that on the 3d July the king set out for Berlin on urgent affairs. Scarcely was he gone, when the fever increased, and the cough became more urgent; her nights were sleepless, and the slightest exertion brought on fainting. But her mind was perfectly tranquil; she often repeated hymns in the silent watches of the night, and dwelt much on the sweet memory of her early lost mother. She was nursed with the most passionate devotion by her sister Frederica; who soon after again a widow,

#### LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

married in 1815 the Duke of Cumberland, and was the mother of the present king of Hanover. About the eleventh day, an abscess on the lungs broke, and the physicians, who had been sent from Berlin by the king, cherished hopes of her recovery, in which all around participated—the queen's cheerfulness, the clearness and strength of her mind when she spoke in low tones during the intervals of her cough, a vein of pleasantry even sometimes apparent, filling them with futile hope. She took a lively interest in public movements; was much moved by the letters of sympathy which arrived from the empress of Austria, and many others, besides the members of the Prussian royal family; and deeply so by one from the king (who was slightly indisposed), so very tender, that she laid it on her heart and kept it there. Another, also, from her eldest daughter, written on her birthday, full of charming innocent expressions of grief at the absence of her beloved mother, agitated the queen so deeply, that she could never listen to its conclusion. A few days of ameliorated symptoms now ensued; but on the morning of Monday the 16th, she was attacked with violent spasms in the chest, which for five hours held her in agony. The physicians declared there was no longer any hope, an organic disease of the heart being the cause of the spasms. The duke was now informed of the impending blow, and couriers were sent to hasten the return of the king. The spasms returned the following morning, but with less violence. The queen placed great reliance on the remedies used, and did not yet apprehend danger. On the 18th, the spasms continued at intervals all day. She frequently sighed, and said: 'Air! air!' but gave no sign of impatience. She expressed herself thankful that it was a cloudy day, hoping it might cool the violence of her fever. During the evening, she first became apprehensive that one of these violent spasms might prove fatal. She said: 'It would be dreadful—the king and the children!' Longing for his arrival, she would ask: 'Will he soon come? How late is it?' In the early part of the night, the queen slept tranquilly—the whole family watching except the aged duke, who had been persuaded to repose for a time. At three in the morning the spasms returned, and it became evident that life was waning fast. The duke being informed, rose up, devoutly saying: 'Lord, thy ways are not as our ways!' An hour after, the king arrived, and was now told, for the first time, that there was no hope. By a strong effort he preserved outward composure; but when reminded that with God all things are possible, he said, in the natural and despairing accents of one who has suffered much: 'Ah! if she were not *mine*, she might recover; but as she is *my* wife, she will certainly die.' He trembled so violently when he clasped his dying consort, that she asked: 'Why are you so agitated? Am I in such great danger?'

He essayed to utter some soothing words, adding: 'God be praised that I am here!'

#### LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

She then asked : ' Who came with you ?'

' Frederick and William,' replied the king.

She exclaimed : ' O what joy !'

At the word *joy*, the king, completely overcome, quitted the room, on pretence of bringing his sons. But Louisa had taken alarm at the king's manner, and said to her attendant she had promised herself so much pleasure in seeing the king, but that his embrace was so vehement, it seemed as if he were saying a last farewell. Not long after, she said : ' What is all earthly greatness ? I am called a queen, and yet I cannot move my arms !'

When the king returned with his sons, she exclaimed : ' My dear Frederick ! my dear William !' The princes wept in silence. The fond mother began to ask them of the dear ones at home ; but the spasms returned, and they were obliged to quit the room. One more respite from suffering came, and the husband and wife were left for some time alone together. Their sacred communings were broken by the death-agony, and the king called in the physicians, who, with the whole family, now assembled round her bed. The king held her right hand ; her sister Frederica, kneeling, held the left. The queen complained of want of air. Change of position, every alleviation was tried ; but her sufferings only increased, and in clear firm tones she said : ' Ah ! for me there is no rest but in death.' Another short pause, and then the last struggle. She exclaimed : ' Lord Jesus, shorten my sufferings !' heaved one deep sigh, and expired. This was about nine of the clock on the 19th of July 1810. The heavens were overshadowed, and the morning dismal and rainy. The king had sunk back overwhelmed, but soon rose hastily, and, with a look of inexpressible anguish, closed those eyes that had never been turned on him but with looks of love. About an hour afterwards, the Princess Charlotte and Prince Charles arrived, and the whole of the children broke out into the most passionate lamentations, the king still continuing to gaze, his mouth quivering with agony. Through all her sufferings, the queen's features had never been distorted ; and now there rested on them a beatific calm. It is scarcely figurative to say, that Louisa died of a broken heart ; for it was found, on examination, that her heart was crushed between the wide-spreading branches of a polypus, two of which had grown into it. But till that heart ceased to beat, no mere earthly incasement could hinder it from sending forth all manner of fair and wholesome blossoms. The remains of ' the angel queen,' as she was often termed, were placed for a time in the royal cathedral of Berlin, and removed the following December to their final resting-place at Charlottenburg, where, in the splendid mausoleum, enlarged and embellished by the filial piety of the present king, there now stands Rauch's incomparable statue of Louisa in Carrara marble, of which it has been said, that ' through the transparency of the marble winding-sheet that covers her ; you fancy you discern flesh not yet entirely chilled ;' and in presence of which, the great

#### LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

artist Bottiger felt he dared not speak, lest he should awake this blessed spirit to a world of care. Opposite to this exquisite work of art stands a statue of the king, who survived his consort thirty years, having died in June 1840. Likenesses of the queen were multiplied in every form. The artist Ternite was commanded to paint her as she had never been represented before—as a sovereign. A drawing had been made of her after her death, on first seeing which the king exclaimed: ‘Fearfully true!’ and burst into tears, the first he had been seen to shed. In memory of their happy union, the king instituted the *Louisen Denkmal*, by which three bridal couples receive 100 dollars each on the anniversary of the queen’s death; and the *Louisen Stiftung*, for educating preceptresses of youth. He also instituted, after the Liberation War, on the queen’s birthday, the order of the Iron Cross, in memory of the struggles, oppression, and final triumph of Prussia; and another order, that of the Golden Cross, called the *Louisen Orden*, to be worn by all her own sex, from the noble lady to the wife of the artisan, who, during the struggle, had tended the sick and wounded, enemies as well as countrymen.

When the news of the death of the queen, so suddenly cut down at the early age of thirty-four, had spread throughout the Prussian land, it seemed as if there was not a house in which there was not one dead. In solemn death-chime, bell answered to bell. From the stately palace in the gay city, to the rude hut in the most remote hamlet, she was regarded as a saint; and throughout all Europe, as the victim of the war. Of four daughters of rare charms and virtues, ‘the four fair sisters near the throne,’ to whom Jean Paul dedicated his *Titan*, the blest parent had now to mourn the fairest not of them alone, but the fairest among ten thousand. The admirable Princess William, in a touching letter to Stein, after saying how she repented of every word she might have uttered in disparagement of the queen, adds: ‘For now I clearly see that if I did so, it certainly arose from envy—because she was so much better than I.’ A true testimony to the worth of the writer, as well as to that of the illustrious deceased. But the tears of Louisa, and the mute and heart-stricken reverence with which the king worshipped her memory, supplied new nourishment to the growing spirit of liberty, and inspired the pen of the poet with one only theme. And could she have foreseen the splendid victories to be achieved, the noble Prince of Prussia, who had first remonstrated, then offered himself a captive, now leading forth his country’s legions; and the gallant old Blucher, the hero of the Katzbach, heading the furious charge, when the windows of heaven were opened, and the floods descended, and heaven’s dread artillery answered to man’s, still exclaiming ‘On! forwards!’ his gray hair, on which seventy-one summers had shone, streaming in the wind, his keen blue eye gleaming to the lightning flash; and how his cry was still ‘On! forwards!’ till, by the glorious victory of Leipzic, the accursed invader was

#### LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

driven from the soil, she might have died in triumph as well as in peace. When the king returned triumphant from the war, after offering up public thanks to Almighty God, he repaired to Charlottenburg, and, with deep emotion and uncovered head, laid a laurel-wreath on the tomb of her who had never ceased to predict a day of victory; in the joy of which, from her exquisitely sensitive nature, she lived not to participate. And who can look around and see that every good work demands a sacrifice, and listen to the words of the Eternal, which saith: 'As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten,' and not deem hers an eminently happy lot? She had many years of rare felicity, such as evidently filled her own meek soul with wonder and vague dread; and when troublous times arose, the sting was taken from her wounds both by heavenly and earthly love. A few days of suffering—the darkened chamber—the sorrow of friends—the death-clutch of agony—then all was still. And never was there laid dust to dust with a more sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.





## THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

### I.

**N**OTHING has so singular a fascination for the mind as the idea of exploring an unknown river. We daresay that most of our readers have in their boyhood, like ourselves, determined, in a moment of geographical enthusiasm, to devote their energies, when they shall have arrived at man's estate, to throwing the exploits of Bruce or Mungo Park into the shade. For our part, we were once actually on the point—at least so we told our friends—of starting for the sources of the White Nile; but a pair of bright eyes that flashed upon us on board the Folkestone boat led us away *via* Aix-la-Chapelle and Cologne as far as Heidelberg, where we discovered that the said bright eyes were on their way to be married with a very poetical pair of blue eyes belonging to a German professor. Thus we did the Rhine

#### THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

instead of doing the Nile; and afterwards walked through Switzerland with our heart in a sling, and spent a month drinking milk in a real chalet.

Our friend Victor Moreau, when engaged in his law studies at Paris, used to express a great desire to navigate the Amazon, which, some comparative fluvial maps hung up in the Rue Castiglione informed him, was the largest river in the world. Nothing less would satisfy his ambition, although he had never seen any stream of water except the Seine, for he was born at Etampes, and had not even ventured so far as the Loire. One day he happened to be strolling across the Pont Royal with some friends, and stopped to lean over the parapet. 'What is the reason,' exclaimed one of his companions, 'that this moving volume of water excites in us romantic feelings? I never see those ripples and those eddies without allowing myself to be carried, according to my mood of mind, away into the past or into the future.' Generally speaking, the current takes me with it, and I travel down the stream, making it an image of my own life, which widens its bounds as it proceeds, receiving ever new tributes of thoughts and impressions.'

'For my part,' said another, 'I seldom pass here without thinking of that capital boating-match in which we were all nearly drowned under the bridge of Asnières.'

'You are a prosy fellow,' said Victor. 'Lucien's ideas suit me better, although I confess that this paltry stream serves only the purpose of suggestion, just as a pool may give us the notion of a sea. What do you say to making up a party for exploring the Amazon?'

The young men laughed for the hundredth time at this proposal, which Victor used periodically to make in the same tone with which others would talk of an excursion to St Germain. Everybody knew that it was a harmless aspiration, to be classed with those which some young ladies express about being little birds, butterflies, or summer clouds, when they feel an indolent tendency to locomotion. The fact was, that Victor was the least enterprising of men. Since his arrival in Paris, he had scarcely ever been beyond the walls, and then only by rail or omnibus. It was currently reported, that he had not even ventured on board the St Cloud steamer. There was little likelihood, therefore, of his blossoming into a celebrated traveller. Lucien Artenay, his friend, had made the tour of France, taken a run through Piedmont, gone over to see the Great Exhibition, and spent a week at Brussels. He was, therefore, looked upon as a phenomenon, and a young author of his acquaintance had proposed to write his biography. There is no people so stay-at-home as the French. Their activity spends itself in the narrowest possible circle; and if they do move out of it by any chance, they consider themselves to have accomplished a feat. We have a friend who has been making up his mind for the last six months to go to Vichy.

#### THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

He has bought a portmanteau, a pair of pistols, a map, a pocket-compass, an impermeable cloak, and a book on the manners and institutions of the country; but it is very doubtful whether his courage will not fail him at the last moment. However, he has gained already an anticipated reputation among his friends, who call him The Traveller.

Lucien was rather an exception among Frenchmen. He so rarely talked of his excursions, that some people believed he had never made them. Like Victor, he had formed vast plans of exploration, but unlike him, he was at first with the serious idea of carrying them out. If he had not done so, the reason lay with others. His parents, who were solidly established in business on the Boulevards, objected to allowing their only son to risk his life and limbs in such useless expeditions, and were careful to prevent his breaking bounds by keeping him on a limited supply of money. Perhaps he did not take very energetic means to change their resolution; and it is reported, that after he had passed the age of twenty, he seldom referred to his wandering schemes except when allusion was made to the necessity of marriage. Not that he had any theoretical hatred of that institution; but the fact was, that M. and Madame Artenay had set their wishes on a union between him and Mademoiselle Caroline Cauchard, who was very deficient in geographical knowledge, but who, on the other hand, had expectations of a large fortune from her father, a retired grocer of the Marais. On one occasion, when this matter was pressed very hard upon the young man, he brought home his newly-made acquaintance, Victor Moreau, and talked the whole evening of Americanus Vespuccius, the Orinoco, the Amazon, and other terrible topics. Victor was in his glory. He drank a huge amount of sugar and water, and had the impudence to propose to M. Artenay himself to join in his fluvial explorations.

'Take care how you associate much with that young man,' said Madame Artenay to her son next morning. 'I never knew any good come from any one who talked of going a long way off.'

In this good woman's mind, one of the capital sins was vagrancy. We form most of our opinions from our affections; and it is quite certain that, had it been in her power, she would have condemned to transportation—the greatest punishment she knew of—any one who should persuade her boy to cross the French frontier into the savage regions beyond. Her dutiful son had taken care never to boast in her presence of his scraps of foreign travel.

Having thus, to the best of our ability, introduced our two young friends, Victor Moreau and Lucien Artenay, to the reader's acquaintance, we shall accompany them, when they left their friends, to the lodging of the former, situated in the neighbourhood of the Luxembourg. As they walked along arm in arm, several *grisettes* turned back to look at them, from which it will readily be inferred, that they were both fine handsome fellows.

## THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

Victor was tall, light-haired, and elegant, though with a slight stoop. Lucien, who stood upright like a dart, scarcely reached the middle height; but we suspect that two-thirds of the admiration bestowed was meant for his black curls, brilliant eyes, and nascent mustache, that just shaded the corners of his mouth. Neither of the friends suspected that they attracted attention, for they were both absorbed in the discussion of a plan which had just suggested itself to Lucien—namely, that as it was necessary for the present to postpone acquaintance with the Amazon, it would be pleasant, agreeable, and profitable to mind and body, to make an excursion on the Seine, the bordering countries of which neither of them knew. ‘Who knows?’ said Victor, warming as he went, ‘perhaps we may succeed in discovering the source.’ They spent an hour or two in debating the preliminaries; but before they separated, it was settled that they should start next Monday, wind and weather permitting, and proceed by steamer, or other means, up the river; and that they should not come back until they had either enlarged the domain of science, or their own acquaintance with physical and human nature.

‘I propose,’ said Victor, who had a perfect mania for propositions, ‘that we should fall in love by the way. There is nothing that passes the time like that sort of thing.’

Lucien shook his head; for he felt that it would be undutiful in him, after having professed so often an exclusive passion for locomotion, thus to shut the door upon the hopes entertained by his parents with reference to Caroline Cauchard.

Victor was in a totally different position from Lucien. His parents had sent him up from the country to pursue his studies with what is considered a handsome allowance for a young man in Paris—2000 francs a year. He occupied a pretty little apartment in the Rue Madame, and always talked of adorning the walls of his sitting-room with the best maps he could lay hands on. When his friends came to see him, they always looked inquisitively at the bare walls, upon which Victor would protest that the very next week he intended to purchase a whole geographical library, including a huge pair of globes. He is not the only person in this world who passes his life in making grand promises to himself—for he was really sincere when he spoke—and who sees year after year pass away, not only without increasing his instruments of knowledge, but without making any good acquisition either material or moral.

## II.

‘You will never be able to carry that basket of cherries down to the boat, mademoiselle,’ said a huge country-looking young fellow, in a somewhat dirty blouse, to a smartly-dressed damsel, who was standing with the basket on her arm at the door of a fruit-seller’s shop in the Rue de Seine. She was bending over

#### THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

to counterbalance the weight, and her healthy cheeks, flushed more than usual by the exertion, surpassed the brilliance of the fruit itself.

She cast only a half-glance at her interlocutor, and replied with a slightly contemptuous curl of her lip: 'I could not think, Monsieur Joseph, of taking you away from your business.'

'It is no trouble,' quoth the clown, who did not, however, offer to take the basket by force, as we should have done in his place, but stood half-hesitating whether or not to go away.

'I can do very well by myself,' she continued, staggering away with her load.

Joseph scratched his head, took a step after her, paused, and turning short round, went into a wine-shop to take a glass of brandy, still, however, with the vague idea of running after the girl, and offering his services. The fate of his whole life was probably decided at that moment; for this was his story:—About two years before, he had left Le Buisson, his native village, to come up to Paris and establish himself as a grocer in partnership with a cousin who had already made some way in the world. He took away with him the promise of Clarisse Claudet, then not more than sixteen, and of her parents—small farmers—that if he behaved himself—or, as she understood it, was faithful—or, as they understood it, made a great deal of money—the marriage should take place within a reasonable time. Joseph was not particularly captivating in personal appearance—at least it was not thought so in Paris; but he was stout, strong, healthy, good-humoured, hard-working, and possessed that fascinating quality of simplicity which we all have at a certain period of life, and which we nearly all, sooner or later, lose. The French say in their proverb, that youth is the beauty of the devil—a mysterious allusion, which we do not quite understand. Perhaps it means, that when we are young we hold out hopes of goodness as a snare, for we all seem good at that time; whereas afterwards, the characters of evil are gradually written on our countenances. Sin is ugliness; bad passions alone distort the features; a frown leaves a furrow behind it, but a smile flashes round our lips, and no trace remains. At anyrate, Clarisse looked upon the broad open countenance of Joseph, and thought she loved him; and she did so with the love of sixteen—a premature feeling suggested from without, not from within: in towns, forced into life by reading of novels and poetry—in the country, by the rude jingling songs which girls go singing along the green lanes, at first with the unconsciousness of birds waked into music by the morning sun, and then with the half-comprehension which the familiar use of sentimental words and phrases brings on. These damsels who leave their wax and saw-dust playthings too soon, are sure to treat love as a plaything. Clarisse was won by a bunch of flowers given to her as she came out of mass one Sunday morning; and the greatest sign of affection she had ever exhibited for Joseph was to box the ears of one of her comrades,

#### THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

twice as tall as herself, for saying that he was a fool. His courtship, which consisted in his coming to see her every evening, and looking at her as a cat looks at a linnet in a cage, and in claiming her hand when there was a dance under the elm-tree row at the hour when the sun threw its last beams horizontally over the great beet-root fields on either side; when the flies came from the surface of the neighbouring stream to buzz about the head of the fiddler, and almost drown the notes of his instrument; when the old people of the village were sitting on their three-legged stools here and there, some smoking, some nodding, some even whispering about the capers they used to cut half a century before—this courtship, we say, lasted some six months; at the end of which, Joseph kissed the two old Claudets on both cheeks, for the first time saluted Clarisse—as she said, by biting the tip of her ear in his confusion—and shouldering a packet, wrapped up in an old blouse, and swung on the end of a stick, started off for Paris. Half the village accompanied him a mile on his way, and Clarisse, we must remember to mention, soon insisted on carrying the bundle. When they came to the high road, the peasants, who always think of the main chance, shouted out to him when he was more than fifty yards off, to make plenty of money; but his mother, who leaned trembling on a stick, cried merely: ‘Bring back yourself, Joseph!’ He did not hear those words, for her voice was feeble, but he heard what the others said; and as he trudged along, shaking off his sorrow, he began to grasp Paris in the clutches of his mind, and turn it over and examine it, and to think how much he might make out of it in a given number of years.

He was fortunate in a worldly point of view. His cousin’s business soon became a flourishing one, and Joseph learned with astonishing rapidity the arts by which profit is made in a retail-shop in Paris. In a very few weeks, his conscience ceased to twit him for the thickness of the paper used in weighing butter, and for the omission of the extra *grammes* necessary to make up small portions. In less than a month, he became perfectly reckless as to the quantity of chicory surreptitiously mixed with the ground coffee; and soon afterwards he learned to aver that an egg, which he knew to be bad, was fresh laid. From these details, it will appear that he was not established in a fashionable street. His customers were poor people, who sometimes had not above a few sous to lay out, and who would often humbly demand credit. Half a year after he began business, Joseph distinguished himself by accepting a poor widow’s bonnet in pledge for a pound of sugar. Narcisse, his cousin, was amazed, and wrote home to Le Buisson to say that his partner was worth his weight in gold, and would undoubtedly make his fortune. The Claudets shewed the letter about the village; and Clarisse, influenced by their enthusiasm, actually turned her back on the son of a substantial farmer, who was taking advantage of Joseph’s absence to pay his addresses. The poor girl thought that the praises bestowed on her affianced

#### THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

were earned by some wonderful financial capacity he had exhibited.

It would be too long to trace the progress by which, within a couple of years, Joseph became fat and prosperous. It would be too disagreeable to relate in detail how he became corrupted and selfish. He led the life which people of his class usually lead in Paris. The time that was not devoted to money-making, was spent in debauchery, in drinking, and in card-playing. By degrees, he almost forgot the existence of Clarisse, or, at anyrate, looked upon his engagement almost as a bore; not that he thought of jilting her—but why, after the lapse of two short years, should Father Claudet write to him, and mention in a postscript that his daughter had grown into a fine healthy young woman, who was ready at a moment's notice to fulfil her promise? Really, this was unpardonable impatience. The girl could wait; there was no hurry; a year or two more of liberty, if you please. Those stupid old people may consider themselves very happy in looking forward to such a promising son-in-law. What! can this be true? At the end of the month of May, Clarisse will come to Paris, on a visit to her maiden aunt, who lives in the Rue de l'Echaudé!—'There's an opportunity for you, my boy!'—The old man is mad. Is this a time for me to court his daughter? I have fifty things to attend to—my wine and beer to bottle; two casks of sugar to get in; a fishing-party on the Marne; and, above all, Mademoiselle Papillon to take to the Château Rouge. Seriously, could a worse time have been chosen?

The visit of Clarisse took place nevertheless. Her stay was not long. The first day she spent dismally at her aunt's, who happened to be too ill to go out, waiting for her lover to come and see her. He sent word by a stout Lorraine girl who served in the shop, that he was compelled to go to Bercy to taste wine; but the stupid or unfaithful messenger let out that this was the day appointed for the great fishing-excursion, which could not by any possibility be put off. Clarisse, who did not suspect that Mademoiselle Papillon was of the party, half forgave Joseph, although she observed it would have been better had he told the truth. Next morning, she anxiously waited his coming, and no doubt expected to see a fine dashing young fellow, polished quite into a Parisian, as he ought to have been in two years. Places grow larger, and men and women more beautiful, in memory. The Joseph that was in Clarisse's mind did not at all resemble the Joseph that started from Le Buisson to make his fortune. Much less did he resemble the great awkward lout, who suddenly made his appearance, actually without taking off his cap, in a dirty blouse, and with thick shoes, which the dandies of Le Buisson would have despised. Clarisse looked inquiringly at her aunt, who was sitting in a sick-chair near the window, to know who this might be. She had yet to learn, that the provincials who come up to Paris to make money in trade, almost always preserve

### THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

the same coarseness of demeanour they bring with them, or even deteriorate. They seem to take a pride in doing so. Perhaps they feel that it is too late for them to learn good manners, and like the awkward boy—the example of a school—become more awkward from consciousness. At anyrate, Clarisse did not recognise Joseph until he, with a vulgar grin, came up to take hold of her as his property, and kiss her. She stepped for protection behind a chair, and concealed her inclination to cry under a laugh. Has the reader ever had a pail of cold water thrown over him just as he stepped out into the street on his way to a ball? If so, he can have some idea of what Clarisse felt—except that his clothes only were spoiled, whilst all the hopes of her youth were suddenly overwhelmed.

However, knowing the wishes of her parents, she tried, when the first moment of surprise was over, to talk cheerfully to Joseph, and instinctively turned the conversation to the price of butter and eggs. These were subjects that interested Joseph, and a very animated dialogue ensued. Not a word of affection was said on either side, except that the big-boned grocer, on going away, giggled out something about the necessity of his sending a nosegay; and, accordingly, despatched the Lorraine an hour afterwards with three sous' worth of faded flowers, bought, after a hard bargain, at a neighbouring fruiterer's shop. Clarisse threw them out of the window. 'That is very wrong,' said her aunt faintly.

'What would you have done in my place, and at my age?' inquired Clarisse, looking full at her.

'I would have thrown them out, too,' was the reply.

That evening Clarisse might have damaged her reputation for ever. Fearing that Joseph would return—as, indeed, he did—she went out with a merry cousin, married to a pastry-cook living in another quarter, and was very nearly induced to go into one of the public balls that attract the passers-by by their boisterous music and illuminated doorways. However, the reason that her less scrupulous companion gave—namely, that admission was gratis for ladies—effectually deterred her—albeit this objection her worthy relative did not understand. She came back to her aunt's, quite flurried with the danger she had run, with perhaps some slight regret that the rules of propriety prevented her from witnessing those wonderful revels of which all male visitors to Paris spoke in such rapturous terms.

### III.

The sentimental reader will easily forgive us, if we do not give a very detailed account of the way in which Joseph, during the next three or four days, contrived to let Clarisse understand, that now that he was well to do in the world, he should expect a more respectable dowry than had been agreed upon in former times. The poor girl had every inclination in the world to tell him not to

#### THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

trouble himself on that point, for that she was not for him. However, she restrained herself, resolving, on her return to Le Buisson, to throw herself in her mother's arms, and declare, that on no account whatever would she consent to tie herself to a man whom she now detested in proportion to her former love. She knew that it would be a hard matter to make her father enter into her feelings, because he would look principally on the pecuniary side of the transaction. The French peasant has many good qualities, but he is the most sordid being on the face of the earth. In his view, a man who has *de quoi* (wherewith), that is, plenty of money, is alone estimable. Old Claudet was no exception; and his daughter knew that, without the interference of maternal authority, her sentimental objections would be laughed at and disregarded.

On the day on which we have introduced Clarisse to the reader, she was preparing to return home by the steamer that starts from the Hôtel de Ville at two o'clock in the afternoon. Her aunt was too ill to accompany her, and so she had taken a large basket with her, and had laid out several francs in buying cherries, as a present to her parents. This will seem like carrying coals to Newcastle; but all round Paris, both flowers and fruit are supplied by the Halle. Besides, everything that comes from the capital is considered superexcellent; and we have known instances in which Bordeaux wine has been sent as a present from Paris to Bordeaux.

Clarisse was making her purchase when Joseph passed by, tardily on his way to bid her adieu. The fact was, that by a singular chance he had another engagement that day—namely, to make a late breakfast with his butlerman at a restaurant on the Boulevards. Breakfasts are not uncommon things, and the idea did suggest itself to him, that he might put this one off. But he could not make up his mind, and almost missed the opportunity of seeing his affianced before she went. It must not be supposed that her beauty produced no impression on him; and when he saw her busily engaged in putting the cherries into the basket, the thought suddenly came over him, how happy he might be with a charming little wife like this behind his counter. If he had believed that there was the slightest difficulty in the case, it would have been better for him; but, although Clarisse had treated him with supreme indifference, he was perfectly convinced that she might be his whenever he chose. On this rock he split; and when he had gruffly saluted the girl, the idea of the breakfast that was waiting for him, and the good wine to be drunk with it, all at somebody else's expense—a great consideration—flashed across his mind. He could not conceal, while he attempted to say a few civil things, that his thoughts were elsewhere. For this, however, Clarisse cared very little. Her determination was come to; and, to speak the truth, she fervently wished that Joseph might say something rude to her, that she might have an additional excuse for complaint. She was delighted, therefore, when, in consequence

#### THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

of the odour of cutlets being wafted into the nose of Joseph's imagination, he hesitated to offer his assistance in carrying her basket; and when she turned away saucily from him, felt her heart go pit-a-pat at every step she heard behind her, lest it might be the grocer with his abhorred politeness. There was no danger of that, for when Joseph had finished his *petit verre*, the buttermilk passed, seized his arm, and off they went together.

How did it happen, then, that under the portico of the Institute, when Clarisse, whose generosity had made her basket too heavy for her, paused to take breath, a cheerful voice behind her cried: 'Shall I assist you, mademoiselle?' Before she had time to refuse, two young men, who at first sight seemed to be *ouvriers* in their Sunday clothes, seized hold of the basket laughing, and went on without attending to her remonstrances. The fact was, that our friends, Victor and Lucien, who had breakfasted rather freely, to prepare for the fatigues of their journey, and who had laid aside their cloth coats to don clean gray blouses, and their beavers to make way for travelling-caps, had just sallied forth to take their places on board the very steamer to which Clarisse was repairing. The young girl ran after her two volunteer porters, thinking they were passing a joke on her, and told them rather saucily to give her back the basket. 'Mademoiselle,' said Lucien, taking off his cap, 'if we offend, we will do what you wish; but as you seem to be going our way, it will afford us pleasure to assist in preventing from breaking that pretty waist of yours.' She saw that they were a little excited, but instinctively felt that they were actuated by true politeness; and glancing at the clock of the Institute, understood that without their assistance she would be too late for the boat. So she tacitly consented to receive it by smiling and walking on.

'As I live,' cried Victor, hanging down his head, 'there is Madame de Beaumont coming across the bridge.'

'She won't look at blouses,' quoth Lucien, pushing on boldly.

The lady did look, however, and laughed expressively. The very same evening, fifty people knew that Victor and Lucien had been seen carrying a basket of cherries across the Pont des Arts.

Clarisse for some time imagined that the young men were going out of their way for her sake, and several times begged them not to do so. When, however, she learned that they, too, were bound for the steamer, she was rather vexed at what had happened, and felt the necessity of looking a little demure. Suppose any of the people of Le Buisson should see her arrive thus accompanied; the many tongues of slander would be at once in motion. 'Gentlemen,' said she, when they reached the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville—'I thank you; but—really—you must give me my basket now. I am afraid'—

'Of being compromised by our company,' said Victor laughing. 'You are quite right. We should do credit to no one.'

Lucien said nothing; but they gave up the basket, and Clarisse,

#### THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

with the ingratitude of prudence, hurriedly thanked them, and proceeded towards the boat, looking back for fear they should press too closely on her heels.

'Lucien,' said Victor, checking his friend for a moment, 'I propose that we should fall in love with that girl.'

'Confound your propositions!' was the reply.

They went on board just as the last bell was ringing, and were rather hurt that Clarisse, instead of looking in a friendly manner towards them, perseveringly stared at the towers of Notre Dame. They did not know that Jacques Gogo, the cobbler of Le Buisson, famous in the commune for his drunkenness and evil tongue, was on board, and had already tried to be recognised by Clarisse, and was standing a few feet from her with a pipe in his mouth, waiting to catch her eye, and make some stupid jokes about her and Joseph.

#### IV.

Paris is a fine city; take it all in all, the finest in the world. We make the admission, partly from the abundance of our conviction, partly because our neighbours expect us to say something of that kind when writing of their capital. From the deck of the steamer, as it moved slowly off from the landing-place, dropping down before the paddles began to turn, the line of public and private buildings on either hand, the towers, the steeples, the façades, the long vistas of arches that span the river, especially on the occasion which we are now describing, when the sky was intensely blue, and the water rippled merrily in the bright light of noon—all this, we say, formed a splendid scene, but would not, perhaps, have appeared so beautiful to Victor and Lucien, had there not been near at hand, sitting on one of the benches, with her basket of cherries at her feet, a young girl, whose presence excited—faintly, it is true—at that moment in both their breasts those sentiments which, while they are astir, give us faith in ourselves, hope in the future, and a benignant belief in the reality and utility of all the things in this world.

Joseph was an idiot! He, too, might have felt all these delicious sentiments in the presence of Clarisse had he chosen; but he never was really in her presence: half his mind was always absent, busy in the sordid cares of life, or dwelling on gross pleasures or vulgar amusements, past or to come. He never got a distinct view of the lovely girl at all. There was a haze before his eyes, through which he saw a slender bright-cheeked girl, who had come up to Paris to remind him of his promise to marry her. He saw nothing more. The purity of that ivory brow, the calm lustre of those blue eyes, the patient pensiveness of those lips, from which the bloom of maidenhood had never been swept—all this had no meaning for him: he understood not a whit of such things. Perhaps Lucien and Victor, one or both, understood too

#### THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

much. They were not exactly in love with Clarisse : at any-rate, if you had told them so, they would have laughed to side-splitting at the idea ; but we should like to know why they stood like two fools who had nothing to say for themselves, looking at the trim little foot that was tapping the deck with nervous impatience, perhaps in vexation that they perseveringly kept aloof ; and why did they both feel an inclination to throw Jacques Gogo over the side of the vessel, because, tired of waiting for notice, he at length put his black heavy hand on his pretty neighbour's shoulder, and said with a self-satisfied chuckle : ' How proud we are this morning ! '

We shall never tire of repeating it : human nature is a mystery. Clarisse, who had tried to cut the cobbler, suddenly fell to talking volubly with him, and for want of more handy topics, joined in scandalising some of the folks of her village. There was a vicious rapidity in her remarks which astonished even M. Gogo, and induced him, when there was a solution of continuity in her gossip, to throw in the exclamation : ' How wonderfully Paris has improved you, to be sure ! ' We dive without scruple into the hearts of such popinjays as Victor and Lucien : we know what they are made of. They are men. But we do not venture to give a positive opinion as to what was passing in poor Clarisse's mind : besides, we are afraid of exposing her to the vengeance of her sex, which has laid down certain laws that cannot be transgressed with impunity. If we were forced to give an explanation of her eloquence, we should say that it was the horrid and abominable feeling of vexation, that because she had turned away her two assistants for the sake of public opinion, and because she had thought proper to look demure until the Isle St Louis was passed, they should therefore refrain from addressing her with the indifference of strangers. However, we are quite sure that a scornful glance which she cast in their direction meant : I hope they do not expect me to speak to them first.

But she did speak to them, or they would never have taken courage to address her. The steamer from Montereau came glancing under the bridge of Alfort : she knew everything about it, but started up with sham curiosity, and accidentally found herself standing between the two friends, shading her eyes with her hands, looking intently at the passing boat, and saying : ' I wonder where it comes from ? '

Victor did not know, but supposed it came from some place up the river, to which Lucien assented, not wishing to crush his companion under his superior geographical information. Clarisse did not care a sou, but having thus broken the ice, went on chatting with her two new acquaintances, and felt all the happiness which country girls and others feel when they bask in the admiration of two handsome young men. The events of the last two or three days had entirely dislodged from her heart the affection that had filled it for so long, or rather had left it without

#### THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

an object; for, in reality, at her age love is an impression not at all corresponding to the object that excites it. Natural philosophers warn us very carefully, if we would have correct ideas of things, not to suppose that the heat which we experience when we approach a fire is in the fire itself, instead of within ourselves. The fire is a heap of a dirty black substance which throws off a kind of motion, which is changed into what we call heat by the chemistry of our senses. In *Clarisse*, love was a pleasant glow round the heart, and Joseph was the heap of coals that excited it; but she lost not the warmth because she withdrew from its cause.

We hope, since this seems to express what we mean, that it is not nonsense. However, it must not be supposed that *Clarisse* had suddenly fallen in love with one or both of her new friends; not at all: as yet, they had only struck her imagination. She saw they were gentlemen. Their manners were pleasant; their conversation was agreeable; and, above all, without paying any compliments, they caused it to be understood, beyond all possibility of doubt, that they considered her, *Clarisse Claudet*, as the prettiest girl they had ever seen. How was it possible that she should not feel happy in their company?

One thing only mingled feelings of pain with her pleasure: the young men said that they had started from Paris with the intention of going a great way off—to Méhun, Montereau, or beyond. Now, Le Buisson is not very far past Corbeil; and therefore, although the steamer laboured up slowly against the current, it was certain that before very long she should be put into a boat with that horrid Jacques Gogo, and obliged to leave her new friends for ever. For ever! there is no word so dreadful as this to the young, who would not part, if they could help it, with any casual acquaintance who had given them half an hour's pleasure. As we grow older we learn that for ever, which seemed so dreadful before, is the commonest phrase in the vocabulary of human life. Currents that divide seldom meet again until they mingle in the ocean. For ever! the time has passed!—nearly two hours of charming conversation about the weather—about the fields on the banks—about the children coming down to paddle in the sunny waters—about the reeds bending with the stream—about those fine ladies that whirled over the bridge in the open calèche on some party of pleasure—about the birds that skimmed along over the eddies—about Paris, which they were leaving behind—its pleasures, its beauties, its dangers—about the quiet little village that lay a league off from the river, at the end of the second lane that turned off from the road beyond the park of the Château of Beurepas—*Clarisse* was wonderfully particular in giving this direction—about the good old people who were waiting with such anxiety her return. 'My poor parents, it will grieve them much.' What! had any accident happened? had there been a loss, a death? No; 'twas something they did not understand—and she

#### THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

blushed. Lucien and Victor felt jealous, and pressed her with questions. She kept her own counsel, however, and continued chatting pleasantly, though a dismal feeling was gradually creeping over her heart, until the man at the prow began to swing the great bell that announces the approach to a station, and gives warning to the ferry-boat to come out. Was it the horrid sound that overwhelmed their voices, and reduced them to silence because they could not hear one another? Perhaps; but it is certain that when the clang of the bell was over, they all remained looking sadly down until the paddles ceased to move. The rope was flung out, and the boat swung alongside upon the disturbed waters. Jacques Gogo seized the basket of cherries, handed it to the ferryman, and then officiously hurried away Clarisse, scarcely giving her time to say adieu to the two young men. She saw them run back towards the rudder to have a last look at her, and could not help waving her hand and crying, with an attempt at a smile, 'Adieu!' but she added sorrowfully in her heart, 'for ever,' and sat down in the boat; and when it reached the bank, could not be induced to move until the funnel of the steamer, that still pursued its way, disappeared in a bend of the river, and the long plume of smoke that waved above it was dispersed in the sky by the breeze.

#### V.

Jacques Gogo was delighted to have a companion in his walk, and insisted on carrying the basket. As they stepped along, he tried to renew the conversation in the same tone in which he had begun it on leaving Paris; but Clarisse was in a different mood. She had nothing evil to say against any one; thought that most people did their best in this world; and that, if they did not, it was no business of ours. Jacques was annoyed. His mind was in a permanent state of petty hostility towards his neighbours. He did not relish the benign philosophy of his pretty companion—could not enter into it; thought it was our duty to criticise evil-doers, as a warning to others; for his part, believed that most persons were bad, if one only knew it—even the charitable gave alms with questionable intentions; knew that the *curé* had an object in his piety—could tell two or three curious stories about him. Clarisse shewed no inclination to listen to them. They relapsed into silence; and whilst she was weaving all sorts of agreeable fancies, in which sometimes one handsome face and sometimes another appeared, M. Gogo, who by this time thought the basket very heavy, began to analyse her conduct very severely. He did not like her familiarity with those two *bourgeois* in disguise: there might be more under it than was seen at first sight. He should like to know how Clarisse had spent her time in Paris. For his part, had his advice been asked, he would not have allowed her to go up to town alone. These meditations, as we shall see,

#### THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

bore fruit. Jacques Gogo was destined materially to influence the future happiness of Clarisse.

At length they turned up the lane, and the young girl, who felt as if she had returned from a long journey, climbed through a break in the hedge to have an early view of the village, which lay at the foot of a hill thickly clad with trees, on the edge of a little plain. Out to the right was the beet-root field, traversed by the elm-tree row; a narrow stream, bordered by willows, came sweeping round it, and crossed the lane at the bottom of a little hollow. Clarisse jumped lightly from stepping-stone to stepping-stone, and ungratefully leaving Gogo behind with the basket, ran along until she came to the first house in the village. It was fronted by a little garden, closed by a wattle-gate, the string of which would not by any means come undone. Her hand actually trembled; but a decent looking woman, well browned by the sun, darted out, and presently Clarisse was sobbing in her mother's arms, just for all the world as if she had been to the other end of Europe.

'What is the matter, child?' said Dame Claudet.

Her daughter related, in rather a convulsive manner, and with more emphasis, perhaps, than was necessary, the ill-treatment of Joseph; and wound up by a very emphatic declaration, that all the king's horses, and all the king's men, should not drag her to church to marry him.

'Child! child!' quoth her mother, 'who ever talked of forcing you?'

At this moment Gogo came in, and slapped the basket down on the floor, and declared that he never was so thirsty in his life. Dame Claudet thought it incumbent upon her to offer him a glass of wine: whilst he drank it, he joined in the conversation, and contrived to say, with a very significant look, that it was lucky that Clarisse had been so prudently brought up. The heads of many other girls would have been turned by the fine speeches of those two young fellows, who never left her side on board the steamer. There was Claudine, who was made love to for an hour by a lawyer's clerk, on the road to Corbeil, and every one knew what had become of her.

'Who compares my daughter to Claudine?' said old Claudet, coming in from the field rather in an ill-humour, for he had had a quarrel with a neighbour about half a yard of land on the boundary of their fields.

Dame Claudet, who almost feared that her daughter had committed some indiscretion, tried to turn off the conversation, promising herself to take a better opportunity to get at the truth; but her husband, after roughly kissing Clarisse—so roughly that she would have preferred a box on the ear—began to bully Gogo, and force him to explain what he meant.

'I was only saying,' quoth the cobbler, rather delighted than otherwise at creating mischief, 'that Clarisse was right in not attending to the soft things said to her by those two vagabonds on board.'

#### THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

'How do you know them to be vagabonds?' cried the girl imprudently, her eyes flashing. 'They were very well-behaved people, which is more than I can say for you, Monsieur Jacques Gogo.'

Jacques said: 'Your servant!' gravely took off his cap, and walked away chuckling to himself. The old farmer gave a long whistle, and looked from his wife, who had become very pale, to his daughter, who had grown very red. His ill-temper had almost passed, but he remained uneasy and suspicious. Checking an impulse to scold, he sat down and said quietly: 'Well, daughter, what have you to say about Joseph?'

It was destined that everything should be in its wrong place that day. Clarisse should have answered indifferently, and explained at a future period: instead of so doing, however, she came out with an indignant burst; and with eloquence until then perfectly unknown at Le Buisson, described the way in which she had been received by her affianced—how he had scarcely condescended to pass an hour with her—how his conversation was coarse and vulgar, and how his manners were totally destitute of all polish and distinction. These last words were most unfortunately chosen, for old Claudet, who knew that he himself was a rough customer, not endowed with the least elegance of mind or appearance—he had been told so by some impertinent Parisian—immediately fired up, and asked her where she had learned to look upon herself as a fine lady—and when she had learned to despise the uncouth but virtuous—there was an emphasis on this word—habits of her fellow-villagers.

Joseph, he said, was an honest, hard-working fellow, who might have no time to talk of ribbons and rags with a foolish girl, one who preferred looking after his business, but who would place his wife in a respectable position, and who had a stout arm to cudgel any flimsy fops who might dance attendance around her. Old Claudet had had some experience of the worst part of Paris life; had sown his wild oats there, and looked upon everybody who did not wear a blouse, and sabots, and sport a coloured cravat on Sunday, as a monster of iniquity.

'I tell you what, my girl,' he said, getting warm, and thumping the table with his fist—'I see how matters are going—some counter-jumper has crept into your ear. I must have him out. Joseph is to be your husband—mind that. No blubbing—it won't do. Wife, teach your daughter her duty.' So saying, he got up, and without listening to any remonstrances, walked out a few steps; then coming back, and putting his head in through the door, he added in a terrible voice: 'I shall write to Joseph to-day, to know what all this means.' He then immediately went to a neighbour's house, got some pens and paper, and spent a couple of hours in laboriously scrawling a dozen lines. By this time, however, he had become a little more calm, and had reflected that his wife's turn had now come. He was not absolute master in his household,

#### THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

although, when his passions were up, they gave way to him. 'It will be better,' thought he, thrusting the letter into his pocket, from which it never again appeared in a legible state—'it will be better to talk this matter over with the mother.'

Meanwhile, Clarisse had opened her heart to her mother; although, in reality, she had very little to say. It was quite true that she had talked with some gentlemen on board the steamer, and that she had mentally compared their manners with those of Joseph. 'But,' said she, 'I never saw them before, and I shall never see them again—never.' By degrees, she related exactly how they had offered her assistance in carrying her basket.

Dame Claudet looked grave, and anxiously asked if Gogo knew anything about that. Being positively assured of the contrary, she breathed more freely, and even laughed, saying: 'Is this, then, the whole of your terrible adventure?'

'That is all,' said Clarisse with a deep sigh.

Next day, the family had resumed the ordinary round of its occupations. Claudet having been well lectured for his roughness, agreed to put off communicating with Joseph for a little while, just to see what time would do. The effect, however, of Clarisse's magnificent present of cherries was entirely lost; nobody knows when they were eaten, or whether they were eaten at all; though some have said that the finest were picked out and preserved in a glass bottle in brandy, under a pretence of winter consumption, but that the said bottle has never yet been opened.

We positively deny, however, that Clarisse was in love: she was only rendered a little sad by the memory of her meeting with Victor and Lucien; and as she had entirely driven the thought of Joseph out of her mind, when she did indulge in visions of the future, when she did represent herself, as maidens will whatever we may say of it, as wooed by a gay cavalier, the said cavalier would obstinately assume something of the appearance of one of the two young gentlemen who had traversed her life on their way to Montereau. It was not her fault; because she tried with all the might of her imagination to invent a fanciful set of features. She had not got sufficient creative power, that was all. Besides, she heroically placed the hero of her thoughts on a level in society with her, and represented him to herself as a kind of romantic, sentimental-looking farmer, holding the plough with delicate white hands, and yet turning up much finer furrows than all his neighbours. Having settled these details to her satisfaction, she went dreamily on through her household duties; and her parents noticed no change, except that the house was a little more silent than of yore, when her heart, that was full of youthful joy, used to overflow in melody; when she used to chirp as she bustled from room to room, and throw out snatches of song even when she went forth with her apron full of grain to feed the poultry in the yard. This change, which they felt without understanding, made them a little uneasy. They were aware that there was a stranger under

#### THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

their roof, a being of diviner order than they were accustomed to. They did not like it. We hard men, broken into a round of daily habits, would look askance if an angelic host were to visit us. We do not know how to entertain such messengers; we have nothing good enough for them. Pass on, and go to the next village; they are more hospitable there; and at anyrate, we shall not be disturbed. It was well for Clarisse that the nature of her thoughts, the unreasonable elevation of her hopes, remained so long a secret. She would not have been forgiven for indulging in such golden dreams; and her comrades would have pelted her with sarcasms, as if she had been hesitating on the limits of sin—happy if they had driven her into it. We do not mean to say that there was nothing wrong in Clarisse's ambition, and that the instinct of the peasantry which would have led them to condemn her, serves no useful purpose. Her ambition was wrong, because there was no plausible hope of its fruition, and because its presence weakened the activity with which she attended to her duties, and made her withdraw her sympathies from without her, to concentrate them upon the inhabitants of her ideal land.

Meanwhile, Victor and Lucien continued their ascending voyage; and after some apparently indifferent talk about Clarisse, turned to other topics. When they were in the beautiful reaches that precede Mélnun, they began to observe how strangely matters had been misrepresented to them. The banks of the Seine were not half so fine as below Corbeil. *There* was the lovely country; *here* they could only see very ordinary hillocks covered with trees and ugly houses. 'This is mere prejudice, young gentlemen,' said a respectable individual, who no doubt lived in that neighbourhood; 'all artists agree'—

'We are not artists,' said Victor, nipping the discussion in the bud by an impertinent look.

The respectable individual walked to the other side of the deck, muttering that they were probably school-boys—an imputation which, in their state of mind, might have led to a quarrel if they had heard it.

They stopped at Mélnun for the night, and saw no beauty in its island that mimics the cité of Paris, nor in its cathedral, nor in anything of which that town is most proud. The dinner at the hotel seemed detestable, and the beds were as hard as iron—at least this was the reason they gave one another for not sleeping all night. They occupied a double-bedded room, and kept up a chorus of sighs and groans, all laid to the charge of the unfortunate mattresses and bolsters. It is true that they had eaten about five times as much as they ordinarily did in Paris; but neither would confess this, because they felt too sentimental. It was the quality, not the quantity they complained of. Next morning, they demolished a mighty breakfast, and discussed whether they should not go back at once; but they feared the ridicule of their friends, to whom they had announced their intention of making

#### THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

great discoveries, and remembered also the encounter with Madame Beaumont.

'If that ugly old woman really saw us,' said Lucien—everything appeared ugly to him now—'we shall be hailed as fruiterers wherever we go. That absurd affair must be allowed to blow over.'

'You think we acted absurdly, then?' quoth Victor, looking sideways at his companion.

Lucien did not answer, for he was actually thinking of Clarisse, and wondering whether he should ever see her again. But why should he not think of her, until something more beautiful met his eye? If the path of life is bordered with weeds, and one gorgeous flower hangs nodding over it, perfuming the passage, why not linger by it awhile, and why not turn back and look at it until it fades out of sight? Will it ever become invisible? That is the question. It rises and brightens as it recedes. Shall we go back and pluck it? There is no going back in this life. The happiness we disdain flies at once out of reach, and the like is not to be found again. Something in this way must Lucien have speculated; for Victor was obliged to take him by the collar, and shake him, saying: 'We shall miss the steamer for Fontainebleau.'

'What matter?' inquired Lucien, who, however, went on board as if mechanically. We do not narrowly observe ourselves, but half our actions in this life are merely the continuation of an impulse previously given, which it would require a mighty effort to check. Lucien had so resolutely determined to go on to Montereau, that, though something within him cried out at every step that a better field of exploration—the human heart—was awaiting him, he could not listen.

The two friends went to Fontainebleau, strayed through the palace, which appeared to them very dismal, sneered at the park, and severely criticised the embellishments of the forest. By tacit consent, they had for two whole days refrained from speaking of Clarisse, and were inclined to avoid each other's society. But at last they fell to talking of her, and once more became inseparable. What merry donkey-rides they might have with her through the woods! How cheerful her voice would sound under the trees! How frightened she would have been in the Brigand's Cave! Yet how confiding in their strength and courage! They spoke of her as a sort of ideal being; and if they did not invest her with beauty she did not possess, at anyrate brought themselves to a perfect appreciation of every feature. Yet these two sham sceptics would, from time to time, overwhelm the poor girl with sarcasms that cut their hearts, not hers; and pretended all along that they regarded her as a mere country grisette.

And so they proceeded on their journey, which had now become pleasant again; but if there were any discoveries to make, ethnographical or geographical, they forgot altogether to inquire. Their constant companion was the absent Clarisse, though of this,

## THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

perhaps, they were to a certain extent unaware. However, their visit to the upper country lasted not so long as they intended. Both at length began to look back, not quite so far as Paris; and one day, instead of carrying out a plan they had made of an excursion into Burgundy, they stepped on board the steamer, trying to persuade themselves that they did not know exactly where they should stop.

### VI.

Some ten days after her return from Paris, Clarisse went out towards evening to walk alone in the meadows and indulge in her fancies. She thought that she had at length entirely ruined the pretensions of Joseph, by insisting on what he had said with reference to her dowry, and believed, therefore, that the world was all before her wherein to choose a lover after her own heart. The elm-tree row was deserted, and she came without meeting a soul to a little bridge, formed of two rough planks thrown over the stream beyond. There was a perfect hush over the country. In the west, between a long line of poplars, she could see the sun going down, amidst a gorgeous flush, towards the horizon. It is setting over Paris, she thought, and its pinnacles are now encircled by glory. In a short time the bright colours faded, and the light became gray as she went along the margin of the stream, watching its gentle flow, but not thinking of it, for her mind was busy with the future. Suddenly, as she accidentally raised her eyes, she saw a tall slight figure coming towards her, and felt an impulse to run away. She had at once recognised Victor, who had in his turn perceived her, and was coming rapidly up. They met a moment afterwards, and saluted one another with more ease, because the light was dim, and if any emotion was marked upon their faces, it could with difficulty be noticed.

‘But where is he—the other, I mean?’ inquired Clarisse.

The question was almost a revelation to herself, and somewhat dashed the pleasure of Victor. ‘The other is Lucien,’ said he. ‘I do not know where he is—that is to say, I left him an hour ago at the Château of Beaurepas, where we have met with some friends. He did not choose to walk as far as Le Buisson.’

He had scarcely uttered these words when Lucien himself was seen coming along on the other side of the stream. He started on observing Victor *tête-à-tête* with Clarisse, and made as if he would go away; then suddenly changing his intention, he took a vigorous leap, and alighted on the opposite bank, just in time to hear a slight exclamation, expressive of fear, at his rashness.

It is an old saying, that two are company, but three are not. Instead of the animated conversation that might have been expected, there never was a duller interview. The three young people walked slowly back towards the bridge, exchanging only a few awkward phrases. Clarisse was perhaps more alarmed than

#### THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

pleased. All her visions vanished for a time, and there remained only this feeling—that she was standing between two friends who might become enemies on her account. When she had set her foot on the plank across the stream, she said: ‘I must bid you good-night now, my friends. I am very glad to see you both. I hear that we are almost neighbours. You must both come often to Le Buisson.’ Then she remembered her father’s prejudices, and the serpent tongue of the cobbler, and was obliged to add: ‘I sometimes walk in this meadow, or in the field beyond, in the evening.’ Then, influenced by her fear, she took both their hands, as if to shake them; but instead of doing so, placed one within the other, and running away, arrived breathless at her father’s house. Five minutes afterwards, Jacques Gogo, who, as ill-luck would have it, had been strolling along near the poplars, entered the *cabaret* of the village, and related, with many imaginative flourishes, how Clarisse Claudet had given rendezvous to two Parisians in the meadow.

When Victor and Lucien were left alone, the former made as if he would withdraw his hand; but the latter grasped it firmly, and said: ‘There is no longer any necessity for concealment. When we went on to Montereau, I did not think that girl had left any deep impression upon either of us. We talked, however, of nothing but her all the way; and on coming back, both did violence to our pride in rescraping acquaintance with old Cabet of the Château. Not a month ago, we cut him in the Rue Vivienne, and declared his vulgarity insufferable; and now we have actually gone hat in hand to him, and been polite to his wife, and condescended to amuse his hoggish acquaintances, in order to get an invitation to pass a week with him, and have an excuse for stopping in this neighbourhood. Really this is paltry conduct.’

‘Speak for yourself, Lucien,’ said Victor, at length disengaging his hand. ‘I never said that Monsieur Cabet was vulgar. I never despised his acquaintance; and in your place, if I had done so’—

‘You would have gone on to Paris, leaving the field clear at Le Buisson,’ said Lucien smiling rather ironically. Then he added: ‘Let this pass. It is no matter what we think of Monsieur Cabet; but why did you leave the château under pretence of going to the river-side, whilst all along you meant to come here?’

‘And why, pray, are you here?’

‘I never said I would not come.’

Both the young men were full of anger. They walked away towards the road in silence: a slight accident would have led to an open quarrel—perhaps a struggle; and Victor did once look from the vantage of his height upon Lucien, and wonder to find a rival in a little fellow whom he thought he could crush with a blow. However, the feeling of friendship at length got the upper hand; and when they had walked about a mile, they found themselves arm in arm.

#### THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

'My dear fellow,' said Lucien, before they reached the château, 'we cannot both be successful, and one is in the way of the other. I will leave the field clear for you, if you will distinctly say what are your intentions.'

'I have none,' said Victor, who, in truth, was obeying his impressions without any attempt at reasoning, and who was no more capable of laying out a plan of conduct, and governing it by principle, than he was of exploring the river Amazon, about which he so often talked. However, one good movement stirred within him. He felt a vague conviction that it was not he that occupied the girl's thought, and he was on the point of confessing as much to Lucien, when a short fat gentleman, wearing a cap with an enormous peak, came down the road towards them.

'Here you are at length,' he exclaimed, in a tone half-hospitable, half-authoritative. 'We have been awfully dull. We do not know how to amuse ourselves. We haven't laughed since you went out. The ladies are getting quite sulky.'

Lucien and Victor remembered that they were only admitted as guests at the château on condition of being very funny, and as they went up the alley of the park, cast about in their memories for half-a-dozen old jokes and anecdotes, to dispose of in the course of the evening. Although these two young men had been friends for some time, their tastes and habits were in many respects different. Victor had led a rather dissipated life, to console himself, probably, for the postponement of his geographical researches; Lucien, on the other hand, was called a Puritan by most of his companions. The one, therefore, though deeply impressed by the beauty and graces of Clarisse, was disposed to seek her society without thinking of consequences; whilst the other, ever since he had seen her, had undergone a constant mental struggle, because he remembered all about Caroline Cauchard, and knew that his parents would be disposed to put their veto upon his marriage with the daughter of a little country farmer. Their own origin was anything but aristocratic; yet they were not absurdly wrong in believing that their son, having received a first-rate education, would run risks of unhappiness by uniting himself with a person differently brought up. They might have applied this principle to Mademoiselle Caroline herself, but they had no rules by which to judge of instruction; and as the young lady could play several tunes on a piano, could sing a German song bristling with consonants, was perfect in crochet-work, and sublime in the Polka, they thought her to be all-accomplished. However, Lucien knew that his influence was sufficiently great over the minds of his parents, to induce them to release him from the engagement they had entered into in his name, if he made a strong appeal. The only question in his mind was, whether he was entitled to do so, whether the gratitude he owed for their extraordinary care—they had both devoted the best years of their life to him—did not bind him to accept their decision. Hitherto, he had fought off

#### THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

from a marriage with Caroline, who was not displeasing to him, rather from caprice and a vague love of independence, than from any other reason. Had any real affection occupied his heart, he would not have hesitated at once to declare it. Was the sentiment he felt towards Clarisse of this nature? Would it stand the test of time? Was it not rather one of those fancies in which romantic people will sometimes indulge, and which could and ought to be shaken off? He was not able to decide upon this point at once, and regretted that the rivalry of his friend, Victor Moreau, left him no time for calm thought. What he feared was, that if he went away to Paris, according to his first impulse, the poor girl, whose imagination he saw was violently excited, would fall a victim to the selfish passion of Victor; whilst, on the other hand, if he remained to watch over her, he might not only be led into a deadly quarrel, but might be betrayed into engaging himself much further than he thought it prudent to do. He distrusted himself, and retired to rest that night in a state of perplexing uncertainty. He felt that he was too young to undertake the office of disinterested champion of a young girl, so beautiful and so simple, especially when the danger came from a friend. 'No!' exclaimed he, clenching his fist, and shaking it at the ceiling, some three or four hours after he got into bed: 'No! I protest, I swear! I don't think I am in love with Clarisse; but yet, if Victor were to injure her, I should certainly shoot him.' Having made this very definite declaration, he tried to go to sleep, but remained tossing uneasily about, until he perceived some pale light coming in between the curtains of the window, and until the room brightened, and until, in fact, some rays of dim gold broke in and played on the opposite wall. 'Now,' said he, 'is the time for a walk to Le Buisson;' but he had scarcely uttered the words, when he fell under the anathema of all true sentimentalists. The fact is, he turned upon his pillow, and went fast asleep, and dreamed that he was going to church to be married to Clarisse; that the ceremony was performed with great pomp; that his parents looked delighted; that the people murmured with approbation; but that just as he turned to look with admiration and love upon his bride, her countenance suddenly changed, and the chubby cheeks of Caroline Cauchard appeared before him. Leaving him to protest against this substitution, which he did with many blows of his fist upon the pillow, and many uneasy kicks, we shall see what happened during this ill-timed slumber.

#### VII.

Victor Moreau went to bed as early as Lucien, and having regulated his fancy a little with the thoughts of Clarisse, fell asleep at once. To have seen him quietly outstretched, amusing the darkness with a gentle tune, one would have imagined his conscience to be as pure as that of a child. Indeed, the idea of wrong,

#### THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

in this affair at least, had not entered his mind, for, as we have said, he had entirely abstained from thinking, and allowed himself to be led by his impressions. He got up at dawn, fresh as a lark, shaved carefully, put on a clean collar, took a peep at Lucien's window, and rejoiced to see the curtains drawn. Then he went down stairs, awoke the porter, went out, and strolled over the country, feeling like a just man bound on a message of charity. He soon reached the environs of the village of Le Buisson, and the first hint he got that he was doing wrong was, that instead of boldly entering the street, where he saw a few peasants already in motion, he sneaked round by the banks of the stream, and climbed a lofty bank near the row of poplars, where he stood gazing about, endeavouring to look indifferent, like an artist studying scenery. He did not know which was the house belonging to Clarisse's family, and therefore kept running his eyes indifferently from one end of the village to the other.

Now, it happened that Clarisse, who had probably not slept at all that night, was looking out of the window, and saw him from a distance standing on the bank, against the gray background of the sky. He was too far off for her to distinguish his form or features, but she felt certain—and this rather damages the theory of love presentiments—that it was Lucien. She accordingly went gently down, and was in the open air before she quite understood what she was about. Her heart seemed to swell within her breast, and carry her forward against her will, whilst her reason told her that she was acting imprudently. What explanation could she give to herself, what to her parents, what to Lucien, of the step she was taking? Was not her conduct that of a bold forward girl, who was running with her eyes open to destruction? Possibly she would have returned to her room, or remained in the garden—at least we hope so—had she not remembered a promise she had made two or three days ago, and neglected to accomplish, to visit Widow Mathurine, who lived in a lonely cottage more than half a league off, and was kept within doors by illness.

'I must go and see the poor woman,' said she. So off she tripped, taking a path that led diagonally across the beet-root field to another bridge, some two hundred yards up the stream. The tall figure was still upon the bank, and it was impossible to pass without being seen. That was not her fault. She went briskly along, and when she got into some fields out of sight of the village, the exclamation she uttered was one of real surprise and vexation. Victor Moreau, and not Lucien, came towards her. The young man, who had come the day before with ideas of easy conquest, was now aware of the difficulty that lay in his way. He knew that he had not only to strike the imagination of the village-girl, but to dislodge his friend. He determined to behave cautiously, and after the first salutations, walked along by Clarisse's side, and expressed surprise at not meeting Lucien.

'I supposed,' he said, 'that he would be out this way also.'

#### THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

'Why should he come?' replied she, piqued: 'there is nothing to attract him here. Our country is not pretty, and there are fine ladies at the château, whose company is agreeable.'

'You see I do not care for them, Clarisse,' said Victor with a sigh.

'You like morning-walks, monsieur,' quoth she, emphasising the last word, knowing well that, according to the French conventional rules of intercourse, this would throw him back an immeasurable distance from the point to which he wished to come. Accordingly, when he addressed her next, he took care not to use her name, but to call her mademoiselle.

Having come to this understanding, they walked along talking, Clarisse doing her best to obtain information about Lucien without appearing to do so, and Victor pretending to be very expansive, and ungenerously depreciating his friend. By this manoeuvre he lost nearly all the advantage he had gained by his early rising, for although Clarisse easily believed that Lucien was a rake, she included Victor in the mistrust which this idea excited. He who tells us unpleasant truths about people we like, and contrives to convince us, generally comes in for a full half of our animosity. We are not learned in love-matters, but we believe it to be an axiom, that one rival can oust another more easily by praise than by blame. Women like even the appearance of generosity, and are less influenced by the etymological meaning of the words they hear, than by the sentiments which in some mysterious electrical manner are infused into their minds along with them. We were once in danger of seeing a buxom widow fall into our arms, because, from sordid motives, we spoke enthusiastically of a gentleman on whom we supposed she had fixed her affections.

When the young friends reached the neighbourhood of Dame Mathurine's cottage, Victor stopped behind in a field, and thus, against Clarisse's better judgment, gave a character of secrecy to their interview. She was very uneasy while she stayed, and her consolations could scarcely have been effectual. On her return, Victor joined her with a look of intelligence. She felt that there was something wrong in all this. The fields and paths were beginning to fill with people: some faces which she knew passed and turned to stare with stupid inquisitiveness at her and her companion. This determined her to act in a straightforward manner.

'Monsieur Victor,' said she, with a consciousness of innocence which she would not perhaps have felt if Lucien had been there—'I think you had better walk home with me to the farm.'

'But what will your father say?' said Victor, looking mysteriously at her.

'I will tell him,' replied she, raising her eyes candidly to him, 'that you are one of the gentlemen who helped me to carry my basket of cherries, and whom I have met in the fields.'

'The deuce take her!' thought Victor; 'she is as cold as a fish. What a pretty figure I shall cut when introduced to old Père

#### THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

Claudet! They will take me for an escaped school-boy, looking out for romance under hedges. I shall be obliged to treat the old fellow to brandy all day long; and afterwards, if I exhibit the least familiarity with Clarisse, shall get thrashed out of the village with fials. The girl is well enough, but her family must be horrid.'

He walked along in silence for some time, and Clarisse on her part began to think of Lucien, and forgot all about the danger of scandal. Suddenly, on coming to a bend in the lane, she found herself face to face with her father and Joseph.

'What do you say to that?' cried the latter. 'Am I a fool, and is Gogo a liar?'

His face was flushed red, and he looked at Victor with as much fury as if he had been really attached to Clarisse. But his real feeling was the old hatred between town and country—the detestation by the sabot of the patent-leather boot. If any farmer had married Clarisse during his absence, he would have been rather grateful to him than otherwise, or, at anyrate, his wounded self-love—for there was no other sentiment in play—would have evaporated over a bottle of wine. But to find his affianced, whom he had reserved for himself, to turn off or not as he thought fit, exerting her independence by taking a morning-walk with a Parisian dandy, as he called him—this was too bad. He began to square up to Victor, who, on his part, was taken so aback, that he became white and red by turns, and would probably have allowed himself to have been knocked down, had not old Claudet said with some dignity of manner: 'Joseph, there must be no fighting about my daughter.'

Clarisse had been a little startled at first; but she soon recovered her presence of mind, and tried to tell the whole truth. But things had been said of which she knew nothing; and her father, after authoritatively forbidding Victor to follow, took her by the arm, which he squeezed until she almost screamed from pain, and led her towards the village. During the silent walk that followed, she had leisure to reflect on the prodigious importance to a young girl like her of the inconsiderate step she had taken. She felt that her reputation was destroyed for ever at Le Buisson, for the name of Jacques Gogo had not been pronounced in vain; and she was not now to learn that when once scandal meddles with the purest, it is almost impossible to destroy its effect; for scandal never attacks openly, and deliberately avoids explanations. It is transmitted not by words only, but by looks, by shrugs, by gestures, even by silence; and the world, which is so hard to be convinced of virtue, meets an accusation of evil half-way. It rarely happens that a young girl stumbles without the catastrophe having been foreseen and foretold long before by half-a-dozen wise neighbours.

Joseph had come to Le Buisson the night before; but instead of going to see the Claudets, he had passed from his mother's house to the cabaret, intending to be jovial with his old comrades. Here

#### THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

he met with Gogo in an advanced state of intoxication, and heard, amidst the suppressed grins of all present, that Clarisse had been seen not once, not twice, but every evening, walking after dark with a Parisian. This news at first met with his incredulity, but he was at length persuaded, and got up to go and make a scene, as he expressed it, at the farmhouse. But, during the discussion, he had drunk glass upon glass of brandy, and, instead of finding the door, staggered to a bench, and snored sufficiently late not to come in time to prevent Clarisse from committing herself. When he did come in and tell his story, with a savage scowl, Dame Claudet called him a monster, and repeated, with various ornaments which her indignation suggested, all she had heard from Clarisse of his behaviour in Paris.

'The best way,' said the farmer, 'will be to let the girl speak for herself.'

They went, and found her room empty, and saw that the bed had not been disturbed. They now became seriously alarmed, fancying that their daughter had run away, or committed some other desperate action. Suddenly Dame Claudet remembered her daughter's intention of going to visit Widow Mathurine, and, laughing at her own fears, said: 'Why, what fools we are! the hussy has been up before dawn, and made her bed, and gone to see the good old lady. There has been rain in the night; see if the marks of her little feet are not on the path yonder!'

Joseph and Claudet looked, and finding that this was the case, went slowly in that direction; whilst the mother, quite at ease in her mind, set about her household duties, singing, with a voice that was no longer true, but which sufficed to express the cheerfulness that had gushed back upon her mind, after a moment of doubt and agony. She was putting on the milk to boil for breakfast, when there was a noise, almost a struggle, at the door, and her daughter, with face convulsed and bathed in tears, was pushed or rather thrown towards her, and fell at her knees, which she grasped for protection. Claudet and Joseph stood looking in with countenances in which shame and anger were curiously mixed. The scene was one for a painter whose pencil loves to deal with the heart-rending tragedies of humble life, where natural sentiments are expressed by gestures and attitudes, which, in more polished society, are often entirely suppressed.

#### VIII.

'What are you doing to my daughter?' cried Dame Claudet, turning fiercely towards her husband.

Then came overwhelming accusations, the chief facts of which Clarisse did not attempt to deny. All she could do was to sob out that she was a virtuous girl, and those who said the contrary were slanderers.

'Meaning *me*,' shouted her father, raising his hand.

#### THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

'No!' she cried, turning her face towards him, but instinctively sheltering herself in her mother's arms. 'No!—but that man!—that man!' pointing at Joseph, who was looking gloomily at her.

The most remarkable feature in this scene is, that neither of the accusers believed to the full extent what he said. The anger of old Claudet, especially, was directed more against what might have been than what he thought was; for, after a short silence, he said, what he would not otherwise have thought of saying: 'Well, girl, if what you tell us be true, will you marry Joseph, and let us forget all?'

Joseph, on the other hand, instead of indignantly rejecting this idea, looked inquiringly at Clarisse, for, strange to say, now that he had become perfectly convinced of the difficulties that lay in the way of his marriage, perhaps, because he was more than ever convinced of the purity of the girl, possibly because she had never seemed so beautiful as she did at that moment, with her face full of scorn and animation—a good deal, no doubt, from the mere desire to overcome opposition—no, it is not at all strange, for human nature is so made, that Joseph should now wait with anxiety for the reply to this overture.

The reply was not long in coming. Clarisse's spirit was now up, and she distinctly stated, that rather than submit to what was proposed, she would go and seek for service in Paris. This was not exactly what she meant, but, by some fatality, which she could scarcely account for herself, she was led to use the vulgar threat which is the last resort of disobedient daughters in the provinces. Scarcely had she uttered the words, when she felt the breast against which she leaned grow cold towards her. Her mother's arms no longer clasped her tightly, but slowly loosened, and thrust her away. There she stood in the centre of the room for a time, detached from all the sympathies amidst which she had grown up. She seemed obliged, now that she had taken one step in rebellion, to go on. The words of repentance that flew to her lips died away before she could utter them. A look of defiance, which she felt to be a mask, but which she could not tear off, covered her face. The influence of traditions of this kind is terrible. As soon as she had uttered the phrase which usually translates a whole preconceived plan of escape from beneath the paternal roof, she seemed to become a different being. She repeated, almost against her will, the attitude and the gesture which she had seen assumed many years before, when she was a mere child, by Claudine, when she announced to her family, who lived next door, that she was going to Paris to support herself by her own exertions.

There was silence in the room. Clarisse pressed her hands to her forehead for a moment, and listened with her whole being to catch the first syllable of the word that should call her back to her mother's breast, that should break up the fountain of her tears, that should relieve her from this terrible nightmare, which seemed to surround her and change her appearance, like the rough bark

#### THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

that crept round the limbs of the nymph when she grew into a tree. Could it be true, that for one hasty phrase she should be cast off for ever? She had been so accustomed to be won back from her wayward moods by kindness, that this severity seemed cruel and uncalled for. It never occurred to her that it was her duty to speak first, to recall what she had said, to explain it away, to fall on her knees if necessary, and beg pardon of her parents for thus wantonly menacing them with a flight, which, according to their ideas, would lead her to a position worse than death. She looked up: there was nothing but stern cold faces around. Obeying, as it were, some invisible hand that pushed her onward, she moved towards the door, and wild emotions rushing through her heart, forgot to turn back, or she would have seen her mother fall senseless on the floor, her father take off his cap, and, casting his eyes up to heaven, murmur a prayer with quivering lips, and even Joseph lean his head against the wall to hide what was passing in his countenance. This is a scene that takes place in substance every day in the French provinces; and this is the way in which Paris is supplied with beauty and with vice.

Clarisse no longer knew what she was doing, or whether she was going. Passion for a time had suspended the action of her reason. She went out of the house at first with a vague feeling that some one would run after her, and take her back by force; but peasants never divine the secrets of such feelings as hers: they wait for a catastrophe, and then embalm the victim in legend or in song, and weep over her untimely fate, without ever learning to profit by experience. The girl went on; no one saw her. She herself seemed no longer mistress of her motions; but she ran instinctively, as it were, towards the meadow where the poplars grew. Perhaps her foot slipped, as she incautiously passed along the plank; at anyrate, there was a fall, a splash; the stream had been swollen by the rain during the night, and went along whirling giddily over some deep holes beneath the willows that grew on the bank. A scream was heard, and two white arms glanced twice above the hurrying current. The second time, Clarisse managed to get hold of a bough that trailed along the surface of the stream. It broke, but it had done good service: it had kept her afloat for a moment, and saved her life, for suddenly a strong hand was stretched out, and Lucien, swinging from the trunk of the willow, grasped her waist, and brought her safely to shore. There were two or three witnesses to this scene, and all idea of suicide was avoided, because it was reported that, before she lost consciousness, she lifted up her eyes in thanksgiving. Let us not endeavour to penetrate the mystery further, for Clarisse herself never remembered what had taken place between the time when she left the house and that at which she opened her eyes and found herself nestling in her own warm bed, and saw her father walking softly across the room, and heard her mother saying, 'Hush!' under her

#### THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

breath. By all this, she understood that she was an invalid. But what were the causes of her illness she did not know, although, if we examine very closely into the matter, there may have been a half-consciousness—for she never inquired.

After what had taken place, Joseph perceived that it would be prudent to withdraw his pretensions altogether, and, returning to Paris, soon forgot the affianced of his youth, and resumed his old manner of life. The last time he has been seen, to our knowledge, was at the Château Rouge, his favourite place of resort, where he was executing a frenzied cavalier *seul* before Mademoiselle Papillon. He seemed to have lost the greater part of his rusticity, and to have become, in fact, quite an accomplished villain; at least, this was the term applied to him by his partner when, after executing a pirouette worthy of a Huron or an operadancer, he returned to claim her hand.

Having thus disposed of this gentleman, we shall turn to more interesting personages, and, in the first place, we must explain how it was that Lucien came up just at the nick of time, for all the world like a hero of romance. Victor was returning, feeling very sheepish, towards the château, when he met his friend coming hastily along, trying to make up for his excess of sleep by excess of speed. He was soon made acquainted with what had taken place, and Victor finished off by saying, quite in a virtuous mood of mind: 'I think it a pity to spoil the girl's reputation, and shall be off to Paris at once. Besides, it is now really time to prepare for the exploration'——

'First let me explain to Clarisse's parents the whole truth of what has happened,' interrupted Lucien, turning his back very cavalierly on his friend, and walking rapidly towards Le Buisson. As he advanced, he cast a rapid glance over the past and into the future, examined and discarded with contempt certain doctrines and prejudices in which money and station are placed above beauty and goodness, and completely made up his mind as to the course of conduct it was proper to pursue. He came in sight of the bridge of planks just as Clarisse was crossing it, so that he saw exactly what occurred, and acted, as we have seen, with prudence and vigour.

When he arrived at the farm, helping to carry the unconscious Clarisse, he was received as the saviour of the family, for several boys had run ahead, and related how he had dived three times before he succeeded in fishing up the drowning girl.

Victor carried out his intention of returning to Paris; but Lucien wrote to his parents, relating what had happened, and hinting that he might very shortly put their love and indulgence to a severe test. They came down, without his knowledge, to reconnoitre; but he soon encountered his worthy mother bustling mysteriously about the village, making inquiries into the character and position of Clarisse and her family. She had set down the results of her investigations in a little ivory note-book, of which

#### THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

Lucien took possession, and found written therein: 'Poor—possessed of three cows—pretty—not a drunkard—has only this child—decently educated—good character—respected by the neighbours.' The good lady had trusted to her memory to know to which parties these several notes applied. Luckily, she had not fallen in with Jacques Gogo, and when she was induced, with a manner in which curiosity and condescension were singularly mixed, to be introduced to the Claudets, she was rather disposed than otherwise to look upon them with favour. Clarisse seemed so pretty and gentle as she sat in the invalid-chair which her mother had procured for her, that she won Madame Artenay's heart at once. It is true that Lucien, in the way to the house, had torn a few hairs out of his head, and had declared that though he was the most obedient of sons, he must either marry Clarisse or set out immediately for the North Pole. Thus prepared and influenced somewhat by the tender glance which the sick girl furtively cast upon her son, Madame Artenay went right over into the enemy's camp; and when her husband, who, on his part, had been calling on the *maire* of the place, came in, she was quite prepared, in case any opposition was offered, to pronounce a splendid tirade on the absurdity of controlling the affections of young people. But as M. Artenay only looked benign and bewildered, she contented herself with whispering: 'Alfred, if anybody had attempted to keep us asunder, wouldn't we have shaken the world to pieces?'

The matter was not settled there and then, as in a melodrama, where there is always a notary behind the scenes, ready at a moment's notice to be called in with a small round table and a pen in his ear to draw up a contract of marriage. However, some little progress in the negotiation was made. Old Claudet and his wife shewed a proper degree of dignity and hesitation, because it was necessary to keep up the honour of the country as against the town, and M. Artenay was once so disgusted, that he said to his son: 'Don't you think you could find a prettier girl than that after all?' But, in truth, this must have been a mere joke, because he came every day from the country-house where he had taken up his abode, and was never happy until he had patted Clarisse upon the cheek, and given her a large box of *bonbons*, a packet of gloves, a brooch, or some other knickknack of that kind. At length the legal gentlemen were called in, and matters then went on very fast, for the Claudets did not stipulate many things; and whatever they did stipulate, was conceded by the impatient Lucien. By the time these formalities were concluded, Clarisse had bloomed again into a perfect marvel of beauty; and when in her plain white dress, with the crown of orange-blossom on her head, she stepped into the carriage that was to drive her to the little old church half-way up the slope of the hill, there was a loud burst of admiration amongst the crowd of spectators. We cannot find a comparison for her; peaches and rosebuds, and pearls and angels, all that has been

#### THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

used up. She was like—if we must say what she was like—the maiden whom you, young reader of twenty, have imagined in your purest dreams. Having said so much, we suppose it is necessary to add, that Lucien was the very *beau-idéal* of a bridegroom. Even Jacques Gogo opened his eyes in wondering approbation when he saw this fine couple standing side by side under the consecrating scarf. Be sure that there were splendid rejoicings that evening at the country-house, to which Clarisse was carried home in triumph. All the lads and all the girls of the village danced in the courtyard, and their elders became gloriously merry over the good wine that was served out in abundance. Victor Moreau was not present at these rejoicings; but he and his young wife—for he has since married—have lately been called upon to stand as godfather and godmother to a tremendous little fellow, whom Clarisse declares to be, without exception, the handsomest babe ever born in this world. We ought to add that Victor, whenever he has a little tiff with his Marie, invariably talks of setting out on a voyage up the Amazon river.





## CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS.

**T**HE northern skirting of the great African desert, hitherto, somewhat incorrectly, marked on our maps as the Beled-el-Jerid, or date-country, is a region of sandy plains, covered for the most part with coarse scanty grass, a few ligneous plants, and dry shrubs. Here and there are furrows, in which the water collects after the rains of winter, forming the temporary streams called *wads*, which give birth to numerous oases. These fertile spots are favourable to the cultivation of the date, which is their staple, though by no means their only production, and hence the whole country has derived its name. Two races, differing widely both in their origin and mode of life, inhabit this region of scanty pasture-lands and fruitful gardens. The older occupants are the Berbers, now termed, through a succession of generations, into a distinct and homogeneous

## CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS.

race, though descended from the mixed population that anciently arose in the Atlas region, through the settlement of Romans, Vandals, and others, among the primitive inhabitants. The dominant people are more recent immigrants of Arab descent, in character and manners very unlike the soft, apathetic, crafty, and servile Berbers. Various tribes of the former nation have poured themselves into Northern Africa since the Mohammedan conquest, and have settled in various parts of that fertile strip of country which is now again known as the Tell; while some of these hordes, more true to their vagabond instincts, despising the sedentary and agricultural life which naturally belongs to towns and arable-lands, have spread over the plains of Sahara, and made themselves masters not only of the open country, but of large portions of the lands of the oases. They have left the Berbers in peaceable possession of the *ksars* (villages of the oases), allowing them to cultivate the soil as their tenants or serfs, while they themselves range about with their numerous flocks and herds, never remaining more than ten or fifteen days in one spot, enjoying in perfection that wild, lawless, independent life, the taste for which seems to be the birthright of the Arab wherever he is found. Here there is full scope for the development of this singular character. Throughout the length and breadth of the Sahara, there is no regular government; 'blest of Allah, and far from sultans,' is their mode of proudly characterising their lot in this respect. The various tribes do not even form anything like a community among themselves; each has its own allies and enemies; but the alliances are voluntary and temporary, arising out of occasional circumstances, and forming the exception, while the rule is, that every tribe may be treated as an enemy by every other tribe. They have no written laws; their individual rights are maintained, and their wrongs redressed, by violences which no written code would sanction; yet there has grown up a collection of traditional usages which are generally submitted to, and which it would be unsafe to violate, from the danger of becoming an outlaw among outlaws. This code appears to us, indeed, little more than the organisation of brigandage; yet it suffices to prevent quarrels among brethren: it is sanctioned by their religion, and is openly invoked as of divine authority.

The manners arising out of this state of society must needs be very unlike our own, or those of the civilised nations with whom we maintain correspondence; perhaps quite as dissimilar are they to the usages of mere savage life on the one hand, or those of half-civilised sedentary populations on the other. It is no small part of the interest attaching to them, that they bear a striking analogy to those which prevailed in Europe during the feudal ages, and that almost every page of description with which our French neighbours furnish us, reminds us of the records of our chivalrous romances; of those days when, as we are led to believe, *might was the surest right*, when the sword and not the judge

#### CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS.

and jury of a court decided questions at issue between gentlemen, and when the worshippers of the Prince of Peace continually invoked him as the 'God of battles.'\*

This reign of violence, as it existed among us, was not found inconsistent with chivalrous piety, bravery, and courtesy; and neither is it so among the people we are describing. Chivalry, in the fullest sense of the term, is the normal life of the Arab of the desert—that is, of the noble, the master of the tent. War, hunting, prayer, and the cares of hospitality, are the only occupations worthy of his attention. Everything else is accidental, or falls to the lot of the Berber, the shepherd, the farrier, and the slave. We propose in the following pages to sketch this mode of life, so far as we have been made acquainted with it by those who have passed many years in Northern Africa, and have collected their information among the natives themselves. If any of our readers should pronounce that Arab chivalry, as we describe it, is, in a moral and social point of view, as inferior to European as the Mohammedan religion is to the Christian, or the nomade tent to the turreted castle, we will not dispute with him. It is chivalry, such as the case admits of, based on the absence of regular government, fostered by a system of feudality, and characterised by the taste for aristocratic pastimes and wild adventures.

#### THE MAKHZEN, OR ARAB HORSEMAN.

Our knight of the desert—*makhzen*, as he is called, who 'lives in the stirrups'—is a man of dry, nervous constitution, sunburnt visage, well-proportioned limbs, and somewhat tall stature. His eye is keen and certain: at the distance of eight or ten miles he can distinguish a man from a woman; and at twelve, a flock of sheep from camels. Everything in his mode of life tends to the developing and strengthening of the physical powers; he holds courage in the highest estimation, and he pities, but without scorning or insulting, those who are deficient in this respect. 'It is not their fault,' he says, 'that they were born without liver; it was the will of Heaven!'

The true *makhzen* must eat little, and drink less. If he cannot support thirst, he will never be a warrior; he is only a marsh-frog. He must train and feed his own horse, studying its temper and constitution in every respect. He must know how much barley agrees with him, as he knows with what measure of powder to load his gun; and he must accustom him to understand and obey the slightest intimation of his will.

But though extremely temperate, and capable of enduring great privations, our Saharian Arab never neglects an opportunity of eating much and well in obedience to the claims of hospitality.

\* An expression still retained in our national Liturgy.

#### CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS.

His ordinary food is simple, and displays little variety; but, on great occasions, guests are feasted most worthily; and let there occur the patronal banquet of a tribe or *duar* in which he has friends, he will not insult them by withholding his company; should it cost him a journey of eighty or a hundred miles, he will be there, and do ample justice to the good cheer. He feels that he is ready to render the like hospitality when occasion offers: he has not to do with the mercenary niggards of the towns, whose utmost stretch of hospitality reaches only to offering four square feet of carpet to sit down, with a pipe of tobacco, and a cup of coffee without sugar, or mayhap, sweetened only after a lengthy preliminary dissertation on sugarless coffee.

The necessity for having grain, were it only for the horses, obliges the nomade to visit the Tell once a year, at the end of summer. Here he obtains cereals, butter, firearms, &c., and finds a market for such of his sheep or camels as he chooses to dispose of, with the wool of his numerous flocks, the ostrich feathers and eggs which have rewarded his sporting prowess, and the dates and woollen manufactures that are the result of the industry of his Berber dependents in the oases. Some individuals, as well as tribes, are much wealthier than others, and make a considerable display of Saharian luxury. They have princely hunts, banquets of venison, thorough-bred horses, richly chased arms, ample *burnooses* (cloaks), fine *hykes* (scarfs), kennels of greyhounds, and falcons trained for sport. Their women wear silken girdles and kerchiefs, silver ornaments for the ankles, wrists, arms, and fingers, with necklaces made of pieces of money, mother-of-pearl, coral, jet, and cloves.

General Daumas took the trouble of making a particular inventory of the itinerating establishment of a wealthy individual of this class. It included, in the first place, four wives—the number allowed to the Mussulman by the Koran; four sons, of whom two had a wife and son each. If he had daughters or granddaughters, they were married, and removed from his protection. Then there were two male and two female servants, besides four male and four female negro slaves. The animals privileged to live as inmates of the tent were the stallion of the master, six thorough-bred mares for his sons and grandsons, two common ones for servants, six asses, and two greyhounds.

To shelter this family there was a very large tent, made of sixteen pieces of woollen stuff, each forty cubits long and two wide. Within was a scarlet-coloured carpet, twelve cubits long and four broad, for separating the men's apartment from that of the women. There were two Arab beds, of scarlet woollen carpets, fifty cubits long and five broad; six cushions filled with woollen garments, used for sleeping on; and six in antelope skin tanned, serving to contain clothes and spun-wool, and to lean upon in the tent; six palanquins, or woollen hammocks, in which the females travel on camel-back; and six red hykes (large scarfs, or what in

## CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS.

Scotland are called plaids) to cover them. Twenty woollen sacks for carrying grain; and six for money, jewels, cotton stuffs, morocco, &c. The supplies consisted of six *hamal*, or loads of corn, twelve of barley, and eight of dates; fifteen ox-skins of water; twelve sheep-skins of butter; and four of honey. A store of gunpowder, balls, and flints. The domestic utensils seemed to include only one copper pot for cooking meat; two large vessels for making *kooskoos*; four copper and six wooden vessels for drinking; three wooden plates for handing food to strangers; ten pair of shears for clipping sheep; and some half-dozen tools for pitching the tent. The weapons included for each of the gentlemen a silver-mounted gun, sabre, and pistol; for each of the servants, also, a gun; and for each negro, a pistol and sabre. There was, besides, a smaller tent, with its carpets and cushions, for travelling and entertaining strangers. The livestock out of doors was 8000 sheep, 530 camels, and ten goats, whose only use was to lead the sheep. The pets were two tame gazelles, a young antelope, and an ostrich.\*

But a man of this importance has dépôts in three or four of the dependent oases. The underground stores, called *silos*, contain garments, dates, corn, barley, butter, &c.; and he has probably a house in one of the ksars, in which money, jewels, and other valuables are deposited. The following is the estimate that has been made of his whole property:—tents, with their furniture, 741 dollars; a suit of clothes for each of the family, with the women's trinkets, 815 dollars; weapons, 219 dollars; horse equipments, 376 dollars; horses, cattle, &c., 20,988 dollars; house in the ksar, 60 dollars; goods in the stores, 1100 dollars; money, 2200 dollars: total, 26,499 dollars. Of this money, it is supposed that he carries perhaps 600 dollars about with him, and the rest is in the ksar, being partly deposited in the house and partly lent among the inhabitants.

The women of the family perform the cooking, and weave the coarser fabrics required—such as the materials of the tents, the carpets, sacks, horsecloths, &c.; while the negresses perform the more servile domestic labours—such as carrying wood and water. The finer fabrics used for personal clothing are made in the ksars. The male-servants seem to be chiefly employed out of doors, but some of them repair the horse-trappings and other accoutrements.

The chief of every tribe administers justice—an easy task where the delinquencies are few, and provided against by fixed penalties. He who steals a sheep forfeits sixty *boujous*; he who clandestinely visits his neighbour's wife, ten sheep; he who commits murder is punished with death, or, if he escapes by flight, all his property is confiscated except the tent, which is spared to shelter his wives and children.

These forfeits are kept by the *jemah* (council of the tribe), and

\* Some individuals are known to possess 2000 camels, and four times as many sheep.

#### CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS.

appropriated to such public expenses as the assistance of travellers and *maraboots*, and making presents to strangers. Thefts are punished only when committed within the tribe, for to rob an enemy is reckoned laudable, and to steal from any other is at least tolerated. Perhaps we should rather say simply, that the business of a chief is to protect only his own people, and he takes no cognizance of crimes which do not affect them.

If rich, the Arab is generous; but even if poor, he is hospitable and charitable, for, next to the crusade, and equally with pilgrimage, alms-giving is considered pleasing to Heaven. When an Arab is about to eat, and a beggar exclaims: 'Remember the share of Allah, O believers!' the good Mussulman divides with him, if the meal is sufficient for both; otherwise, he bestows the whole. A stranger presents himself at a *duar*; he stops a little way off, and cries: 'A guest sent by Heaven!' The effect is magical: whatever be his condition, the inmates hurry out, and almost scramble for the privilege of entertaining him; they seize the bridle, and make him alight; the servants take charge of his beast; whoever gets first hold of him drags him into his tent, and sets before him whatever victuals are ready till the banquet can be prepared. The master of the tent keeps him company all day, leaving him only at bedtime; and never is any impertinent question asked, least of all such as: 'Where do you come from?' or: 'Whither are you going?'

It would be a thing unheard of that any injury should be done to a stranger thus received, even if he should prove to be a mortal enemy. Only, in the latter case, the master of the tent says to him at parting: 'Follow thy good-luck;' and as soon as the guest is gone, his responsibility ceases. If such a stranger should pass another *duar* ever so soon after, and be observed, he must yield to the renewed offers of hospitality that are urged upon him. The *dervishes*, who devote themselves to constant prayer, live wholly on the alms and hospitalities of the faithful, and seldom make a request that is refused. 'Beware of insulting them—God will punish thee.' Beside these *religieux*, who so strongly resemble the mendicant monks of the olden time in Europe, we may place the *tolbas* (wise men) and females, who answer to the magicians, alchemists, and sorcerers of our romances of chivalry. To these dealers in magic arts, the Saharians repair for philters and charms to inspire love. Some of them will write on a piece of paper, and on a bone taken from a cemetery, with magic formula, the name of the inquirer's enemy; they will then bury the bone and paper, and assure him that 'his enemy's belly is filled with verses.' They will teach him certain words which he must pronounce while shutting a knife to cut the thread of his enemy's life; and those he must throw into the stove, where aliments are cooking with which he desires to mingle trouble; the characters he must write on a sheet of copper or a flattened bullet, which he is to drop into the stream where the woman of whom he would be avenged will

#### CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS.

drink; 'she will be seized with a disease as rapid as the stream, and will either die or become yours;' in the latter case, the dupe must counteract the former charm by another. On the borders of the Wad Noon, twenty days' journey west of Soos, there is said to be a school of alchemists, necromancers, and celebrated sorcerers, among whom all the occult sciences are cultivated, and where the marvels of the magic world may be witnessed in the highest perfection. These superstitions belong chiefly to the vulgar; the wealthy Arabs, and the devout marabouts, attach themselves closely to the precepts of their religion, read their holy books, and believe in no prodigies but those of the Koran. But the mass of the people are plunged in the grossest ignorance. The chiefs endeavour to remedy this as they can; they have the hours of prayer punctually announced, even when *en route*; and they generally establish a sufficient number of schools in the tents. But his after-life of constant exertion and migration makes the Arab easily forget the instructions of his youth. He often hears them again, however, in a poetic form when a delighted multitude crowd round a *meddah*, or religious bard, on a festive occasion, and listen to the praises of the saints or the feats of the holy wars, sung to the music of the tambourine and flute.

The only industrial class among these people are the farriers, some of whom are also general smiths, and can repair bits, spurs, knives, guns, swords, and pistols, as well as the more domestic implements of the tent—bodkins, shears, hatchets, and pickaxes. They seem to form quite a separate society, however, occupying a duar appropriated to themselves, and enjoying peculiar privileges and immunities in consideration of their indispensable utility. It is said that they came originally from the towns on the coast—Oran, Tlemecen, Constantine; and that having attached themselves to the various nomade tribes of the desert, their art has been transmitted to their descendants from generation to generation. It is essentially different from that practised in Europe, which they utterly despise. A French officer told one of them that his countrymen had never discovered any inconvenience in their own mode of horseshoeing. 'I daresay not,' was the quick reply; 'how should they? When they try to clear, as we do, such a space in a day as they now usually travel in five or six, they will see. Splendid journeys you Christians make with your horses!'

The farrier is exempt from all the imposts and contributions which fall on the tribe to which he belongs. Neither does he 'owe any man shelter or kooskoos;' that is, he is not expected to exercise hospitality, which is sometimes a pretty heavy tax. Every tent of the section he serves gives him a *feutra* of corn, one of barley, and one of butter, when the annual supplies are brought from the Tell in autumn. In spring, each tent gives him a fleece; and when a camel is killed for food, a certain part of it is his perquisite. After a *razzia* or battle, he receives an equal share of the spoil with the warriors, whether he has accompanied

#### CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS.

the expedition or not. A still more important immunity is, that his life is always spared in war; but he enjoys it only on condition of his living an inoffensive life, devoted to his trade; if he distinguishes himself by military prowess, he forfeits his privilege. It sometimes happens that a farrier is found in a battle, armed and on horseback: his life, of course, is in danger; but let him dismount and kneel, imitating with the corners of his burnoose the rising and falling of the bellows, and he will be spared. Warriors have sometimes deigned to save their lives by practising this stratagem. It is evident that these craftsmen are held in some measure of contempt by their aristocratic employers. M. Carotte, who wrote in 1844, before Damas had ascertained the peculiarities attaching to this society, says:—‘We have not been able to learn the origin of this feeling towards the trade of a blacksmith; but certain it is, that if a man be surrounded by enemies, and despairing of escape, he has only to wrap his head in the hood of his burnoose, and work with his arms as if beating iron; they will not stain their hands with the blood of so abject a wretch.’ The immunities we have described are considered full compensation for the farrier’s manual labour; so that if a makhzen provides the shoes for his horse, he pays nothing for getting them put on; when the job is finished, he remounts and rides away, exclaiming: ‘May God have mercy on thy fathers!’

#### THE HORSE.

The first requisite for a makhzen is a thorough-bred horse, swift, strong, and trained by his master, through years of severe discipline, to the most perfect docility. The love of this animal seems to be inherent in the Arab. It sleeps in his tent, and is treated more as his companion and friend than his slave. At the daily gathering without the tent, when it is the privilege of the aged alone to speak, religion, war, the chase, and horsemanship, matters intimately connected and blended with each other, are the inexhaustible themes of discourse; the praises of particular horses are recounted with enthusiasm, and the rules for breeding and training are announced in apologue and fable. Though these people have no literature, and none but their *talebs* can read or write, yet every maxim of this hippic school is supported with: ‘Thus saith the Prophet,’ and ‘thus adds Sidi-Ahmed-ben-Youssef,’ and ‘thus relates Si-ben-Dyab.’ The proverbs and legends of the people have thus assumed a religious character, which renders them permanent and accredited throughout the great family of Islamism. Among these sayings, one of the most generally current is the following:—‘When Allah was about to create the horse, he said to the wind: “Thou shalt through my power give birth to a being which shall carry my worshippers, which shall be beloved and cherished by my servants, and which shall destroy the hope of

8

## CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS.

all who follow not my laws." He then created the animal, saying: "I have made thee peerless; the wealth of this world shall be placed between thine eyes, and thou shalt destroy my enemies. In every place thou shalt be happy and preferred above all other animals, for everywhere thy master's heart shall yearn with tenderness towards thee. Strong in the advance as in the retreat, thou shalt fly without wings; and I will place on thy back none but those who know me, who offer me prayers and acceptable deeds; none but my devoted worshippers." The mind of the Prophet evidently was, that his followers should reserve to themselves the Arab horse as the most powerful instrument of war, which, if suffered to pass into infidel hands, would prove fatal to the Mohammedan cause. Accordingly, it is deemed a grievous sin to sell one to an unbeliever; and Abd-el-Kader avows, that when in the height of his power, he put to death without mercy every Mussulman convicted of so doing. Religion has made a duty that care of the horse which the roving life of the Arab, the incessant wars, and the immense distances to be cleared, had rendered a necessity; and his life may be said to be the joint one of himself and his horse. With it he traffics and travels; watches his numerous flocks; makes love and war; appears at the combat, the wedding, the religious festival—space is annihilated before him. It would be the highest insult to ask an Arab to sell his horse, unless he had himself expressed such an intention. 'He must suppose me in extreme poverty, since he dares make such a proposal!' would be his secret exclamation. Yet with all his passionate attachment to the equine race, he would not give to one of the species the name of a man. 'These names have been borne by saints; it would be profane to confer them on horses.' Horses' names are such as 'the Happy,' 'the Lucky,' 'the Enricher,' 'the Persevering,' 'the Coral,' 'the Ostrich,' 'my Wealth.' Nearly similar are the appellations given to slaves; so that the scrupulosity seems not to arise from the veneration of human above brute nature, so much as from the fancied superiority of the race of Ishmael and the followers of the Prophet.

Among the wealthier Arabs, the horse is an object of luxury as well as utility. He is richly caparisoned; the saddle is covered with a large red morocco saddle-cloth, embroidered with arabesques in gold and silver. He is taught to perform several feats for mere amusement and display—such as rearing and walking on the hind-legs, kneeling down, leaping, turning short, stopping instantaneously when at full gallop, and setting off again. On festive occasions, it is usual to celebrate what may be called an equestrian fantasia, rather than a joust or tournament. On these occasions, the cavaliers, themselves in their richest equipments—large burnoose, fine woollen hyke, red morocco boots, silver spurs, ornamented with coral, straw-hat with ostrich plumes, silver-mounted sword and pistols—display to the utmost their own agility as well as that of their horses. While at full gallop, they pick up a girdle

#### CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS.

from the ground, or fire at a shoulder-blade of mutton when within fifty or sixty paces from it, or make the animal kneel on all-fours to the ladies—the *ne plus ultra* of horsemanship. But the most picturesque of these fantastic movements is the *gateha*. The horse rises off all four feet at once, while his rider, at the same instant, throws up his gun into the air, and catches it again. The ample folds of the long burnouses thrown back and displayed in this exercise, while the guns fly up and the horses jump simultaneously, present altogether a sight as beautiful as it is strange, and one which never fails to elicit the rapturous applause of the fair spectators.

The Arabs regard the European fashion of docking the horse's tail as barbarous in the extreme: it supplies them with an inexhaustible subject of mirthful jokes; as also do our little bare saddles, and, as they think, useless spurs.

#### THE GREYHOUND.

Nothing evinces more the aristocratic tastes of the Arabs of Sahara, than their treatment of the greyhound. Here, as in all other Arab countries, the common dog, whatever the utility of his employment in protecting the tents and flocks, is still regarded as a contemptible and troublesome servant—a disagreeable necessity. The greyhound alone, as the companion of his chivalrous pastimes, is treated by the Arab with affectionate attention and respect. While, therefore, the faithful watch-dog is driven forth from the tent, treated as a vulgar brute, and allowed to seek his food among the offal and bones that have been thrown out, the greyhound sleeps in the men's apartment, on a carpet beside his master, or even on his bed. He is abundantly, but carefully fed with *koo-koo*s; and in summer, cakes are made for him of milk and stoned dates, which are said to be highly tonic. If a thorough-bred animal, he will not drink out of a dirty vessel, nor will he taste milk in which any one has put his hands. He is defended from the cold with coverlets like the horse, the Arabs having no objection to his being sensitive in this respect—it is evidence of high blood. They delight in decking him with ornaments, and make for him collars of cowry-shells, to which they attach talismans to secure him from the blight of an evil eye.

No pains are spared in the breeding of this dainty animal; and the owner of a handsome *sloogiah* (female greyhound), thinks little of a journey of eighty or ninety miles to secure for her an eligible match. But nobility has its sorrows as well as its honours; and if she should take upon herself to form a *mésalliance* among the guardians of the flock, she is reproached in terms which we forbear to translate, and if not herself put to death without mercy, her progeny at least is destroyed. If, however, all in this respect has been done according to the rules of sloogian morals, her

#### CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS.

accouchement is an event of distinguished importance, and one which attracts to the tent a round of congratulatory visits. These are not all disinterested; no flattery or cajolery is spared to induce the owner to bestow a puppy: 'Pray give me one: am I not your friend?' 'Do give me one: see how I will help you in the chase.' The usual answer to all these solicitations is, that he will not decide for seven days on which he will rear for himself, and which he will bestow. At the end of that time, he selects, according to established tests, the strongest of the litter, and appropriates the rest among his friends. At the end of forty days, they are removed from the mother, and fed with goat or camel's milk, mixed with dates and kooskoos.

At the age of three or four months, the education of the greyhound is begun by the children starting *jerboas*, and inducing him to give chase. He soon becomes so fond of this pastime, that he will bark round the holes, to induce the youngsters to renew the sport. The next game on which he is tried is the hare; then the young gazelle. At the end of a year, he has attained his full strength, and is advanced to be the companion of the master of the tent, who teaches him to hunt the full-sized gazelle. The Arab talks to him as a human being: 'Listen to me, friend; thou must bring me some venison: I am tired of eating nothing but dates;' whereupon the *sloogee* leaps, wheels about, and intimates as plainly as possible that he understands his master's wish, and is abundantly willing to comply.

When the *sloogee* perceives a herd of thirty or forty gazelles, he trembles with joy, and looks wistfully at his master. 'Ha! young Jew,' says the Arab, 'thou wilt not say this time that thou hast not seen them.' He then unties an ox-skin, and refreshes the body of the *sloogee* with a sprinkling of water. The impatient animal turns on him an imploring eye: he is loosed on the game, and bounds away; but yet conceals himself, crouches down if he is perceived, makes a zigzag course; and it is not till fairly within reach that he darts with all his strength, choosing the finest of the herd as his victim. When the hunter cuts up the gazelle, he gives the *sloogee* part of the loin; if he were offered any refuse, he would reject it with disdain.

A thorough-bred *sloogee* will hunt with no one but his own master; and he manifests due self-respect in his choice of a prey. If on loosing him, his master has pointed out a fine gazelle, and he has succeeded only in taking a small and middling-looking one, he seems to feel the reproach that attaches to the failure, and slinks away ashamed, instead of claiming his accustomed share. He always accompanies his master when visiting, and shares whatever hospitalities he receives. By his extreme cleanliness, the kindness of his manners, and his respect for the usages of society, he shews himself worthy of the attentions thus bestowed on him. When the Arab returns home after a somewhat prolonged absence, his *sloogee* makes a single bound from the tent to the saddle, and welcomes him with caresses.

## CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS.

The greyhound of Sahara is very superior to that of the coast. He is tall and fawn-coloured, has a thin muzzle, black tongue and palate, large forehead, short ears, muscular neck, very soft hair, no paunch, dry limbs, and the muscles of the croup well marked. A pretty good one is considered worth a fine camel; but those which take the largest gazelles, will bring as much as a horse. A family hunter, however, is never sold; an Arab would almost as soon think of selling one of his sons. When he dies, it is a time of mourning in the tent; the women and children weep and lament, as for a member of the family.

## OSTRICH HUNTING AND SHOOTING.

The severest ordeal to which the horse is usually subjected, is the ostrich-hunt. His ordinary training is not sufficient to qualify him for this sport; it requires a special course of preparation called *techaha*. Seven or eight days before the chase begins, the usual allowance of straw or hay is withdrawn, and he receives no food but barley; he is allowed to drink only once a day, and that at sunset, when he is also washed. He is daily conducted through a good deal of exercise in all his paces; his equipments also are carefully examined, and modified for the object in view. The saddle and stirrups are lightened; the two *kerboos* (pommels) are lowered; and the *stara*, or red morocco saddle-cloth, is removed. 'At the end of seven or eight days,' say the Arabs, 'his paunch has disappeared, while his chest, croup, and shoulders, remain in good condition, and he is capable of enduring great fatigue.'

The season deemed most favourable for this sport is during the height of summer; for the hotter the weather, the less vigour has the ostrich for self-defence. Ten knights of the desert unite for one of these expeditions, each attended by a servant and a camel, which carries four ox-skins filled with water, barley for the horse, meal, *rouina* (a kind of parched meal), dates, a pot for cooking, some leather straps, horseshoes, nails, and a bodkin.

The hunter must wear no clothes but a linen or cotton shirt, and a light woollen *culotte*; he wraps round his neck and ears a piece of light stuff called *haouli*; on his feet are sandals, tied on with strings, and a pair of light gaiters, instead of the usual red morocco boots. He does not encumber himself with firearms; his only weapon is a stick from the wild olive or tamarind tree, four or five feet long, and heavy at one end. The party thus prepared do not waste their strength in searching out the game; they do not stir till they have learned that there is a large number of ostriches about a given spot. The birds are generally found wherever there is plenty of grass, especially soon after rain. When the information of their whereabouts is obtained, the sportsmen set out in the morning, and after perhaps a day or two's journey, perceiving traces of the game, they halt and

#### CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS.

encamp. The next day, two intelligent servants are sent to reconnoitre. Quite destitute of clothing, save a handkerchief, as an apology for drawers, and carrying with them a little rouina and water, they proceed on foot till they espy the ostriches, which collect and feed, say the Arabs, on elevated spots. The men instantly lie down and hide themselves; and while one continues watching, the other creeps away to apprise the party, and conduct them to the spot. He reports that he has seen thirty, forty, or sixty ostriches—for it is said there are sometimes companies of this strength—and under his guidance the horsemen advance towards the hill. They proceed with great caution: the nearer they approach the birds, the more careful are they not to be seen by them; and when they reach the last ridge or hillock that can afford them a hiding-place, they dismount, and lie close. Two scouts creep forward, to make sure that the ostriches are still in the same place; and if the former accounts are confirmed, each man gives his horse a moderate drink, and the baggage is deposited. No need to leave any one to watch it; it is sure to be found where it was, and as it was, on their return. Again they mount; the servants and camels follow the track of the horses; but now each camel carries only the horse's supper and his own, with water for them and their master. The ten horsemen now divide and form a cordon round the game, but at a great distance, for the ostrich has remarkably good sight. When the servants see them posted, they walk right before them, and alarm the ostriches, which begin to fly in terror. But they are met by the horsemen, who at first make no effort against them, except to drive them back, and keep them within the circle. This, however, requires no small degree of speed and dexterity, and the excitement is now at the highest. The terrified birds, always striving to escape, and always driven back, become at length breathless and exhausted, as the sportsmen know by observing that they begin to flap their wings. At this signal, they check the speed of their horses, and fall deliberately on the birds, each hunter attaching himself to the pursuit of one in particular. On overtaking it, he deals it a smart blow of his stick on the head, which, being bald, is particularly vulnerable. The ostrich falls, and the sportsman immediately bleeds it, taking care to hold the neck out from the body, lest the plumes should be soiled. When the *delim* (male) is thus immolated, especially in presence of its young, it cries most lamentably; but the female suffers in silence. If the huntsman chose, however, he might take his prey alive, and lead it gently away, for by the time he overtakes it, it is so exhausted that it can hardly walk.

As soon as the ostrich has bled to death, the skin is removed with care, so as not to injure the feathers, and spread on a bush or on the back of the horse. When the camels come up, the inside of the carcass is plentifully sprinkled with salt; the servants light fires, put on the pots, and give the fat a thorough boiling. When it is quite melted, they pour it into a kind of bag, formed of the

#### CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS.

skin of the thigh and leg, strongly tied at the lower end. The fat of an ostrich in good condition should fill both its legs. The sportsmen sup on the rest of the flesh, dressed with pepper and meal; while the horses are fed with barley, and watered. The whole party thus partially refreshed, hasten, whatever may have been the fatigues of the chase, to return to the spot where they left their baggage. Here they remain at least forty-eight hours, to rest their horses, which are now the objects of much anxiety and the most assiduous attention. Sometimes they send home the spoil by servants, who come back with fresh supplies, and the chase is renewed; but more generally they return to their tents as soon as the horses are considered sufficiently recruited.

Ostrich-hunting is not merely an exciting sport, highly relished by the dexterous horseman, but it is a profitable enterprise. The plumage of a delim is sold at from four to five dollars; that of a *reumda* at from ten to fifteen francs. The grease is three times the value of common butter; it is eaten with bread, and used in the preparation of kooskoos and other articles of food. The Arabs employ it likewise as a remedy in various maladies.

Ostrich-shooting is another favourite sport, practised during the period that the ostrich is sitting on its eggs—namely, in November, December, and January. It requires a company of five or six horsemen, who take with them two camels, laden with provision for three or four weeks. Having found a nest, they dig on each side of it, and at about twenty paces distant, a hole deep enough to contain a man. In these holes they place two of their best marksmen, and cover them up with long grass, so that the guns alone protrude. One is appointed to shoot the male bird, the other the female. These preparations may be made in the temporary absence of the birds, or even while the female is sitting; for if she should decamp in terror, the delim will not believe there is any sufficient cause, and, with somewhat ungallant chastisement, will force her to return; whereas, if himself witnessed the operation, he would forsake the nest, and neither would return to it. It is when he relieves her, and takes his place on the eggs, that the appointed marksman fires, aiming at the thighs, which, from the position of the bird, sitting with outspread wings, are extremely prominent. If these are broken, there is no chance of escape; and the other sportsmen come up, bleed the bird to death, hide the carcass, and carefully cover with sand every trace of blood. When the female comes home, she is shot in the same way by the second man, and the party proceed to divide the spoil.

At this season, the birds are lean, and yield little grease; but the feathers are in superior condition. The eggs, also, which in ordinary cases amount to five-and-twenty or thirty, form a considerable article of commerce on the Mediterranean shores. Formerly, the sportsmen ate them when they found them pretty fresh, and either threw away the shells, or kept them to adorn their mausoleums.

#### CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS.

The produce, whatever it may be, is equally divided; but the man who shot the delim receives a dollar over and above his share, and he who shot the reumda an egg. If, however, by an unusual stroke of ill-luck, the former misses his aim, he is obliged to pay his comrades the price of the bird. 'We chose thee,' they say, 'as the best shot; we put thee in a good position to serve thyself and us, and thou hast caused us such a loss; thou shalt make it good.' If the man who fired at the reumda fails, he simply forfeits his share of the delim and the eggs.

Ostrich-shooting serves to form numerous and excellent marksmen in Sahara. The great object is to hit the head, or if the creature is sitting, the thighs; so as not to soil the feathers. A good shot carries a string of talismans behind the lock of his gun, and his name is cited among the tribes.

The paternal affection of the delim is remarkable: it is he that takes the principal charge of the nest from the time that the eggs are laid; it is he that breaks the shells as soon as he feels that the young ones are stirring within; he braves every danger and combats every enemy in their defence. The reumda, on the contrary, is easily terrified, and leaves all to secure her own safety; so that it is common among the Arabs to compare a man who gallantly defends his tent to a delim, and a pusillanimous soul to a reumda. If a company of sportsmen take a fancy to secure some young ostriches, they follow their traces, and having nearly overtaken them, begin to shout; the terrified birds run to the delim, which stands still to defend them; and the sportsmen take them away before his eyes, in spite of his bravadoes in the first instance, and his cries of grief when he finds there is no remedy. Sometimes the greyhound is employed in this sport, and while he and the delim are fighting, the men carry off the young birds, and bring them up in their tents. They are easily tamed, exceedingly lively and playful, and never attempt to make their escape. But they are very voracious, and great thieves.\*

#### GAZELLE-HUNTING.

The chase of the gazelle is not like that of the ostrich—a piece of severe exercise, and at the same time of profitable speculation: it is mere pastime. A gazelle is not worth more than a franc or a franc and a half; and it is not for so small an inducement that an Arab will train and prepare, fatigue, and even endanger his horse, as he does in ostrich-hunting. In this sport, indeed, neither the man nor the horse is the chief actor; for the latter, it is only a promenade. It belongs to the greyhound, which we have mentioned as another favourite companion of these aristocratic sons of the desert.

\* For more on the habits of these birds, see Chambers's *Edinburgh Journal*, No. 460.

#### CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS.

Winter is the best season for hunting the gazelle; not only because the horses and dogs then find more plentiful supplies of water, but because the dampness of the sand retards the flight of the game. Twelve or fifteen sportsmen set out on horseback, with servants, tents, provisions, and seven or eight greyhounds. The men wear their usual equestrian costume, including three burnouses, morocco boots, and galoches. The horses have their usual trappings, including the large red morocco saddle-cloth. They proceed to the neighbourhood where they expect to find game, and go pretty much at random hither and thither till they descry a herd. Gazelles travel in companies of from four or five to a hundred; sometimes two or three hundred are found together; and from afar, they might be taken for the flock of a migrating tribe of Arabs. When the sporting-party come within sight of them, they approach with great caution, hiding themselves behind the shrubs and ridges of sand. At the distance of about three-quarters of a mile, the servants, who have held the dogs in leash, loose them. At the moment of letting them go they exclaim: '*Biessem Allah Kber*' (In the name of the great God!) The hound flies like an arrow from a bow, and his master urges and excites him by the most affectionate exclamations, which, if literally translated, would be: 'My brother! my friend! my lord! There they are!' The horsemen follow at a gentle canter, just so as not to lose the track; the baggage comes on at a still greater distance. Even the best sloopges do not overtake the herd till after a run of six or eight miles; and inferior ones are obliged to pursue at least twice that distance. Now only the spectacle is fraught with interest and excitement. The foremost of the pack selects the finest animal in the herd, and springs upon it; a battle ensues, and both agility and dexterity are elicited to the utmost. The gazelle turns on the dog, butts first to the left, then to the right, bounds now forwards, now backwards; leaps over the greyhound, flies, and, by numerous windings, endeavours to make him lose the scent of her steps; then turns on him again, and strives to gore him with her horns. But vain are all her evolutions; her enemy is as indefatigable as he is ardent; he keeps at her, presses her closely and perseveringly, till he fairly makes her his prey. The moment she is seized, she utters a plaintive cry; it is her death-song, and a note of victory to the sloopgee, which leaps upon her, and with a single bite behind her head breaks the vertebral column. The gazelle falls, and lies perfectly still under the eyes of the victor, till the hunters come up and bleed her to death. According to the laws of the Koran, the esophagus, the trachea, and the two jugular veins, must be severed, or the flesh is unfit for human food. It sometimes happens, however, that the horsemen do not arrive for long after the game has been run down, and death has already taken place. In this case, they may eat the flesh, provided they have not omitted the invocation at the loosing of the greyhounds; because the Prophet has said: 'When thou hast loosed thy sloopgee, and

#### CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS.

invoked the name of Allah, if thy dog spares thee the prey which he has taken, and thou findest it alive, bleed it for its purification; and if it is dead, and thy dog has not eaten of it, thou mayest eat it.' As every true believer must act up to rule, the game cannot be eaten if the invocation has been neglected.

Those among the hunters who are well mounted, and have good dogs, resume the chase, and need no rest till evening. Sometimes they eat the game at their bivouac; when abundant, it is carried home to the duar, and sent as presents to their relatives and friends, when it becomes the occasion of family gatherings, in which the staple dish is this venison, which is esteemed the highest delicacy.

Young gazelles are often taken alive and domesticated, but they always escape when they find opportunity, to resume a life of freedom.

#### FALCONRY.

The hunting equipage of a Saharian noble is deemed complete when, to the full-bred horse and greyhound, he has added a falcon, or bird of noble race (Thair el hoor). It is of a deep yellow colour, and very muscular, has a strong beak, large thighs, and sharp claws. It is very rare, and used only by the wealthiest classes.

The following is the mode of catching and training the falcon:—When one has been pointed out, a tame pigeon is put into a kind of small net, and sent up into the air in sight of the bird of prey. He darts upon it; his talons become entangled, so that he can neither draw them out nor fly away; and he is taken. When he finds himself a prisoner, he shews no sign either of anger or fear, so that it is a proverb among the Arabs, on the occurrence of any great misfortune, that 'the bird of noble race does not grieve at being taken.'

They now put rings on his feet, and attach him to a little perch which has been put up in the tent. To accustom him to man, they cover his head with a hood which allows only the beak to protrude, and speak in his hearing. When he is uncowed, his master gives him fresh meat, holds him on his finger, caresses him, and talks to him as much as possible before a numerous company, to accustom him to the noise of many voices. At the end of a month, he knows his master, and is quite domesticated.

The Arab then takes a young hare, and having tied one end of a very long cord to one of its paws, he attaches the other to the leg of the falcon; he then unhoods the bird, and lets go the hare before him. As soon as the falcon sees the prey, he soars aloft with a cry; the hare stops and squats; the falcon darts on it, and kills it with a stroke of its talon. The master then comes up, rips open the hare, and gives the bird part of it as his reward. This process is repeated till the falcon shews no disposition to escape, but always waits for his lord when he has killed the game. He is

#### CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS.

considered as fully taught when he obeys the *rappel*, whether before or after seizing the prey. Having attained this perfection of discipline, he is taken to the chase, perching on his master's head or shoulder as he rides on horseback. As soon as the Arab perceives a hare, he unhoods the bird, and sets him on. The falcon points in the air, pounces on the prey, and kills it with a single stroke. The hood is replaced on him immediately. None but nobles engage in falconry. They go out in companies of from twenty-five to thirty, and lay wagers on their birds. The game hunted on such occasions consists of the hare, the rabbit, the young gazelle, the *habar*, which is a bird as large as a stork, the pigeon, and the turtle-dove.

A good camel, or even horse, is not deemed too high a price for a falcon. Like the eagle, this noble bird disdains carrion. He lives in the tent, and receives much attention. Some chiefs carry their hawks everywhere with them; and in Sahara, it is the certain mark of a gentleman to have one's burnoose soiled by his bird.

#### THE RAZZIA.

The most frequent and almost daily adventure of Arab life is the *razzia*. Glory, no doubt, is a fine thing; but in the desert, the highest glory is to destroy another's property, and augment one's own. Victory is not smoke, but booty, and the sweetest vengeance is to enrich one's self with the enemy's spoils. Nothing meets the triple desire of glory, vengeance, and plunder, so effectually as the *razzia*, or sudden incursion into an enemy's encampment.

Razzias are of three kinds: there is the *teha* (or massacre), which is made at daybreak, and the primary object of which is vengeance rather than plunder. Then there is the *krotefa*, which takes place at two or three hours after noon; and the *terbig*, which occurs at midnight. We shall explain and describe each of these.

When a *teha* is projected, the sheik orders that the horses be shod, and that each man prepares sufficient provision for five or six days. Before setting out, the *goum* (or invading-party) send two or four men, well mounted, intelligent, prudent, and acquainted with the country, to act as *shuafin* (spies), and reconnoitre the position of the tribe to be attacked. They never approach directly, but make a long circuitous route, in such wise that, in case of being seen, they will be in the direction where a friendly tribe is encamped. Having arrived near the spot, one of them dismounts, and penetrates into the midst of the *duar* without exciting the least suspicion. Having ascertained the number and position of the enemy, the *shuafin* return by the same way to rejoin the *goum*, who have cautiously advanced to meet them.

Before entering on the struggle, the chiefs address their

#### CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS.

followers with great warmth. 'Attend! let none of you attempt to spoil the women, to carry off horses, to enter the tents, or to take a step for plunder, till the work of death is done; remember we have to do with transgressors, who will defend themselves vigorously. These people have killed our brethren—no mercy for them! Slay, slay! if you desire at once revenge and spoil, for they will not sell either their lives or property cheap.'

The goum then divides into three or four parties, in order to terrify the tribe by several assaults at once; and as soon as they enter the duar, they commence firing, but without any cry. These onslaughts are generally of the most sanguinary character. The men, being taken by surprise before they have had time to arm, are almost all killed; and then, if time permit, the invaders carry off the tents, negroes, horses, sheep, &c. The women are stripped of their garments, but no further injury is inflicted either on them or the children. These warriors never burden themselves with prisoners.

In returning home, they send forward the livestock under the care of a party of horsemen, and form a strong body of reserve, to guard against casualties in the retreat. Having arrived at their own duar, they divide the spoil among them, according to certain established usages, to be hereafter described.

Though so frequent an occurrence, a razzia of this kind is considered a solemn one. Before undertaking it, the tribe has placed itself under the protection of a particular marabout, to whom application is made in circumstances of difficulty. Now when success has crowned the enterprise, the rejoicings are great, but still of a religious character: in every tent a feast is prepared in honour of the marabouts; and the poor, the widows, the *vahas* (literate), the farriers, and the free negroes are invited.

Such an expedition generally engages 500 or 600 horsemen, to whom are often added a number of men, who may be denominated infantry, carried to the spot on camels, but destined to join the fray on foot. Sometimes the invaded tribe has received some intimation of the intended attack: then there is a combat instead of a massacre; but the assailants, having no incumbrance of women or children, have almost always the advantage.

The object of the *krotefa* is the capture of a herd of camels grazing in the open country, eighteen or twenty miles from the tents. From 150 to 200 horsemen unite, and put themselves en route; the reconnoitring is conducted as in the *teba*, but the plans are laid so as to make the descent two or three hours after noon. Having seized the prey, consisting of 300, 400, 500, or 600 camels, they divide themselves. One party, composed of those mounted on the inferior horses, go in front with the booty; the other forms a rear-guard against the enemy, and the better to watch proceedings, takes a different route, after appointing a rendezvous for the following day. In these sallies, the shepherds, who seldom attempt any resistance, are generally spared. But the recent

#### CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS.

is quickly spread, the injured tribe muster immediately on the plain, and pursue the spoilers. The odds, however, are on the side of the latter when it comes to a conflict, for they are on the lookout, and their horses have rested, whereas those of the pillaged tribe come up to them hurried and out of breath. The firing begins; but night draws on, and as soon as the darkness thickens, the plunderers scamper away. They may be pursued for a short distance; but the conviction that the camels are beyond recovery, and the fear of being attacked by ambuscading parties, generally induce the pursuers to desist and return to their tents, of course with the fullest intention of enjoying a *krotefa* in return whenever opportunity offers. Though the conflict attending such an expedition is not often a sharp one, and is soon terminated by night, those who take part in it run considerable risks. One may, for instance, receive a wound sufficient to disable him from keeping up with his companions in the retreat; and then it is all up with him, unless he is a person of distinction, in which case he is never abandoned. A powerful horseman takes him across his saddle, and brings him home dead or alive.

At a terbig, fifteen or twenty horsemen only propose to carry off a herd from the midst of the tents. After reconnoitring, they approach within 200 or 300 steps of an isolated *duar* at dead of night. Three of them alight, and one of them makes a noise on the opposite side to alarm the dogs. 'It is a passing hyæna or jackal,' say the people, and take no further notice. Meanwhile, the other two fellows enter into the *duar*, undo the chains of ten, fifteen, or twenty camels, according to the degree of security they seem to enjoy, take off their own shoes, and beat them against each other, so as to frighten the animals, and make them run away. They follow quickly themselves, and meeting their friends with their horses, the whole party unite in collecting the camels. They then divide into two bands, one taking charge of the prize, the other lagging behind to divert the pursuit, if attempted, into a different direction. For a *razzia* of this kind, a party will think little of a journey of seventy or eighty miles. Sometimes expedients grotesque enough are resorted to. On one occasion we have heard of, the jolliest of the marauding party stripped himself to the skin; tied his shoes on his head, in imitation of great ears; burst into the *duar* holding an old saddle-bow, which he brandished in every direction, and struck from time to time on the ground, crying aloud, as in extreme terror: 'The *goum!* the *goum!* rise, help, we are betrayed!' The clamour and gesticulation of the fellow spread terror among the animals; horses, sheep, and camels fled wildly from the *duar*, and were quietly collected by the ambuscaded horsemen. By the time the people had got out of their tents, seized their arms, and mounted their horses, the merry-andrew was in his saddle again, and the fugitive flocks and herds were far enough off to escape under favour of the night.

#### CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS.

Such an expedition as the *terbig* appears to us as mere thievery. But the number of the persons engaged in it, and their rank—for they are cavaliers and warriors—invest even this *razzia* with a chivalrous character. There are forms of private robbery, the special province of certain individuals of lower status; but however its success may be a subject of gratulation among their immediate friends, it has no claim to be treated as a public event. It exposes the party to severe punishment if practised within his own or any allied tribe; if towards any enemy, he gets credit for being a clever fellow, without any particular obloquy; still, it has no claim to be the occupation of a gentleman, and therefore makes no part of those usages which constitute the chivalry of the desert.

#### W A R.

A caravan has been pillaged; the women of a tribe have been insulted; or the possession of the wells and pasture-lands has been disputed: no *razzia*, not even the *teha*, suffices to avenge such a wrong; and the chiefs have met, and resolved on war. They send to all their allies among the tribes to summon them to their help. The allies, of course, may be reckoned on; are they not themselves the enemies of the tribe to be punished? have they not the same sympathies and the same interests? and do not they make part of the confederation? None of them will refuse to send its contingent in proportion to its number and importance. But they cannot arrive for eight or ten days, and the interim is improved by the chiefs in holding councils among themselves, and exciting their followers by proclamations.

‘You are hereby warned, O slaves of Allah, that we have to deal retribution to such a tribe, who has offered us such an insult. Shoe your horses, make provision for fifteen days, do not forget the corn, the barley, the *khrelea* (dry meat), and the butter; you must not only supply your own wants, but shew generous hospitality to the cavaliers of such, such, and such a tribe, whom we expect to support us. Command your handsomest women to hold themselves in readiness to accompany us; let them attire themselves in their richest dresses; let them accoutre with their best their camels and their *atateesh* (a kind of palanquin). Put on also yourselves your richest vestments, for it is an affair in which self-respect is deeply concerned. Keep your arms in good condition; furnish yourselves with powder, and repair on such a day to such a place. The man who has a mare and does not come, or he who has but a gun and remains behind, shall be punished by a fine—the former of twenty, the latter of ten sheep.’

Before setting out, the chiefs confide the flocks, tents, and other property to the care of experienced old men, who are also to act as police, and watch over the community of women, children, sick people, and shepherds remaining at the *duar*.

#### CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS.

The enemy also are making preparations. According to the information they have received from travellers, or even from friends and relatives they may have in the hostile tribe, they hasten to summon their allies; they place their flocks, tents, and baggage in what they believe a safe place; a rendezvous is appointed with as little delay as possible; and, for fear of surprise, they choose a position suitable for acting on the defensive, and wait the issue of events.

They have not long to wait, for the tribe that has taken arms in vengeance does not lose a moment unnecessarily. The night before setting out, all the auxiliary chiefs meet those that have summoned them, and in presence of the marabouts, take the following oath on the book of Sidi-Abd-Allah :—‘ O friends ! let us swear by the truth of the holy book of Sidi-Abd-Allah, that we are brothers, that we will be one and the same gun, and that if we die, we will all die by the same sword. If you need us by day, we will come in the day; and if you call us in the night, we will run to you in the night.’

In the morning, at the appointed hour, a man of the highest birth, a noble among the nobles, mounts his horse, orders his wives to follow, and gives the signal. All is then astir; every one begins to move; the eye is dazzled by the strange and picturesque pell-mell; the grotesque mixture of horses, warriors, and camels carrying the rich palanquins in which the women are ensconced. Here are infantry—if such they may be called—borne on camels, and forming a company apart; there are horsemen guarding the march of the women; others, more ardent and careless, have advanced in front, or scattered themselves on the flanks, acting less as guides than hunters. They take gazelles, hares, young ostriches, and antelopes, with their greyhounds.

The chiefs are more staid. On them lies the responsibility of the adventure; theirs will be the lion's share of the spoil, if it succeed; theirs the shame, the reproach, the ruin, if it fail. They are occupied in thought and consultation. Then come the camels carrying the provisions; but the order, as well as the rapidity of the march, is determined less by any established rule, than by the exigencies of the surface over which they travel; each makes his way as he can, and all is disorderly, noisy, and joyous. They are thinking of the adventure, not the fatigue that is in prospect; of the *éclat*, not the danger; the warriors relate their past exploits, the musicians accompany them on the flute, now animating, now interrupting the narrative; and the women set up cries of joy. Above all these noises, explosions of powder are occasionally heard, and the excitement rises to intoxication. But even the guns will be silent, and all will be attention, if a handsome young cavalier begins to sing one of those erotic songs which Arab fancy and Arab passion have filled with brilliant images and foreign ornaments, and whose charms appear ever new to these chivalrous sons and romantic daughters of the desert. After a few hours, the heat becomes

## CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS.

oppressive; a halt is made; the tents are pitched; the repast is prepared; the horses are unbridled, and allowed to pasture. There is a general repose. But the sun gets lower, and about three hours after mid-day, the heat begins sensibly to abate; and now, in a brilliant equestrian fantasia, is the time for a man to shew himself a man. The women are looking on, and more than one is rewarded for his skill in managing the horse, or using the gun. See that negro!—he is the messenger to whom one of the fair spectators has confided the secret of her admiration, and he carries to the hero of the fantasia her silver anklets, or necklace of cloves—sweet pledge of further favours! Now you are a happy man; but the lover must be prudent as well as gallant. You have a friend: to-morrow, you must give him your horse and your vestments, and desire him to display himself in the midst of the goum, and deceive the warriors. Then, as a modest trudger on foot, you may walk unsuspected by the camel that carries your mistress, and tell her all your heart. But, see! he has slipped into her atateesh, and if detected, it will cost him his life. But who will betray him? Not the emissary, who received two or three dollars for carrying the message; not the slaves of the tent, who have also been remembered; they will give him the signal at the moment when the bustle of encamping for the night presents a favourable opportunity for getting out again unperceived.

Before sunset, the chiefs have discovered by their scouts a suitable place for the bivouac. It must have a supply of water, grass, and bushes for firewood. They arrive at the spot decided on, and each pitches his tent; the horses as well as the camels are tethered for the night; the negroes go to fetch grass for the cattle and wood for the fires; the women perform the cuisine, and supper is served. A thousand little scenes and incidents give to this encampment a charming aspect of primitive simplicity; but ere long it is enveloped in utter darkness, unless there be moonlight, for the fires are burned out, and lamps and candles are things unknown in Sahara. Now there are abundant facilities for intrigue, over which we, too, would draw a veil, thick as the darkness that screens the transgressors. Now, also, is the season for the vengeance of love. *Notens volens*, every Arab lady has admirers, and not unfrequently it occurs that at dead of night a rejected lover penetrates the tent of the haughty fair one, shoots her, and escapes. Of course, the report produces a stir, and there is rising, and running, and crying enough; but the assassin is off, and such crimes generally pass unpunished for want of witnesses.

But now the night is past, the sun gilds the horizon, it is time to start again; and the second day's march begins. The chiefs despatch shuafin, with charges to observe the position of the enemy, and to judge by outward signs what is his moral condition, and what reinforcements he has received. These spies advance with great caution, and proceed no further than they are favoured by the night. When they are near the camp, a man on foot separates

#### CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS.

from the rest, hides here and there among the bushes, or behind the hills and ridges of sand, and often all in tatters, enters boldly at night into the midst of the tents. He ascertains the number of men, horses, tents; observes whether the people are laughing and amusing themselves, or whether sadness pervades the camp. He then returns to his companions and reports. The shuatin together wait for the dawn in a hiding-place, impatient to see what will be the attitude of the foe at sunrise, whether they indulge in a fantasia, whether they fire their guns, whether shouts of joy, or songs, or sounds of the flute, are heard; if so, doubtless they have obtained succours, and are not afraid of the approaching conflict. The assailing party continue to advance, till arrived within twenty or five-and-twenty miles from the enemy. They have travelled by short journeys, for the baggage, the women, and the men on foot, are serious hinderances to speed, to say nothing of the frequent orders of the chiefs, who desire to afford time for reflection to the tribe they are about to attack. This is prudent policy; and there are powerful motives for it. Who knows but there will be proposals of peace, backed with gifts for them, the preponderating personages in the council? Is this without precedent? Is it not customary enough to warrant the anticipation that it may be so on this occasion? There may be webs of cotton or linen, vestments, silver-mounted guns, anklets, and last, not least, dollars! If matters take this turn, they are near an amicable arrangement.

The hostile bands are now, say twenty-five miles apart, and no proposal, direct or indirect, has been made. Does the tribe believe itself incapable of resistance, or does it accept battle? If it prefers not fighting, it assembles the most influential of the marabouts, and furnishes them with douceurs, towards which all contribute, according to their wealth. The holy men proceed by night to the enemy's camp, and place themselves under the protection of a chief who has been apprised of their visit, and primed. He conducts them to the tent of another chief, who also consents; to accept the offered presents; both accompany the ambassadors of peace to a third personage, and thus they continue till all the prevailing voices are gained. In the morning, the marabouts, certain of a welcome hearing, openly announce their mission.

'We are come only for the love of God. You know that we are marabouts, and that we desire nothing but what is good. You must, for our sakes, become reconciled to the Mussulmans who have sent us; it would be better than to draw on us the miseries of war, ruin, and death. If you are content, Heaven will bless you and your wives, your children, your mares, your camels; but if you will do the evil, may it return upon your own heads. We repeat it—make peace, and may Allah curse the demon of strife!'

After some objections and difficulties, raised for form's sake, the chiefs make their reply.

## CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS.

'We will make peace for God's sake and yours; but on the following conditions:—1st, You will restore the property, whether goods, provisions, or animals, which were taken from us when your people pillaged our caravan at such a place. 2d, You will pay the *dya* (price of blood) of our people that were slain by yours on such a day. 3d, You will restore, also, all that your people carried off from us in cattle at such a time, or in such a krotefa. 4th, You will return all the camels and horses of which the thieves of your tribe have despoiled us, and which are still among you.'

The maraboots accept these conditions, and pledge themselves for their fulfilment; they then produce the holy book of Sidi-Abd-Allah, and all the chiefs swear by it that they will make peace. After the oath, the ambassadors return to their tribe, to communicate what has been decided on, and urge the fulfilment of the conditions for which they have become security. The next day, the tribe that has granted the peace continues its advancing march, and seats itself at a league or more from the enemy. Hardly is it encamped, when the maraboots, and all the chiefs of the opposite party, come forward, bringing the atonement agreed on. The grandees of the two hostile camps meet, and swear anew on the book of Sidi-Abd-Allah.

'By the truth of Sidi-Abd-Allah, we swear that there shall be no longer between us either razzia, or theft, or murder, or reprisals; that we are brothers, and that from this time we will fire our guns only in the same cause.' The maraboots of both parties then pronounce the religious invocation called *fatah*, and say in conclusion: 'May God bless you, children, for having buried the knife of mischief, and may he grant you to prosper in your families and goods!' These holy men are afterwards visited on both sides by chiefs, who present them with the accustomed offerings.

Peace being thus concluded, the invading tribe prepare to return home, celebrating a most noisy fantasia at their departure; the horses prance, the guns are fired, the women shout for joy; all is a delirium of happiness. A dozen of the chiefs remain for a time with their late enemies, from whom they receive sumptuous hospitality, and often handsome presents. When they take leave, they bring some of their chiefs to their tents in their turn, and give a generous reception to the new allies. Such a truce is considered binding for one or two years.

Certes, this peace would never have been concluded had there been no midnight negotiation. If the maraboots had come in open day, the jealous Arabs who had observed their scheming would have made an outcry: 'By the wrongs of our women, we will fight! Such a one has received cloth; such a one, money; another, jewels; this one, webs of cotton; that one, arms; and we whose kindred have been slain, we whose cattle have been carried away, we have received nothing. Yes! we swear by Sidi-Abd-Allah, the powder shall speak!'

Often, indeed, the powder does speak; and that without any

#### CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS.

one having had cause to complain of presents made to the chiefs; without any one having hindered them from debating and accepting conditions from which he derived no advantage. This happens when the tribe to be attacked has determined on resistance, and is prepared to fight. It allows the foe to approach within a day's march, and there being no advance made, no proposal of accommodation, they continue their route next day, and encamp five miles or more from those who are waiting to receive them.

The guides of both parties now act as heralds; they meet and provoke each other, prefacing their hostile deeds of arms by insulting and abusive language. One set cries: 'O Fatma, daughters of Fatma, the night is come; why continue to-day? To-morrow will be your day.' The other party: 'Dogs, puppies, to-morrow, if you are men, we will face you.'

The heralds retire; and the chiefs of each tribe quickly organise a guard of a hundred horse and a hundred foot for the protection of the camp. The next day, they watch attentively; if one of the parties packs up its tents, the other does the same; but if, leaving the tents pitched, it advances to the combat with its cavalry, its infantry, and its women, mounted on camels, the other follows the example. We presume that a particular description of one of these conflicts will be novel and interesting to the English reader.

The cavalry of the respective tribes faced each other; the women on camels were behind them, protected by the infantry, who at the same time formed the reserve. The combat was begun by the small bands of horsemen which covered the flanks; the chiefs, at the head of a pretty compact mass, keeping in the centre. The action soon became warm; the young cavaliers, the bravest and the best mounted dashed in front, carried away by their ardour and thirst for blood. They uncovered their heads, began to sing martial songs, and excited each other by shouting: 'Where are those that have mistresses?—it is under their eyes that warriors fight to-day! Where are those that ever boast their valour in presence of their chiefs?—it is to-day that their lances should be long, and not their tongues. Where are those that long for fame!—forward, sons of powder! See before you this low-born race, a generation of Jews! Our sabres must drink their blood; their goods must be given to our wives. To the scratch, young men! to the scratch! Balls do not kill! Nothing kills but destiny!'

Now all was fiery valour; the warriors made their horses rear, and fired their guns; every countenance gleamed with desire of blood, and soon they came to close quarters, and fought hand to hand with sword and lance. When one of the parties began to give way, and to fall back on the camels with the women, there arose from the females on one side shouts of joy, to animate the victors, and on the other, reproaches, imprecations, and wailings of grief, to stimulate the failing courage of their husbands and brothers. 'See now the famous warriors that rode about with

## CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS.

white stirrups and splendid vestments on our gala-days ! Look at them now, flying, and even abandoning their women ! O Jews ! sons of Jews ! Dismount ; we will get on your horses, and from this day you shall not be reckoned as men. O cowards ! May Allah send you his curse !' Stung to the quick, the receding party made another desperate effort, and supported by the fire of the infantry forming the reserve, they regained their ground, and drove back the enemy in turn on the women of the opposite side, who now of course reviled those whom they had so lately applauded. The battle became concentrated in the space which lay between the females ; the fight was a bloody one ; and, by and by, the party that had suffered most severely began rapidly to retreat, in spite of the exhortations and entreaties of a few valiant spirits, who flew from left to right endeavouring to rally them. 'Are there any men here or not ?' they cried. 'Mind yourselves ; if you fly, they will carry off your women, and leave you nothing but dishonour. Die rather ! Let it not be said that you fled ! Die, and you will still live !' And now occurred a touching scene. The highest of the chiefs, in desperation at finding the battle against him, was throwing himself into the mêlée, to find death rather than endure defeat ; but he was held back by the younger men, who surrounded him, and implored him to withdraw. 'Thou art our father, what will become of us if we lose thee ? It is our part to die for thee ; we would not be left as sheep without a shepherd.'

When the rout became general, and it was obvious that all was lost, every one tried to save what he held most valuable, and then fled as rapidly as possible, turning round, however, from time to time to face the pursuing enemy. On another occasion, an act of desperate valour turned the scale of victory. Aissa-ben-el-Shereef, a boy of fourteen, had mounted his horse with his tribe to repel an attack conducted by the redoubted Sy-el-Jedid. The people of Arba took to their heels, when the boy threw himself before them, and endeavoured to stay their flight. 'What ! you are men, and you are afraid ! You have been brought up in the midst of powder, and know not how to use it ! Have you, then, bred your horses only to run away with you ?' The only reply was : 'Jedid ! Jedid ! there is Jedid !' 'Jedid,' replied the lad, 'what is he but a man ? Now shall you see this dreadful warrior, before whom hundreds of men flee in terror, stopped in his career by a child !' and Aissa spurred on both sides. He came up to the warrior ; Jedid was off his guard ; what had he to fear from a child ? But the boy sprang on his neck, locked himself there, and, quitting his horse, hung by him with one arm, while with the other he endeavoured to stab him. Jedid, stupified with the audacity of the action, and fettered in his own movements, sought in vain to shake off the boy ; but he found enough to do with all his skill to parry the thrusts of the stripling. At length, he had no resource but to throw himself from his horse, in order to crush Aissa

## CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS.

beneath him; but Aissa evaded him, and leaping himself on the chieftain's horse, he rejoined his tribe, and shewed them a trophy which made the oldest among them blush for the trepidation they had displayed. The young conqueror might have made an end of his adversary had not a bridge of gold lain in the way; but the rage for pillage carried away his companions: they scattered themselves here and there, caring only for the spoil; one stripped an infantryman, another, an unhorsed cavalier; this one seized a horse, that one a negro. In consequence of this disorderly proceeding, the bravest men of the tribe succeeded in saving their wives, and in many instances their tents.

After the spoliation which follows a battle, the victors deem it prudent to retire, lest the enemy should obtain reinforcements and renew the conflict. They place all the baggage in front, while a strong reserve forms the rear-guard, and for several days they travel from morning till nightfall. In this kind of warfare, the greatest respect is shewn for the female captives. Men of low birth may strip them of their jewels, but with the chiefs it is a point of honour to send them home to their husbands, with their camels, and all their paraphernalia. They are even zealous in bedecking and compensating those that have been robbed. Among the Arabs, no prisoners of war are made; no heads are cut off: they entertain a horror of killing or mutilating the wounded, who after the battle are left to die, or get away as they can; no notice is taken of them. If a few rare instances of cruelty do occur, it is when a man has recognised in the hostile band the murderer of some of his near kindred.

On returning to their own territory, the victors are welcomed with singular festivities: the women draw up their camels in a single line, and raise shouts of joy at regular intervals; the young men execute a licentious fantasia before them; there are mutual salutations, embracings, inquiries; and a banquet is prepared, both for their own warriors and the allies. The chiefs now put together whatever sum is due to the latter. A private horseman never receives less than six dollars, or an article of this value; this recompense, called *zebeem*, is obligatory, and given over and above the booty which he has secured: if he has lost his horse in the fray, he is allowed three camels, or an equal compensation in money. The chiefs of the auxiliary tribes of course receive more, especially those whose influence has been critical; but it is *and rasâ*: they are publicly allotted the same as the rest, but presents of carpets, tents, arms, horses, are secretly made besides. The allies, having been hospitably feasted, return to their own tents on the following day, the chiefs escorting them part of the way. After riding together two or three hours, they mutually renew the oath; to raise but one cry; to make but one and the same gun; to come in the morning, if wanted in the morning; or at night, if called in the night. Antipathies are not more lively among these people than attachments are cordial. We have before us some verses

#### CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS.

expressive of the delicacy and devotedness which is expected from friendship. They may be thus translated :

The friend that walks not blind at friendship's side;  
That offers not his life a sacrifice;  
That deems such suicide to be a crime—  
Among our tents no place shall be for him.  
The summons of my friend I will obey,  
When gleaming sabres are the morning light;  
When evening's shadows are the clouds of sand  
Raised by the horses' feet—I'll go to die  
Or gain the day. The least of all the things  
I've vowed to give for friendship is my life;  
A life not worth possessing if 'twere spent  
In shame, far from the tents I hold so dear—  
Far from the friends whose love has cheered the past.

#### DIVISION OF BOOTY.

Nothing more strikingly illustrates the proverb of 'honour among thieves,' than the even-handed justice with which the spoils of an enemy, whether taken in razzia or open warfare, are apportioned among the victors. In the former case, the whole is divided into equal shares corresponding with the number engaged; but in the latter, every man retains whatever he has taken in personal clothing and weapons; while tents, flocks, horses, asses, camels, webs, and cereals, form the general property for division; and the chief is entitled, over and above his share, to thirty or forty sheep, or three or four camels, as the case may be. There are also other special claims, which are met by special provisions. For instance, a horseman who kills another in battle, is entitled to the horse as well as the equipments of him he has slain; it is deemed a small enough compensation for the hazard he has encountered, and the responsibility he has incurred. 'He has risked a life,' say the Arabs, 'and taken a life; and he will have to answer to God for the death he has dealt, whether right or wrong.' If a warrior has been killed by several individuals who fired together, so that it cannot be ascertained whose was the fatal shot, the plunder is equally shared between them. In some tribes, it is given to the chief. If one has killed a man without observing his success and securing the spoil, he obtains compensation if the fact is afterwards attested by competent witnesses.

If an individual, not choosing to go against the enemy in person, lends his horse to another, he shares equally in what falls to him. If the animal perishes in a successful expedition, the owner is reimbursed from the general stock; but if there is none, he receives no compensation: 'he tried his luck, and lost.' He who lends a saddle with all its accessories, receives the half; and he who lends a gun, the fourth part of the share of him who borrowed it.

An Arab whose tribe is going to war, finds a horse grazing far from his master's sight; he takes the loan of it, and borrows a

#### CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS.

**saddle.** The saddle is not furnished; he finds stirrups in one place, a girth in another, a bridle and breast-leather somewhere else. When he returns with booty, the owner receives no share; he did not voluntarily lend his horse, he ran no risk, for had it been killed he would have been compensated. It is led back safe and sound. 'The animal,' say the Arabs, 'has been but the instrument of Heaven to serve a brave man, who exposed himself for the general good.' The proprietors of the horse's equipments, however, must receive part of his share in proportion to the value of what they lent.

There is an apologue quite in Arab taste, setting forth these respective claims:—

The saddle said to the horseman: "Hast thou the conscience to keep all the booty to thyself? Who furnished thee with a seat? What wouldst thou have done if thou hadst not found me there?"

"Very fine," cried the girth. "Is it so very great a service thou hast done? Thou wouldst have done more harm than good, had I not kept thee on the horse's back."

"Softly, softly," said the stirrups. "You have both been useful, I agree; but pray tell me who supported the horseman when it was necessary for him to dash forward? And on what was he supported when he had to use his arm to overthrow the enemy about whose spoil you are disputing? Who gave him facilities for sinking to avoid a blow, and rising to inflict one?"

"It was you, to be sure," said the bridle: "none can dispute it; and nevertheless, my children, by God, the governor of the world, our horseman would have enriched himself but little had he only had your services; you seldom take the path that leads to booty, and you would have been far from it now had I not guided you. Cease, then, your disputes; the palm is mine, for I alone led to the attainment of the end."

"Ah! this is somewhat strong reasoning," ironically added the horse, which till now had listened in silence. "I know not why I had supposed the greater part to be mine; I thought you were forgotten in a corner, and were only collected because I was found. I was dreaming, no doubt; it was you, of course, that brought me here. I was mistaken, I confess: lead me back quickly to my pasture; there at least I shall not hear your intriguing."

'To end all disputes, the cavalier divided his prize into six equal shares; he gave one to the saddle, one to the girth, one to the bridle, kept three to himself, and led back the horse to graze, saying: "I give thee nothing, but there remains with thee the honour of having been serviceable to thy tribe."

A special lot is always allowed to the shuafin who have acted as spies before the battle; it is the just recompense of the danger they encountered. If a shuaf has lost his horse, they either give him another or compensate him with a hundred sheep or a hundred Spanish dollars. This is not too much; for they always choose their scouts from among the best mounted of the tribe. He

## CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS.

who supplies provisions also receives a share, for he has identified his interests with those of the expedition. A share is allotted to each of the *farriers* of the tribe; their labour and skill have contributed to the success of the enterprise. The handsome females who have animated the combat are entitled to a share; who can tell how much their presence contributed to the victory? A lot, too, is appointed for whatever woman of distinction sallied first out of her tent to welcome the returning conquerors.

To prevent disputes in the adjustment of these various claims, it is usual to institute a *mekadim*. Sometimes it is the chiefs who choose five or six men of repute for their wisdom and integrity, and let them divide the whole; sometimes the plunder is divided into four equal portions, and the warriors divide themselves into four companies, each of which chooses a *mekadim*, to carry on the subdivision. The first business of the *mekadim* is to set apart the camels which were vowed to the *marabouts* at the outset; and to seek out and restore all illicit spoil, as female garments and ornaments. When an Arab is suspected of a delinquency of this nature, and yet the articles cannot be found with him, the *mekadim* adjure him by *Sidi-ben-Abd-Allah*, and this exonerates him. This saint is in high veneration, and no one would dare to invoke him in a false assertion, for fear of dying, or at least seeing his flocks perish. The *mekadim* are handsomely remunerated, frequently receiving odd articles of value that cannot easily be divided.

We have met with a poem by the famous *Abd-el-Kader*, which so characteristically displays the feelings of the Arab about his nomadic life of independence, in contrast with that of the citizen, that we have endeavoured to render part of it into English blank verse.

O thou whose song is all of city life,  
 Who scorn'st the Bedouin's love of boundless range,  
 Is it the lightness of our tents thou hatest?  
 Are all thy raptures kept for stone and mud?  
 Ah, if thou knew'st our desert! But thou know'st not;  
 And ignorance gives birth to every ill.  
 If e'er thine eyes had oped in Sahara,  
 If e'er thy foot had trod its beauteous sands,  
 Bedecked with flowers, as carpet strewn with pearls,  
 Thou must have praised their strangely varied tints,  
 Their graceful forms, their odours sweet; even thou  
 Hadst owned the fragrant air renewed thy life—  
 This air, which ne'er was wafted o'er a town.  
 If on a brilliant night refreshed with dew,  
 From merkeb\* height thine eye had wandered round,  
 And seen on every side the numerous herds  
 Of cattle wild and free, cropping the herb,  
 Even thou hadst felt that sorrow fled away,  
 And happiness abundant filled thy soul.  
 Hadst thou at dawn hied to the chase with us,  
 Thou hadst confessed the charm of desert sports.  
 On rahil† day, when scarlet palanquins  
 Are strapped on every camel, thou wouldst swear

\* Hillock of sand.

† Decampment of a tribe.

## CHIVALRY AMONG THE ARABS.

Thou saw'st a field of rich anemones  
 Refreshed with recent showers of gentle rain.  
 Within these litters rest our daughters chaste,  
 Each taba\* closed by Houris' jealous eyes.  
 The drivers cheer the way with Arab song,  
 Their plaintive voices reach the inmost soul.  
 While we on generous steed, swift as the wind,  
 With shells† floating gracefully behind,  
 Chase the wild ox, o'ertake the fleet gazelle,  
 Which vainly would elude our swifter pace.  
 How many ostriches have been our prize,  
 Though swift on earth as other birds in air!  
 The ground is redolent of musk, ‡ but still  
 More sweet we deem it if 'tis only washed  
 With gentle rain falling from night till morn;  
 Now when we pitch our tents in circles round;  
 The earth below seems like the heaven above  
 Spangled with stars in constellations grouped.

\*   \*   \*

Our right to cities we have gladly sold  
 For what we prize above all price beside—  
 Honour—which citizens can never know.

\* Window or bull's-eye.

† Vells.

‡ The gazelle is the perfumer of the desert, leaving on its track a substance whose smell resembles musk.





## THE OCEAN.

**N**OW interesting is the Ocean!—perhaps the most interesting of all the wonders of nature. The vast expanse of waters stretching far beyond the reach of vision, presents to our eyes a picture of immensity that awes the mind; and its unfathomable depths involve so much of mystery as to charm and overpower the imagination. Its mood and aspect, too, rouse curiosity and invite contemplation by ceaseless change: now rushing and roaring, as it does, in tremendous mountain billows, when the fierce hurricane careers over its surface; now dancing with crest of foam before a glad-some breeze, to fling itself on the shore with noisy playfulness; now lying still in a calm, as profoundly peaceful as though it had gone to sleep never more to waken. To the poet, the ocean offers an image of eternity, at once ‘beautiful, sublime, and glorious,’ inspiring deep emotions; the painter’s eye never tires of

## THE OCEAN.

watching its living hues and liquid movements, in the hope of reproducing them on his canvas; while the philosopher finds in the 'great and wide sea, wherein are creeping things innumerable, both small and great beasts,' an exhaustless object of study. It is this latter view we purpose to take in the following pages, and present a sketch of what has been done by science and philosophy towards revealing the mystery of the deep.

In looking at a map of the globe, the great preponderance of water over land at once arrests the attention. This is not a matter of chance, for the liquid element plays an important part in the economy of our planet. It is the grand agent of change, of destruction, and renovation; and the facts brought to light by the researches of geologists, shew that it has been the same in all ages, if not to a greater degree than now. During the Silurian and Carboniferous Periods, the proportion of water was far greater than at present, and we may believe that the greatness of the ocean was in perfect accordance with the greatness of the developments yet to follow. The developments are still going on, though imperceptibly, before our eyes; for while the sea exists there can be no permanence for the land.

Long as we have been familiar with the ocean, it is only about eighty years ago that any positive study was directed to its various interesting phenomena. Mariners, even in early ages, knew that there were currents which often baffled them in their navigation: certain regions were recognised as subject to calms, others to storms; and remarkable effects of tides were noticed on different coasts; but the causes of these phenomena, and the purposes they were intended to serve, still remained among the secrets of nature. But although, even now, the great controlling laws remain undiscovered, we can speak with fuller certainty of their effects, and push our investigations with such abundant resources as to widen and confirm our knowledge. We now know that the land and water react one on the other, that the vast preponderance of water is in reality a proof of a subsidiary function, 'for mass and number, as we see in all the kingdoms of nature, never belong to the superior being.' We know that by this reaction the life of the globe is sustained; that if the ocean destroys, it also renews; that it is the feeder of lakes, rivers, and springs, however far inland may be their source, and is a mighty agent in the constitution of climate. Heated every day by the sun, vapours rise from the surface of the water, and spreading themselves through the atmosphere, become condensed and transformed into mist and fog, and are carried by the winds across islands and continents, where the clouds pour down their contents, as the early and the latter rains, dropping fatness on the land, endowing it with life and fertility. No sooner has it fallen, than the superabundant moisture begins to flow back to the vast reservoir whence it was drawn, in a perpetual course; for 'seed-time and harvest shall never fail.'

The general effect here described is subject to a variety of

## THE OCEAN.

modifications, and these, which constitute an important branch of inquiry, are to some extent known and demonstrated, and are found to be parts of a system as fraught with beauty and beneficence as those works of nature which are better understood. To form a clear idea of the subject, we must first take a brief survey of the ocean, its extent, and divisions. Take a map, draw a line from the south pole to Cape Agulhas, and another from the same point to Cape Horn; all the water that lies between, and fills the great valley bounded by the continents of Europe, Africa, and America, on the east and west, is known as the Atlantic Ocean. Stretching away northwards, it meets the Arctic Sea, between Norway and Greenland, where the width is still so great that it may be considered as the same ocean, embracing the earth from pole to pole. How different from the idea of the ancient Greek geographers, who applied the term *οκεανος* to what they believed to be a belt of water surrounding the land! Including the Baltic, Black, Mediterranean, and Caribbean Seas, and Hudson's Bay, the Atlantic comprises 30 millions of square miles. These inland seas are one of its chief characteristics; no other ocean penetrates into the land as does the Atlantic. Looking at its grand outlines, Humboldt has suggested that it may have been formed by a rush of waters from the south, which continued their course northwards till they struck the mountainous coast of Brazil, when being turned aside, they swept across, and having hollowed out the Gulf of Guinea, the mighty torrent rushed again to the west, and formed the indentation now filled by the Caribbean Sea and Mexican Gulf. From thence it swept on to the north, and spent itself in the circumpolar seas.

Draw a third line from the south pole to South-west Cape, Van Diemen's Land, and we have the western boundary of the Pacific, its eastern limit being the line already drawn from Cape Horn. This ocean comprehends 100 millions of square miles—half the superficies of the globe! Enclosed by America on the east, and Asia and Australia on the west, it is the largest of the oceans; and owing to the distance between the continents in the south, it is there of extraordinary width—8000 miles—but grows narrower as it approaches the north, until, at Behring Strait, not more than thirty-six miles across, it meets the boundary of the Arctic Sea. Thus, though so much larger than the Atlantic, it cannot be considered as taking the same vast sweep from one pole to the other. Five minor seas are connected with it as offshoots: what are called the North and South China Sea, the seas of Japan, Okhotsk, and Behring—the latter cut off by the Aleutian Isles and the Alaskan promontory. This is the ocean which so much excited the astonishment and admiration of the early Spanish conquerors of America, when they first beheld it from the highlands of the western coast and the mountains of the Isthmus; and which afforded so vast a field to the energies of Drake and his companions and successors—foremost in

## THE OCEAN.

establishing the fame of Britain's naval enterprise. Magellan, who was the first to cross it, found it so tranquil, that he named it the Pacific.

Between the lines drawn from South-west Cape and Cape Agulhas lies the extensive watery region known as the Indian Ocean, bounded on the north by the continent of India, and containing that vast archipelago of islands, large and small, scattered between the Malayan peninsula and the northern shore of Australia, where marvellous fertility and lavish beauty combine to form the most glorious and exquisite of tropical scenery. Gulfs characterise the Indian Ocean—the Arabia Gulf or Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf: we thus see that each of the three great oceans has different characteristics. Its extent, including the gulfs and the Bay of Bengal, is 25 millions of miles.

Last, there is the Arctic Ocean, or Polar Sea, which fills the basin, about 2000 miles in diameter, formed by the northern coasts of Asia, America, and Europe. Altogether, it comprises about 4,000,000 of square miles; but it is as yet imperfectly known, for there frost and ice conspire to hinder the most persevering of man's attempts at exploration. It is only inch by inch, and bidding defiance to peril, that we have gained our knowledge of the margin of the basin; all attempts to sail across it from one side to the other have hitherto failed. Dreary and terrific though it be, we shall presently see that the Polar Ocean serves no unimportant purpose in the economy of nature.

Adding ocean to ocean and sea to sea, we find that more than three-fourths of the globe are water; the land, with its continents and islands, its empires, kingdoms, and states, the abode of hundreds of millions of human beings, forming but a comparatively small portion of the whole. This portion is so grouped that, as shewn by Ritter, the solid is all in one-half of the globe, the fluid in the other. For instance: a great circle drawn from the coast of Peru to the southern extremity of Asia embraces a hemisphere which contains so small a portion of land, that we may with but little violence to the truth describe it as the hemisphere of water, seeing that, besides the islands that dot the Pacific, it contains only Australia, the southern extremity of America, and the Indian Archipelago; while nearly all the land will be found in the opposite hemisphere. This is one of the facts lately brought to light by science, which open up, as it were, new views of the physical constitution of our planet. The philosopher reasoning from them arrives at more enlightened conclusions.

Besides the distinctive features above mentioned, the great oceans are strikingly characterised by the conformation of their shores, as may be seen by reference to a map. This is a matter which has much to do with commerce, and the social advancement of nations. The coast-line of Asia is 30,800 miles; of North America, 24,000; of South America, 13,600; of Africa, 14,000; of Australia, 7600; of Europe, 17,200. Here we see that Africa,

## THE OCEAN.

although three times larger than Europe, has a much smaller coastline—nowhere does it admit the sea to its inner regions, and hence its backwardness in civilisation. The shores of Europe, on the contrary, are so deeply indented, so broken up by bays, creeks, promontories, and peninsulas, that the Atlantic penetrates far into its interior, circulating a vigorous life in all directions, and offering the amplest maritime privileges to populations unmatched for intelligence, activity, and enterprise. Neither the Pacific nor the Indian Ocean thrusts itself as deeply into the land as the Atlantic. 'Where,' says Guyot, 'have we beheld all people and societies arrive at their highest perfection, if not in Europe, that peninsular continent, the most indented and most maritime of all the continents? Where do we see barbarism reign triumphant, if not in Africa and Australia—continents shut out from all contact with the rest of the world, its seas, and its people, by their continuous and unindented outlines? . . . All the highly civilised peoples of the world, with the exception of one or two primitive nations, have lived, or still live, on the margins of seas or oceans. The Chinese and the Hindoos unquestionably represent the most advanced state of civilisation in Oriental Asia. In Europe, to name Phœnicia, Asia Minor, Greece, and Rome, is to enumerate all the highly cultivated peoples of antiquity; and all have, as the theatre of their strifes and exploits, as well as for their connecting-link, the Mediterranean Sea. To come to a later date, it is to the ocean that Spain and Portugal owe the brilliant part they played at the period when superb discoveries doubled the extent of the historic world. At this very hour, the might of England causes itself to be felt from one to the other extremity of the world.'

If, in the immensity of ocean, vastness of length and breadth, there be cause of astonishment, so is there in its depth. Accurate surveys, carried on during several years, and repeated when necessary, have made us well acquainted with the depth and nature of the bottom of European seas, and of some other latitudes. And this is a work in which a government may worthily employ a portion of its resources, seeing that marine discovery tends to the improvement of navigation, and the welfare of mankind at large. In Europe it is found that a bold shore generally indicates a deep sea, while a sloping shore is the sign of a shallow sea; but this peculiarity prevails much less markedly around the other continents. Off Norway, the coast of Spain, and other parts of the Mediterranean, a sudden descent to a great depth is particularly remarkable; and if the sea were for a time to forsake its bed, the steep and picturesque character of lofty shores would be greatly heightened. Standing on the bottom, we should see the cliffs on the west of Ireland rising 4000 feet above our heads, double their present elevation; and in some places the difference would be still greater, the seas in the south of Europe being deeper than in the north.

Generally speaking, the sea increases gradually in depth as the

## THE OCEAN.

shore is left behind, from 50 to 500 fathoms or more; but the slope is by no means regular, abrupt breaks and inequalities occur before the region of soundings is left for the deep sea. In some instances, the slope stretches very far into the ocean: emigrants bound to New York find a relief to their weariness in seeing the lead dropped, and bringing up a specimen of the bottom while yet at 500 miles from land. Off another part of the American coast, Cape Hatteras, there is a sudden plunge to a depth of 3300 fathoms, or 19,800 feet; but such breaks are rare in that region. A story is told of certain young men to whom one of these gulfs was near proving fatal. They were out in a small boat, and hooked a shark in Massachusetts Bay. The predacious creature immediately ran out to the extent of the line, and keeping his nose to the ground, scudded rapidly seawards; to row in the contrary direction was impossible, not one of the party had a knife to cut the line, and by some fatality it could not be cast off. Luckily they were seen by an inward-bound steamer, and rescued; but scarcely had they leaped into the boat lowered to receive them, than their own suddenly disappeared. The shark had come to the edge of the deep water, and plunged immediately downwards, dragging boat and line with him, doubtless to his no little embarrassment.

We are best acquainted with the Atlantic, it has so long been the highway of commerce, and can form a general notion as to the main features of the bottom on which it rests. A systematic survey by means of deep-sea soundings, will ere long be carried on jointly by the British and United States governments; and from this we shall doubtless extend our knowledge of the mighty basin. Already we know that it is in some places of prodigious depth. Sir James Ross sounded on two occasions with from 14,000 to 16,000 feet of line; and on a spot 900 miles west of St Helena, he failed to reach the bottom with 27,600 feet. Here we have a descent equal to the rise of the Himalayas above the surface. The Americans have found a depth of six miles in the North Atlantic; and a sounding, taken in October 1852 by Captain Denham, near Tristan d'Acunha, in the South Atlantic, strikingly confirms the supposition thrown out by Dr Whewell, in his *Researches on the Tides*, that the greatest depth of the Atlantic would prove to be nine miles. Captain Denham found it to be more than eight miles. We must wait for renewed attempts before accepting these deep-sea soundings literally; still, even regarded as nothing more than approximations, they verify the theoretical view. Professor B. Peirce has shewn, that a line described at a descending angle from the table-lands of Lupata, South Africa, and from those of Bolivia, would intersect somewhere about 1000 miles from the American coast, at a depth of 7600 feet, but if drawn from the summits of the Andes and of the African mountains, they meet at a depth of 15,000 feet. The soundings hitherto taken, however, give a greater depth than here assigned; they represent to us the Atlantic as a

## THE OCEAN.

valley of prodigious depth as well as length; and if we imagine the elevation from where Captain Denham struck the bottom to the top of Chimborazo, it will enlarge our idea of the tremendous forces which have produced such inequalities in the crust of the earth.

Whatever the depth, the ocean bottom is exposed to continual alterations from natural causes. The solid matters borne down by rivers are making the sea shallower every day, although perhaps imperceptibly so, unless measured at long intervals. The Mississippi discharges every year into the Gulf of Mexico, a deposit sufficient to form a bed of earth one mile square, and seventy-six feet thick; such masses, poured forth by so many rivers, must necessarily produce an effect, and we may believe that their distribution over the bottom is another of those slow processes of change through which the earth has passed since its creation.

The great sand-banks, too, in many places constantly alter the form of the sea-bottom. Between England and the continent, the average depth of the German Ocean is ninety feet, except on the bold coast of Norway, where it descends suddenly to 190 fathoms; and there are certain spots where this depth is every day diminished. The Dogger-bank threatens, at no very remote period, to form an island; placed between England and Holland, the rivers of both countries are always adding to its mass, by the muddy deposit they carry down. One-fifth of the German Ocean is occupied by banks about seventy-eight feet in height, their whole extent being equal to that of Ireland. These banks, even when fifty feet below the surface, not unfrequently deflect currents in the water, thereby producing changes in the direction of surface-streams, and eddies, which assist materially in the throwing down of the deposit that adds to their bulk. They are thus at once a cause and an effect.

The banks of other seas are of much greater dimensions: those of Agulhas, at the southern extremity of Africa, stretch for 150 miles into the ocean, and increase the difficulty of navigation in that stormy region. They may, indeed, be described as continents in process of formation, as many parts are above the surface. Similar in character are the banks of Newfoundland: these constitute a double bank, one branch of which is 200 miles wide and 600 long or more, for there are traces of it found reaching across the Atlantic to the north of Scotland. This may probably be the ridge which, according to a tradition among mariners, the Dutch sounded in the early days of their American colonies, all the way from the west of England to New York. If, on further survey, such a shoal should be found to exist, how useful it will become as a foundation for a transatlantic telegraph. The depth of water on the great bank is from 25 to 100 fathoms.

Another cause of alteration in the sea-bottom remains to be noticed—volcanic action or earthquakes. The upheaval of Graham's Island in the Mediterranean, in 1831, is a case in point.

This extraordinary phenomenon, which excited much attention

## THE OCEAN.

at the time, was preceded by earthquake shocks, and gradually the volcanic mass rose from a depth of 100 fathoms, until it was 900 feet above the water, and three miles in circumference. After about two months, partly by subsidence and the action of the sea, it was brought down below the surface, where it still remains, a dangerous shoal. Something similar is taking place in the Atlantic between St Helena and Ascension, where an island or group of islands is slowly being upheaved. Some centuries hence, their tops will doubtless be seen emerging from the waves.

Wherever there are volcanoes, we may be sure that important changes are taking place. A considerable extent of the coast of Aracan has been slowly and gradually rising within the past hundred years: in some places, the upheaval amounts to nearly 30 feet. Volcanic agency is very active in that part of the world. A bay in the little island of Gonung-API, more than 300 feet deep, was entirely filled up by a mass of black basalt that rose from the bottom, and so silently that the inhabitants knew nothing of the change until they saw the dark rock within a few feet of the surface. Similar forces are at work at the bottom of the Pacific, along the whole range of the Andes, and as far from the mainland as the Galapagos and Juan Fernandez. The whole of this vast area is rising, though not always with visible effects, except when violent disturbances occur, and then the alterations of depth are unmistakable. The earthquakes which took place along the coasts of Peru and Chili, in the early part of 1853, threw up dangerous shoals near the land, and greatly changed the soundings in some of the ports. The Hawaiian group is another centre of upheaval: and in the north, two islands which now stand among the Kuriles, in water more than 200 fathoms deep, were upheaved some fifty years ago. We thus see that the bottom of the ocean undergoes continual change: here becoming deeper, there growing shallower, and unfavourable to navigation. If, however, banks and shoals are a cause of danger, they have at the same time a great economical value, for it is to them that the animals of the ocean chiefly resort, and they are the fishing-grounds whence commerce derives no inconsiderable portion of its revenues, and the world of its food.

Among the ocean phenomena to be considered, the tides hold a prominent place: their alternate rise and fall is not less a benefit to the dwellers on the shores, than a constantly recurring subject of interest for the philosopher. In them we have a lasting example of one of the great activities of nature—of cause and effect, which seldom fails to impress the mind with a sense of the wonderful. This is never more strongly felt, than when one accustomed to witness the great six-hourly movements of the water, finds himself on the borders of a tideless sea. How dead and inert does it appear, and how restricted is the field of observation on its margin! Much has been written on the subject of the tides; and yet we are far from having that clear explanation of their causes and

## THE OCEAN.

effects to which a century or two of investigation would seem to entitle us. One of our most distinguished writers, who has devoted many years of his life to this branch of physics, now abandons his ingenious theory, and declares that the true explanation is still a secret. This, however, is not the place to discuss the theory of the tides; it will suffice to state, that the cause is held to be due to the attractive influence of the sun and moon, and turn our attention at once to the effect.

Whatever be the impelling cause, it is found that the great tidal-wave originates in the vast oceanic region surrounding the antarctic pole. It is there we have the largest expanse of unbroken water, which perhaps renders it particularly suitable as the starting-point of the mighty periodical heave. We may best gain an idea of the phenomenon by following the course of a single wave.

We will suppose that the resistless movement having come up from the far south, and shewn itself round the shores of the Aucklands, New Zealand, and other islands of the circumpolar sea, is passing Van Diemen's Land at midnight—twelve o'clock. In twelve hours more, so rapid is the motion, it reaches Madras; and seven hours later is rushing, as a furious wave, up the great rivers of Southern India. This wave it was, that dashing at a height of thirty or forty feet into the Indus, so amazed the troops of Alexander the Great, who had never seen any but the diminutive tides of the Mediterranean. To them it was at first a terror—a fearful instance of the wonder and mystery of the East. Meantime, another division of the same wave pursuing a westerly course, has also in twelve hours, or by noon, arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, and sweeping round the famous promontory, it finds a clear course up the great valley of the Atlantic. In another twelve hours, say midnight of Monday—the wave has made good progress to the north, and stretches in a deep curve all across the Atlantic, and produces highwater at Newfoundland, and at Cape Blanco on the coast of Africa. It now turns to the east, almost at right angles to its original course, and at four in the morning of Tuesday, is giving highwater to Brest, to the Land's End, and to Cape Clear. Here another division takes place, and we must follow each portion separately. One stream rushes up the Channel, through the Straits of Dover, and at noon, the thirty-sixth hour from the commencement, it is highwater at Dunkirk and Dungeness. From this point the movement takes an easterly direction across the German Ocean, and is felt on the coasts of Belgium and Holland, where, however, it becomes subordinate to a stronger impulse, as we shall presently see.

Returning to the Land's End, we find the other portion of the great wave continuing its course round the west coast of Ireland, and through the Irish Sea, filling port after port as it speeds onwards, hastening the passage of ships into their haven, and carrying with it a reinvigorating influence far into the land. Many an eye brightens, and many a weary heart rejoices as the

## THE OCEAN.

foamy swell breaks on the shore, which announces the return of the wave that brings with it the breath of the sea. In some rivers it produces what is called the 'bore,' an almost perpendicular wave of several feet in height, which travels against the stream, steady and resistless as an avalanche, and with a roar that is heard at a considerable distance. The lift of the water, scarcely observable in mid-ocean, becomes very apparent as soon as the great tidal-wave arrives in shallow water. Hence, as the stream rushes up the slope of the Bristol Channel, it swells higher and higher as the depth diminishes, and at last rushes into the Severn a wave 9 feet in height. Strangers who visit Gloucester are often invited to walk down to the bridge to see the bore; and those who have witnessed the sight at the time of spring-tides, and after nightfall, will long remember the impression made by the deep, surging sound, approaching nearer and nearer, till all on a sudden the river is filled to the brim, and sweeping through the arches of the bridge, pursues its course resistlessly upwards. The same movement takes place, also, in the Seine, where it is known as *la barre*; and the steamer which plies between Rouen and Havre has not unfrequently to wait, in descending the stream, about half-way between the two places, until the advancing wave has brought water enough to float her clear of the shallows. It is in the Amazon, however, that this phenomenon assumes its mightiest form—there a wave of from 15 to 20 feet high travels furiously against the stream to a distance of many miles from the mouth.

But we have not yet done with the great tidal-wave of the Atlantic: from the west of Ireland it continues its course round the north of Scotland, creating a maze of eddies and whirlpools among the numerous islands of that rocky coast, and at the thirty-sixth hour it has brought highwater to Aberdeen and to Hekkefjord in Norway, on the opposite side of the sea. The other division of the wave, as we have seen, is making high tide at Dunkirk and Dungeness at the same time. From Aberdeen, the direction of the movement is southwards—precisely the reverse direction to the first start; and continuing to flow down the eastern side of England, it enters the Thames at midnight of Tuesday, forty-eight hours after its departure from Van Diemen's Land, and a few hours later it is highwater at London. The German Ocean, it will thus be seen, has two tide-waves—that which comes from the north being the strongest, and governing the time of highwater at nearly every port, even on the Belgian coast, notwithstanding the presence of the other branch of the great wave, which is perceptible as far north as Jutland.

Such is the origin and progress of a tide-wave: and when we consider that a series of these waves, twelve hours apart, are always on their way from the south to the north, we may form an idea of the mighty power by which the impulse is thus propagated from one side of the globe to the other, at the rate of 1000 miles an hour. It should, however, be understood, that there is

## THE OCEAN.

no actual translation of water; the particles of water rise as they feel the impulse one after another, but they sink down again immediately in the same place. The movement, indeed, is well represented by a field of corn or tall grass on a breezy day: the stalks bend as they feel the pressure of the wind, and a succession of waves appears to be passing over the field; but, as we know, there is no change of position—no onward movement except in appearance. As before observed, the 'lift' is small far out at sea: not more than three feet at St Helena, and still less at Tahiti and the other South-sea Islands. The whole depth of the water is affected by the impulse; consequently, as soon as the lower stratum feels the bottom, it is retarded by friction, the long wave becomes a short one, and the surface-water rushing onward with greater speed than that below, produces that curl of the breakers which forms so magnificent a spectacle as they roll foaming on the shore. At Madras, the surf begins to break at more than a league from the shore. The tides of the Bristol Channel rise from 40 to 60 feet; and in the Bay of Fundy, on the opposite side of the ocean, they reach a height of 70 feet, and are so furious as to cause at times much mischief. The average rise, however, of the North Atlantic is from 10 to 12 feet. There will be a slight increase in this amount for some centuries to come, owing to the gradual approach of the moon towards the earth, after which it will diminish through a long period, as our satellite retires to her former distance.

The tides of the Pacific are less clearly defined than those of the Atlantic, although they are more or less influenced by the westerly movement of the moon. A wave which appears to originate at the equator, spreads itself in opposite directions, to the north and south. The Pacific is less open than the Atlantic, its innumerable coral-reefs, islands, and elevations, to which the name of 'submarine steppes' has been given, all tend to impede the progress of a wave. The bottom must be free for the movement of the water to be well defined. The tides of Tierra del Fuego and of Patagonia are produced by a wave which comes from around Cape Horn.

What the tides fail to effect—namely, transference of water from place to place—is effected by other means. Heavy gales, for instance, will cause a set or stream in the direction in which they blow: a north-west gale off the Cape of Good Hope is said to produce the highest waves. In the Pacific, too, the phenomenon is sometimes witnessed of a wave propagated by the ground-swell, travelling against the wind at the rate of 1000 miles an hour, and denoting its existence only by the commotion it causes in breaking against the lee-shore of the coral islands. Such a swell indicates the coming on of a gale, or the passage of a distant tornado. According to the strength of the wind, the pressure of the waves is from 600 to 6000 pounds on each square foot; hence the disturbance extends to a considerable depth—not, however, lower than 200 or 300 feet; beyond that all is tranquil,

## THE OCEAN.

except the movement of the undercurrents. Were it not so, the minuter plants and animals which inhabit the bottom would be entirely destroyed.

Although we see that life and movement, at times of a tremendous nature, characterise the ocean, it has yet its moments of calm—of tranquillity so profound that a ship on its bosom if frozen in could not be more motionless than on such occasions. Not a breath of air stirs the light vane at the mast-head, and the sea, without any figure of speech, resembles an immense sheet of glass, so unruffled is its surface. Yet at times there appears a faint but vast undulation, as though Old Ocean had gone to sleep, and breathed but at long intervals. These calms occur in all parts of the ocean, but more frequently in the polar regions and the Pacific than elsewhere; and, besides, there is a belt of calms in either hemisphere, at the place where the trade-winds meet. These calms are not less trying to the patience of the mariner than productive of unusual phenomena. When long continued, the sea appears to lose its vital principle, and to be given over to decomposition. The colour is checkered by films that overspread the surface; strange-looking masses of jelly are formed, out of which uncouth-looking animals are bred in vast numbers; and it seems to be true of the sea as of living beings—that without movement and exercise there can be no health. This fact did not escape the notice of the early navigators: Sir Richard Hawkins, in the narrative of his voyage to the South Sea in 1593, speaks of the equatorial calms as a great cause of scurvy, and continues, 'were it not for the moving of the sea by the force of windes, tydes, and currents, it would corrupt all the world. The experience I saw in anno 1590, lying with a fleete of her Maiesties ships about the ilands of the Azores almost six moneths, the greatest part of the time we were becalmed: with which all the sea became so replenished with severale sorts of gellyes, and formes of serpents, adders, and snakes, as seemed wonderfull: some greene, some blacke, some yellow, some white, some of divers colours, and many of them had life, and some there were a yard and halfe, and two yards long; which had I not seene, I could hardly have beleevd: hardly a man could draw a bucket of water cleere of some corruption.'

Coleridge makes us feel a calm as well as see it in his *Ancient Mariner*:

'Day after day, day after day  
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere,  
And all the boards did shrink;  
Water, water everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot; O Christ!  
That ever this should be!  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy sea.'

## THE OCEAN.

While the tides perform the part of a great oscillation, obeying apparently in its time the passage of the moon across the meridian, there are currents in the ocean which move always in one and the same direction, carrying the waters of one latitude into another thousands of miles distant, and playing a part in the economy of nature, of which the full importance is not yet ascertained. There is something about these currents that renders them peculiarly interesting. We have in them a confirmation of the truth of the words written of old : ' They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters ; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.'

The great zone of water which surrounds the southern pole, appears to be the prime mover of the machinery of the currents as well as of the tides. The causes by which the currents are produced are various: the rotation of the earth exerts an influence, as also the trade-winds and the heat of the sun ; and these causes are constant in character, while others are periodical or accidental, and may be described as a drift occasioned by a tide, and by a long set of the wind in one quarter. Such streams are, however, very shallow, while the greater currents are generally of enormous depth. A drift from the north is caused by the melting of the ice in the arctic seas ; it sets steadily to the south, as though the cold water made haste to reach a warmer region. It is on this current that icebergs float down into the Atlantic on the breaking up of the polar winter. Scoresby once counted 500 bergs setting out on their voyage ; not unfrequently they come down to the 42d parallel, right in the track of vessels bound from England to the United States. Three hundred were passed by the *Great Western* during one of her voyages, some of them rising 100 feet out of the water, and the largest 100 miles in circumference. These bergs chill the water to a distance of forty or fifty miles around, and lower the temperature from 18 to 20 degrees in their immediate neighbourhood, besides producing variations in the winds. The stones and other solid material which they bring down sink as the ice melts, and serve to increase the bulk of the banks of Newfoundland.

The torrid zone is 705 geographical miles in width, and contains less land and more water than any one of the others. The action of a vertical sun on this broad region, besides causing great evaporation, warms the water, which, thereby made lighter, is displaced by the cold water that flows from either pole, and an immediate circulation is established. But as the water descends from the icy latitudes, it is left behind by the earth as it rotates, in the same way as the polar currents of the atmosphere are left behind, and with an analogous effect. The rate of rotation at the equator is 1000 miles an hour ; thus it is that for 30 degrees on each side of the line, there is all the effect of a current flowing from east to west, which, being further acted on by the trade-winds, drifts at an average of ten or eleven miles in the twenty-four hours.

## THE OCEAN.

Moreover, it is known that within the tropics there are hourly variations in the barometer as the sun travels on his course, the effect of which is to alter the pressure of the atmosphere upon the surface of the water, and so to aid in establishing the current.

Voyagers to the antarctic seas meet a great current coming from the south: Sir James Ross fell in with it in his explorations of those latitudes, and by careful investigation, greatly added to our knowledge of this interesting phenomenon. At Cape Horn, it is divided into two branches; and while a small portion doubles the promontory and enters the Atlantic, the main branch flows onwards along the western coast of America to the equator, where it mingles with the vast stream 3500 miles in width, which flows to the west between the parallels of 26 degrees south and 24 degrees north. Cold water is thus brought from the polar sea to temper the warmth of the tropics, and to this is owing the low temperature that so often prevails in Peru, and the presence of antarctic vegetation on the coasts of that country. The modification of climate is remarkable, and more permanent than in some other regions: the water being 14 degrees colder than the surrounding ocean, makes the air 11 degrees colder than it would otherwise be in those latitudes. Travellers in Peru complain of the chilling effects of the low temperature. The small amount of fluctuation is due to the fact that the current is not one of surface merely, but descends to a depth of 5000 feet, as proved by the soundings of Admiral Dupetit Thouars, who says: 'It is a considerable section of the Polar Sea sweeping majestically from the south to the north.' This current is suddenly deflected to the westward, and becomes part of the great equatorial current. Off Payta it is so well defined, that the line where the cold and warm water meet is distinctly traceable. The prow of a ship may be in the one, while the stern is in the other. The mighty stream, 3500 miles in width, continues its course all across the Pacific, until it is opposed and broken by the islands off the coast of China and the Eastern Archipelago. It, however, forces its way through the numerous channels, but in diminished volume, and joins the equatorial stream of the Indian Ocean. This, flowing to the west, is again divided by Madagascar—one part passes round the northern end of the island, and turns to the south through the Mozambique Channel; the other sweeps down the eastern coast, and when past the southern point of the island, both are reunited, and continue onwards to the Cape of Good Hope. Here the stream takes the name of the South Atlantic current; it rounds the Cape, travels up the west coast of Africa, till, in the great basin of the Gulf of Guinea, it receives an impulse that sends it westward all across the Atlantic. Striking the coast of Brazil about Cape St Roque, a portion turns to the south, and running along the coast, becomes gradually feebler, and is lost about the Strait of Magellan. Before disappearing, it has, however, sufficient energy to send off a minor branch, which recrosses

#### THE OCEAN.

the Atlantic, and makes its way, at 150 miles to the south of the Cape of Good Hope, back into the Indian Ocean, and is still perceptible at a distance of 2000 miles to the east—an instance of oceanic circulation that surprises the imagination by its magnitude. The other branch takes a north-westerly direction from Cape St Roque, and with such force and speed as scarcely to be delayed or turned aside while passing where the mighty Amazon and Orinoco pour out the waters of half a continent, and flows into the Caribbean Sea.

There are thirteen well-ascertained currents in the Atlantic, varying in extent and velocity: that which comes up from the south moves at the rate of eighty miles an hour, the main equatorial at sixty miles, and others not more than ten miles. The Gulf Stream is the one most familiarly known—perhaps from its lying in the track of vessels sailing from England to the United States. This great current rushes from the Gulf of Mexico by the narrow passage between Florida and Cuba, with a speed of sixty or more miles a day, varying in different seasons. Some observations shew it to be most rapid in August, and slowest in November. It carries out of the Gulf more than 3000 times as much water as is borne in by the Mississippi; the excess is probably derived from the South Atlantic stream we have just followed into the Caribbean Sea. This mighty current traverses 23 degrees of latitude, and, according to Rennell, is seventy-eight days in performing its course of 3000 miles, averaging thirty-eight miles a day; but, as just stated, it has double this rate at its outset. Proceeding northwards, at some distance from the American coast, it arrives at the banks of Newfoundland, where it turns aside and crosses the Atlantic to the Azores, and extends its influence to the shores of Britain and Norway.

Those who have crossed the Atlantic in a sailing vessel, will remember what a relief was afforded to the monotony of the voyage on entering the Gulf Stream. Bunches of weed and Portuguese men-of-war floating on the surface, could be fished up and examined with more or less of interest; while the warmth of the water was a constant cause of astonishment. The Gulf of Mexico is in the hottest zone, and the stream, at its point of departure, has a temperature of 86 degrees, of which it loses not more than 13 degrees in its whole course, and is always much warmer than the surrounding ocean. It is owing to the meeting of this warm water with the cold current from the north, that dense fogs are so prevalent on the banks of Newfoundland, dreaded at all times by the seaman, but most when within them he feels the deadly chill from neighbouring icebergs.

In the early days of the American colonies, and down to a comparatively recent period, a low southerly latitude was always taken for the route across the Atlantic. Charleston was the chief trading port; and the ships, after steering to the south, were left to drift along the coast to their destination. The Gulf Stream was thought

## THE OCEAN.

to be an effectual bar to a direct course. Dr Franklin, however, shewed that masters of vessels might always know when they entered or when they left the Gulf Stream, by merely dropping a thermometer overboard; and simple as the observation was, traders hailed it as a most important discovery, for it led them to attempt the direct course; and if blown off the coast by the north-west gales of winter, instead of running down south, they put back into the Gulf Stream, where the milder temperature enabled them to wait for a more favourable opportunity of completing their voyage. Thus it is that science continually learns to avail itself of the operations of nature.

The whole effect of this great current on conditions of climate is not yet ascertained; but we know enough to warrant the conclusions of Lieutenant Maury when he says: 'A simple calculation will shew that the quantity of heat discharged over the Atlantic from the waters of the Gulf Stream in a winter-day, would be sufficient to raise the whole column of atmosphere that rests upon France and the British Islands, from the freezing-point to summer heat. It is the influence of this stream upon climate that makes Erin the Emerald Isle of the sea, and clothes the shores of Albion with evergreen robes; while in the same latitude, on the other side, the shores of Labrador are fast bound in fetters of ice.'

The Gulf Stream has many peculiarities: the colour at its source is a deep dark blue, and this undergoes but little change for the first 100 miles, presenting a remarkable contrast to the green waters of the Atlantic between which it flows, and which, as is proved by observation, shut it in with as well defined a line of demarcation as though they were of solid substance. It may be said, that the stream makes its way between walls of cold water. The American survey has also proved that it runs uphill: in the Florida Pass, the stream is 200 fathoms deep, while off Hatteras it is not more than 100 fathoms; and as the depth gradually diminishes while the surface remains unaltered, the conclusion is arrived at, that the current flows from a low to a higher level, or uphill. Some streams, on the contrary, such as that from the Atlantic into the Mediterranean, and from the Indian Ocean into the Red Sea, are level at the bottom and downhill on the surface.

It was the Gulf Stream that bore strange plants and two carps of an unknown race of men to the Azores, where, seen by the searching eye of Columbus, they revealed to him the existence of a new world in the west. All along its course it distributes food to the inhabitants of the deep; the whales which haunt the neighbourhood of the Western Islands, though they cannot live in the warm current, derive abundant nutriment from the algae and medusæ which it disperses over the surrounding waters. And it is the same stream which still brings to our shores a portion of the temperature and the productions of the tropics. To it we are largely indebted for our mild winters, and for the presence in a northerly latitude of marine plants and animals which are

## THE OCEAN.

natives of a southern clime. If by any convulsion of nature it were diverted from its present course, England would be scarcely habitable: we should have the climate of Lapland or worse. All our wooded uplands and smiling valleys would perish under the grim dominion of frost and ice. Among the beneficent operations of Nature, there is perhaps none more comprehensive, or more important in its consequences, than this. Some of its phenomena are singularly interesting. Owing to the position of the British islands, the stream is prevented from reaching the southern parts of Norway, but it strikes upon the northern parts. Hence it is that in January, the severest month, the north of Norway is much less cold than the south, and that at the North Cape the south-east winds are the coldest during the same period. Here, too, we see why the winter temperature of the eastern coast of England is so nearly uniform and harsh along its whole extent, while on the opposite shore it becomes more and more genial as we advance towards the west.

A stream from the north flows down between the American coast and the Gulf Stream, which disappears at Florida, and is found again as an undercurrent in the Caribbean Sea. We have much yet to learn respecting these undercurrents; it is doubtless by their means that the Atlantic is prevented from becoming overfull, for, with slight exceptions, all the surface-currents of this ocean are poured into it. Some of the undercurrents flow in a directly opposite direction to those of the surface; others at right angles; some extend through a deep stratum of water, with a swift movement; others are shallow and slow. In the tracing of these hidden streams, there will be work for scientific explorers for many years to come.

The Pacific has nine principal currents, but our acquaintance with them is much less perfect than with those of the Atlantic. North of the great equatorial current, which flows from east to west, there is a stream in the contrary direction. In 1815, an American trader off the coast of California fell in with a junk which had sailed from Japan seventeen months previously, and having lost her masts, had been carried by the easterly drift all across the ocean. The wreck of another Japanese vessel was found at Kodiak, on the north-west coast, brought by the same means. Some ethnologists believe this current to have been instrumental in peopling the north-western shores of America from the Tatar lands on the opposite side of the Pacific.

There are also periodical currents caused by monsoons, as in the Indian Ocean, or the China Sea, where for one-half of the year the water is driven in one direction, and in the opposite direction the other half. Evaporation, too, is a cause of periodical currents: from May to October, a stream sets into the Persian Gulf, and out of it the other six; while just the reverse is taking place in the Red Sea, on the other side of the Arabian peninsula. It has been estimated that, owing to the evaporation—two-tenths

## THE OCEAN.

of an inch daily—the surface of the Red Sea is lower at Suez than at the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb; and as the water grows heavier by abstraction of its fluid particles, it descends, and forms a continuous undercurrent flowing outwards.

These ocean-currents present to us a portion of the life of our globe in its grandest aspect: there is something stupendous in the idea of these streams—their extent, depth, and power exceeding in magnitude the largest rivers in the world. As we have seen, the rush of the great South American rivers into the sea diverts them not from their course; and after making the tour of the ocean, they divide and enter on a new course some 6000 or 7000 miles from their starting-point, with an energy that best displays the might which called them into action. Their depth, too, is so great, that this alone gives them a vast superiority over rivers; and so with current and counter-current, streams on the surface and streams below, the great circulation goes on, each following its path in obedience to a law which, when discovered, will doubtless be found beautiful in its simplicity. Humboldt says: 'The currents of the ocean supply new and most abundant matter of research for the elucidation of the physical phenomena of the earth. While they carry the temperature of one zone into that of another, they sometimes promote and sometimes retard the distribution of the race of men, and the commercial intercourse of civilised nations. It is the duty of philosophers to determine and adjust their numerous elements, according to the sublime model of astronomical science, in order that some of those eternal laws may be made known by which the climatic changes of the firmament are dependent on the liquid and aerial currents of our planet.'

It might be supposed that, with such a commingling of the waters, their temperature would be pretty nearly uniform. Such, however, is not the fact. Recent voyages, made for scientific objects, have established, among other results, that the ocean is divided into three distinct regions of temperature, or thermal basins, as they have been called. These are, two polar and one equatorial; but the layer of water which is nearest the bottom, and which varies in thickness, is always at the same steady temperature—a little above 39 degrees. Between the tropics, where the heat of the sun is most powerful, this layer lies farthest from the surface; and the lead must be sunk to 1200 fathoms before it reaches the temperature of 39·5. On the 45th parallel, half-way between the equator and the pole, the same temperature is found at 600 fathoms; and in latitude 56 degrees 14 minutes, it is the same at the surface as below, forming, as it were, an equable ring outside of the polar circle. In Sir James Ross's antarctic explorations, he crossed this zone in six different meridians of longitude, and on each occasion the results obtained by the thermometer were the same. It is the dividing-line between the two basins, and indicates to us the mean temperature of the ocean, for it appears to be subject to no fluctuations from within or without. 'This

## THE OCEAN.

circle of mean temperature of the Southern Ocean,' to quote the words of that enterprising seaman, 'is a standard point in nature, which, if determined with very great accuracy, would afford to philosophers of future ages the means of ascertaining if the globe we inhabit shall have undergone any change of temperature, and to what amount, during the interval.' On approaching the pole, the temperature of 39.5 again sinks to a considerable depth; and in the South Polar Sea, is found at 750 fathoms below the surface in latitude 70 degrees. The three thermal areas are here distinctly made out. Deepest, as we have seen, under the equator, the line of uniform temperature rises from 7200 feet, curving gradually upwards, until, at more than 50 degrees from its centre towards either pole, it strikes the surface—forming a basin thousands of miles in diameter. From this point it then as gradually descends, and forms the two polar basins, where it sinks to a great depth to escape the intense cold, as in the torrid zone to escape the heat.

An almost steady temperature of 80 degrees prevails for 10 degrees on each side of the equator, there being but little loss of heat in that region, owing to the directness of the sun's rays. In the temperate zones they are no longer direct, hence a lesser degree of warmth; while the effect of a mass of ice at the poles of 3000 or more miles diameter, must be extremely great, renewed as it is every winter. It is estimated that 20,000 square miles of this ice break away in the spring, and drift down into warmer latitudes, approaching 10 degrees nearer the equator in the southern than in the northern hemisphere. To this preponderance of cold we may perhaps attribute the generation of the great ocean-currents in the south.

The equatorial line of greatest heat in the ocean lies chiefly to the north of the terrestrial equator, and is very irregular in its direction. It has a temperature of 80 degrees in the Gulf of Guinea, and 88 degrees in the Gulf of Mexico, on the opposite side of the Atlantic, where it makes a sharp curve to the northwards. Leaping the Isthmus, it starts from near Panama with a temperature of 84 degrees, and when near the middle of the Pacific takes a dip to the south, and between Ceram and Timor rises to 87 degrees; then passing through the Strait of Malacca to the Indian Ocean, in which its maximum warmth is also 87 degrees. While this great heat is eminently favourable to the life of certain marine plants and animals, it is fatal to others. Lieutenant Maury, from a study of the 'whale-charts' which have been sent by United States' sailing-captains to the Observatory at Washington, has come to the conclusion that to the 'right whale,' the belt of warm water is an impassable barrier; that great animal, powerful though he be, is never found within 1000 miles of the equator. It is certain, however, that marine animals do migrate from one zone to another, and they can do this only by pursuing their way at a greater or lesser depth, according as they find the temperature that suits them. Species have been found in the

## THE OCEAN.

Antarctic Ocean which are known to be natives of the arctic sea. On this interesting fact Sir J. Ross observes: 'The only way they could have got from one pole to the other must have been through the tropics; but the temperature of the sea in these regions is such, that they could not exist in it unless at a depth of nearly 2000 fathoms. At that depth, they might pass from the Arctic to the Antarctic Ocean without a variation of 5 degrees of temperature; while any land-animal, at the most favourable season, must experience a difference of 50 degrees, and if in winter, no less than 150 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer.' Regarded from this point of view, the line of uniform temperature is no longer a curious physical fact—it is a provision for the maintenance and distribution of the life of the globe.

Differences of temperature create what may be called an up-and-down circulation. The coldest water is always the heaviest; it sinks and yields the place to the warmer water of the surface—a process continually in operation. The sea cools more rapidly as we descend than the air does as we ascend. Sometimes, in the tropics, the cooling effect of a shoal has been witnessed in the condensation of atmosphere above it, producing a mist, the outline of which is of precisely the same shape as the shoal beneath. The Mediterranean is an exception to the law found to prevail elsewhere, for the lowest depths of that sea are a few degrees warmer than similar depths in other parts of the ocean. This difference is accounted for by supposing that the undercurrent always flowing out at the Straits of Gibraltar, prevents the entrance of the cold water which comes down from the pole deep below the surface.

The ocean has a great influence on the air, for seven-tenths of the atmosphere rest upon it. The water, to a breadth of 46 degrees on each side the equator, is usually the warmer of the two. Over the water, the air is everywhere full of watery vapour, which diminishes in quantity as we leave the coasts and approach the interior of continents. Hence it is that places far inland have generally the driest and most settled climate. We have said that the land and water react on each other: it is the difference between the temperature of the two that causes the land and sea breezes, which grow stronger as the day or the night advances, and cease for awhile about dawn and dusk, as at those times the temperature of the land and sea becomes equalised. The sea absorbs heat in greater amount and more readily than the land; and it is to a considerable portion of this heat being preserved through the winter, as well as to its saltiness, that the sea is kept from freezing in cold latitudes, and the severity of the season mitigated. While fresh water freezes at 32 degrees, sea-water only begins to form ice at 28½ degrees; and as the salt is deposited, and a considerable amount of heat given off during the freezing process, the temperature of the lower strata of water is much less reduced by the ice on the surface than might be supposed. The density of the sea is five times less than

## THE OCEAN.

that of the earth. Were it not for this difference, the stability and duration of the land would cease to be the solid facts which they are at present. Sea-water is, however, denser than fresh water, and bears the stout ships more buoyantly on its bosom, and is thereby more suitable for purposes of navigation. The saltness of the ocean is supposed to have been produced originally at the time of its passing from its gaseous to its fluid state. The Atlantic has more salt than the Pacific, and the south than the north; the zone of greatest salt being between 22 degrees north and 17 degrees south. The surface is commonly fresher than lower down, and is kept so in the polar seas by the melting of ice, and in the calms of the tropics by the continuous rains, which fall so heavily, that sailors have at times skimmed the fresh water from off the surface.

To the readiness with which the ocean absorbs heat, is also due its modifying influence on the *isothermal* lines, or lines of equal heat, which run through all the regions of the globe. When laid down on a map, they become visible to the eye; and then we see how striking is the effect of large masses of water. It is owing to the greater proportion of water in the southern hemisphere that the antarctic isotherms are nearly coincident with the parallels of latitude, except in the line of the polar current, where they curve sharply to the northwards. In the northern hemisphere, on the contrary, the preponderance of land subjects the lines to great irregularities. The isotherm of 32 degrees in January, starts from Philadelphia, crosses the banks of Newfoundland and the southern extremity of Iceland, to the polar circle, which it reaches in the meridian of Brussels. The non-coincidence with the parallel of latitude is strikingly manifest, and not less so the influence of the Gulf Stream. The sudden bend of the isotherms between Labrador and the opposite coast of Europe, is entirely due to the arrival of so large a body of warm water in those high latitudes. How different would the climate of Europe be, had we to trace the line of 32 degrees in a direct easterly course across the Atlantic! We may mention here, as a remarkable fact, that in all parts of the Antarctic Ocean hitherto visited, beyond the latitude of Cape Horn, the mercury of the barometer stands one inch lower than in other parts of the world.

Light penetrates the ocean visibly to a depth of eighty fathoms, and doubtless as much further as animal or vegetable life descends. In clear water, the scene presented by the sea-bottom is in many places particularly beautiful: submarine forests, tenanted by living things of extraordinary form and brilliant colours, meet the eye.

‘Language cannot paint  
Their splendid tints: though in blue ocean seen,  
Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,  
In all its rich variety of shades,  
Suffused with glowing gold.’

When to the ‘glowing gold’ the crimson of sunset is added, the

## THE OCEAN.

effect is indeed gorgeous, and the sea might be taken as the floor of a fairy realm flashing unnumbered lights from its rippling surface. The blue colour of the ocean arises from the fact, that the water absorbs all the other colours, and reflects the blue, which, far from land, appears to be of a most intense tinge; and yet, if a small quantity be taken up in a glass vessel, it is found to be as clear and sparkling as if drawn from a rocky well. The colour of the Red Sea, and of the Vermilion Sea off California, is caused by millions of floating animalcules; and the olive tinge so frequently seen in the arctic seas is also due to the presence of these minute creatures. Along the shores of Arabia there is a remarkable belt of green water, so well defined, that the voyager can easily perceive when he enters and when he leaves it. The Persian Gulf was called the 'Green Sea' by old geographers. The Yellow Sea owes its colour to the mud poured into it by rivers. The nature of the bottom also has an influence: over chalk or white sand the water appears of a lively green, dark-green over yellow sand, gray over mud, and black over a dark bottom.

In some latitudes, changes of colour take place periodically, of which the appearance of the 'milk sea' in the Indian Ocean twice a year affords a striking example. This phenomenon is seen near the Maldives, and is said to be perceptible only at night, when the whole region is filled with an icy livid glare, through which the stars twinkle faintly. 'But the water itself,' says an eye-witness—'that is the sight that bewilders one! On every side, the whole sea lay spread out smooth, and as white as snow—you couldn't fancy how wide it might stretch away astern or on our leebeam, for not a mark of horizon was to be seen, save on the north-west, where you made it out, owing to the sky there being actually darker than the sea; but all the time the wide face of it was of a dead ghastly paleness, washing with a swell like milk to our black counter as we forged ahead. It wasn't that it shone in the least like blue water at night in the ordinary tropics. By Jove! that would have been a comfort; but you'd have thought there was a winding-sheet laid over all, or we were standing across a level country covered with snow; only, when I stood up and watched the bows, there was a faint hissing sparkle to be seen in the ripple's edge, that first brought me to myself. The Lascars had woke up where they lay about the caboose, and were cowering together for sheer terror. The schooner's whole dusky length, in fact, with every black figure on her decks, and her shape up to the lightest stick or rope of her aloft, appearing, strange enough, in the midst of the broad white glare, to daunt any one that wasn't acquainted with the thing.' The effect of this singular phenomenon is further increased by long stripes of dark-blue water which stretch across it like twisting serpents, and by huge waves, or 'rollers,' which rise on a sudden, and after three or four heaves subside again. Besides this, the voyager in the same part

## THE OCEAN.

of the ocean meets at times with another strange spectacle known as 'the ripples,' which arises in an equally mysterious manner. All at once a hollow rushing sound is heard as of a coming hurricane, and, advancing from an opposite direction on the surface of the water, a lurid gleam of light is seen, which comes nearer and nearer, accompanied by a peculiar rumbling noise, till at last a scintillating wave dashes past the ship, followed by a second and third less violent, and all is quiet again. These, indeed, are 'wonders of the deep,' for which as yet no satisfactory explanation has been given. The question is still an open one for the inquiring spirit of philosophy, and the Scientific Society of Haarlem has offered a prize for the best answer.

The gleam here mentioned is probably due to the phosphorescence of the sea, which on some occasions produces so striking an effect that, once seen, it is never forgotten. It is not confined to the tropics, but occurs in temperate latitudes, and may not unfrequently be observed in the British Channel. On some nights, the phosphorescence is seen only as a few sparks tossing in the foam that piles itself against a ship's bow as she dashes through the water, or in the eddies that play at her stern; at others, they glisten in the froth of every wave, and the surface of the ocean is lit up with flashes, sparkles, and gleams as far as the eye can reach, on every side tumbling over and over, darting hither and thither, in the rise and fall of the waves. Now a ridge of white foam rises out of the deep, dark blue, studded with living fire, and seems to rest for a moment amid the general restlessness; then curling over, it distributes the scintillations across the slope of the nearest swell, where they play and glisten among the minor cross waves and ripples. In presence of such a scene, the beholder may well fancy that the stars of the sea rival those of the sky; and as the eye passes from the heaving surface of the one, with its noise of many waters, to the silent and solemn vault overhead, he feels that in both there are wonders infinite and glorious. Such scenes open impressive views of life and its purposes, and become lessons to the thoughtful hearted.

These lights were called 'meteors of the sea' by the older navigators, as they believed them due to the same causes that produce luminous phenomena in the atmosphere. Men of science found the cause in chemical and electrical action of the waves, the result of friction, or in the decomposition of animal matters, or the spawn of fish; while others supposed the ocean to have the power of absorbing light from the sun during the day, as certain flowers have, and of flashing it off again visibly in the dark. But since the commencement of the present century, naturalists have discovered that many marine animals have the power of emitting light; and now these creatures are known and classed under numerous species of noctiluæ and of medusæ—the latter, when in shoals, having the appearance of a vast stream of molten metal. Infusoria, polyps, and annelides are also included; some of them

## THE OCEAN.

attach themselves to floating patches of algae, where their presence has often been mistaken for phosphorescence of the vegetable.

Some of these minute creatures present a beautiful sight when observed under the microscope: at first, a tiny speck of light becomes visible at the extremity of one of the cirri, and presently spreads from filament to filament, until the whole animal is illuminated; another has a deep yellow star glowing on its head; some twinkle in flashes, like a series of electric sparks, while the light of others is uniform and steady. Myriads there are which resemble short lengths of shining threads; and thousands, again, in the forms of rings, stars, and globes. With few exceptions, they all leave behind them a luminous track where they crawl, which continues to shine for some time after the animal has passed. According to Ehrenberg, 'the phosphorescence of the sea appears to be owing solely to organised beings,' and their light is the effect of a vital action. The noctilucae secrete a substance which burns by slow combustion: in some, the light is produced by starts, similarly to the flashes in an electric picture; while in others it appears to be independent, and continues to burn when separated from the animal. What fireflies are to the forests of Brazil, and glowworms to the hedgerows of England, such are they to the ocean.

From the great whale down to the minutest animalcule, the life of the ocean exhibits characteristics and gradations not less marked than those of land-animals. As we find certain latitudes to be the habitat of certain creatures, each keeping within the limits prescribed by climate and other physical conditions, so do we find a similar system prevailing in the ocean. It is not so easy to explore the bottom of the ocean as the surface of the land; but so far as the investigations have been carried, a systematic arrangement has been found, and reasoning from a part to the whole, we may believe it to be universal.

'Each shell, each crawling insect holds a rank  
Important in the scale of Him who framed  
This scale of beings; holds a rank, which lost,  
Would break the chain, and leave a gap behind,  
Which nature's self would rue.'

It is not possible to say at what depth in the ocean animal life is no longer to be found. That there are living things at 6000 feet has been proved more than once; and in the facts of migration mentioned above, we see reason to believe that existence may still go on at a depth of 12,000 feet or more. In almost every region that has yet been examined, living animalcules have been brought up from the bottom of the sea. These are chiefly infusoria, of which nearly 100 species are known. A low temperature appears to be favourable to their development, for in both the polar oceans they are found in greatest abundance. Even the liveliest imagination is baffled in conceiving the countless numbers of these tiny beings. Nourished by the sea-water, and by minute algae,

## THE OCEAN.

they in turn serve as exhaustless supplies of food to larger creatures. Swarms innumerable of medusæ have been seen in patches, from twenty to thirty square miles in extent, and 1500 feet deep, in the arctic seas, where they give a greenish muddy appearance to the water. These apparently insignificant particles of jelly are not scattered by chance; they have fixed limits within which to dwell and multiply. Some inhabit the great currents, and so are carried from one end of the world to the other without change of temperature; others have organs of locomotion, and migrate from place to place as their instinct prompts. In the South Atlantic, ships sometimes sail through large fields of medusæ that look like saw-dust or chopped hay strewn on the surface of the waves. The western shores of America are often washed by red or chocolate-coloured water, which, when examined, is seen to be full of crimson or brown animalcules, darting about in all directions, apparently in full enjoyment, though to each one a single drop of water is a world.

The researches made by Professor E. Forbes, Mr MacAndrew, and other naturalists, within the past fifteen years, have been productive of singularly interesting results. What is called bathymetrical distribution, or distribution in depth, is found to be in zones from highwater-mark down to the lowest depth yet explored. As in ascending a mountain we pass from one region to another of vegetation and of animal life, till at last the limit of mosses and lichens is left behind, so it is in the ocean. Taking the British seas, for example: the space between high and low water-mark is the littoral zone, within which principally grows the weed known as *Fucus canaliculatus*, while the common limpet, *Patella vulgata*, makes it his abiding-place. It is to be remarked, that each zone admits of subdivision into narrower zones with distinctive features. Hence, while the limpet is found in every region of the littoral zone, the small periwinkle, *Littorina rudis*, is found only near the margin. The next stripe is the residence of the *Mytilus edulis*, or common mussel, and the weed *lichina*; and when the tide is out, this stripe and the one beyond shew a broad white belt where the shore is steep, caused by the numbers of barnacles which there attach themselves to the rocks. In the third stripe, the *Littorina littorea*, largest periwinkle, is found; and wrack or kelp, the commonest kind of weed, is abundant. This weed, in the fourth stripe, gives place to a different species, and another of the periwinkle tribe succeeds to that just mentioned, as well as other shell-bearing animals which are not met with higher up the beach.

This brings us to low-water-mark, beyond which lies the laminarian zone. The periwinkles disappear, and instead of fucus, we find the large weeds described as tangle, with great broad fronds, serving as a support to smaller plants and still smaller animals. This zone extends to a depth of fifteen fathoms, but, like the others, alters in character as it descends; the laminaria become rare,

## THE OCEAN.

and near the lower edge of the zone give place to nullipore. The coralline zone comes next; so called because it abounds in those organisations half-plant, half-animal, which, being a highly attractive food, this region is found to be the chief resort of the larger fish that inhabit our seas. It stretches to the depth of fifty fathoms. Next come the deep-sea corals, those of a real hard nature, found mostly around the Shetlands and Hebrides; and from these depths are obtained some of our most curious forms. Professor Forbes distinguishes the European marine-province by the general name of Celtic; but it is not all over alike. The Channel Islands differ from the south-western shores, and these again from the Irish Sea; and the eastern coast is the most deficient in species found in the other localities. On the west of Ireland, there is found a peculiar sea-urchin, which exists on no other spot, but is found again on the shores of Spain; from which fact, as well as from a similarity in the plants of the two countries, the conclusion has been drawn that Spain was at one time connected with Ireland, either by dry land or a chain of banks. The Celtic province is intruded on by southern species owing to the influence of the Gulf Stream, but the transportation of northern species to the south does not take place to anything like the same extent. In the arctic seas, the two upper zones are tenanted by arctic creatures, but Celtic forms are met with in the lower zones, in consequence of the lower strata of water being warmer than the upper.

In the years 1842-3, Professor Forbes spent eighteen months in a survey of the *Ægean* Sea, at the eastern end of the Mediterranean, and during that time scarcely a day passed that he was not dredging the bottom for specimens, often at a depth of 200 fathoms. He found the distribution to be more uniform than in the British seas, owing to the greater uniformity of climate, and this is one of the three great primary influences of distribution; the other two are depth, and the nature or composition of the water; all are subject, however, to modifications by secondary influences. Some of the species existing in the west of the Mediterranean are not found in the east, where the rushing in of the waters of the Black Sea dwarfs some kinds and keeps away others. The character of the bottom, too, is among the secondary influences: creatures that inhabit gravel or sand will not live in mud, and the reverse; and rocks invite sponges, strong-shelled gasteropods, and active cephalopods; while in weeds and mud, mollusca are the most abundant. It is a remarkable fact, that the presence of one or another kind of rock determines the inhabitants: the pulmoniferous, or air-breathing mollusks and testacea will not live on serpentine, while on slate, granite, or other kinds, they will be abundant, although but at the distance of a few yards. The nature of the bottom will also be modified by the pouring in of rivers, and deposits will be formed which will puzzle future geologists. Thus, while the Nile brings into the Mediterranean the animals and vegetable productions of

## THE OCEAN.

tropical Africa, the rivers of Europe carry with them specimens from the mountains of Austria and Switzerland. In this way, as Professor Forbes remarks, 'deposits presenting throughout similar organic contents of marine origin, may contain at one point the relics of marmots and mountain salamanders, at another, those of ichneumons and crocodiles.'

There are eight 'provinces of depth' in the Mediterranean; they present many points of interest, and enable us to compare with other regions, and judge of the system which prevails on so much grander a scale in the great ocean. The tides, unlike those round the British coasts, rise and fall but a few inches; the first province, therefore, is but a narrow one—it is limited by a depth of 2 fathoms, and is tenanted by a species of bivalve found in mud and the weeds most widely distributed. In the second province, the forms most characteristic of the Mediterranean are met with—sponges of singularly beautiful growth, large masses of coral of fanciful shape, resembling a forest exquisitely carved in stone. Here, too, the graceful *Actinea rubra* is seen, and the *Padina pavonia*, a fucus spreading its gorgeous fronds in the transparent water, and affording a lodging-place to innumerable crustaceans. Large spaces are green as a meadow with another elegant fucus, the *Caulerpa prolifera*; burrowing conchifera are abundant, as well as many incrusting species of zoophytes. The occupants of this province, which extends from 2 to 10 fathoms, are generally of brilliant colour and strongly marked character.

The third province covers a space of 60 feet, between 10 to 20 fathoms. It has a transition character, for towards its lower edge the *Caulerpa* and *Zostera* disappear, and give place to other kinds of fuci, among which the *Sargassum salicifolium* and *Codium bursa* are abundant. Corallines, nullipore, echinidæ, and some of the finer kinds of sponge used in commerce, are also frequent, and, with the addition of annelides, are found also in the fourth province, which descends to 35 fathoms. From this point to 55 fathoms is the fifth province; here the fuci are few, and zoophytes less abundant than in the other zones; but its vegetable and animal life still give it a distinctive character. The sixth province lies between 55 and 79 fathoms, with a bottom covered chiefly with nullipore, on which a few star-fishes are found, and fuci have become extremely rare. The bottom is still the same in the seventh province, from 80 to 105 fathoms; but the fuci and mollusks met with higher up have completely disappeared. And last comes the eighth province, which includes all the depth below 105 fathoms. It has been sounded down to 1880 fathoms, and has therefore a greater extent than all the others put together. A distinctive character is to be traced, but living creatures become so much fewer as we descend, that, as Professor Forbes says, the deficiency 'points to a zero in the distribution of animal life as yet unvisited.' *Ophiuridæ* appear to be the true inhabitants of this province, though *testacea* were found both living and dead; and

## THE OCEAN.

zoophytes—annelides of the *Serpula* genus—were taken alive from the greatest depth, and living sponges from 180 fathoms, while *Foraminifera* were very abundant. The latter are found in all parts of the ocean: Sir James Ross brought them up from his deepest soundings in the antarctic seas. Two species of mollusks were proved to be common to the whole eight provinces; and it is to be remarked, that those which have the widest range in depth, have also a wide range in latitude, being found in the British seas, and stretching far into the Atlantic, from which the general conclusion is drawn, that 'the extent of the range of a species in depth is correspondent with its geographical distribution.'

In comparing the animals of the respective provinces, those brought from the greatest depth are seen to be almost colourless, while in ascending from one to the other, the tints grow deeper and more varied. As a rule, if the lowest shells have any colour, it is rose, but most are white or transparent. In the seventh province, the white still predominate, though not so largely; the varieties are brownish-red, and the crustaceans red. These colours brighten in the sixth zone—yellow makes its appearance; and in the fifth, bands and clouds of colour are met with, and white is decreasing. Purple first appears in the fourth province, associated with striking contrasts; in the third and second come green and blue, lively in some instances; but most brilliant of all are those that inhabit the two-fathom zone round the shore, and here the brightest whites are met with.

It is worthy of remark, that, at the depth of 35 fathoms, in the *Ægean*, the temperature is 62 degrees—the same as that of the surface of the British Channel in summer—while that of the Shetlands is 55 degrees, at from 100 to 300 fathoms deep; and yet the same species are found in each of these localities, thus shewing that they are able to adapt themselves to great ranges of temperature and of pressure.

More recently, Professor Forbes has sketched a plan which comprehends the entire waters of the globe. He lays down on a map nine *Homiozoic belts*, 'of which,' he observes, 'one is unique, central, and equatorial, and four in the northern hemisphere represent as many in the southern.' They are not of equal breadth; some include a number of provinces, but the polar, one only. As yet we know but a very small portion of this submarine kingdom, or of its inhabitants; but from what is known, we may proceed to fill up the plan. In this case, again, we trace some relation between the earth and the water; for 'the boundaries of these belts on land appear to correspond with the isotherm of the months in which there is the greatest vivacity of animal and vegetable life.'

Dr Hooker makes ten provinces or divisions of marine vegetation, which are briefly:—1. The Northern Ocean, from the pole to the 60th parallel of north latitude; 2. The North Atlantic, between the 40th and 60th parallels, which is the province of the *Delosseria* and *fucus* proper; 3. The Mediterranean, which is a sub-region of

## THE OCEAN.

the warmer temperate zone of the Atlantic, lying between the 40th and 23d north parallels; 4. The tropical Atlantic, in which *Sargassum*, *Rhodomekia*, *Corallinia*, and *Siphonea*; 5. The antarctic American region, from Chili to Cape Horn; 6. The Falkland Islands; 7. The whole circumpolar ocean south of the 50th southern parallel; 8. The Australian and New Zealand province, which is very peculiar, being characterised, among other generic forms, by *Cystoseiræ* and *Fuceæ*; 9. The Indian Ocean and the Red Sea; and 10, which comprises the Japan and China seas.' This does not include the whole ocean-bottom, as there are certain districts to which, as yet, no determinate place has been assigned.

The botany of the sea is not less interesting than other phenomena of the great world of waters. The plants which grow at the surface in the cooler regions, are found at great depths nearer the equator; and as in going up a mountain we find the vegetation of different latitudes at different heights, so do we find the algæ of different latitudes as we descend in the ocean; the lowest depth corresponding with the highest latitude. Judging from appearances, sea-plants are more liable to break loose from their place of growth than land-plants. The quantities drifted with the great currents are prodigious. Beds of *Fucus filum*, 15 or 20 miles long, and about 200 yards wide, float in parts of the British Channel and the North Sea, with no other change of place than that caused by the action of the tides. But the most remarkable example of floating weed, is that called the Sargasso Sea, in the Atlantic, off the Azores, where a bed of *Fucus natans*, equal in extent to the whole of France, rests upon the water. Owing probably to the action of currents, it remains always in the same place. Columbus fell in with it in his first voyage to America, and it has not been known to shift its position since his day. The early Spanish navigators had such confidence in its steadiness, that they were accustomed to correct their longitude by it. Smaller beds lie off the Bahamas, and others are met with in the waters of the southern hemisphere.

Marine vegetation resembles in some respects that of mosses and the inferior plants on land; which are not propagated by the formation of fruit and seed, but by the throwing off of spores. Although some of the algæ have root, stem, and leaves, their functions are found, on examination, to differ from those of land-plants; and from these down to the *Desmidiaceæ* and *Diatomaceæ*, which are simple, being little more than an isolated cell, the variety is great. Algæ constitute by far the largest proportion of seaweeds, those which are not algæ being very few, and their wide diffusion is doubtless intended to furnish food for the animal life which swarms in every part of the ocean: turtles are greedy devourers of algæ. Vegetation so abundant serves to bring the constituents of sea-water into a condition to support the life of organised beings. These weeds, too, fix carbon in their structure; cell after cell grows, oxygen is given off, and the great world of waters is thereby purified. The process, as described by Dr Harvey,

## THE OCEAN.

is an interesting illustration of one of nature's important workings. He says: 'Wherever an extensive surface of shallow water, whether fresh or salt, is exposed to the air, confervæ and allied algae multiply quickly. Every pool, every stagnant ditch, is soon filled with their green silken threads. These threads cannot grow without emitting oxygen. If you examine such a pool on a sunny day, you may trace the beads of oxygen on the submerged threads, or see the gas collect in bubbles where the threads present a dense mass. It is continually passing off into the air while the confervæ vegetate, and this vegetation usually continues vigorous—one species succeeding another as it dies out, as long as the pool remains. And when, on the drying up of the land, the confervæ die, their bodies, which are scarcely more than membranous skins filled with fluid, shrivel up, and are either carried away by the wind, or form a papery film over the exposed surface of the ground. In neither case do they breed noxious airs by their decomposition. All their life-long, they have conferred a positive benefit on the atmosphere; and at their death they at least do no injury. The amount of benefit derived from each individual is indeed minute, but the aggregate is vast when we take into account the many extensive surfaces of water dispersed over the world, which are thus kept pure, and made subservient to a healthy state of the atmosphere. It is not only vast, but it is worthy of Him who has appointed to even the meanest of His creatures something to do for the good of His creation.' ?

In the temperate zones, there is a difference in the colour of algae in summer and winter, which does not take place where a steady climate prevails. Naturalists have classed them as *Chlorosperms*, *Melanosperms*, and *Rhodosperms*—green, olive, and red. As a rule, the grass-green are found in the shallowest water; but the *Caulerpa*, and others of the *Siphonææ* which grow at great depths, are not less bright than those near the surface. The olive-coloured are mostly met with on shores, where they are exposed to the sun and air in the intervals of ebb and flow of the tide. They generally form dense forest-like belts at the low-water line, and some few straggle beyond that line; but the red are most abundant in the deeper parts of the sea, being most intense in the deepest water, and becoming pale, from carmine to straw-colour, if exposed to full light in shallow pools. Some are dark purple; and they not only lose their colour, but lose the power of secreting the dark substance with which they are dyed when brought to the light. Most of the algae reflect the prismatic colours, and it is to their presence in the water that the metallic lustre of the waves is often due. The dark-purple leaves of the *Chondrus crispus* are tipped with other colours, and may be seen far down in the depths glittering like sapphires or emeralds. The forms of the fronds, too, are not less beautiful than their colours; the diversity is astonishing. Some which grow in the Gulf of Mexico and on the coast of Australia, resemble lace of

## THE OCEAN.

exquisite pattern and texture, the effect being produced by myriads of minute leaflets growing one into the other.

In the polar regions, algæ are minute and microscopic; but as soon as the margin of the ice is passed, the fucus begins to appear wherever there are rocks which favour its growth. It does not grow on sand, and, in consequence, the sea furnishes a parallel to the land, for beneath its waters there are vast deserts as bare and lifeless as the dreary solitudes of Sahara. Their extent makes them an effectual barrier to distribution, and species are found on one side of these sandy wastes which never appear on the other.

The *Laminariaceæ* are the largest of the algæ; some have stems as large as those of trees, which on the shores of the Falkland Islands are often mistaken for driftwood. This species belongs properly to the circumpolar latitudes, but the cold Pacific current carries many specimens to the shores of Chili and Peru, where they grow not far from the equator. It includes the tangle, sea-colander, oar-weed, and devil's apron. Mr Harvey states, that on the north-west of America the *Nereocystis* grows with a 'stem measuring 300 feet in length, which bears at its summit a huge air-vessel, 6 or 7 feet long, shaped like a great cask, and ending in a tuft of upwards of fifty forked leaves, each of which is from 30 to 40 feet in length.' The use of this terminal appendage is to buoy up the gigantic frond, so that it may be well surrounded with water, and receive a due provision of air. In the masses of this plant, the sea-otter finds a favourite and profitable lurking-place. The stems, singularly enough, are not larger than whipcord, yet of such strength that the natives of the coast use them for fishing-lines. The *Macrocystis*, another variety, grows to a length of 700 feet—some accounts say 1500—which we may certainly regard as the tallest of the vegetable kingdom; another resembles the palm in the form and appearance of its fronds; and the large trumpet-weed of the Cape of Good Hope has a stem 20 feet long, the upper part of which is hollow, and is frequently used as a syphon, and by the herdsmen of the coast as a trumpet for the recall of their cattle.

The algæ have many uses important in commerce and medicine, and, although no longer used for the manufacture of soda, it is from them our supplies of iodine must be derived, as chemists have not yet succeeded in extracting this constituent from sea-water. Some years ago, when the kelp manufacture was in its prime, certain Scottish proprietors made L.10,000 a year by the sea-weed thrown up on their shores. In the north of Scotland, and in Norway and Sweden, algæ are still chopped up and mixed with the winter food of cattle. In the former country, and in Ireland, the central rib of *Alaria esculenta* is eaten by the inhabitants of the coasts, and *Rhodymenia palmata*, the well-known dulse or dillisk, is largely consumed as an article of diet. At one time it was the sole relish which the poor Irish could get with their potatoes. The stem of *Laminaria digitata* has been used to make

## THE OCEAN.

knife-handles: when dry and shrunken, it somewhat resembles buck's-horn. The *Chondrus crispus*, or Carrageen, grows on all the shores of Europe and North America. The Swan River colonists find an abundant supply of jelly in their prolific *Gigartina speciosa*. The Chinese use a species of *Gracilaria* as a glue and varnish: 90,000 pounds of this one plant are imported yearly into Canton. The *Gracilaria helminthocorton*, or Corsican moss, is employed in medicine as a remedy against worms. All the *Rhodospiræ* boil down to a jelly. In short, the uses of marine plants are manifold. Many are known, and more will be discovered.

The ocean is a vast subject! We have but glanced at some of its greatest phenomena. Whole volumes might be written before the theme would be exhausted; if such a result were possible. From the small globule existing as a medusa, or primary cell of the *algæ*, to the limpet and sea-anemone, and on to the huge whale and gigantic walrus—how wide and interesting the field of inquiry! The theory of waves, the phenomena of winds, storms, and hurricanes, would come in as part of the subject, as also those multitudinous fisheries which excite man's enterprise and industry, and supply him bounteously with food. Our too brief narrative shews, that although we know much concerning the ocean, there is more of which we are altogether ignorant. In the removal of this ignorance, the human mind will find a worthy task for ages yet to come; it is among those of greatest promise and highest interest.





## THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

'To die!—to sleep!  
Perchance to dream! Ay, there's the rub.'—*Hamlet.*

**N**OREAS, that fearful north-west wind, which in the spring and autumn stirs up the lowest depths of the wild Adriatic, and is then so dangerous to vessels, was howling through the woods, and tossing the branches of the old knotty oaks in the Carpathian Mountains, when a party of five riders, who surrounded a litter drawn by a pair of mules, turned into a forest-path, which offered some protection from the April weather, and allowed the travellers in some degree to recover their breath. It was already evening, and bitterly cold; the snow fell every now and then in large flakes. A tall

#### THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

old gentleman, of aristocratic appearance, rode at the head of the troop. This was the Knight of Fahnenberg, in Austria. He had inherited from a childless brother a considerable property, situated in the Carpathian Mountains; and he had set out to take possession of it, accompanied by his daughter Franziska, and a niece about twenty years of age, who had been brought up with her. Next to the knight rode a fine young man of some twenty and odd years—the Baron Franz von Kronstein; he wore, like the former, the broad-brimmed hat with hanging feathers, the leather collar, the wide riding-boots—in short, the travelling-dress which was in fashion at the commencement of the seventeenth century. The features of the young man had much about them that was open and friendly, as well as some mind; but the expression was more that of dreamy and sensitive softness than of youthful daring, although no one could deny that he possessed much of youthful beauty. As the cavalcade turned into the oak wood, the young man rode up to the litter, and chatted with the ladies who were seated therein. One of these—and to her his conversation was principally addressed—was of dazzling beauty. Her hair flowed in natural curls round the fine oval of her face, out of which beamed a pair of star-like eyes, full of genius, lively fancy, and a certain degree of archness. Franziska von Fahnenberg seemed to attend but carelessly to the speeches of her admirer, who made many kind inquiries as to how she felt herself during the journey, which had been attended with many difficulties: she always answered him very shortly, almost contemptuously; and at length remarked, that if it had not been for her father's objections, she would long ago have requested the baron to take her place in their horrid cage of a litter, for, to judge by his remarks, he seemed incommoded by the weather; and she would so much rather be mounted on the spirited horse, and face wind and storm, than be mewed up there, dragged up the hills by those long-eared animals, and mope herself to death with ennui. The young lady's words, and, still more, the half-contemptuous tone in which they were uttered, appeared to make the most painful impression on the young man: he made her no reply at the moment, but the absent air with which he attended to the kindly-intended remarks of the other young lady, shewed how much he was disconcerted.

'It appears, dear Franziska,' said he at length in a kindly tone, 'that the hardships of the road have affected you more than you will acknowledge. Generally so kind to others, you have been very often out of humour during the journey, and particularly with regard to your humble servant and cousin, who would gladly bear a double or treble share of the discomforts, if he could thereby save you from the smallest of them.'

Franziska shewed by her look that she was about to reply with some bitter jibe, when the voice of the knight was heard calling for his nephew, who galloped off at the sound.

#### THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

'I should like to scold you well, Franziska,' said her companion somewhat sharply, 'for always plaguing your poor Cousin Franz in this shameful way; he who loves you so truly, and who, whatever you may say, will one day be your husband.'

'My husband!' replied the other angrily. 'I must either completely alter my ideas, or he his whole self, before that takes place. No, Bertha! I know that this is my father's darling wish, and I do not deny the good qualities Cousin Franz may have, or really has, since I see you are making a face; but to marry an effeminate man—never!'

'Effeminate! you do him great injustice,' replied her friend quickly. 'Just because instead of going off to the Turkish war, where little honour was to be gained, he attended to your father's advice, and stayed at home, to bring his neglected estate into order, which he accomplished with care and prudence; and because he does not represent this howling wind as a mild zephyr—for reasons such as these you are pleased to call him effeminate.'

'Say what you will, it is so,' cried Franziska obstinately. 'Bold, aspiring, even despotic, must be the man who is to gain my heart; these soft, patient, and thoughtful natures are utterly distasteful to me. Is Franz capable of deep sympathy, either in joy or sorrow? He is always the same—always quiet, soft, and tiresome.'

'He has a warm heart, and is not without genius,' said Bertha.

'A warm heart! that may be,' replied the other; 'but I would rather be tyrannised over, and kept under a little by my future husband, than be loved in such a wearisome manner. You say he has genius, too. I will not exactly contradict you, since that would be unpolite, but it is not easily discovered. But even allowing you are right in both statements, still the man who does not bring these qualities into action is a despicable creature. A man may do many foolish things, he may even be a little wicked now and then, provided it is in nothing dishonourable; and one can forgive him, if he is only acting on some fixed theory for some special object. There is, for instance, your own faithful admirer, the Castellan of Glogau, Knight of Woislav; he loves you most truly, and is now quite in a position to enable you to marry comfortably. The brave man has lost his right hand—reason enough for remaining seated behind the stove, or near the spinning-wheel of his Bertha; but what does he do?—He goes off to the war in Turkey; he fights for a noble thought'—

'And runs the chance of getting his other hand chopped off, and another great scar across his face,' put in her friend.

'Leaves his lady-love to weep and pine a little,' pursued Franziska, 'but returns with fame, marries, and is all the more honoured and admired! This is done by a man of forty, a rough warrior, not bred at court, a soldier who has nothing but his cloak

#### THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

and sword. And Franz—rich, noble—but I will not go on. Not a word more on this detested point, if you love me, Bertha.'

Franziska leaned back in the corner of the litter with a dissatisfied air, and shut her eyes, as though, overcome by fatigue, she wished to sleep.

'This awful wind is so powerful, you say, that we must make a detour to avoid its full force,' said the knight to an old man, dressed in a fur-cap and a cloak of rough skin, who seemed to be the guide of the party.

'Those who have never personally felt the Boreas storming over the country between Sessano and Trieste, can have no conception of the reality,' replied the other. 'As soon as it commences, the snow is blown in thick long columns along the ground. That is nothing to what follows. These columns become higher and higher, as the wind rises, and continue to do so until you see nothing but snow above, below, and on every side—unless, indeed, sometimes, when sand and gravel are mixed with the snow, and at length it is impossible to open your eyes at all. Your only plan for safety is to wrap your cloak around you, and lie down flat on the ground. If your home were but a few hundred yards off, you might lose your life in the attempt to reach it.'

'Well, then, we owe you thanks, old Kumpan,' said the knight, though it was with difficulty he made his words heard above the roaring of the storm; 'we owe you thanks for taking us this round, as we shall thus be enabled to reach our destination without danger.'

'You may feel sure of that, noble sir,' said the old man. 'By midnight we shall have arrived, and that without any danger by the way, if'— Suddenly the old man stopped, he drew his horse sharply up, and remained in an attitude of attentive listening.

'It appears to me we must be in the neighbourhood of some village,' said Franz von Kronstein; 'for between the gusts of the storm, I hear a dog howling.'

'It is no dog, it is no dog!' said the old man uneasily, and urging his horse to a rapid pace. 'For miles around there is no human dwelling; and except in the castle of Klatka, which indeed lies in the neighbourhood, but has been deserted for more than a century, probably no one has lived here since the creation.—But there again,' he continued; 'well, if I wasn't sure of it from the first.'

'That howling seems to fidget you, old Kumpan,' said the knight, listening to a long-drawn fierce sound, which appeared nearer than before, and seemed to be answered from a distance.

'That howling comes from no dogs,' replied the old guide uneasily. 'Those are reed-wolves; they may be on our track; and it would be as well if the gentlemen looked to their firearms.'

'Reed-wolves? What do you mean?' inquired Franz in surprise.

'At the edge of this wood,' said Kumpan, 'there lies a lake about a mile long, whose banks are covered with reeds. In these

### THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

a number of wolves have taken up their quarters, and feed on wild birds, fish, and such like. They are shy in the summer-time, and a boy of twelve might scare them; but when the birds migrate, and the fish are frozen up, they prowl about at night, and then they are dangerous. They are worst, however, when Boreas rages, for then it is just as if the fiend himself possessed them: they are so mad and fierce, that man and beast become alike their victims; and a party of them have been known even to attack the ferocious bears of these mountains, and, what is more, to come off victorious.' The howl was now again repeated more distinctly, and from two opposite directions. The riders in alarm felt for their pistols, and the old man grasped the spear which hung at his saddle.

'We must keep close to the litter; the wolves are very near us,' whispered the guide. The riders turned their horses, surrounded the litter, and the knight informed the ladies, in a few quieting words, of the cause of this movement.

'Then we *shall* have an adventure—some little variety!' cried Franziska with sparkling eyes.

'How can you talk so foolishly?' said Bertha in alarm.

'Are we not under manly protection? Is not Cousin Franz on our side?' said the other mockingly.

'See, there is a light gleaming among the twigs; and there is another,' cried Bertha. 'There must be people close to us.'

'No, no,' cried the guide quickly. 'Shut up the door, ladies. Keep close together, gentlemen. It is the eyes of wolves you see sparkling there.' The gentlemen looked towards the thick underwood, in which every now and then little bright spots appeared, such as in summer would have been taken for glow-worms; it was just the same greenish-yellow light, but less unsteady, and there were always two flames together. The horses began to be very restive, they kicked and dragged at the rein; but the mules behaved tolerably well.

'I will fire on the beasts, and teach them to keep their distance,' said Franz, pointing to the spot where the lights were thickest.

'Hold, hold, Sir Baron!' cried Kumpan quickly, and seizing the young man's arm. 'You would bring such a host together by the report, *that*, encouraged by numbers, they would be sure to make the first assault. However, keep your arms in readiness, and if an old she-wolf springs out—for these always lead the attack—take good aim and kill her, for then there must be no further hesitation.' By this time, the horses were almost unmanageable, and terror had also infected the mules. Just as Franz was turning towards the litter to say a word to his cousin, an animal, about the size of a large hound, sprang from the thicket and seized the foremost mule.

'Fire, baron! A wolf!' shouted the guide.

The young man fired, and the wolf fell to the ground. A fearful howl rang through the wood.

#### THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

'Now, forward! Forward without a moment's delay!' cried Kumpan. 'We have not above five minutes' time. The beasts will tear their wounded comrade to pieces, and, if they are very hungry, partially devour her. We shall, in the meantime, gain a little start, and it is not more than an hour's ride to the end of the forest. There—do you see—these are the towers of Klatka between the trees—out there where the moon is rising, and from that point the wood becomes less dense.'

The travellers endeavoured to increase their pace to the utmost, but the litter retarded their progress. Bertha was weeping with fear, and even Franziska's courage had diminished, for she sat very still. Franz endeavoured to reassure them. They had not proceeded many moments when the howling recommenced, and approached nearer and nearer.

'There they are again, and fiercer and more numerous than before,' cried the guide in alarm.

The lights were soon visible again, and certainly in greater numbers. The wood had already become less thick, and the snow-storm having ceased, the moonbeams discovered many a dusky form amongst the trees, keeping together like a pack of hounds, and advancing nearer and nearer till they were within twenty paces, and on the very path of the travellers. From time to time a fierce howl arose from their centre, which was answered by the whole pack, and was at length taken up by single voices in the distance.

The party now found themselves some few hundred yards from the ruined castle of which Kumpan had spoken. It was, or seemed by moonlight to be, of some magnitude. Near the tolerably preserved principal building lay the ruins of a church, which must once have been beautiful, placed on a little hillock, dotted with single oak-trees and bramble-bushes. Both castle and church were still partially roofed in; and a path led from the castle gate to an old oak-tree, where it joined at right angles the one along which the travellers were advancing.

The old guide seemed in much perplexity.

'We are in great danger, noble sir,' said he. 'The wolves will very soon make a general attack. There will then be only one way of escape: leaving the mules to their fate, and taking the young ladies on your horses.'

'That would be all very well, if I had not thought of a better plan,' replied the knight. 'Here is the ruined castle; we can surely reach that, and then, blocking up the gates, we must just await the morning.'

'Here? In the ruins of Klatka?—Not for all the wolves in the world!' cried the old man. 'Even by daylight no one likes to approach the place, and now, by night!—The castle, Sir Knight, has a bad name.'

'On account of robbers?' asked Franz.

'No; it is haunted,' replied the other.

### THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

'Stuff and nonsense!' said the baron. 'Forward to the ruins; there is not a moment to be lost.'

And this was indeed the case. The ferocious beasts were but a few steps behind the travellers. Every now and then they retired, and set up a ferocious howl. The party had just arrived at the old oak before mentioned, and were about to turn into the path to the ruins, when the animals, as though perceiving the risk they ran of losing their prey, came so near that a lance could easily have struck them. The knight and Franz faced sharply about, spurring their horses amidst the advancing crowds, when suddenly, from the shadow of the oak stepped forth a man, who in a few strides placed himself between the travellers and their pursuers. As far as one could see in the dusky light, the stranger was a man of a tall and well-built frame; he wore a sword by his side, and a broad-brimmed hat was on his head. If the party were astonished at his sudden appearance, they were still more so at what followed. As soon as the stranger appeared, the wolves gave over their pursuit, tumbled over each other, and set up a fearful howl. The stranger now raised his hand, appeared to wave it, and the wild animals crawled back into the thickets like a pack of beaten hounds.

Without casting a glance at the travellers, who were too much overcome by astonishment to speak, the stranger went up the path which led to the castle, and soon disappeared beneath the gateway.

'Heaven have mercy on us!' murmured old Kumpan in his beard, as he made the sign of the cross.

'Who was that strange man?' asked the knight with surprise, when he had watched the stranger as long as he was visible, and the party had resumed their way.

The old guide pretended not to understand, and riding up to the mules, busied himself with arranging the harness, which had become disordered in their haste: more than a quarter of an hour elapsed before he rejoined them.

'Did you know the man who met us near the ruins, and who freed us from our fourfooted pursuers in such a miraculous way?' asked Franz of the guide.

'Do I know him? No, noble sir; I never saw him before,' replied the guide hesitatingly.

'He looked like a soldier, and was armed,' said the baron. 'Is the castle, then, inhabited?'

'Not for the last hundred years,' replied the other. 'It was dismantled because the possessor in those days had iniquitous dealings with some Turkish-Sclavonian hordes, who had advanced as far as this; or rather'—he corrected himself hastily—'he is said to have had such, for he might have been as upright and good a man as ever ate cheese fried in butter.'\*

\* A favourite dish in those parts.

#### THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

‘And who is now the possessor of the ruins and of these woods?’ inquired the knight.

‘Who but yourself, noble sir?’ replied Kumpan. ‘For more than two hours we have been on your estate, and we shall soon reach the end of the wood.’

‘We hear and see nothing more of the wolves,’ said the baron after a long pause. ‘Even their howling has ceased. The adventure with the stranger still remains to me inexplicable, even if one were to suppose him a huntsman’——

‘Yes, yes; that is most likely what he is,’ interrupted the guide hastily, whilst he looked uneasily round him. ‘The brave good man, who came so opportunely to our assistance, must have been a huntsman. Oh, there are many powerful woodsmen in this neighbourhood! Heaven be praised!’ he continued, taking a deep breath, ‘there is the end of the wood, and in a short hour we shall be safely housed.’

And so it happened. Before an hour had elapsed, the party passed through a well-built village, the principal spot on the estate, towards the venerable castle, the windows of which were brightly illuminated, and at the door stood the steward and other dependents, who, having received their new lord with every expression of respect, conducted the party to the splendidly furnished apartments.

Nearly four weeks passed before the travelling adventures again came on the tapis. The knight and Franz found such constant employment in looking over all the particulars of the large estate, and endeavouring to introduce various German improvements, that they were very little at home. At first, Franziska was charmed with everything in a neighbourhood so entirely new and unknown. It appeared to her so romantic, so very different from her German Fatherland, that she took the greatest interest in everything, and often drew comparisons between the countries, which generally ended unfavourably for Germany. Bertha was of exactly the contrary opinion: she laughed at her cousin, and said that her liking for novelty and strange sights must indeed have come to a pass, when she preferred hovels in which the smoke went out of the doors and windows instead of the chimney, walls covered with soot, and inhabitants not much cleaner, and of unmannerly habits, to the comfortable dwellings and polite people of Germany. However, Franziska persisted in her notions, and replied that everything in Austria was flat, *ennuyant*, and common; and that a wild peasant here, with his rough coat of skin, had ten times more interest for her than a quiet Austrian in his holiday suit, the mere sight of whom was enough to make one yawn.

As soon as the knight had got the first arrangements into some degree of order, the party found themselves more together again. Franz continued to shew great attention to his cousin, which, however, she received with little gratitude, for she made him the

## THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

butt of all her fanciful humours, that soon returned when after a longer sojourn she had become more accustomed to her new life. Many excursions into the neighbourhood were undertaken, but there was little variety in the scenery, and these soon ceased to amuse.

The party were one day assembled in the old-fashioned hall, dinner had just been removed, and they were arranging in which direction they should ride. 'I have it!' cried Franziska suddenly. 'I wonder we never thought before of going to view by day the spot where we fell in with our night-adventure with wolves and the Mysterious Stranger.'

'You mean a visit to the ruins—what were they called?' said the knight.

'Castle Klatka,' cried Franziska gaily. 'Oh, we really must ride there! It will be so charming to go over again by daylight, and in safety, the ground where we had such a dreadful fright.'

'Bring round the horses,' said the knight to a servant; 'and tell the steward to come to me immediately.' The latter, an old man, soon after entered the room.

'We intend taking a ride to Klatka,' said the knight: 'we had an adventure there on our road'—

'So old Kumpan told me,' interrupted the steward.

'And what do you say about it?' asked the knight.

'I really don't know what to say,' replied the old man, shaking his head. 'I was a youth of twenty when I first came to this castle, and now my hair is gray; half a century has elapsed during that time. Hundreds of times my duty has called me into the neighbourhood of those ruins, but never have I seen the Fiend of Klatka.'

'What do you say? Who do you call by that name?' inquired Franziska, whose love of adventure and romance was strongly awakened.

'Why, people call by that name the ghost or spirit who is supposed to haunt the ruins,' replied the steward. 'They say he only shews himself on moonlight nights'—

'That is quite natural,' interrupted Franz smiling. 'Ghosts can never bear the light of day; and if the moon did not shine, how could the ghost be seen? for it is not to be supposed that any one for a mere freak would visit the ruins by torch-light.'

'There are some credulous people, who pretend to have seen this ghost,' continued the steward. 'Huntsmen and wood-cutters say they have met him by the large oak on the cross-path. That, noble sir, is supposed to be the spot he inclines most to haunt, for the tree was planted in remembrance of the man who fell there.'

'And who was he?' asked Franziska with increasing curiosity.

'The last owner of the castle, which was at that time a sort of robber's den, and the head-quarters of all depredators in the neighbourhood,' answered the old man. 'They say this man was of superhuman strength, and was feared not only on account of

#### THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

his passionate temper, but of his treaties with the Turkish hordes. Any young woman, too, in the neighbourhood to whom he took a fancy, was carried off to his tower, and never heard of more. When the measure of his iniquity was full, the whole neighbourhood rose in a mass, besieged his stronghold, and at length he was slain on the spot where the huge oak-tree now stands.'

'I wonder they did not burn the whole castle, so as to erase the very memory of it,' said the knight.

'It was a dependency of the church, and that saved it,' replied the other. 'Your great-grandfather afterwards took possession of it, for it had fine lands attached. As the Knight of Klatka was of good family, a monument was erected to him in the church, which now lies as much in ruin as the castle itself.'

'Oh, let us set off at once! Nothing shall prevent my visiting so interesting a spot,' said Franziska eagerly. 'The imprisoned damsels who never reappeared, the storming of the tower, the death of the knight, the nightly wanderings of his spirit round the old oak, and, lastly, our own adventure, all draw me thither with an indescribable curiosity.'

When a servant announced that the horses were at the door, the young girls tripped laughingly down the steps which led to the coach-yard. Franz, the knight, and a servant well acquainted with the country, followed; and in a few minutes the party were on their road to the forest.

The sun was still high in the heavens, when they saw the towers of Klatka rising above the trees. Everything in the wood was still, except the cheerful twitterings of the birds as they hopped about amongst the bursting buds and leaves, and announced that spring had arrived.

The party soon found themselves near the old oak at the bottom of the hill on which stood the towers, still imposing in their ruin. Ivy and bramble bushes had wound themselves over the walls, and forced their deep roots so firmly between the stones, that they in a great measure held these together. On the top of the highest point, a small bush in its young fresh verdure swayed lightly in the breeze.

The gentlemen assisted their companions to alight, and leaving the horses to the care of the servant, ascended the hill to the castle. After having explored this in every nook and cranny, and spent much time in a vain search for some trace of the extraordinary stranger, whom Franziska declared she was determined to discover, they proceeded to an inspection of the adjoining church. This they found to have better withstood the ravages of time and weather; the nave, indeed, was in complete dilapidation, but the chancel and altar were still under roof, as well as a sort of chapel which appeared to have been a place of honour for the families of the old knights of the castle. Few traces remained, however, of the magnificent painted glass which must once have adorned the windows, and the wind entered at pleasure through the open spaces.

### THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

The party were occupied for some time in deciphering the inscriptions on a number of tombstones, and on the walls, principally within the chancel. They were generally memorials of the ancient lords, with figures of men in armour, and women and children of all ages. A flying raven and various other devices were placed at the corners. One gravestone, which stood close to the entrance of the chancel, differed widely from the others: there was no figure sculptured on it, and the inscription, which, on all besides, was a mere mass of flattering eulogies, was here simple and unadorned; it contained only these words: 'Ezzelin von Klatka fell like a knight at the storming of the castle'—on such a day and year.

'That must be the monument of the knight whose ghost is said to haunt these ruins,' cried Franziska eagerly. 'What a pity he is not represented in the same way as the others—I should so like to have known what he was like!'

'Oh, there is the family-vault, with steps leading down to it, and the sun is lighting it up through a crevice,' said Franz, stepping from the adjoining vestry.

The whole party followed him down the eight or nine steps which led to a tolerably airy chamber, where were placed a number of coffins of all sizes, some of them crumbling into dust. Here, again, one close to the door was distinguished from the others by the simplicity of its design, the freshness of its appearance, and the brief inscription: 'Ezzelinus de Klatka, Eques.'

As not the slightest effluvia was perceptible, they lingered some time in the vault; and when they reascended to the church, they had a long talk over the old possessors, of whom the knight now remembered he had heard his parents speak. The sun had disappeared, and the moon was just rising as the explorers turned to leave the ruins. Bertha had made a step into the nave, when she uttered a slight exclamation of fear and surprise. Her eyes fell on a man who wore a hat with drooping feathers, a sword at his side, and a short cloak of somewhat old-fashioned cut over his shoulders. The stranger leaned carelessly on a broken column at the entrance; he did not appear to take any notice of the party; and the moon shone full on his pale face.

The party advanced towards the stranger.

'If I am not mistaken,' commenced the knight; 'we have met before.'

Not a word from the unknown.

'You released us in an almost miraculous manner,' said Franziska, 'from the power of those dreadful wolves. Am I wrong in supposing it is to you we are indebted for that great service?'

'The beasts are afraid of me,' replied the stranger in a deep fierce tone, while he fastened his sunken eyes on the girl, without taking any notice of the others.

'Then you are probably a huntsman,' said Franz, 'and wage war against the fierce brutes.'

### THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

'Who is not either the pursuer or the pursued? All persecute or are persecuted, and Fate persecutes all,' replied the stranger without looking at him.

'Do you live in these ruins?' asked the knight hesitatingly.

'Yes; but not to the destruction of your game, as you may fear, Knight of Fahnenberg,' said the unknown contemptuously. 'Be quite assured of this; your property shall remain untouched'—

'Oh! my father did not mean that,' interrupted Franziska, who appeared to take the liveliest interest in the stranger. 'Unfortunate events and sad experiences have, no doubt, induced you to take up your abode in these ruins, of which my father would by no means dispossess you.'

'Your father is very good, if that is what he meant,' said the stranger in his former tone; and it seemed as though his dark features were drawn into a slight smile; 'but people of my sort are rather difficult to turn out.'

'You must live very uncomfortably here,' said Franziska, half vexed, for she thought her polite speech had deserved a better reply.

'My dwelling is not exactly uncomfortable, only somewhat small, still quite suitable for quiet people,' said the unknown with a kind of sneer. 'I am not, however, always quiet; I sometimes pine to quit the narrow space, and then I dash away through forest and field, over hill and dale; and the time when I must return to my little dwelling always comes too soon for me.'

'As you now and then leave your dwelling,' said the knight, 'I would invite you to visit us, if I knew'—

'That I was in a station to admit of your doing so,' interrupted the other; and the knight started slightly, for the stranger had exactly expressed the half-formed thought. 'I lament,' he continued coldly, 'that I am not able to give you particulars on this point—some difficulties stand in the way: be assured, however, that I am a knight, and of at least as ancient a family as yourself.'

'Then you must not refuse our request,' cried Franziska, highly interested in the strange manners of the unknown. 'You must come and visit us.'

'I am no boon-companion, and on that account few have invited me of late,' replied the other with his peculiar smile; 'besides, I generally remain at home during the day; that is my time for rest. I belong, you must know, to that class of persons who turn day into night, and night into day, and who love everything uncommon and peculiar.'

'Really? So do I! And for that very reason, you must visit us,' cried Franziska. 'Now,' she continued smiling, 'I suppose you have just risen, and you are taking your morning airing. Well, since the moon is your sun, pray pay a frequent visit to our castle by the light of its rays. I think we shall agree very well, and that it will be very nice for us to be acquainted.'

#### THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

'You wish it?—You press the invitation?' asked the stranger earnestly and decidedly.

'To be sure, for otherwise you will not come,' replied the young lady shortly.

'Well, then, come I will!' said the other, again fixing his gaze on her. 'If my company does not please you at any time, you will have yourself to blame for an acquaintance with one who seldom forces himself, but is difficult to shake off.'

When the unknown had concluded these words, he made a slight motion with his hand, as though to take leave of them, and passing under the doorway, disappeared among the ruins. The party soon after mounted their horses, and took the road home.

It was the evening of the following day, and all were again seated in the hall of the castle. Bertha had that day received good news. The knight Woislaw had written from Hungary, that the war with the Turks would be brought to a conclusion during the year, and that although he had intended returning to Silesia, hearing of the knight of Fahrenberg having gone to take possession of his new estates, he should follow the family there, not doubting that Bertha had accompanied her friend. He hinted, that he stood so high in the opinion of his duke on account of his valuable services, that in future his duties would be even more important and extensive; but before settling down to them, he should come and claim Bertha's promise to become his wife. He had been much enriched by his master, as well as by booty taken from the Turks. Having formerly lost his right hand in the duke's service, he had essayed to fight with his left; but this did not succeed very admirably, and so he had an iron one made by a very clever artist. This hand performed many of the functions of a natural one, but there had been still much wanting; now, however, his master had presented him with one of gold, an extraordinary work of art, produced by a celebrated Italian mechanic. The knight described it as something marvellous, especially as to the superhuman strength with which it enabled him to use the sword and lance. Franziska naturally rejoiced in the happiness of her friend, who had had no news of her betrothed for a long time before. She launched out every now and then, partly to plague Franz, and partly to express her own feelings, in the highest praise and admiration of the bravery and enterprise of the knight, whose adventurous qualities she lauded to the skies. Even the scar on his face, and his want of a right hand, were reckoned as virtues; and Franziska at last saucily declared, that a rather ugly man was infinitely more attractive to her than a handsome one, for as a general rule, handsome men were conceited and effeminate. Thus, she added, no one could term their acquaintance of the night before handsome, but attractive and interesting he certainly was. Franz and Bertha simultaneously denied this. His gloomy appearance, the deadly hue of his complexion, the tone of his voice, were each in turn depreciated by Bertha, while Franz found fault with

#### THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

the contempt and arrogance obvious in his speech. The knight stood between the two parties. He thought there was something in his bearing that spoke of good family, though much could not be said for his politeness; however, the man might have had trials enough in his life to make him misanthropical. Whilst they were conversing in this way, the door suddenly opened, and the subject of their remarks himself walked in.

'Pardon me, Sir Knight,' he said coldly, 'that I come, if not uninvited, at least unannounced; there was no one in the ante-chamber to do me that service.'

The brilliantly lighted chamber gave a full view of the stranger. He was a man about forty, tall, and extremely thin. His features could not be termed uninteresting—there lay in them something bold and daring; but the expression was on the whole anything but benevolent. There was contempt and sarcasm in the cold gray eyes, whose glance, however, was at times so piercing, that no one could endure it long. His complexion was even more peculiar than the features: it could neither be called pale nor yellow; it was a sort of gray, or, so to speak, dirty white, like that of an Indian who has been suffering long from fever; and was rendered still more remarkable by the intense blackness of his beard and short cropped hair. The dress of the unknown was knightly, but old-fashioned and neglected; there were great spots of rust on the collar and breastplate of his armour; and his dagger and the hilt of his finely-worked sword were marked in some places with mildew. As the party were just going to supper, it was only natural to invite the stranger to partake of it; he complied, however, only in so far that he seated himself at the table, for he ate no morsel. The knight, with some surprise, inquired the reason.

'For a long time past, I have accustomed myself never to eat at night,' he replied with a strange smile. 'My digestion is quite unused to solids, and indeed would scarcely confront them. I live entirely on liquids.'

'O then, we can empty a bumper of Rhine-wine together,' cried the host.

'Thanks; but I neither drink wine nor any cold beverage,' replied the other; and his tone was full of mockery. It appeared as if there was some amusing association connected with the idea.

'Then I will order you a cup of hippocras'—a warm drink composed of herbs—'it shall be ready immediately,' said Franziska.

'Many thanks, fair lady; not at present,' replied the other. 'But if I refuse the beverage you offer me now, you may be assured that as soon as I require it—perhaps very soon—I will request that, or some other of you.'

Bertha and Franz thought the man had something *inexpressibly repulsive* in his whole manner, and they had no inclination to *engage him* in conversation; but the baron, thinking that *perhaps*

### THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

politeness required him to say something, turned towards the guest, and commenced in a friendly tone: 'It is now many weeks since we first became acquainted with you; we then had to thank you for a signal service'—

'And I have not yet told you my name, although you would gladly know it,' interrupted the other drily. 'I am called Azzo; and as'—this he said again with his ironical smile—'with the permission of the Knight of Fahnenberg, I live at the castle of Klatka, you can in future call me Azzo von Klatka.'

'I only wonder you do not feel lonely and uncomfortable amongst those old walls,' began Bertha. 'I cannot understand'—

'What my business is there? Oh, about that I will willingly give you some information, since you and the young gentleman there take such a kindly interest in my person,' replied the unknown in his tone of sarcasm.

Franz and Bertha both started, for he had revealed their thoughts as though he could read their souls. 'You see, lady,' he continued, 'there are a variety of strange whims in the world. As I have already said, I love what is peculiar and uncommon, at least what would appear so to you. It is wrong in the main to be astonished at anything, for, viewed in one light, all things are alike; even life and death, this side of the grave and the other, have more resemblance than you would imagine. You perhaps consider me rather touched a little in my mind, for taking up my abode with the bat and the owl; but if so, why not consider every hermit and recluse insane? You will tell me that those are holy men. I certainly have no pretension that way; but as they find pleasure in praying and singing psalms, so I amuse myself with hunting. Oh, you can have no idea of the intense pleasure of dashing away in the pale moonlight, on a horse that never tires, over hill and dale, through forest and woodland! I rush among the wolves, which fly at my approach, as you yourself perceived, as though they were puppies fearful of the lash.'

'But still it must be lonely, very lonely for you,' remarked Bertha.

'So it would by day; but I am then asleep,' replied the stranger drily; 'at night I am merry enough.'

'You hunt in an extraordinary way,' remarked Franz hesitatingly.

'Yes; but, nevertheless, I have no communication with robbers, as you seem to imagine,' replied Azzo coldly.

Franz again started—that very thought had just crossed his mind. 'Oh, I beg your pardon; I do not know'—he stammered.

'What to make of me,' interrupted the other. 'You would, therefore, do well to believe just what I tell you, or at least to avoid making conjectures of your own, which will lead to nothing.'

'I understand you: I know how to value your ideas, if no one else does,' cried Franziska eagerly. 'The humdrum, everyday

## THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

life of the generality of men is repulsive to you ; you have tasted the joys and pleasures of life, at least what are so called, and you have found them tame and hollow. How soon one tires of the things one sees all around ! Life consists in change. Only in what is new, uncommon, and peculiar, do the flowers of the spirit bloom and give forth scent. Even pain may become a pleasure if it saves one from the shallow monotony of everyday life—a thing I shall hate till the hour of my death.'

'Right, fair lady—quite right ! Remain in this mind : this was always my opinion, and the one from which I have derived the highest reward,' cried Azzo ; and his fierce eyes sparkled more intensely than ever. 'I am doubly pleased to have found in you a person who shares my ideas. Oh, if you were a man, you would make me a splendid companion ; but even a woman may have fine experiences when once these opinions take root in her, and bring forth action !'

As Azzo spoke these words in a cold tone of politeness, he turned from the subject, and for the rest of his visit only gave the knight monosyllabic replies to his inquiries, taking leave before the table was cleared. To an invitation from the knight, backed by a still more pressing one from Franziska to repeat his visit, he replied that he would take advantage of their kindness, and come sometimes.

When the stranger had departed, many were the remarks made on his appearance and general deportment. Franz declared his most decided dislike to him. Whether it was as usual to vex her cousin, or whether Azzo had really made an impression on her, Franziska took his part vehemently. As Franz contradicted her more eagerly than usual, the young lady launched out into still stronger expressions ; and there is no knowing what hard words her cousin might have received, had not a servant entered the room.

The following morning, Franziska lay longer than usual in bed. When her friend went to her room, fearful lest she should be ill, she found her pale and exhausted. Franziska complained she had passed a very bad night ; she thought the dispute with Franz about the stranger must have excited her greatly, for she felt quite feverish and exhausted, and a strange dream, too, had worried her, which was evidently a consequence of the evening's conversation. Bertha, as usual, took the young man's part, and added, that a common dispute about a man whom no one knew, and about whom any one might form his own opinion, could not possibly have thrown her into her present state. 'At least,' she continued, 'you can let me hear this wonderful dream.'

To her surprise, Franziska for a length of time refused to do so.

'Come tell me,' inquired Bertha, 'what can possibly prevent you from relating a dream—a mere dream ? I might almost think it credible, if the idea were not too horrid, that poor Franz is not very far wrong when he says that the thin, corpse-like, dried-up,

### THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

old-fashioned stranger has made a greater impression on you than you will allow.'

'Did Franz say so?' asked Franziska. 'Then you can tell him he is not mistaken. Yes, the thin, corpse-like, dried-up, whimsical stranger is far more interesting to me than the rosy-cheeked, well-dressed, polite, and prosy cousin.'

'Strange!' cried Bertha. 'I cannot at all comprehend the almost magic influence which this man, to me so repulsive, exercises over you.'

'Perhaps the very reason I take his part, may be that you are all so prejudiced against him,' remarked Franziska pettishly. 'Yes, it must be so; for that his appearance should please my eyes, is what no one in his senses could imagine. But,' she continued, smiling and holding out her hand to Bertha, 'is it not laughable that I should get out of temper even with you about this stranger?—I can more easily understand it with Franz—and that this unknown should spoil my morning, as he has already spoiled my evening and my night's rest?'

'By that dream, you mean?' said Bertha, easily appeased, as she put her arm round her cousin's neck and kissed her. 'Now, do tell it to me. You know how I delight in hearing anything of the kind.'

'Well, I will, as a sort of compensation for my peevishness towards you,' said the other, clasping her friend's hands. 'Now, listen! I had walked up and down my room for a long time; I was excited—out of spirits—I do not know exactly what. It was almost midnight ere I lay down, but I could not sleep. I tossed about, and at length it was only from sheer exhaustion that I dropped off. But what a sleep it was! An inward fear ran through me perpetually. I saw a number of pictures before me, as I used to do in childish sicknesses. I do not know whether I was asleep or half awake. Then I dreamed, but as clearly as if I had been wide awake, that a sort of mist filled the room, and out of it stepped the knight Azzo. He gazed at me for a time, and then letting himself slowly down on one knee, imprinted a kiss on my throat. Long did his lips rest there; and I felt a slight pain, which always went on increasing, until I could bear it no more. With all my strength I tried to force the vision from me, but succeeded only after a long struggle. No doubt I uttered a scream, for that awoke me from my trance. When I came a little to my senses, I felt a sort of superstitious fear creeping over me—how great you may imagine, when I tell you that, with my eyes open and awake, it appeared to me as if Azzo's figure were still by my bed, and then disappearing gradually into the mist, vanished at the door!'

'You must have dreamed very heavily, my poor friend,' began Bertha, but suddenly paused. She gazed with surprise at Franziska's throat. 'Why, what is that?' she cried. 'Just look—how extraordinary—a red streak on your throat!'

### THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

Franziska raised herself, and went to a little glass that stood in the window. She really saw a small red line about an inch long on her neck, which began to smart when she touched it with her finger.

‘I must have hurt myself by some means in my sleep,’ she said after a pause; ‘and that in some measure will account for my dream.’

The friends continued chatting for some time about this singular coincidence—the dream and the stranger; and at length it was all turned into a joke by Bertha.

Several weeks passed. The knight had found the estate and affairs in greater disorder than he at first imagined; and instead of remaining three or four weeks, as was originally intended, their departure was deferred to an indefinite period. This postponement was likewise in some measure occasioned by Franziska’s continued indisposition. She who had formerly bloomed like a rose in its young fresh beauty, was becoming daily thinner, more sickly and exhausted, and at the same time so pale, that in the space of a month not a tinge of red was perceptible on the once glowing cheek. The knight’s anxiety about her was extreme, and the best advice was procured which the age and country afforded; but all to no purpose. Franziska complained from time to time that the horrible dream with which her illness commenced was repeated, and that always on the day following she felt an increased and indescribable weakness. Bertha naturally set this down to the effects of fever, but the ravages of that fever on the usually clear reason of her friend filled her with alarm.

The knight Azzo repeated his visits every now and then. He always came in the evening, and when the moon shone brightly. His manner was always the same. He spoke in monosyllables, and was coldly polite to the knight; to Franziska and Bertha, particularly to the former, contemptuous and haughty; but to Franziska, friendliness itself. Often when, after a short visit, he again left the house, his peculiarities became the subject of conversation. Besides his old way of speaking, in which Bertha said there lay a deep hatred, a cold detestation of all mankind with the exception of Franziska, two other singularities were observable. During none of his visits, which often took place at supper-time, had he been prevailed upon to eat or drink anything, and that without giving any good reason for his abstinence. A remarkable alteration, too, had taken place in his appearance; he seemed an entirely different creature. The skin, before so shrivelled and stretched, seemed smooth and soft, while a slight tinge of red appeared in his cheeks, which began to look round and plump. Bertha, who could not at all conceal her ill-will towards him, said often, that much as she hated his face before, when it was more like a death’s-head than a human being’s, it was now more than ever repulsive; she always felt a shudder run through her veins whenever his sharp piercing eyes rested on her. Perhaps

#### THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

it was owing to Franziska's partiality, or to the knight Azzo's own contemptuous way of replying to Franz, or to his haughty way of treating him in general, that made the young man dislike him more and more. It was quite observable, that whenever Franz made a remark to his cousin in the presence of Azzo, the latter would immediately throw some ill-natured light on it, or distort it to a totally different meaning. This increased from day to day, and at last Franz declared to Bertha, that he would stand such conduct no longer, and that it was only out of consideration for Franziska that he had not already called him to account.

At this time, the party at the castle was increased by the arrival of Bertha's long-expected guest. He came just as they were sitting down to supper one evening, and all jumped up to greet their old friend. The knight Woislav was a true model of the soldier, hardened and strengthened by war with men and elements. His face would not have been termed ugly, if a Turkish sabre had not left a mark running from the right eye to the left cheek, and standing out bright red from the sunburned skin. The frame of the Castellan of Glogau might almost be termed colossal. Few would have been able to carry his armour, and still fewer move with his lightness and ease under its weight. He did not think little of this same armour, for it had been a present from the palatine of Hungary on his leaving the camp. The blue wrought-steel was ornamented all over with patterns in gold; and he had put it on to do honour to his bride-elect, together with the wonderful gold hand, the gift of the duke.

Woislav was questioned by the knight and Franz on all the concerns of the campaign; and he entered into the most minute particulars relating to the battles, which, with regard to plunder, had been more successful than ever. He spoke much of the strength of the Turks in a hand-to-hand fight, and remarked that he owed the duke many thanks for his splendid gift, for in consequence of its strength, many of the enemy regarded him as something superhuman. The sickliness and deathlike paleness of Franziska was too perceptible not to be immediately noticed by Woislav; accustomed to see her so fresh and cheerful, he hastened to inquire into the cause of the change. Bertha related all that had happened, and Woislav listened with the greatest interest. This increased to the utmost at the account of the often-repeated dream, and Franziska had to give him the most minute particulars of it; it appeared as though he had met with a similar case before, or at least had heard of one. When the young lady added, that it was very remarkable that the wound on her throat which she had at first felt had never healed, and still pained her, the knight Woislav looked at Bertha as much as to say, that this last fact had greatly strengthened his idea as to the cause of Franziska's illness.

It was only natural that the discourse should next turn to the knight Azzo, about whom every one began to talk eagerly.

#### THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

Woislav inquired as minutely as he had done with regard to Franziska's illness, about what concerned this stranger, from the first evening of their acquaintance down to his last visit, without, however, giving any opinion on the subject. The party were still in earnest conversation, when the door opened, and Azzo entered. Woislav's eyes remained fixed on him, as he, without taking any particular notice of the new arrival, walked up to the table, and seating himself, directed most of his conversation to Franziska and her father, and now and then made some sarcastic remark when Franz began to speak. The Turkish war again came on the tapis, and though Azzo only put in an occasional remark, Woislav had much to say on the subject. Thus they had advanced late into the night, and Franz said smiling to Woislav : 'I should not wonder if day had surprised us, whilst listening to your entertaining adventures.'

'I admire the young gentleman's taste,' said Azzo, with an ironical curl of the lip. 'Stories of storm and shipwreck are, indeed, best heard on *terra firma*, and those of battle and death at a hospitable table or in the chimney-corner. One has then the comfortable feeling of keeping a whole skin, and being in no danger, not even of taking cold.' With the last words, he gave a hoarse laugh, and turning his back on Franz, rose, bowed to the rest of the company, and left the room. The knight, who always accompanied Azzo to the door, now expressed himself fatigued, and bade his friends good-night.

'That Azzo's impertinence is unbearable,' cried Bertha when he was gone. 'He becomes daily more rough, unpolite, and presuming. If only on account of Franziska's dream, though of course he cannot help that, I detest him. Now, to-night, not one civil word has he spoken to any one but Franziska, except, perhaps, some casual remark to my uncle.'

'I cannot deny that you are right, Bertha,' said her cousin. 'One may forgive much to a man whom fate has probably made somewhat misanthropical; but he should not overstep the bounds of common politeness. But where on earth is Franz?' added Franziska, as she looked uneasily round.—The young man had quietly left the room whilst Bertha was speaking.

'He cannot have followed the knight Azzo to challenge him?' cried Bertha in alarm.

'It were better he entered a lion's den to pull his mane!' said Woislav vehemently. 'I must follow him instantly,' he added, as he rushed from the room.

He hastened over the threshold, out of the castle, and through the court, before he came up to them. Here a narrow bridge with a slight balustrade passed over the moat by which the castle was surrounded. It appeared that Franz had only just addressed Azzo in a few hot words, for as Woislav, unperceived by either, advanced under the shadow of the wall, Azzo said gloomily : 'Leave me, foolish boy—leave me; for by that sun—and he

#### THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

pointed to the full moon above them—'you will see those rays no more if you linger another moment on my path.'

'And I tell you, wretch, that you either give me satisfaction for your repeated insolence, or you die,' cried Franz, drawing his sword.

Azzo stretched forth his hand, and grasping the sword in the middle, it snapped like a broken reed. 'I warn you for the last time,' he said in a voice of thunder, as he threw the pieces into the moat. 'Now, away—away, boy, from my path, or, by those below us, you are lost!'

'You or I! you or I!' cried Franz madly, as he made a rush at the sword of his antagonist, and strove to draw it from his side. Azzo replied not; only a bitter laugh half escaped his lips; then seizing Franz by the chest, he lifted him up like an infant, and was in the act of throwing him over the bridge, when Woislav stepped to his side. With a grasp of his wonderful hand, into the springs of which he threw all his strength, he seized Azzo's arm, pulled it down, and obliged him to drop his victim. Azzo seemed in the highest degree astonished. Without concerning himself further about Franz, he gazed in amazement on Woislav.

'Who art thou who darest to rob me of my prey?' he asked hesitatingly. 'Is it possible? Can you be?'

'Ask not, thou bloody one! Go, seek thy nourishment! Soon comes thy hour!' replied Woislav in a calm but firm tone.

'Ha! now I know!' cried Azzo eagerly. 'Welcome, blood-brother! I give up to you this worm, and for your sake will not crush him. Farewell; our paths will soon meet again.'

'Soon, very soon; farewell!' cried Woislav, drawing Franz towards him. Azzo rushed away, and disappeared.

Franz had remained for some moments in a state of semi-stupefaction, but suddenly started as from a dream. 'I am dishonoured, dishonoured for ever!' he cried, as he pressed his clenched hands to his forehead.

'Calm yourself; you could not have conquered,' said Woislav.

'But I will conquer, or perish!' cried Franz incensed. 'I will seek this adventurer in his den, and he or I must fall.'

'You could not hurt him,' said Woislav. 'You would infallibly be the victim.'

'Then shew me a way to bring the wretch to judgment,' cried Franz, seizing Woislav's hands, while tears of anger sprang to his eyes. 'Disgraced as I am, I cannot live.'

'You shall be revenged, and that within twenty-four hours, I hope; but only on two conditions'—

'I agree to them! I will do anything'—began the young man eagerly.

'The first is, that you do nothing, but leave everything in my hands,' interrupted Woislav. 'The second, that you will assist me in persuading Franziska to do what I shall represent to her as

### THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

absolutely necessary. That young lady's life is in more danger from Azzo than your own.'

'How? What?' cried Franz fiercely. 'Franziska's life in danger! and from that man? Tell me, Woislav, who is this fiend?'

'Not a word will I tell either the young lady or you, until the danger is passed,' said Woislav firmly. 'The smallest indiscretion would ruin everything. No one can act here but Franziska herself, and if she refuses to do so, she is irretrievably lost.'

'Speak, and I will help you. I will do all you wish, but I must know'—

'Nothing, absolutely nothing,' replied Woislav. 'I must have both you and Franziska yield to me unconditionally. Come now, come to her. You are to be mute on what has passed, and use every effort to induce her to accede to my proposal.'

Woislav spoke firmly, and it was impossible for Franz to make any further objection; in a few moments they both entered the hall, where they found the young girls still anxiously awaiting them.

'Oh, I have been so frightened,' said Franziska, even paler than usual, as she held out her hand to Franz. 'I trust all has ended peaceably.'

'Everything is arranged; a couple of words were sufficient to settle the whole affair,' said Woislav cheerfully. 'But Master Franz was less concerned in it than yourself, fair lady.'

'I! How do you mean?' said Franziska in surprise.

'I allude to your illness,' replied the other.

'And you spoke of that to Azzo? Does he, then, know a remedy which he could not tell me himself?' she inquired, smiling painfully.

'The knight Azzo must take part in your cure; but speak to you about it he cannot, unless the remedy is to lose all its efficacy,' replied Woislav quietly.

'So it is some secret elixir, as the learned doctors say, who have so long attended me, and through whose means I only grow worse,' said Franziska mournfully.

'It is certainly a secret, but is as certainly a cure,' replied Woislav.

'So said all, but none has succeeded,' said the young lady peevishly.

'You might at least try it,' began Bertha.

'Because your friend proposes it,' said the other smiling. 'I have no doubt that you, with nothing ailing you, would take all manner of drugs to please your knight; but with me the inducement is wanting, and therefore also the faith.'

'I did not speak of any medicine,' said Woislav.

'Oh! a magical remedy! I am to be cured—what was it the quack who was here the other day called it?—"by sympathy." Yes, that was it.'

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

'I do not object to your calling it so, if you like,' said Woislav smiling; 'but you must know, dear lady, that the measures I shall propose must be attended to literally, and according to the strictest directions.'

'And you trust this to me?' asked Franziska.

'Certainly,' said Woislav hesitating; 'but'—

'Well, why do you not proceed? Can you think that I shall fail in courage?' she asked.

'Courage is certainly necessary for the success of my plan,' said Woislav gravely; 'and it is because I give you credit for a large share of that virtue, I venture to propose it at all, although for the real harmlessness of the remedy I will answer with my life, provided you follow my directions exactly.'

'Well, tell me the plan, and then I can decide,' said the young lady.

'I can only tell you that when we commence our operations,' replied Woislav.

'Do you think I am a child to be sent here, there, and everywhere, without a reason?' asked Franziska, with something of her old pettishness.

'You did me great injustice, dear lady, if you thought for a moment I would propose anything disagreeable to you, unless demanded by the sternest necessity,' said Woislav; 'and yet I can only repeat my former words.'

'Then I will not do it,' cried Franziska. 'I have already tried so much, and all ineffectually.'

'I give you my honour as a knight, that your cure is certain, but—you must pledge yourself solemnly and unconditionally to do implicitly what I shall direct,' said Woislav earnestly.

'Oh, I implore you to consent, Franziska. Our friend would ~~not~~ propose anything unnecessary,' said Bertha, taking both her cousin's hands.

'And let me join my entreaties to Bertha's,' said Franz.

'How strange you all are!' exclaimed Franziska, shaking her head; 'you make such a secret of that which I must know if I am to accomplish it, and then you declare so positively that I shall recover, when my own feelings tell me it is quite hopeless.'

'I repeat, that I will answer for the result,' said Woislav, 'on the condition I mentioned before, and that you have courage to carry out what you commence.'

'Ha! now I understand; this, after all, is the only thing which appears doubtful to you,' cried Franziska. 'Well, to shew you that our sex are neither wanting in the will nor in the power to accomplish deeds of daring, I give my consent.'

With the last words, she offered Woislav her hand.

'Our compact is thus sealed,' she pursued smiling. 'Now say, Sir Knight, how am I to commence this mysterious cure?'

'It commenced when you gave your consent,' said Woislav gravely. 'Now, I have only to request that you will ask no more

### THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

questions, but hold yourself in readiness to take a ride with me to-morrow an hour before sunset. I also request that you will not mention to your father a word of what has passed.'

'Strange!' said Franziska.

'You have made the compact; you are not wanting in resolution; and I will answer for everything else,' said Woislav encouragingly.

'Well, so let it be. I will follow your directions,' said the lady, although she still looked incredulous.

'On our return you shall know everything; before that, it is quite impossible,' said Woislav in conclusion. 'Now go, dear lady, and take some rest; you will need strength for to-morrow.'

It was on the morning of the following day, the sun had not risen above an hour, and the dew still lay like a veil of pearls on the grass, or dripped from the petals of the flowers, swaying in the early breeze, when the knight Woislav hastened over the fields towards the forest, and turned into a gloomy path, which by the direction, one could perceive, led towards the towers of Klatka. When he arrived at the old oak-tree we have before had occasion to mention, he sought carefully along the road for traces of human footsteps, but only a deer had passed that way; and seemingly satisfied with his search, he proceeded on his way, though not before he had half drawn his dagger from its sheath, as though to assure himself that it was ready for service in time of need.

Slowly he ascended the path; it was evident he carried something beneath his cloak. Arrived in the court, he left the ruins of the castle to the left, and entered the old chapel. In the chancel, he looked eagerly and earnestly round. A deathlike stillness reigned in the deserted sanctuary, only broken by the whispering of the wind in an old thorn-tree which grew outside. Woislav had looked long around him ere he perceived the door leading down to the vault; he hurried towards it, and descended. The sun's position enabled its rays to penetrate the crevices, and made the subterranean chamber so light, that one could read easily the inscriptions at the head and feet of the coffins. The knight first laid on the ground the packet he had hitherto carried under his cloak, and then going from coffin to coffin, at last remained stationary before the oldest of them. He read the inscription carefully, drew his dagger thoughtfully from its case, and endeavoured to raise the lid with its point. This was no difficult matter, for the rusty iron nails kept but a slight hold of the rotten wood. On looking in, only a heap of ashes, some remnants of dress, and a skull were the contents. He quickly closed it again, and went on to the next, passing over those of a woman and two children. Here things had much the same appearance, except that the corpse held together till the lid was raised, and then fell into dust, a few linen rags and bones being alone perceptible. In the third, fourth, and nearly the next half-

#### THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

dozen, the bodies were in better preservation : in some, they looked a sort of yellow brown mummy ; whilst in others, a skinless skull covered with hair grinned from the coverings of velvet, silk, or mildewed embroideries ; all, however, were touched with the loathsome marks of decay. Only one more coffin now remained to be inspected ; Woislav approached it, and read the inscription. It was the same that had before attracted the Knight of Fahnenberg : Ezzelin von Klatka, the last possessor of the tower, was described as lying therein. Woislav found it more difficult to raise the lid here ; and it was only by the exertion of much strength he at length succeeded in extracting the nails. He did all, however, as quietly as if afraid of rousing some sleeper within ; he then raised the cover, and cast a glance on the corpse. An involuntary ' Ha ! ' burst from his lips as he stepped back a pace. If he had less expected the sight that met his eyes, he would have been far more overcome. In the coffin lay Azzo as he lived and breathed, and as Woislav had seen him at the supper-table only the evening before. His appearance, dress, and all were the same ; besides, he had more the semblance of sleep than of death—no trace of decay was visible—there was even a rosy tint on his cheeks. Only the circumstance that the breast did not heave, distinguished him from one who slept. For a few moments Woislav did not move ; he could only stare into the coffin. With a hastiness in his movements not usual with him, he suddenly seized the lid, which had fallen from his hands, and laying it on the coffin, knocked the nails into their places. As soon as he had completed this work, he fetched the packet he had left at the entrance, and laying it on the top of the coffin, hastily ascended the steps, and quitted the church and the ruins.

The day passed. Before evening, Franziska requested her father to allow her to take a ride with Woislav, under pretence of shewing him the country. He, only too happy to think this a sign of amendment in his daughter, readily gave his consent ; so, followed by a single servant, they mounted and left the castle. Woislav was unusually silent and serious. When Franziska began to rally him about his gravity, and the approaching sympathetic cure, he replied, that what was before her was no laughing matter ; and that although the result would be certainly a cure, still it would leave an impression on her whole future life. In such discourse they reached the wood, and at length the oak, where they left their horses. Woislav gave Franziska his arm, and they ascended the hill slowly and silently. They had just reached one of the half-dilapidated outworks where they could catch a glimpse of the open country, when Woislav, speaking more to himself than to his companion, said : ' In a quarter of an hour, the sun will set, and in another hour the moon will have risen ; then all must be accomplished. It will soon be time to commence the work.'

' Then, I should think it was time to intrust me with some idea of what it is,' said Franziska, looking at him.

#### THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

'Well, lady,' he replied, turning towards her, and his voice was very solemn, 'I entreat you, Franziska von Fahnenberg, for your own good, and as you love the father who clings to you with his whole soul, that you will weigh well my words, and that you will not interrupt me with questions which I cannot answer until the work is completed. Your life is in the greatest danger from the illness under which you are labouring; indeed, you are irrecoverably lost if you do not fully carry out what I shall now impart to you. Now, promise me to do implicitly as I shall tell you; I pledge you my knightly word it is nothing against Heaven, or the honour of your house; and, besides, it is the sole means for saving you.' With these words, he held out his right hand to his companion, while he raised the other to heaven in confirmation of his oath.

'I promise you,' said Franziska, visibly moved by Woislav's solemn tone, as she laid her little white and wasted hand in his.

'Then come; it is time,' was his reply, as he led her towards the church. The last rays of the sun were just pouring through the broken windows. They entered the chancel, the best preserved part of the whole building; here there were still some old kneeling-stools, placed before the high-altar, although nothing remained of that but the stonework and a few steps; the pictures and decorations had all vanished.

'Say an Ave; you will have need of it,' said Woislav, as he himself fell on his knees.

Franziska knelt beside him, and repeated a short prayer. After a few moments, both rose.

'The moment has arrived! The sun sinks, and before the moon rises, all must be over,' said Woislav quickly.

'What am I to do?' asked Franziska cheerfully.

'You see there that open vault!' replied the knight Woislav, pointing to the door and flight of steps: 'you must descend. You must go alone; I may not accompany you. When you have reached the vault you will find, close to the entrance, a coffin, on which is placed a small packet. Open this packet, and you will find three long iron nails and a hammer. Then pause for a moment; but when I begin to repeat the Credo in a loud voice, knock with all your might, first one nail, then a second, and then a third, into the lid of the coffin, right up to their heads.'

Franziska stood thunderstruck; her whole body trembled, and she could not utter a word. Woislav perceived it.

'Take courage, dear lady!' said he. 'Think that you are in the hands of Heaven, and that, without the will of your Creator, not a hair can fall from your head. Besides, I repeat, there is no danger.'

'Well, then, I will do it,' cried Franziska, in some measure regaining courage.

'Whatever you may hear, whatever takes place inside the coffin,' continued Woislav, 'must have no effect upon you. Drive the

### THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

nails well in, without flinching : your work must be finished before my prayer comes to an end.'

Franziska shuddered, but again recovered herself. 'I will do it ; Heaven will send me strength,' she murmured softly.

'There is one thing more,' said Woislav hesitatingly ; 'perhaps it is the hardest of all I have proposed, but without it your cure will not be complete. When you have done as I have told you, a sort of'—he hesitated—'a sort of liquid will flow from the coffin ; in this dip your finger, and besmear the scratch on your throat.'

'Horrible !' cried Franziska. 'This liquid is blood. A human being lies in the coffin.'

'An *uncarthy one* lies therein ! That blood is your own, but it flows in other veins,' said Woislav gloomily. 'Ask no more ; the sand is running out.'

Franziska summoned up all her powers of mind and body, went towards the steps which led to the vault, and Woislav sank on his knees before the altar in quiet prayer. When the lady had descended, she found herself before the coffin on which lay the packet before mentioned. A sort of twilight reigned in the vault, and everything around was so still and peaceful, that she felt more calm, and going up to the coffin, opened the packet. She had hardly seen that a hammer and three long nails were its contents, when suddenly Woislav's voice rang through the church, and broke the stillness of the aisles. Franziska started, but recognised the appointed prayer. She seized one of the nails, and with one stroke of the hammer drove it at least an inch into the cover. All was still ; nothing was heard but the echo of the stroke. Taking heart, the maiden grasped the hammer with both hands, and struck the nail twice with all her might, right up to the head into the wood. At this moment commenced a rustling noise ; it seemed as though something in the interior began to move and to struggle. Franziska drew back in alarm. She was already on the point of throwing away the hammer, and flying up the steps, when Woislav raised his voice so powerfully, and it sounded so entreatingly, that in a sort of excitement, such as would induce one to rush into a lion's den, she returned to the coffin, determined to bring things to a conclusion. Hardly knowing what she did, she placed a second nail in the centre of the lid, and after some strokes, this was likewise buried to its head. The struggle now increased fearfully, as if some living creature were striving to burst the coffin. This was so shaken by it, that it cracked and split on all sides. Half distracted, Franziska seized the third nail ; she thought no more of her ailments, she only knew herself to be in terrible danger, of what kind she could not guess : in an agony that threatened to rob her of her senses, and in the midst of the turning and cracking of the coffin, in which low groans were now heard, she struck the third nail in equally tight. At this moment, she began to lose consciousness. She wished to hasten away, but staggered ; and mechanically grasping at something to save

#### THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

herself by, she seized the corner of the coffin, and sank fainting beside it on the ground.

A quarter of an hour might have elapsed, when she again opened her eyes. She looked around her. Above was the starry sky, and the moon, which shed her cold light on the ruins and on the tops of the old oak-trees. Franziska was lying outside the church walls, Woislaw on his knees beside her, holding her hand in his.

'Heaven be praised that you live!' he cried, with a sigh of relief. 'I was beginning to doubt whether the remedy had not been too severe, and yet it was the only thing to save you.'

Franziska recovered her full consciousness very gradually. The past seemed to her like a dreadful dream. Only a few moments before, that fearful scene; and now this quiet all around her. She hardly dared at first to raise her eyes, and shuddered when she found herself only a few paces removed from the spot where she had undergone such terrible agony. She listened half unconsciously, now to the pacifying words Woislaw addressed to her, now to the whistling of the servant, who stood by the horses, and who, to wile away his time, was imitating the evening-song of a belated cow-herd.

'Let us go,' whispered Franziska, as she strove to raise herself. 'But what is this? My shoulder is wet, my throat, my hand'—

'It is probably the evening dew on the grass,' said Woislaw gently.

'No; it is blood!' she cried, springing up with horror in her tone. 'See, my hand is full of blood!'

'Oh, you are mistaken—surely mistaken,' said Woislaw stammering. 'Or perhaps the wound on your neck may have opened? Pray, feel whether this is the case.' He seized her hand, and directed it to the spot.

'I do not perceive anything; I feel no pain,' she said at length, somewhat angrily.

'Then, perhaps, when you fainted, you may have struck a corner of the coffin, or have torn yourself with the point of one of the nails,' suggested Woislaw.

'Oh, of what do you remind me!' cried Franziska shuddering. 'Let us away—away! I entreat you, come! I will not remain a moment longer near this dreadful, dreadful place.'

They descended the path much quicker than they came. Woislaw placed his companion on her horse, and they were soon on their way home.

When they approached the castle, Franziska began to inundate her protector with questions about the preceding adventure; but he declared that her present state of excitement must make him defer all explanations till the morning, when her curiosity should be satisfied. On their arrival, he conducted her at once to her room, and told the knight his daughter was too much fatigued with her ride to appear at the supper-table. On the following morning, Franziska rose earlier than she had done for

#### THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

a long time. She assured her friend it was the first time since her illness commenced that she had been really refreshed by her sleep, and, what was still more remarkable, she had not been troubled by her old horrible dream. Her improved looks were not only remarked by Bertha, but by Franz and the knight; and with Woislav's permission, she related the adventures of the previous evening. No sooner had she concluded, than Woislav was completely stormed with questions about such a strange occurrence.

'Have you,' said the latter, turning towards his host, 'ever heard of Vampires?'

'Often,' replied he; 'but I have never believed in them.'

'Nor did I,' said Woislav; 'but I have been assured of their existence by experience.'

'Oh, tell us what occurred,' cried Bertha eagerly, as a light seemed to dawn on her.

'It was during my first campaign in Hungary,' began Woislav, 'when I was rendered helpless for some time by this sword-cut of a janizary across my face, and another on my shoulder. I had been taken into the house of a respectable family in a small town. It consisted of the father and mother, and a daughter about twenty years of age. They obtained their living by selling the very good wine of the country, and the taproom was always full of visitors. Although the family were well to do in the world, there seemed to brood over them a continual melancholy, caused by the constant illness of the only daughter, a very pretty and excellent girl. She had always before bloomed like a rose, but for some months she had been getting so thin and wasted, and that without any satisfactory reason: they tried every means to restore her, but in vain. As the army had encamped quite in the neighbourhood, of course a number of people of all countries assembled in the tavern. Amongst these there was one man who came every evening, when the moon shone, who struck everybody by the peculiarity of his manners and appearance; he looked dried up and deathlike, and hardly spoke at all; but what he did say was bitter and sarcastic. Most attention was excited towards him by the circumstance, that although he always ordered a cup of the best wine, and now and then raised it to his lips, the cup was always as full after his departure as at first.'

'This all agrees wonderfully with the appearance of Azzo,' said Bertha, deeply interested.

'The daughter of the house,' continued Woislav, 'became daily worse, despite the aid not only of Christian doctors, but of many amongst the heathen prisoners, who were consulted in the hope that they might have some magical remedy to propose. It was singular that the girl always complained of a dream, in which the unknown guest worried and plagued her.'

'Just the same as your dream, Franziska,' cried Bertha.

'One evening,' resumed Woislav, 'an old Slavonian—who

#### THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

had made many voyages to Turkey and Greece, and had even seen the New World—and I were sitting over our wine, when the unknown walked silently, as usual, into the room, and sat down at the table. The bottle passed quickly between my friend and me, whilst we talked of all manner of things, of our adventures, and of passages in our lives, both horrible and amusing. We went on chatting thus for about an hour, and drank a tolerable quantity of wine. The unknown had remained perfectly silent the whole time, only smiling contemptuously every now and then. He now paid his money, and was going away. All this had quietly worried me—perhaps the wine had got a little into my head—so I said to the stranger: “Hold, you stony stranger; you have hitherto done nothing but listen, and have not even emptied your cup. Now you shall take your turn in telling us something amusing, and if you do not drink up your wine, it shall produce a quarrel between us.” “Yes,” said the Slavonian, “you must remain; you shall chat and drink, too;” and he grasped—for although no longer young, he was big and very strong—the stranger by the shoulder, to pull him down to his seat again: the latter, however, although as thin as a skeleton, with one movement of his hand flung the Slavonian to the middle of the room, and half stunned him for a moment. I now approached to hold the stranger back. I caught him by the arm; and although the springs of my iron hand were less powerful than those I have at present, I must have gripped him rather hard in my anger, for after looking grimly at me for a moment, he bent towards me and whispered in my ear: “Let me go: from the gripe of your fist, I see you are my brother, therefore do not hinder me from seeking my bloody nourishment. I am hungry!” Surprised by such words, I let him loose, and almost before I was aware, he had left the room. As soon as I had in some degree recovered from my astonishment, I told the Slavonian what I had heard. He started, evidently alarmed. I asked him to tell me the cause of his fears, and pressed him for an explanation of those extraordinary words. On our way to his lodging, he complied with my request. “The stranger,” said he, “is a Vampire!”

‘How?’ cried the knight, Franziska, and Bertha simultaneously, in a voice of horror. ‘So this Azzo was’—

‘Nothing less. He also was a Vampire!’ replied Woislav. ‘But at all events his hellish thirst is quenched for ever; he will never return.—But I have not finished. As in my country, vampires had never been heard of, I questioned the Slavonian minutely. He said that in Hungary, Croatia, Dalmatia, and Bosnia, these hellish guests were not uncommon. They were deceased persons, who had either once served as nourishment to vampires, or who had died in deadly sin, or under excommunication; and that whenever the moon shone, they rose from their graves, and sucked the blood of the living.’

### THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

'Horrible!' cried Franziska. 'If you had told me all this beforehand, I should never have accomplished the work.'

'So I thought; and yet it must be executed by the sufferers themselves, while some one else performs the devotions,' replied Woislav. 'The Slavonian,' he continued after a short pause, 'added many other facts with regard to these unearthly visitants. He said that whilst their victim wasted, they themselves improved in appearance, and that a vampire possessed enormous strength'—

'Now I can understand the change your false hand produced on Azzo,' interrupted Franz.

'Yes, that was it,' replied Woislav. 'Azzo, as well as the other vampire, mistook its great power for that of a natural one, and concluded I was one of his own species.—You may now imagine, dear lady,' he continued, turning to Franziska, 'how alarmed I was at your appearance when I arrived: all you and Bertha told me increased my anxiety; and when I saw Azzo, I could doubt no longer that he was a vampire. As I learned from your account that a grave with the name Ezzelin von Klatka lay in the neighbourhood, I had no doubt that you might be saved if I could only induce you to assist me. It did not appear to me advisable to impart the whole facts of the case, for your bodily powers were so impaired, that an idea of the horrors before you might have quite unfitted you for the exertion; for this reason, I arranged everything in the manner in which it has taken place.'

'You did wisely,' replied Franziska shuddering. 'I can never be grateful enough to you. Had I known what was required of me, I never could have undertaken the deed.'

'That was what I feared,' said Woislav; 'but fortune has favoured us all through.'

'And what became of the unfortunate girl in Hungary?' inquired Bertha.

'I know not,' replied Woislav. 'That very evening there was an alarm of the Turks, and we were ordered off. I never heard anything more of her.'

The conversation upon these strange occurrences continued for some time longer. The knight determined to have the vault at Klatka walled up for ever. This took place on the following day; the knight alleging as a reason, that he did not wish the dead to be disturbed by irreverent hands.

Franziska recovered gradually. Her health had been so severely shaken, that it was long ere her strength was so much restored as to allow of her being considered out of danger. The young lady's character underwent a great change in the interval. Its former strength was, perhaps, in some degree diminished, but in place of that, she had acquired a benevolent softness, which brought out all her best qualities. Franz continued his attentions to his cousin; but, perhaps, owing to a hint from Bertha, he was less assiduous in his exhibition of them. His inclinations did not lead him to the battle, the camp, or the attainment of honours; his

#### THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

great aim was to increase the good condition and happiness of his tenants, and to this he contributed the whole energy of his mind. Franziska could not withstand the unobtrusive signs of the young man's continued attachment; and it was not long ere the credit she was obliged to yield to his noble efforts for the welfare of his fellow-creatures, changed into a liking, which went on increasing, until at length it assumed the character of love. As Woislaw insisted on making Bertha his wife before he returned to Silesia, it was arranged that the marriage should take place at their present abode. How joyful was the surprise of the knight of Fahrenberg, when his daughter and Franz likewise entreated his blessing, and expressed their desire of being united on the same day! This day soon came round, and it saw the bright looks of two happy couples.





## TWO DAYS ON THE WELSH BORDER.

S
 O far indefinite is the term Welsh Border, that it may relate to any part between Chester on the north and Cardiff on the south; it may be the beautiful country around Llangollen and the valley of the Dee; or the flannel-making district of Welshpool and Newtown; or the point at which the Wye strikes across from Wales into England; or the district in which the sweet hilly vicinity of Abergavenny and Crickhowell presents itself; or the winding course of the Rhymney and the proud old ruins of Caerphilly. But it is none of these which we have at this moment in view. We are about to introduce the reader to that strange but valuable region which divides the counties of Glamorgan and Monmouth on the south, and of Brecon on the north—strange, because there are so many hills with few trees and few farms; and valuable,



## TWO DAYS ON THE WELSH BORDER.

common character. Let us take the valley which ends near Newport, for instance, and through which the pretty Ebbw flows. This, it is true, is in Monmouthshire, and consequently in England politically; but geologically, geographically, and socially, it is as completely a Welsh valley as any in Glamorganshire. Proceeding north-west from Newport, we come to the first mining town of Risca, where collieries employ nearly all the people, and where the hilly country begins. Here, on the right, is Twym Barlwm, an elevation which we may call a hill or a mountain, according to the standard which we apply to such matters, and to which the good folks of Newport are wont to make picnicking excursions. And an Englishman need not worry himself about pronouncing the name properly: if he calls it Tom Barlow, he will be sufficiently near the mark for all ordinary purposes. Leaving Tom behind us, and advancing up the valley of the Ebbw, we speedily reach the point where the Sirhowy joins this river; and here we can distinctly see how three hilly ranges are instrumental in forming the two valleys. As we advance, the hills become more decided, and their sloping sides more richly covered with foliage. Even the smoke near the next mining town, Abercarn, is not so dense as to interfere much with the beauty of the valley at this spot. Further on again, we arrive at the point where two subordinate affluents, the Ebbw Vach and the Ebbw Vawr, combine to form the Ebbw proper; here the country is still bolder, the hills still higher, and the scenes still more varied and picturesque. Whether we ascend the valley of the lesser Ebbw to Abertillery, Blaina, and Nant-y-glo, or that of the greater Ebbw to the vast ironworks of Victoria, Ebbw Vale, or Beaufort, we equally pass by gracefully rounded hills, pretty rivulets, woods of rich foliage, sloping hillsides dotted with white cottages, and winding country roads. The contrast is almost startling when we have advanced a few miles through this scenery; the trees become less numerous, the picturesque bits less apparent, the villages larger and closer, and the smoke unmistakably more dense; until, on reaching the lately-born towns of Nant-y-glo or Ebbw Vale, we must perforce exchange blue sky and green trees for clouds of smoke and pathways of coal-iron-mud. The artist need not be invited to these spots, unless to witness the Pandemonium scenes of the smelting-furnaces at night.

And if we take the valley of the Taff in Glamorganshire—a Welsh valley politically as well as naturally, and one of the most busy which our country presents—we find the same general features as those which have just been described. As Newport is the commercial outlet for the Ebbw district, so is Cardiff for the vale of Taff. This rapidly rising port, whose docks are crowded with shipping destined to carry iron and coal to all parts of the world, stands at the point where the Taff enters the Bristol Channel; and thence upwards towards Merthyr, the valley takes its form from the varying bends of the hilly ranges on either

## TWO DAYS ON THE WELSH BORDER.

side. At the point where the Cynon joins the Taff, the valley subdivides into two: one watered by the last-named stream, and accompanying it up to Merthyr; the other having the smaller river Cynon, and leading up to Aberdare. In the one case, as in the other, rich verdure and foliage adorn the sides of the valleys for many miles; but when Merthyr comes in sight in the one valley, and Aberdare in the other, the picturesque becomes overpowered by the industrial, and one's thoughts are forcibly directed into a new channel.

Thus it is in all the valleys in the south-east corner of Wales: beauty above-ground marks a certain portion of the length of each valley, and wealth under-ground characterises the rest.

English visitors to this region are not numerous, except in immediate relation to business affairs. Yet is there an abundance to see well worthy of being seen, and bits of information to be picked up which greatly extend our knowledge of the Welsh inhabitants, their institutions, their social position, their industry, their amusements, and the influence exerted by the difference between the English and Welsh languages. Like the northern part of the Welsh border near Chester, the access to this Merthyr district becomes every year more easy. Whether we take a steamer from Bristol to Newport or Cardiff, or the South Wales Railway from Gloucester, we speedily reach the sea-side extremity of one or other of the valleys; and subordinate railways convey us up the valleys to the mineral region. Or if a pedestrian, reaching Aber-gavenny from Gloucester or Hereford, were to set out on a good stiff walk of twenty-five miles to Hirwain, he would have the whole of these valleys on his left.

We may be assured that it is not to man's ingenuity and industry that this portion of South Wales is mainly indebted for its enormous works in iron and coal. There is a combination of remarkable circumstances here. From Pontypool in the east, to Swansea in the west, there lies beneath the grassy surface an almost uninterrupted bed of coal and iron, consisting of alternate layers one above another, varying from an inch to many yards in thickness. How far down these go, no one can tell; but Sir H. de la Beche speaks pretty confidently of a depth of 11,000 feet—more than two miles! At anything beyond a few hundred feet in depth, iron and coal mines cannot be worked with profit; and therefore, so far as our means at present extend, the deeper beds are wholly beyond our grasp. But nature has rendered a singular aid here. By some convulsion in a remote but unknown period of the earth's history, these enormous beds have been bulged upwards in the middle, so as to be brought sufficiently near the surface to be worked. Not only is there coal enough everywhere about the district to smelt all the iron ore, but this coal is better calculated for the purpose than almost any other in the kingdom. The South Wales coal is so calorific—that is, it gives out as much heat from a given weight of fuel—that a ton of ore can be smelted

## TWO DAYS ON THE WELSH BORDER.

with much less coal here than in the English iron districts. There are thus circumstances, wholly beyond the control of man, which seem as if a mandate had gone forth to South Wales: 'Make iron, and prosper!' And not only does the coal accompany the iron in this profitable brotherhood, but the very limestone which is necessary for the smelting is also found in the same districts—almost in the same pits. Nay, more, the furnaces which are to bear the fierce heat of the smelting and refining processes require the use of firebricks made of very peculiar clay; and this clay is one of the materials found in the South Wales district. Need we wonder, then, when all these circumstances are considered, that a vast source of wealth and a vast scene of industry have been developed here?

As the materials of wealth became developed, so did wealth-seekers settle here; and, as the works became established, so did a large working-population group itself around each busy spot. The bees belonging to one hive wandered not far from the hive itself; and as there was no place for drones, drones there are none. The people whom one meets in the valleys near the several works—though the women's beaver-hats, and thick buckled shoes, and bright handkerchiefs are still to be met with—are assuming gradually more and more every year the appearance of mining and working people, clad in such garments as will best bear the heat and dirt unavoidable in the several occupations. Towns are growing fast—we can almost see them grow; and one of the most remarkable circumstances observable in South Wales at the present day, is the incongruity arising from a too rapid growth in industrial matters, while social improvement lags in the rear.

The increase in the value of landed property in this portion of South Wales, since the possession of correct knowledge respecting the mineral wealth beneath, is something astounding. There is one estate which, at the beginning of the present century, could have been purchased at L.1000, but which is now valued at L.100,000; and there is another which was sold for L.27 in the time of Charles II., but which now brings L.1000 a year for the rent or royalty on the minerals beneath it, besides the value of the surface-land for other purposes. It is a California on a small scale to those who are fortunate enough to be owners of the ground; for, in addition to the high rental or royalty which accrues by leasing the mineral treasures beneath, the formation of a town near and around the mines gives an enormously increased value to the surface.

As Merthyr-Tydvil is the acknowledged metropolis of this remarkable district, it becomes the type by which all the rest may be known and appreciated, inasmuch that any visitor who has looked and heard, perambulated and examined, entered the works and talked with the people, climbed up the cinder-tips and descended to the river's bank, looked in the streets, and the market, and the shops, in this one town, will have formed a sufficiently

## TWO DAYS ON THE WELSH BORDER.

exact estimate of all the other mining towns of this district, provided he bears in mind that this is by far the largest of the whole. In respect to name, it may be remarked that there is no scarcity of Merthyrs in Wales—Merthyr-Cynog, Merthyr-Dovan, Merthyr-Mawr, Merthyr-Tydvil. The name itself is the Welsh form of the word *martyr*; and there is some legendary tale connected with each of these places, in which a martyr performs a part. Thus, in the busy spot where legends and martyrs have given way to colliers and smelters, we learn how, in the fifth century, Brychan, Prince of Brycheiniog, had a beauteous daughter Tydvil or Tudfil; how the family lived in retirement in this district; how a party of Saxons and Irish Picts attacked the family, and killed the maiden; how a church was erected near the scene of slaughter, and dedicated to Tydvil the Martyr or Merthyr; and how the place hence obtained the name of Merthyr-Tydvil. Its history, until about a century ago, was simply that of a village of no importance. In feudal days, the estates of the lords of Glamorgan and of Brecknock met near Merthyr; and frequent collisions took place between the two chieftains. Morlais Castle, on the heights above Merthyr, was the stronghold of the Glamorgans. The parliamentary forces, in the time of Cromwell, destroyed this, as they did so many other castles. A strange revolution has taken place in Merthyr itself since those days; but there is again a Morlais Castle, and this castle is again inhabited by the 'great man' of the neighbourhood; this great man, however, instead of being a mailed and booted warrior, is a peaceful maker of iron rails and pipes and boilers—Sir John Guest. Or rather we should speak in the past tense, for Sir John died a few months ago. Lady Charlotte Guest, the wife of the great iron-master, and the daughter of the Earl of Lindsay, is the translator and editress of the Welsh *Mabinogion*; she dedicates it to her two sons, at that time little boys, but now youths springing up into manhood; and the dedication contains warm and earnest homage to the valiant old Cambrians of legendary days. Altogether, there is a very unusual mixture of the feudal and the commercial, the past and the present, in the associations connected with Morlais.

One of the very few incidents recorded in the past history of Merthyr, was a polemical battle carried on in an odd way. The first congregation of dissenters in Wales was established at Merthyr in 1620. The inhabitants who attended this new chapel not only refused to pay tithes to the incumbent of the parish, but were in the habit of entering the parish church in a body during the performance of divine service, and forcibly wresting the prayer-book from the hands of the officiating minister; and when he ascended the pulpit to preach, a teacher of their own sect would climb up into one of the yew-trees in the church-yard, and preach a rival sermon to an open-air congregation. These scandals occurred, however, at a time when religious heart-burnings were rife over the whole kingdom, and the Merthyr villagers

## TWO DAYS ON THE WELSH BORDER.

were perhaps not worse than their neighbours. Ever since the period just named, dissenters from the Church of England have been numerous in Wales, and are now very powerful in the mining and manufacturing districts.

Wonderful has been the growth of Merthyr as a commercial town. At the time when James Watt was busied in working out his great inventions in the steam-engine, Merthyr was a little Welsh village, the few inhabitants of which knew that there was some iron and coal around them, but had not thought or cared much about the matter. A Mr Bacon, however, appears to have had a notion of the undeveloped wealth here lying. He obtained a long lease of a district spreading eight miles in one direction by four in another, at a rental ridiculously small; he made an immense fortune therefrom by subleases of small portions, and then parted with all the remainder to Mr Crawshay and Mr Hill. This was just about seventy years ago; and from that date two of the gigantic ironworks at Merthyr—those named Cyfarthfa and Plymouth—have ever since remained in the families of the Crawshays and the Hills. To these were added the Dowlais Works by Sir John Guest, and the Pen-y-darren Works by Mr Alderman Thompson—making the four great works at Merthyr—without mentioning others which would be great elsewhere, but are small in the vale of the Taff. Each of these great works became the centre of a little town, by the accumulation of workmen's dwellings around it; and these four little towns coalesced into a large town, which Merthyr now unquestionably is.

But though a large town, it is a very strange one. The circumstances of its growth shew that it can hardly have had any *middle class*. The few great establishments, formed where green open country before existed, are the sources of the entire money-wealth of the town. They employed and employ many thousands of workmen, whose wages pay the rents of the rude houses erected around the works, and whose daily wants call for the services of shopkeepers who would supply the necessaries, and a few of the comforts of life. There were the few rich employers, and nearly all the rest were workmen, who earned just enough to support themselves and their families. A middle class grows up very slowly under such circumstances. The well-to-do farmer, the sturdy yeoman, the merchant and shipowner, the practitioner in divinity, law, or medicine, the retired tradesman, the still busy and substantial tradesman, the bank-annuitant—all those who, under the somewhat indefinite but significant name of the middle or perhaps the 'genteel' classes, give character and tone to the society of a town, have been, and still are, remarkably few in Merthyr. The town feels the effects of this sadly. Merthyr is a dirty town, and it finds great trouble in determining who shall clean it, and how it shall be cleaned; it is a poor-looking town, for there are but few persons willing and able to give it any handsome buildings; it can do very little in the way of

## TWO DAYS ON THE WELSH BORDER.

science, or art, or literature, for the middle classes are the great supporters of these.

It is said that the Merthyr folk like strangers to pay their first visit to the town at night. They are right in this: a night-arrival at Merthyr is an event not to be forgotten. By daylight, the furnace-fires and kiln-fires are killed by the rival light of the sun; and then does poor Merthyr shew its deficiencies as a town. Its High Street is but a humble affair, and of its branching streets, and back-lying streets and lanes, the less we say the better. It is advancing, however, for the shopkeepers, as the stability of their position increases, are brightening up their shops with plate-glass, and brass and gilding, and mahogany; and these shopkeepers are the chief materials out of which a middle class is gradually being formed. All the rest will come in time. Such an immense amount of iron and coal is every week converted—commercially if not chemically—into gold and silver, that Merthyr cannot be other than an advancing town. It has just attained to that point when it has a *public opinion* of its own; and this public opinion is now busily occupied in considering and discussing about gas and pavements, sewers and water, schools and public buildings, and all the other material and social elements which will by and by qualify Merthyr to take rank among our corporate towns. We think it right that, in order to do justice to Merthyr, it should be regarded in this light. We are viewing it as a place in which 40,000 people are employed in making a town, they having hitherto been too busily engaged in making iron to attend much to their streets and houses. The shops appear few in relation to the number of the inhabitants; but almost every shop seems to sell a little of everything, and it would be curious, on a Saturday evening, to see how a shilling is broken up into fragments, and every fragment made to purchase something for the Sunday's dinner, or the following week's domestic use.

There appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, a few years ago, a lively description of Merthyr-Tydvil on a Saturday night, of which the following is a portion:—'The scene, from six to ten o'clock on a Saturday evening, is one of the most extraordinary I ever witnessed. In this interval, what one might suppose the entire labouring-population of Merthyr passes through its crowded market-hall; all are dressed in their Sunday clothing—clean, warm, and comfortable. It is not only the field of supply, but evidently the promenade of the working-classes. Every face is smiling; pleasant greetings and friendly jokes are freely exchanged—all in happiness. The week's money is in the pocket, and the pleasurable excitement of bargain-driving, in which the Welsh are proficient, goes bravely forward. One division of the market is appropriated to butcher-meat; another to vegetables; a third to poultry and butter; a fourth to stores of bacon, cheese, and herrings; a fifth to apples, eggs, and fruit. Of the first named in this division, judging by the quantities for sale, there must be a large consumption. There are also stalls for every description of hardware and other shop-

## TWO DAYS ON THE WELSH BORDER.

goods. Hatters, drapers, shoemakers, tailors, ironmongers, and even booksellers, here drive an active and thriving trade. Wandering about amongst these, accompanied by their wives bearing baskets, you see the sallow-faced, hollow-eyed firemen—men employed at the hottest part of the ironworks—the noisy colliers, the prudent and saving miners, the jovial Irish labourers—all intent upon business, which they make a pleasure. Vociferous groups of boys, set loose from the works, rush through this motley assembly, to the disturbance of the stocking-men, who, with their woollen wares depending from a horizontal stick, half obstruct the way; and to the annoyance of the red-cloaked, hat-covered women, who pay them back with blows, if active enough to reach them. Outside the market-house are booths and shows, with their yellow flaming lamps, flaunting pictures, and obstreperous music. Groups of Welsh ballad-singers shouting with stentorian voices, and a row of stalls where the fathers put their boys to shoot for nuts or gingerbread, at a wide-mouthed puppet or a well-worn target, complete this lively and striking scene.\* Some parts of this picture are a little too highly coloured, but, as a whole, it is faithful.

The shops in which the working-people buy their daily stores of commodities, do not vary much from those in third-rate towns in England; except, perhaps, in the curious mixture of Welsh and English in the bills and announcements in the windows. We were struck with the fact that, at a humble bookseller's shop, the Welsh books bore a very large ratio to the English. What their subjects might be, we could not guess: there are very few Englishmen who ever learn Welsh; and the look of a Welsh word to one who does not understand it, is exceedingly puzzling. However, we shall have a little to say concerning the language in a later page. The shops of this iron town begin at the south end, near the Plymouth Works, and near the old original village of Merthyr. From thence we gradually ascend the High Street, in which architects and masons are beginning to beautify that which is sadly in want of some sort of adornment. The Cardiff and Newport people say that they can generally detect a Merthyr man: he has a tendency to walk in the road rather than on the foot-pavement. Supposing this to be the case, it has been accounted for from the circumstance, that the foot-pavements in Merthyr have in past years been so wretched, the open cellars so treacherous, the smooth stones so few, the loose mud so abundant, the jutting door-steps so awkward, that the shortest way seemed to be to go into the road at once. But as Merthyr is mending its pavements, perhaps the Merthyr men will learn to walk upon them. Having advanced up the High Street to a certain point, the road to Brecon proceeds onward to the north, other roads to Aberdare and Hirwain to the west, and another to Dowlais and Abergavenny on the east. Here are the other vast ironworks—the Cyfarthfa towards the north-west, the Pen-y-darren to the north-east, and the Dowlais further on in the same direction.

## TWO DAYS ON THE WELSH BORDER.

Let us pause awhile at Cyfarthfa, and trace its history. Mr Crawshaw, one of the largest iron-masters in the world, met his work-people at a festive entertainment in Merthyr in 1847, and the account which he there gave of the Cyfarthfa Works is worth notice, as shewing what a man of energy may do with small means. 'My grandfather was the son of a respectable farmer at Normanton, in the county of York. At the age of fifteen, father and son differed; my grandfather could not agree with his father, for reasons unknown to me; and my grandfather, an enterprising boy, left Normanton for London, and rode on his own pony. When he got to London, which in those days was an arduous task of some sixteen or twenty days' travelling, he found himself as destitute of friends as he possibly could be. He sold his pony for L.15; and during the time that the proceeds of the pony kept him, he found employment at an iron-warehouse, kept by Mr Bicklewith. His occupation was to clean the counting-house, to put the desks in order for his master and the clerks, and to do anything else that he was told to do. By industry, integrity, and perseverance, he gained his master's favour; and in the course of a few months he was considered decidedly better than the boy who had been there before him. He was termed the Yorkshire boy; and the Yorkshire boy, gentlemen, progressed in his master's favour by activity, integrity, and perseverance. He had a very amiable and good master; and at the end of a very short period, before he had been two years in his place, he stood high in his master's confidence. The trade in which he was engaged was only a cast-iron warehouse; and his master assigned to him, the Yorkshire boy, the privilege of selling flat-irons—the things with which our shirts are flattened. The washerwomen of London were sharp folks, and when they bought one flat-iron they stole two. Mr Bicklewith thought the best person to cope with them would be a person working for his own interest, and a Yorkshire-man at the same time. My grandfather sold these articles; and that was the first matter of trading that ever he embarked in in his life. By honesty and perseverance, he continued to grow in his master's favour, who, being an indolent man, in a few years retired, and left my grandfather in possession of this cast-iron business in London. That business was carried on on the very site where I now spend my days, in York Yard, London. Various vicissitudes in trade took place in course of time. My grandfather left his business in London, and came down here; and my father, who carried it on, supplied him with money almost as fast as he spent it here—but not quite so fast; and it is there I spend my time in selling the produce of this county; and you know to what an extent the iron produce of this county has risen. My grandfather established the ironworks at Cyfarthfa; he was only left three-eighths of it, but by purchase he obtained the whole of it, and by his benevolence I have succeeded to it.'

The startling assertion concerning the London washerwomen

## TWO DAYS ON THE WELSH BORDER.

was, we may hope for the honour of the laundry, a little highly coloured; but the history of the Yorkshire boy is not the less interesting.

We have said that Cyfarthfa Works lie on the north-west margin of the town of Merthyr. On the east and north-east, a winding road conducts us first to the Pen-y-darren Works, and then, higher and higher, to those of Dowlais—confessedly the largest in the world. A thousand tons of coal are here used *every day*, to produce iron from the ore. No words can adequately describe the appearance of these extraordinary works at night. The smelting-furnaces, and the furnaces of other kinds in which the operations are being carried on, send forth vast bodies of flame and intense flashes of light, which can be seen for miles around in every direction. When we look at them from a near point, their light throws a glare on all around them; when seen from a distance, they are as so many beacon-fires, vomiting upwards their vast bodies of flame. The cinder-tips, too, some of which are not far less than equal to St Paul's Cathedral in height, and extending over many acres, are never cold; and the huge heated mass exhibits a bluish sulphureous light in various parts, somewhat like a volcano in an incipient state of eruption. Some visitors have reached Merthyr from Brecon by night, some from Hirwain, some from east or south, but all alike are struck with the sort of barbaric splendour which meets their view.

The reader, without wishing for much technicality, would naturally like to know something concerning these fiery spots. There are many reasons why the operations of a great iron-smelting establishment are witnessed by comparatively few persons. The works are generally situated at some distance from the principal towns; the roads and pathways thither, except in the finest and driest weather, are overlaid with an unctuous black mud of most unacceptable character; the smoke hovering over and around the place is so dismal as to disturb the equanimity of a lover of neatness and cheerfulness; the heaps of ironstone and of coal, and the monstrous ridges of cinder, give a wild irregularity and confusion to the vicinity of the furnaces; while the blaze, the heat, the roar, the rattling, the hammering, between and among the furnaces, forges, and mills—all tend to repel rather than to invite the approach of visitors. Yet if, discarding all concern about the state of coat, hat, and boots, one devotes a few hours to such a place under the care of an intelligent guide, it is impossible to come away without receiving a deep impression of the rough grandeur, the ingenuity, and the commercial importance of the operations conducted in these gigantic works. We hope to be able, then, without any tedious or minute detail, to give the reader a general idea of what meets the eye during a visit to such spots as Dowlais or Cyfarthfa.

In the first place, let us look well at the smelting-furnaces, which are the *mainstay* of the whole establishment; whether

## TWO DAYS ON THE WELSH BORDER.

they be fifteen or eighteen in number, as at Dowlais, or limited to two or three, as in the humblest works. How to produce fifty tons of iron per week from each furnace, is the problem to be solved. The furnaces are vast stone or brick structures, forty or fifty feet in height. In Scotland, they are sometimes made circular; but the Welsh furnaces are square, decreasing in size as they extend upwards. The interior cavity—which has been likened to a huge soda-water bottle, or still better, to a decanter supported upon a funnel—has two openings to the outside: one near the top, where the raw materials are thrown in; and one near the bottom, where the molten metal is drawn out. The space between the (hypothetical) decanter and funnel is occupied by a sort of fireplace; and it is here that the fierce current of air is blown in, whether hot-blast or cold-blast. The top of the furnace is formed by a kind of wide chimney, through which pour forth those vast bodies of flame and smoke which impart so striking an effect to a smelting-furnace when seen from a distance. Modern experimenters have shewn how the heat might be economised, and the smoke prevented from contaminating the air, by a different adjustment of the top of the furnace; but where coal is so cheap as it is in South Wales, the smelters do not pay so much attention as they ought to these improvements. There is a kind of doorway near the top of each furnace, by which to introduce the materials; and a platform of masonry runs along the range of furnaces at this level, affording easy access to all the furnace-mouths in succession. On this platform are tramways to facilitate the bringing of the ironstone, the limestone, and the coal, from the neighbouring pits and mines. The opening at the bottom of each furnace is closed at all times, except when the smelted metal is in a sufficiently molten state to be run off or tapped. Near the furnaces are the large vessels to contain the air for the blast, the fires to convert this from a cold-blast into a hot-blast, and the steam-engine to blow this air with immense force into the furnace. We need only modify this description in two points, by saying, that some iron-furnaces do not use the hot-blast, and that the furnace-head has sometimes four doors instead of one for the admission of material.

Such is the mechanism of a smelting-furnace. And now we will see it at work. The ironstone is thrown in, because it is the ore which contains the iron; the coal is thrown in, because it yields the heat necessary for the process; the limestone is thrown in, because it acts as a flux to facilitate the action of the heat upon the ore; and the ironstone and limestone are previously calcined in separate kilns, to expedite still more the extrication of the iron from its stony prison. To stand near the furnace-mouth, or tunnel-head, as it is called, and watch the fiery ordeal through which these mineral ingredients have to pass, is a thing to be remembered. A vast body of flame is shooting up from the open top of the furnace; and this flame, as it passes the open tunnel-head, throws out a glare and a heat so terrible as to forbid approach.

## TWO DAYS ON THE WELSH BORDER.

by all except the swarthy salamanders, who have attained a power of heat-endurance by long practice. The men bring barrows full of ironstone, limestone, and coal; they wheel them close to the tunnel-head; they precipitate the contents into the fiery gulf; and then return for more. Hour after hour, day after day, week after week, Sunday and week-day, by night and by day, is this going on, for a smelting-furnace knows no rest; if once the burning contents were allowed to solidify, by a lapse of feeding and attention, the operations would be delayed for days or perhaps weeks to come; and thus the voracity of this flaming monster is unceasing. The three kinds of materials are supplied in regular succession; and at each charge a fresh impetus seems to be given to the burning mass, urged as it is by the blast below: so far as the eye can detect, it is one mass of liquid fire. The ironstone contains from twenty to seventy per cent. of pure iron; and according to the quality of the iron to be produced, so do the smelters determine on the mixture of different kinds, and on the ratio of ore to coal and limestone: these are the secrets of the smelter, which he does his utmost to master. When the vast mass within the furnace has done its work, when the metallic iron has separated from the vitrified slag into which the other ingredients tend to form themselves, then comes the operation of *tapping*—an operation the savage grandeur of which, at night, neither words can duly describe nor pencil represent. In front of the bottom of the furnace is a flat layer of smooth sand, with channels formed in it in various directions. When the molten iron has sunk nearly to the bottom of the fiery mass, a man with an iron bar breaks away the clay barrier which had stopped the orifice at the bottom of the furnace; and then out bursts the intensely bright golden liquid, flowing into all the channels in the sand, and lighting up the otherwise dim and dusky spot. It is at night, as we have said, that this scene should be witnessed.

All that is done in a smelting-furnace is rather chemical than mechanical, but the remaining operations in an ironwork are rather mechanical than chemical. Yet are there many striking scenes to be witnessed. The pieces into which the iron is moulded, by flowing into the channels in the sand, are called *pigs*; and very clumsy and rude-looking pigs they are. These pigs are exposed to an intense heat for several hours, in a refiner or refining-furnace; the metal then flows into flat moulds; and thus are produced cakes of refined iron, from which the carbon and the oxygen have been almost wholly driven off. These cakes are next broken into fragments by formidable blows from huge sledge-hammers; and the fragments, which present a kind of crystallised appearance, are ready for the uncouthly named *puddling* process. If we stop to inquire the meaning or origin of the technical terms employed in manufactures, we should never get to the end of our task; and therefore we must simply say here, that puddling means—puddling; but the process itself is the conversion of cast iron into wrought.

## TWO DAYS ON THE WELSH BORDER.

The fragments are thrown into a puddling-furnace, where the iron is heated to an intense degree, and kept stirred by a man who thrusts an iron-rod through the open doorway in front. A fearful office this: stirring a mass whose heat seems enough to scorch, and brightness enough to blind, any one who stands in such close proximity to it! The iron undergoes a strange change: it loses its fluidity, and becomes a kind of fiery gravel or glowing crumbling cinder; and then, when further stirred up and poked about by the puddler, it heaps up into a lump or ball, like a mass of putty. Each of these heaps is called a ball or a puddling-ball; and a man, inserting a formidable pair of tongs into the furnace, pulls out this fiery ball, drags it along the iron floor of the building, and brings it to the squeezer—an instrument whose squeeze is truly impressive. Each ball, weighing nearly 100 pounds, is squeezed into an oblong quadrangular mass, by a force which drives out all the dross; and then this mass is passed to and fro between ponderous rollers, and brought to the state of a flat bar, twelve feet long by three inches wide. All this occurs before the iron has had time to lose its red heat; and what with the fearless strength of the men swinging about these glowing masses with as much impunity as if they weighed but a few pounds each, the appearance of the white hot masses trailing along the ground, the smoke and heat around, the low rumbling of the squeezers and rollers, and the unceasing activity of all concerned—the scene altogether is very exciting. The long bars are next cut into pieces; the pieces are piled into square masses, and placed in the *balling*-furnace—another strange name; and when brought to a white heat, they are dragged out into a sort of low barrow. Each mass, weighing three or four hundredweights, is a *bloom*; and this bloom is passed between grooved rollers so many times, that it at length makes its appearance as a railway-bar, or a rod, or a bar of any other kind.

It is sometimes amusing to see the perplexity into which a visitor is thrown at such works as these. There are so many fiery masses trailing about around him; there are so many sparks flashing and so much dross flowing; there are so many persons running hither and thither; such a din and heat, such a smoke, and (to him, but to him alone) confusion—that he becomes well-nigh bewildered; and if he finds his fair skin and his tidy linen somewhat be-blackened, he must not feel much wonderment thereat.

When the metal is to be brought into practical use in the form of *cast* iron, instead of *wrought*, it does not pass through so many of these preparatory processes. Before it has acquired that degree of toughness which is necessary for rails, bars, rods, sheets, and so forth, it is poured into moulds made in sand; and thus are produced the iron guns, the iron cylinders and pipes, and those ponderous masses of cast iron which modern engineering presents to our notice in such vast number. The district around Merthyr does not produce so much of this cast iron as the *Staffordshire*

## TWO DAYS ON THE WELSH BORDER.

and other English districts; but still there are large undertakings of this kind, especially at the important and admirably arranged Cyfarthfa Works.

If Merthyr had iron but no coal, or if the coal were far distant, we may be assured that these vast works would never have reached their present pitch of grandeur. But the coal is even more abundant than the iron; and after supplying all the ironworks, there is an exhaustless store offered to the acceptance of the whole world. The value of the mineral treasures of this district has been displayed in a striking light by the inquiries respecting the supply of coal for the royal steam navy. It is obvious that, considering the limited available space on board ship, it is desirable to obtain as much heat-giving power as possible within a limited bulk of coal; and in 1845 the government intrusted to Sir H. de la Beche and Dr Lyon Playfair the management of a series of researches, to determine what kind of coal possesses the requisite qualities in the highest degree. An assistant-commissioner made a tour in South Wales, to examine all the collieries, and the ports from which coal might be shipped; for it was expected from the outset, that Welsh coal would prove to be better for the purpose than any in England or Scotland or Ireland; but, nevertheless, coal from all four parts of the United Kingdom was tried. The qualities investigated were numerous—the number of pounds of water evaporated by one pound of coal; the weight of a cubic foot; space in cubic feet occupied by one ton; rapidity of evaporation produced; and so forth. The commissioners had, indeed, enough to do; for their duty was to find a coal which should have large evaporative powers, quick production of steam, smokeless combustion, stowage in small bulk, freedom from dust and dirt, freedom from offensive odour, power of resisting attrition, and power of resisting spontaneous combustion. All these virtues are not to be expected in any one variety of coal, and therefore the inquiry was—to what extent are they to be met with combined? The result of the inquiry shewed, that the coal obtainable in the neighbourhood of Merthyr comprises a greater number of available excellences than any other. A bounty of natural gifts here—that the coal which is the best of all for smelting-furnaces is the best of all for steamships. Merthyr ought, in joy over its good-fortune, to clap its hands and—wash its face!

But we shall not be sorry to escape from this magazine of iron and coal, heat and smoke, dirt and noise, and get out into a little of the open country; for the Welsh border, near this junction of three counties, has many pretty spots, and there is much which ought to be said concerning the people and their doings. The men and women, and boys and girls, in Merthyr and similar towns, are, as we have said, losing their primitive Welsh characteristics. One of the least pleasant features observable, is that connected with the employment of women. It is a pity that females, whether from choice or necessity, should be employed as they

## TWO DAYS ON THE WELSH BORDER.

are at the iron and coal works. Their opinions and their manners become almost necessarily as much begrimed as their skin, in doing work which none but rough men ought to be engaged in. One consequence is, that when they marry—and nearly all of them marry early—they are entirely ignorant of many things which tend to make good wives and good mothers. They have been handling rough pieces of iron and dirty lumps of coal at an age when they should have been learning to make cotton gowns, to mend shirts, to cook soups and puddings, to wash clothes, and to cherish the well-appreciated comforts of a clean hearth and a cheerful fireside. They make sorry young wives in many of these particulars. When we speak of handling rough pieces of iron and dirty lumps of coal, we are literally correct, as a few words will shew. There are girls and women employed in preparing the ironstone for calcination before smelting; there are others engaged in analogous occupations respecting limestone; there are others whose duty it is to attend the building up of the coke-heaps, the piling of coal for conversion into coke; others prepare the clay for making the firebricks for the furnaces; another group assist in drawing up the produce of ore and coal from the pits; there are others who assist in disposing of the refuse which form the cinder-tips; and there are others, again, who are employed in lugging about heavy pieces of iron within the works. It may not be that females are engaged at all these occupations in all the works, but the population of Merthyr comprises a painfully large number of females to whom this description applies.

Where industry plants its standard, there do the means of locomotion spread and multiply, at once giving and receiving strength. So long as these Welsh valleys and mountains had only their few sheep and their few farms, a few good roads and a great number of very queer ones sufficed for all the traffic of the district; but with the epoch of iron and coal began that of canals and railways. As Merthyr was the first great centre of Welsh iron and coal operations, so was it the starting-point of the first important canal and the first railway in Wales. The Taff river is too impetuous, too tortuous, and too shallow for purposes of navigation; and consequently, when it became necessary to find a channel of conveyance for the minerals to some port of shipment, the Glamorganshire Canal was planned, commencing at Merthyr and terminating at Cardiff. No other canal in the world, perhaps, of equal length, has brought down so much iron and coal as this in an equal space of time. Barges of twenty-four tons burden can navigate this canal; and these barges have, in recent years, carried the enormous quantity of 500,000 tons of coal, and 160,000 tons of iron, in one year. But other spots have become rich in iron and coal, and have demanded canals for their accommodation; and thus have arisen the Monmouthshire Canal, the Brecon Canal, and the Vale of Neath Canal. But here, as elsewhere, the railway gradually assumes a superiority over the canal.

## TWO DAYS ON THE WELSH BORDER.

The whole of the valleys which contain iron and coal works are traversed by tramways leading down to the ports of shipment; and these tramways are, one by one, being widened and straightened and otherwise improved, so as to befit them for passenger traffic: they abandon the humble name of tramway, and assume the prouder designation of railways. It is in this light that we are to view the Taff Vale Railway, the Ebbw Vale Railway, the Blaina Railway, the Llanelly Railway, and one or two others.

It is pleasant, on mounting the hills which separate these valleys and works and railways, to forget for a time the busy scenes which have presented themselves, and carry back the thoughts to the old Welsh times and old customs. These treeless hills have witnessed many a beacon-fire, many a contest between rival chieftains, many a struggle between the weakened Welsh and the strengthened English. There are certain heroes whose names are still held in remembrance throughout Wales: some whose historical existence is traceable; but others, in whom much legend is mixed up with a little truth. The renowned King Arthur, who seemed to have so many 'Seats' and 'Round Tables' in various parts of Great Britain; the pious St Taff or St David; the heroic Owen Glendwr, perhaps the last real Prince of Wales; the bards Taliesin and Merlin—all are revered for some or other of their exploits. It may be remarked, that in Lady Charlotte Guest's *Mabinogion*—a collection of Welsh romances written in the middle ages, and translated by her—are many passages depicting the feudal state of districts not very far from the present busy ironworks. One of the romances, *The Lady of the Fountain*, thus begins: 'King Arthur was at Caerleon, upon Usk: and one day he sat in his chamber; and with him were Owain the son of Urien, and Kynon the son of Klydno, and Kai the son of Kyner; and Gwenhwyvar and her handmaidens at needle-work by the window. And if it should be said that there was a porter at Arthur's palace, there was none. Glewlwyd Gavaelvawr was there, acting as porter, to welcome guests and strangers, and to receive them with honour, and to inform them of the manners and customs of the court, and to direct those who came to the hall or to the presence-chamber, and those who came to take up their lodging. In the centre of the chamber, King Arthur sat upon a seat of green rushes, over which was spread a covering of flame-coloured satin; and a cushion of red satin was under his elbow.'

The Caerlleon, or Caerleon here mentioned, is a remarkable place. It is situated about four miles from Newport; and though a city and stronghold once, is now only a quiet village. The walk to it from Newport is very picturesque, following the left bank of the Usk, and passing St Julian's, once the residence of Lord Herbert of Chisbury, but now a very pretty farmhouse. Few would imagine, on crossing the Usk by a bridge at Caerleon, that they were approaching the Roman capital of Wales—for such Caerleon seems to have been. In what state the city was left when the Romans

## TWO DAYS ON THE WELSH BORDER.

took their departure from Wales, fourteen centuries ago, we have no record; but about midway of this long period, it was thus described by Giraldus Cambrensis: 'Many remains of its former magnificence are still visible; splendid palaces, which once emulated with their gilded roofs the grandeur of Rome, for it was originally built by the Roman princes, and adorned with stately edifices; a gigantic tower, numerous baths, ruins of temples, and a theatre, the walls of which are partly standing. Here we still see, within and without the walls, subterranean buildings, aqueducts, and vaulted caverns; and what appeared to me most remarkable, stoves so excellently contrived, as to diffuse their heat through secret and imperceptible pores.' There is still enough left to repay abundantly the explorer of Caerleon. There is the mound on which the tower stood; there is the amphitheatre, still visible as a sunken oval grassy spot, about 220 feet by 190; there are remains of a city wall near the amphitheatre, and of a castle overhanging the Usk, and of a tower near the village inn. So numerous are the Roman remains lately found by excavation, that a museum has been formed for their reception at Caerleon. After the Romans left, Caerleon became a British or Welsh city, one of the alleged abodes of King Arthur.

Thus it is on both sides of this Welsh border; as soon as we depart from the iron and coal, we get among the feudal and legendary. Abergavenny, lying like Caerleon on the eastern margin of the mineral district, is another old-world Welsh town. It is not quite fair towards the Welshmen, that Abergavenny should be ranked in England; for it is Welsh in name, Welsh in history, Welsh in situation, Welsh in associations. Its position, imbosomed in hills, is one of the most beautiful which any Welsh town can boast. About twenty years ago, an attempt was made to re-awaken the old Welsh spirit in the town, by a pleasant, and, to some extent, important agency. This was the revival of the ancient *Cymreigyddion* or *Eisteddfod*, a sort of bardic festival; the former of these two words has, we believe, the meaning of a Welsh society, while the latter is the festival or meeting for which the society is formed. There are many *Cymreigyddion* societies in different parts of Wales, by whom meetings are held at stated intervals, for the awarding of prizes for the best Welsh essay, the best Welsh ode, the best playing on the Welsh harp, and other matters imitative of the old bardic times. But the *Cymreigyddion* at Abergavenny has sought a wider range of objects, including the encouragement of native manufactures, rural industry, &c. Abergavenny, in the October of each year, is perhaps the most Welsh of Welsh towns, it being thronged with visitors from every part of the principality, to take part in the annual festival.

The question of language, as connected with these national meetings, and with the state of Welsh society, is interesting and important. We have said that very few Englishmen study

## TWO DAYS ON THE WELSH BORDER.

Welsh; and we may add that the number seems unlikely to increase, for English capital and English customs are gradually Anglicising the principality. No two nations on the face of the earth, so closely allied, speak languages more utterly different than the Welsh and the English. Let us take a dozen names of Welsh towns and villages, and let an Englishman try, first, whether he can pronounce them; and secondly, whether he can make the slightest guess at their meaning:—Llanychlwydog, Eglwyserw, Llanycrwys, Llangwryfon, Cwmystwith, Llynddu, Llyncerrigllwyvawr, Mynyddbwlich, Yspyttycynfyn, Ystradgylais, Mynyddllancynydr, Cwmyoy. These names, and most Welsh names of places, are very expressive. The initial and terminal syllables generally convey much information respecting the character of the place named: thus—*avon* is a river, *aber* is the confluence of two rivers, *bwlich* is a pass or gap, *caer* is an ancient fort or stronghold, *cefn* is a ridge, *cwm* is a valley or glen, *eglwys* is a church, *glyn* is a vale, *llan* is an enclosed spot, *llyn* is a lake or pool, *mynydd* is a mountain, *nant* is a ravine, *newydd* is new, *pwll* is a pit or ditch, *rhyd* is a ford, *twr* is a tower, *ynys* is an island, *ystrad* is a flat valley or strath; and so on. The reader could manufacture a number of tolerably good Welsh names, by joining two or three of the above elements together. While walking along the high-roads, we have more than once known what it is to ask the name of the place to which a branch-road led, and to receive for answer such a group of syllables as the ear could by no means disentangle, although they evidently comprised some of those in the above list. There is a remarkable prevalence of the letters *y* and *w* in Welsh. We select a passage from Lady Charlotte Guest's *Mabinogion*, in which these two hard-worked letters are used as follows:—*'rynnawd ywrthunt y gwelwm wr pengrych melyn, yny dewred, ae naryf ynnewydd eillaw.'* Remembering that the *w* and *y* have the power of vowels in Welsh, we shall find the words more pronounceable than their appearance seems to indicate: the *w* having nearly the power of *oo* in boot, and the *y* nearly that of *u* in but. Men who are skilled in the languages of Ireland, the Highlands of Scotland, and Wales, have long known that there is some peculiar tie which connects these languages. Some have thought that a thorough knowledge of any one of the three might enable a person to understand the other two; but Professor Duncan Forbes, of King's College, himself a Gaelic Highlander, and an accomplished master of languages, has asserted that the most intimate knowledge of the Gaelic would not enable a person to master a single verse of the Bible in Welsh. It seems to be now generally understood, that the ancient languages of Scotland, Ireland, Isle of Man, Wales, and Cornwall, were all of Celtic origin, of which the first three formed Gaelic varieties, and the last two British. All the five have many monosyllabic words in common.

*The moral effects of language in Wales extend deeper than*

## TWO DAYS ON THE WELSH BORDER.

many persons would imagine : influencing the social position in a very marked and significant way. Mr Lingen, one of the commissioners appointed in 1846 to inquire into the state of education in Wales, was struck with the fact, that a peculiar language isolated the mass from the upper portion of society. There is a constant stream of migration from the agricultural counties of Pembroke and Carmarthen to the busy region around Merthyr ; they change occupations from Welsh farm-labourers to Welsh miners and colliers, but they do not change character or language. 'Whether in the country or among the furnaces,' says Mr Lingen, 'the Welsh element is never found at the top of the social scale, nor in its own body does it exhibit much variety of gradation. In the country, the farmers are very small holders, in intelligence and capital nowise distinguished from labourers. In the works, the Welsh workman never finds his way into the office. He never becomes either clerk or agent. He may become an overseer or sub-contractor, but this does not take him out of the labouring and put him into the administering class. Equally in his new, as in his old home, his language keeps him under the hatches, being one in which he can neither acquire nor communicate the necessary information. It is a language of old-fashioned agriculture, of theology, and of simple rustic life, while all the world about him is English.'

While looking at the rough hardy Welshmen at the busy towns, one feels that their ignorance of English may at times lead them into disaster, by making them the prey of demagogues. It was a fearful thing the rising of the Chartists among the mining hills in 1839, and the attack upon the town of Newport. Most cruelly were these uneducated men decoyed by those whose superior knowledge ought to have led to better results ; and most heartlessly were they worked up to a frenzy of violence. The colliers, miners, and iron-workers, armed with guns, pistols, blunderbusses, swords, bayonets, daggers, pikes, bill-hooks, reaping-hooks, hatchets, cleavers, axes, pitchforks, knife-blades, scythes, saws, sharpened pieces of iron, sledge-hammers, and bludgeons—for all these things were afterwards found upon them—planned to leave the hills on a particular Sunday, and pour down into Newport in the dead of the night, with the object of sacking and burning the town. A terrific storm delayed their march, and frustrated a plot which might else perhaps have been too successful. They reached Newport on Monday ; and after a short but severe struggle, in which the moral force of a handful of men against an undisciplined multitude was strikingly shewn, the insurgents were utterly defeated. It is a mournful subject, to which few of the inhabitants of the district shew any willingness to advert. One point on which all agree is—the urgent importance of spreading education among this hillside population.

No English tourist, in search of a few days' pleasant ramble on the Welsh border, need trouble himself with these considerations.

## TWO DAYS ON THE WELSH BORDER.

about language; he will understand the character of the inhabitants better if he do so; but for all his immediate wants, his own English will pass current. On one occasion, at an inn door in Aberdare, we made inquiry concerning a particular road, of one who would in England be called a potboy. He could not understand the question because it was not in Welsh, and he had to seek the aid of a brother potboy; but such instances are rare near the junction of the two countries.

We have before said, that around this remarkable mineral district are many sweet and pleasant spots. The busy vale of the Taff is by no means without them. Near the Taff's Well station of the railway, is a well from which this name has been derived. Its position near the banks of the river is picturesque; the round well has a sort of enclosure, with a seat; and many tales are told of the surprising virtues of the water of this spring, St David having, we believe, vouchsafed a healing property to the well. At Pont-y-prydd, a little northward of Taff's Well, the stream and its verdant banks are connected with the labours of a self-educated man—William Edwards. At this spot, rather more than a century ago, it was desired to build a bridge, to join the two ends of a new road; but the great floodings to which this part of the river are subject, rendered the exploit one of much difficulty. It was, however, undertaken by Edwards, a humble farmer in the neighbourhood, who had taught himself masonry by simply watching masons at work. He built a bridge over the Taff, in accordance with the requirements of the road-makers; but a flood, two or three years after, swept away all the fruits of his ingenuity. Nothing daunted, he sketched a second plan, boldly resolving on one single arch of 140 feet span, in order that no interruption might be occasioned by a pier in the river; he built his bridge, but was a second time foiled, for the immense weight of masonry at the haunches forced out the keystones, and his bridge fell. His fine noble spirit kept him up, however; he formed a third plan, adopting the single arch, but lessening the weight of the haunches by making them in part hollow. All now succeeded as he wished; and in 1755 was finished the famed Pont-y-prydd, or 'beautiful bridge,' which at once raised Edwards to the rank of an engineer and bridge-builder. About a mile above the bridge there is a beautiful waterfall in the Taff, with luxuriant mountain scenery on either side; and the approach to the bridge from this spot commands a fine view of it: the abutments being almost hidden by the high ground on both banks, the arch appears singularly light and graceful.

In another of these mineral valleys, that of the Rhondda or Rontha (in Welsh the *d* is pronounced like *th*), there is a glen of the utmost wildness, scarcely trodden by any human foot, and yet within four or five miles direct distance from the busy scenes at Aberdare and Hirwaun. This is the vale of Ystrad-y-vodog. It was scarcely known even to the Glamorganshire people themselves.

## TWO DAYS ON THE WELSH BORDER.

until Mr Cliffe traversed and described it about seven years ago. It is a vale through which the Rhondda flows. This little river, formed by the confluence of the Rhondda Vawr and the Rhondda Vach, joins the Taff near Pont-y-prydd. For the first three or four miles there is a tramway to accommodate a colliery at Dinas; but this once passed, the wildness of natural beauty is no longer interfered with. The road climbs up the steep Cefn Twym Rhondda, the hilly ridge which separates the greater from the lesser Rhondda. 'We shall never forget,' says Mr Cliffe, 'our first impression of Ystrad-y-vodog, when we had walked about a mile and a half over this hill. It was a fine morning after a heavy day's rain. The clouds, which had been down on the hills, began to lift; and suddenly the glorious "Green Valley" (for that is the translation of its unmusical Welsh name) unfolded itself before us with one of those exquisite effects peculiar to mountain scenery—which a Claude could not transfer to canvas. The vale stretched for a distance of eight or ten miles between two nearly parallel lines of hills, broken by a succession of bluffs of singular beauty, apparently terminated by a vast alpine headland, feathered with trees or copsewood to its summit—a mountain chief keeping watch. As we descended, the emerald greenness of the meadows in the valley below was most refreshing.' This scene of loveliness is succeeded by another of wilder character. 'The country now becomes untamably wild. You ascend a steep narrow path on the right, leaving the infant Rhondda Vawr far below; and hard work it is to thread your way on foot, or to lead a horse if so encumbered, along the shaggy sides of the huge mountain—a chaos of rocks. A glen of the wildest beauty carries the eye to the source of the river—the sweetest of the many *pistylls*, the silver threads or chords of the hills, which have charmed the heart of the wayfarer with their music on his day's journey. You halt, with a feeling of awe, at a modern cairn by the side of the path. A winter rarely passes without the occurrence of two or three deaths on these mountains. This cairn commemorates the death of a poor fellow who had lost his way and perished here in the gloom of a snowy March evening in 1838, and whose body was not discovered for three weeks. We followed the time-honoured custom, and threw a stone on the heap. At last we reached the moorland or peat-moss, and diverged to the left to Cairn-y-Moesey, said to be the grave of a bard, at the edge of Craig-y-Llyn, the highest mountain of Glamorgan, which makes a bold horseshoe sweep here, visible at great distances. Our path, however, lay to the right, so we descended a break in the hills, were refreshed by some country-people milking, and after encountering many difficulties, reached the Lamb and Flag at Cwm-Neath, in about twelve hours after leaving Newbridge'—the name of the town which has grown up around Pont-y-prydd. The Lamb and Flag, to which Mr Cliffe here refers, is a lonely inn in the beautiful Cwm or Vale of Neath. This valley is another of those which we have so often had to characterise. It

## TWO DAYS ON THE WELSH BORDER.

is mineral and manufacturing at one end (Hirwain); it is commercial and manufacturing at the other end (Neath); and it is natural and picturesque in its intermediate length. So many are the sweet spots within and near it, that when the Vale of Neath Railway was opened a year or two ago, the directors made especial arrangements for the accommodation of sight-seeing passengers; they even made a tourists' carriage, for those who wished to enjoy such of the scenes as the eye could catch while rapidly progressing. Some of the finest waterfalls in Wales are in the immediate vicinity of this vale. Four of the small tributaries of the river Neath—the Hepste, the Melte, the Purthen, and the Llech—bring down the waters from the mountains of Brecknockshire, of which the chief are the Brecknockshire Beacons and Mount Capellante: these mountains form a fine background to the scene; and as the ground from thence to the Neath has a considerable descent, there are many spots where picturesque falls occur. Pont Neath Vaughan, just on the border of the two counties, and near the confluence of these little rivers with the Neath, is a starting-point for a ramble to the waterfalls. A vehicle is out of the question; but a dozen miles of resolute hill-and-valley walking will command a view of six or seven beautiful waterfalls. One of these, the upper fall of the Hepste, is so strangely situated, that the only path near it runs *under the waterfall* itself; and it is not unusual to take shelter there during a shower of rain: the country-people regularly use this as a footpath, and sheep, and even cattle, are sometimes driven along it. It will readily be understood that this path consists of a ledge in the wall of rock over which the river falls. Above one of the falls of the Melte, the river suddenly disappears underground, and then makes its reappearance in a vast cavern called Porth-yr-Ogof, where it dashes out with great impetuosity during the rainy seasons. Mr Cliffe went 500 yards into this cavern, and neither his guide nor any one else had been known to penetrate further.

Among the mountains which separate Brecknockshire on the north, from Monmouthshire and Glamorganshire on the south, are many striking natural scenes, stern and wild rather than beautiful. The Black Mountains, the Brecknock Beacons, the Brecknock Van, and Mount Capellante, four groups comprising many summits from 2400 to 2800 feet in height, form a curved barrier which must be crossed by all who leave Brecknockshire for the southern counties. Two roads from Merthyr to Brecon, both of which cross the Beacons, are nearly as wildly savage as if in the remotest part of Wales. This is one of the circumstances which render the Welsh border near Merthyr so varied; we may leave a densely populated busy town, and in an hour's riding, or two hours' walking, reach the wild glens and mountains.

While travelling on any of the turnpike-roads in South Wales, the present quiet state contrasts strongly with the times of the Rebecca Riots—one of the strangest disturbances ever known in

## TWO DAYS ON THE WELSH BORDER.

our country. An almost national insurrection against turnpikes has something very anomalous in it; for it was proved, by subsequent inquiry, that politics had originally very little to do with the matter; although, when passions were once roused against a local grievance, there were not wanting unquiet spirits to take an evil advantage of the circumstance. It appears that, on account of the mode in which the expenses of maintaining roads were defrayed, turnpike-gates and toll-bars were more numerous than for an equal length of road in England, and that the tolls were higher, and were collected in a vexatious manner. Unfortunately, these tolls became higher, and the terms of collection more stringent, just about the time when the Welsh farmers were suffering from a succession of bad seasons. They had very little to take to market; they had to pay high road-tolls out of this little; and they became bitter and exasperated. In the year 1839, shortly after new gates and higher tolls had been established at a road on the confines of Pembroke and Carmarthen counties, a number of persons assembled at six o'clock one afternoon, and pulled down a new turnpike-gate, which had only been set up a week, with much noise and jollity, and with no effectual resistance. A proposition to re-erect the gate was negatived by the county magistrates, and this seemed to lend countenance to the disturbers.

There then arose a general war against turnpike-gates in South Wales; and this war became associated with the name of an invisible Rebecca, whose soldiers in the gate-breaking campaign were thenceforward called Rebeccaites. It is supposed that the name was suggested by some busy village politician, and that he founded it on a perverted use of a verse in Genesis: 'And thy blessed Rebekah, and said unto her: thou art our sister, be thou the mother of thousands of millions, and let thy seed possess the gate of those which hate thee.' But whether this was the real origin or not, Rebecca became a formidable name throughout the whole of South Wales. Rebecca conducted the gate-breaking in a systematic manner. The secret was well kept: no gate-keeper knew what was about to happen; but at midnight a body of Rebeccaites would appear, many of them well mounted, and amply provided with saws, hatchets, and pickaxes. There was very little parleying or boasting—they came to do a certain work; and they did it. For the toll-collector to resist, was utterly useless—he stood by a helpless spectator; and when the gate itself was gone, the toll-house frequently followed; but the luckless collector was not injured. The leader of the gang, Rebecca, was a man dressed in female attire, or with a shirt thrown over him in lieu of a gown; all the others obeyed him, and the task was thoroughly carried out. The men dispersed; and when daylight arrived, there was not the slightest indication to point out the gate-breakers, for every one seemed to be quietly engaged in his proper occupation. One by one the turnpikes were destroyed. In one trust of eleven gates and bars, all were destroyed; in

## TWO DAYS ON THE WELSH BORDER.

another, nineteen out of twenty-one; and so on. Many of the trustees or lessees of tolls re-erected the destroyed gates, only to see them again destroyed. The county-farmers, whether or not they disliked illegal proceedings, were delighted to be able to travel along the roads toll-free, and Rebecca became unquestionably a very popular personage. In some of the attacks, the whole of the Rebeccaites were dressed in women's clothes. As they became emboldened, they took up the question of tithes, church-rates, poor-laws, and rent, and began to talk of managing them in an equally summary way. Rebecca seems to have had a companion—'Miss Cromwell.' By the year 1843, the system had attained to a dangerous pitch. Miscreants of every kind assumed the veil of Rebecca to conceal their real object, and proceeded to acts of extortion and even cruelty. At last the attention of the government was called to the subject. After almost the whole of the turnpikes in South Wales had been destroyed, police and soldiers were sent into the villages to repress actual violence; while a commission was appointed to inquire into the grievances which gave origin to the outbreak. Rebecca died, or went into oblivion; and the turnpike-roads of the principality have since been placed under a better system of management.

A country walk in South Wales is very different from one in Scotland, in this as well as in other particulars: that very small and humble dissenting chapels are visible everywhere, being much more numerous than those of the national church. The Methodists are strong in the principality—strong in numbers but not in purse—and their chapels are correspondent to their means. The Sunday-school system is a very remarkable one among these uneducated Welshmen. The tie of language, and other ties, lead them to prefer usages and institutions which they can manage themselves, and in which they can be by themselves. The Sunday-schools have, until recently, been almost the sole means of education among them, and still maintain the precedence in importance. Each congregation establishes its own Sunday-school in its own chapel, and elects as superintendents and teachers those among its body who are deemed most fitted for those offices, without reference to the worldly position of the men on week-days. There is a democratic principle about this which the men seem to like; for the offices are very numerous—one teacher on an average to seven scholars—they are open to all, and are coveted as marks of distinction. The schools are evidently enjoyed by all parties; and it is creditable to the teachers and scholars, that rags and dirt are never seen at the Sunday-school, whatever may be the state of the homes. The routine comprises worship, discussion, and instruction—all being rendered in a homely and familiar way; and it is said by those whose knowledge of Welsh enables them to judge, that the polemical discussions are often exceedingly curious, from the mixture of shrewdness and simplicity displayed. It is customary for each chapel to have certain *poncans*—printed questions and

## TWO DAYS ON THE WELSH BORDER.

answers on points of doctrine; the different classes in a school have several parts of a pwnic assigned to them to learn; and as soon as it is well committed to heart, the school makes a sort of triumphal procession to other chapels, to repeat what they have thus learned.

On the Welsh border, in immediate companionship with England and the English, the old Welsh customs are of course dying away by degrees, the good and the bad together, as Saxon manners and customs spread. But further towards the west, the Cambrians have undergone wonderfully little change. The mountain huts of Cardigan and the neighbouring counties have little to boast of beyond the most wretched cabins. No longer ago than 1837, Mr Thomas Roscoe spoke of these huts having mud floors, on which human beings, and pigs, and ducks, all lived together; a chimney sometimes, but frequently a mere hole in the roof; a small window, frequently without any glass in it; and a dunghill and a puddle as adornments at the entrance. 'Yet,' says he, 'amid all this filth, and as we consider misery, the female part of the cottagers are as spruce in their national costume on Sundays and holidays, and as proud of their assortment of crockery-ware, of which an unnecessary number of jugs form an indispensable part, as if surrounded with all the more substantial comforts of life. To look at the habitations, one would marvel how a clean mobcap or a decent coat could belong to people so apparently lost to all notion of comfort and neatness. Their cheerfulness and content under privations that would not be endured by an English labourer while it surprises, almost provokes us, as seeming to place a formidable bar in the way of future improvement.' In all probability, matters have mended a little within the last few years, and it is at any rate certain, that the border counties have a better story to tell.

A Welsh marriage has, doubtless, lost much of its quaint oddity and primitive simplicity; yet, in the remote districts, many or most of the usages are occasionally practised. About a week before the ceremony, a bidder or official inviter of the guests is appointed; he goes from house to house with a long pole bedecked with ribbons, and gives an invitation in set forms, and with a due admixture of gracious compliments. The wedding-day is usually Saturday, and on the previous day the house is stocked with such furniture as the betrothed are able to provide, the bridegroom often supplying bedstead, table, dresser, and chairs; and the bride being responsible for bedding, clothes, and crockery. In the evening, all the guests, and friends and neighbours, bring their gifts—a notable part of the whole ceremony. On the morning of the auspicious day, the friends of the bridegroom muster in great force, on horseback if they can, and accompany him to the house of the bride-elect. Here the lady is besieged by all the oratory and poetry which the party can command, and she and her father do not yield until after a very becoming delay. At length the party are admitted; the bride sallies fr

## TWO DAYS ON THE WELSH BORDER.

her father or other friend, and scampers off at high speed, the bridegroom and the whole of the guests following in pursuit. When they have captured the bride, they carry her to church, and the happy couple are joined in the bands of wedlock. All this sounds so inconsistent with the busy hum of collieries and mines, and ironworks and manufactories, that we doubt whether Merthyr would not be almost as much surprised as London at the sight of such a wedding.

One of the characteristics of the Welsh population remains in force to a degree sufficient to attract the notice of English persons—the wearing of black beaver-hats by the women. Why a woman should wear a black cylinder on her head, and think it becoming, is for the Welsh to say. It may be all very well for ‘Jenny Jones,’ who lives in Llangollen, to display a pretty face underneath the broad brim of such a hat; but would not the face appear fully as pretty if the head were covered by something more graceful than the masculine hat? This is a matter of taste, however, on which it would not be wise to dogmatise. Generally speaking, elderly women wear these hats more frequently than younger damsels; and in the western counties of Wales, they are more prevalent than in the eastern. There are certain county differences in these hats, some being narrower in the crown than others; having that shape which a geometrician would call a truncated cone. It is a matter of pride to have a hat of fine beaver and of high price, and a matter of economy to take great care of it. Many women in the middle ranks of life wear a very common-place bonnet while at their week-day avocations, and reserve the carefully brushed and neatly banded beaver-hat for Sundays and holidays. An example of this fashion has lately been mentioned to us. A thorough Welsh lady came to pay a visit to some friends in one of the border towns—a town which is in the transition state from Welsh to English. She came in her black hat; her lady-friends were so unused to this headgear, that they refused to walk out with her; and she had, perforce, to buy an English bonnet for wear during her sojourn with them. She, in her turn, however, refused to take such an article home; she left her bonnet behind, and gratified her Welsh feelings by returning home with her Welsh hat. The reader may perhaps have met with engraved portraits of two ladies of rank, who, some time ago, voluntarily retired from the busy world to lead a secluded life in the beautiful Vale of Llangollen; they adopted some singularities in costume, but the black beaver-hat was a very significant element in the picture.

In the preceding page, we gave rather an unfavourable description of the peasants’ huts in some part of the principality; but it is right to accompany this with a brief notice of a real old-fashioned Welsh gentleman’s home, in the days when English habits had **not** made such inroads as are now observable. For this purpose, **we cannot, perhaps, do better than refer to Pennant’s description**

## TWO DAYS ON THE WELSH BORDER.

of a family country-house which he visited about seventy years ago. The hearty old Welshman gave Pennant and his companion 'the most hospitable reception, and in the style of an ancient Briton. He welcomed us with ale and potent beer, to wash down the *Coch yr Wden*, or hung goat, and the cheese, compounded of the milk of cow and sheep. The family lay in their whole store of winter provisions, being inaccessible a great part of the season by reason of snow. Here they have lived for many generations without bettering or lessening their income; without noisy fame, but without any of its imbittering attendants. The mansion is a true specimen of an ancient seat of a gentleman in Wales. The furniture rude; the most remarkable were the great oatmeal-chests, which held the essential part of the provisions. The territories dependent on the mansion extend about four miles each way, and consist of a small tract of meadow, a pretty lake swarming with trout, a little wood, and very much rock; but the whole forms most august scenery. The naked mountains envelop his vale and lake like an immense theatre. The meadows are divided by a small stream, and are bounded on one side by the lake, on the other by his woods, which skirt the foot of the rocks, and through which the river runs, and beyond them tumbles from the heights in a series of cataracts. He keeps his whole territories in his own hands, but distributes his lands among the *Havodwys* or summer dairy-houses—like the Swiss *châlets* in the upper hills—for the convenience of attending his flocks. His ambition once led him to attempt draining his lake, in order to extend his landed property; but, alas! he only gained a few acres of rushes and reeds; so wisely bounded his desires, and saved a beautiful piece of water.'

When thinking of the changed and changing characteristics of the border population, it may be worth remembering, that in that very Vale of Neath through which a semi-commercial, semi-tourist railway now runs, superstition prevailed to a remarkable extent among the peasantry no longer ago than the period when Mr Crofton Croker collected the materials for his *Fairy Legends*. Miss Williams of Aberpergwm, a village in the vale, sent to Mr Croker many amusing anecdotes of her humble neighbours in that vicinity. Parents used to caution their children when setting out for the mountains to look after sheep or cattle, to avoid treading near the fairies' ring, or they would be lost. Some of the older people insisted that they saw fairies, that they heard their enchanting music, that they had seen ghosts and heard strange noises, that they had seen supernatural lights, and that they were familiar with omens which always preceded death. Miss Williams stated, that her mother remembered a meeting of twenty preachers assembled on a hill near Aberpergwm, to combat with the wicked spirit which had enticed so many to sinful practices, by tempting them with bars of gold which had been dug up near a Roman causeway. One of the tenants of the family

## TWO DAYS ON THE WELSH BORDER.

was currently supposed among his neighbours to have sold himself to the Evil One; another old worthy of Blaenllanby asserted, and seemed thoroughly to believe, that he had once observed a long cavalcade of very diminutive persons riding four abreast, and mounted upon small white horses not bigger than dogs; a third, who seems to have had a good deal of Rip Van Winkle in him, declared that he had been twenty-five years with the fairies, and yet, when he returned, it seemed to him that he had been only away five minutes.

It becomes a curious question, how rapidly these primitive beliefs are dissipated by a railway. In these Welsh valleys, however, there is always something which precedes the railway as a worker of change: there is a mine or a colliery, or a smelt-work or two, or all of these near at hand, which have rubbed away some of the old credences by rude friction; and then comes the railway, which brings the most powerful of disturbing agencies—namely, the means of ready intercourse between that particular district and others more or less distant from it. The very sight of a locomotive is a fairy tale in itself; but then it is a fairy tale which becomes more and more real every day, and when the poetry is driven out of it, and it is recognised as a hard solid fact, it sweeps away with it much of the old fond abiding faith in the mysterious and the fairylike. It may not be that a man is altogether the better for this, for some of the finer elements of his nature are apt to be injured by the rude touch; but that the resultant, the tendency left after the good and the evil have been balanced, is advantageous, we will not doubt.

Take them as they now are, the borderers in and around the mining district are a rough but interesting class. We happened to be at Merthyr on an Easter Monday, and had an opportunity of seeing that in rollicking jollification the Welsh colliers and miners are in no degree behind their English compeers. Approaching Merthyr by coach, or rather 'bus, from Hirwain, and coming in sight of the fine Cyfarthfa Works, we saw the northern or Brecon road lined with an uninterrupted stream of people; and in the town itself, tributary streams were pouring forth from all quarters, with the same northward tendency. A small village a mile or two out of the town was the goal towards which all tended, for at this village a fair was being held. As night came on, the scene was very remarkable. There are no gaslights beyond the town—and, be it said *en passant*, a very insufficient number in the town itself—so that the roadway to the fair was lighted only by the fierce ruddy glare from the Cyfarthfa Works, where furnaces and kilns were blazing away despite of the fair. Those farming-people who attach to the name of 'fair' the meaning of a very large market for grazing-produce, will of course not expect that the Easter fair at Merthyr was of this kind; nor were townsmen's notions of a fair quite realised, for wild-beast shows, and 'Richardson's,' and learned pigs, and sheep with

## TWO DAYS ON THE WELSH BORDER.

supernumerary legs, and real live mermaids, were not very numerous; but in eating, drinking, dancing, and fun, this fair certainly distinguished itself. All imaginable little cheap kick-shaws to tickle the palate were ranged on stalls and under booths, and there was a perpetual feast going on. As for the dancing, the visitors to Greenwich Fair can form no conception of it. At the latter place of resort, a courteous gentleman always asks a fair partner to dance with him; but miners and colliers are particularly fond of dancing with each other. In South Staffordshire, and other parts of England, this is well known to be the case; and at this village, where every second house seemed to be (for the occasion) an ale-house, almost every room was crammed with men stamping as if for very life. They *did* dance, indeed! If the reader can imagine a number of men, with strong muscles and thick boots, working away with fifty-polka power and more than polka activity, he will have some idea of this dancing. We do not say that the Merthyr thousands are so deficient in gallantry as not to invite the lasses to dance with them; but the characteristic uproarious jollity is associated with this collier principle of dancing.

One of the curious features of the fair had reference to language. In the incessant hum of tongues along the road, fifty Welsh words, at the least, were heard for one English; and in the fair itself, Welsh was the language generally adopted. But if any customer at any stall had more of the Anglo-Saxon than of the Cambro-Briton in him, he was certain to find that the vender knew quite enough of English for the small commercial transaction in which they were engaged. One of the notables of the fair was an itinerant auctioneer, whose tilted cart was crammed with cheap odds and ends, and who 'put up,' at a shilling, a multi-bladed knife, worth, perhaps, fourpence, and 'knocked it down' at sixpence. This dealer, whose genius for oratory was of a very peculiar kind, spoke in English, and seemed to be perfectly well understood by his admiring audience. On the road back to Merthyr, we heard a drunken Welshman swear. O for words to describe the effect! His mouth seemed full of consonants, which cracked and crashed, and ground and exploded in an extraordinary way. If a compositor were to make 'pie' of his type—that is, let them fall in utter confusion—and were then to pick them up at random, and range them into words, he would make a sort of Welsh swearing out of them, only that he would have far too many vowels. It is no more than just to say, however, that drunkenness was *not* a marked characteristic of the fair at Merthyr, an assertion which, we fear, cannot be made in respect to English fairs.

Circumstances have delayed the publication of this short sketch for some few months after it was written. We do not regret the delay, for it affords an opportunity of noticing an event of most momentous consequence to the welfare of a district like that

## TWO DAYS ON THE WELSH BORDER.

around Merthyr-Tydvil. We allude to a *strike*. Those who have watched the state of Lancashire during the closing months of 1853, will have had ample means of appreciating the ruinous mischief produced by these senseless movements, whether among miners or among workers in factories. Merthyr has not been without its experience in the matter. It began the year 1853 in full work; it ended the year in full work; but during many intervening weeks it was a scene of cold furnaces, empty works, idle operatives, gloomy looks, angry words, unjust suspicions, exhausted savings, and stagnant trade. Thousands of men were wasting their strength and skill by doing nothing; tens of thousands of tons of iron remained unmade, for there were none to work them; iron-masters were making no profit, for the operatives were earning no wages; and shopkeepers were becoming embarrassed, for the townsmen had not wherewithal to pay for their usual weekly quantities of dress and food and other necessities and comforts.

It is not for us to say who was to blame: we can only lament that any such interruption should occur in the industry of so valuable a district. Nor do we mean, by the use of the word 'senseless,' to imply that there is never any just cause for the proceedings adopted by workmen on these occasions. There may be provocations or failures of promise, which the rest of the world know little about; and it is only in those cases where the men place themselves in the hands of mischievous delegates and orators, and where they persist in remaining out of work until they and their families are nearly starving, that we would venture to use so strong a term. In respect to Merthyr-Tydvil, however, it appears that in the early part of July last, the colliers at one or more of the great ironworks struck for an advance of wages, there being some disagreement concerning former promises or implied engagements. The quantity of coal required for the daily smelting and refining and rolling of the iron being immense, many of the iron-workers were unavoidably thrown out of work by the mere absence of fuel. And there happened about the same time to be certain changes introduced in the mixture of ores thrown into the furnace; for as the Welsh, the English, and the Scotch iron ores all differ somewhat in quality, there may be advantages obtained by mixing two or more of the kinds together, to produce iron of a certain quality. Now the puddlers find that some of the iron is harder to work than others; they reasonably demanded a higher rate of pay for working the difficult than the facile iron; and certain disagreements arose on this point, which led to the strike of the puddlers as well as many others among the iron-workers. We mention these matters, but without pretending to understand the rights and the wrongs of each side of the question: indeed, it is very seldom that a third party can really place himself in such a position as to arrive at an equitable decision on the subject under discussion. In this case,

#### TWO DAYS ON THE WELSH BORDER.

we find the singular circumstance of a lady, an earl's daughter, being the chief partner, and indeed almost the sole owner, of the largest ironworks in the world; and it is just possible that this anomalous position may have been accompanied by a want of practical knowledge of the workings of the trade generally. Be this as it may, however, sixteen out of eighteen furnaces were blown out of blast at Dowlais; and the other great ironworks of the district had their operations greatly disturbed though not wholly suspended. This state of things lasted several weeks, causing much distress. It was at length brought to an end in September, partly, we believe, through the good offices of the tradesmen and professional men of the town; and men had then time to lament that so much valuable time and strength and skill had been allowed to run to waste.





## SPIRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

UNINITIATED persons might consider *Orlando Furioso*—in English, Orlando Mad—a somewhat doubtful subject; yet on such a theme Ariosto constructed a poem which cost him the study of eleven years, and has survived not only the changes but the critics of three centuries. Regarding the number of pens that tried their strength or sharpness upon it in this interval, some idea may be formed from the fact, that the *Orlando* has had more than a thousand regular commentators, yet it continues to be the most popular epic of Italy. Even to the English reader it is valuable, as an epitome of that old romance literature which delighted and in some degree civilised the middle ages. Charlemagne and his paladins still stand as pillars of the tale. Saracens, giants, and enchanter, create or solve all the difficulties; while

## SPIRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

dames of peerless beauty, and knights of dauntless valour, claim the reader's interest through great exploits or grievous misadventures. There are also introduced passages of history that never happened, cities that had no existence, and very questionable geography: the popular beliefs or fancies of an earlier time. In Ariosto's age, which is known to historians as that of the revival of letters, all these had sunk to discredited tradition. Chivalry itself was going out of vogue; Cervantes was writing the sallies of his never-to-be-forgotten Don; but wit, wisdom, and genius have conferred on the *Orlando* a share of their own immortality; and as many of our readers may not have found leisure or inclination for reading through its forty-six books, even in an English dress, we present them with this brief review, hoping that some may thereby be induced to seek a more intimate acquaintance with a great and famous poem. Strange to say, it is but the sequel of a far less celebrated work called *Orlando Innamorata*, or Orlando in Love, which was published by Bojardo, Count of Scandiano, in 1496, nineteen years before the first edition of the *Furioso*. This poem is now scarcely read; its author having possessed little talent except that of invention, but its outline is a necessary introduction to Ariosto.

Bojardo's tale sets forth that Charlemagne having proclaimed a tournament at Paris, to which all pagan as well as Christian knights were invited, Galaphron, king of Cathay, sent thither his son Argalia, equipped in a suit of enchanted armour, mounted on a steed of incomparable swiftness, and with a golden lance, whose touch was sufficient to unhorse the stoutest warrior. The prince was accompanied by his sister Angelica, the fairest dame on earth, who besides vest and mantle of wrought gold, was furnished with a ring which, when worn on the finger, revealed all enchantments, and when held in the mouth, rendered the person invisible. Four enormous giants attended the pair, and their business at Charlemagne's court was to lead captives to Cathay the paladins, or chief champions of France, allowed to be twelve in number by most orthodox romancers; the form of Argalia's challenge being that, whoever he vanquished in the lists should become his captive, and whoever conquered him should be blessed with the hand of Angelica. The charms of the lady, which made some impression on Charlemagne himself, fired the hearts of all the paladins, especially Orlando, the knight of Aglantes, and chosen hero of romance literature. His wisdom, his valour, and his generosity, are themes of which it never wearies; but Orlando was disappointed of his chance in combat by Ferrau, a Spanish knight, who slew Argalia by stratagem, whereon Angelica, with the help of her ring, fled back to Cathay. Orlando followed the fair fugitive; and although it does not appear the lady had any particular preference for him, she thought proper to give the paladin employment as her champion in the war which Agrican, king of Tatar, declared against the king of Cathay because Angelica had refused his addresses.

#### SPIRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

Agrican invited other nations to join his standard, and most of the French paladins came to the help of King Galaphron and his daughter, who were now besieged in the strong city of Albracca; but Rinaldo, Orlando's cousin, and likewise a paladin of immense note, fought for Angelica's enemies, from a most unchivalrous dislike to the lady, who was, nevertheless, deeply enamoured of him. The cause of this untoward state of things was, that on her homeward journey Angelica passed through the Forest of Ardens. In its deepest shadow there lay two fountains formed by Merlin the enchanter—one had the power of inspiring love, and the other disdain, in the breasts of all who drank. As the princess approached, she saw Rinaldo, who had lost his way in pursuit of her, fast asleep between the fountains. Silently she stooped and drank at one of them, unconscious of its power, for that was the fount of Love, and the knight's image went with her. When she was gone, Rinaldo awoke, and equally unaware, drank of the fount of Disdain; the effect of which was to send him with the king of Tatory, a volunteer knight, to take and destroy Albracca. The exploits which Orlando performed for his unsatisfactory mistress, amongst whose charms neither good faith nor good feeling could be reckoned, were such as to astonish the world. He overthrew giants; he broke enchantments; and at length finished the war by slaying King Agrican, when Angelica persuaded the knight to escort her back to France, ostensibly to become a Christian, and crown his long-tried services, but in reality that she might follow Rinaldo, who had returned to the court of Charlemagne. Once more her way lies through the Forest of Ardens, and she in turn drinks of the fountain of Disdain, which saves her further trouble regarding Rinaldo; but on her arrival at Charlemagne's camp—which had been formed in haste to oppose King Agramant of Africa, who, with an immense army, and thirty-two allied princes, had invaded France, to avenge the death of his father Troyano, slain in battle by the Christians—Rinaldo, who has in the meantime drank of the fountain of Love, challenges Orlando for the lady's sake, with all his former fervour; and lest his camp should be endangered by the strife of two such warriors, Charlemagne commands a postponement of their quarrel till the invaders are driven out, and commits Angelica to the care of Namus, the aged Duke of Bavaria.

Here Ariosto takes up the story, addressing himself chiefly to his patron, Cardinal Hippolito d'Este, whom he discovers to be descended from a youthful knight named Ruggiero, detained, according to Bojardo, by the magician Atlantes in his enchanted castle, on account of a prophecy, that victory should crown the banner under which he served, and himself should find a warrior's death. From this durance Ruggiero was with difficulty won by the emissaries of King Agramant; and his exploits, as well as the affection which springs up between him and Bradamant, the sister of Rinaldo, who, though the fairest of her house, had

# SPIRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

devoted herself to martial deeds and arms, are largely sung by the Count of Scandiano. All his designs concerning the pair, Ariosto brings to a happy conclusion, and thus begins :—

Dames, knights, and arms, and love ! the deeds that spring  
From courteous minds, and venturous feats, I sing  
What time the Moors from Afric's hostile strand  
Had crossed the seas to ravage Gallia's land—

\* \* \* \*

Nor will I less Orlando's acts rehearse,  
A tale nor told in prose, nor sung in verse,  
Who once the flower of arms, and wisdom's boast,  
By fatal love his manly senses lost.  
If she for whom like anguish wounds my heart,  
To my weak skill her gracious aid impart,  
The timorous bard shall needful succour find  
To end the task long pondered in his mind.

Vouchsafe, great offspring of the Herulian line,  
In whom our ages grace and glory shine,  
Hippolito, these humble lines to take,  
The sole return your poet e'er can make,  
Who boldly now his gratitude conveys  
In sheets like these, and verse for duty pays :  
Nor deem the labour poor, or tribute small,  
'Tis all he has, and thus he offers all !

After this humble dedication, the poet refers to Charlemagne's arrangement regarding the fair disturber and its consequences—

Yet promised *he* should bear the maid away,  
His valour's prize on that important day,  
Whose arm could best the pagan might oppose,  
And strew the sanguine plain with lifeless foes.  
But Heaven dispersed these hopes in empty wind ;  
The Christian bands the inglorious field resigned ;  
The duke, with numbers more, was prisoner made ;  
The tents, abandoned, to the foes betrayed.

The damsel, doomed to yield her blooming charms  
A recompense to grace the victor's arms,  
With terror seized, her ready palfrey took,  
And by a speedy flight the camp forsook.

The princess journeys long, till in the shade of a forest she hears Sacripant, king of Circassia, who had long sighed in vain for her love, and followed her from the East, lamenting his misfortune in her supposed choice of Orlando, and with her wonted policy, Angelica at once selects him as her escort. Sacripant is overjoyed; but misfortune finds him.

Now issuing from the wood a knight is seen,  
Of warlike semblance and commanding mien ;

SPIRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

Of dazzling white the furniture he wears,  
And in his casque a snowy plume he bears.

Eager to prove his valour, the Circassian prince challenges this stranger; but he is overthrown, and his steed slain.

The knight unknown, beholding on the mead  
His foe lie crushed beneath the slaughtered steed,  
And deeming here no further glory due,  
Resolved no more the contest to renew;  
But turning swift, again pursued his way,  
And left the fierce Circassian where he lay.

Angelica judiciously comforts her useful lover, by assuring him it was all his horse's fault; whereupon he takes possession of her palfrey, and they ride on double—

When from the woods a messenger appeared,  
Tired with a length of way he seemed to ride,  
His crooked horn and wallet at his side:  
When now approaching to the pagan knight,  
He asked if he had seen, with buckler white,  
And snowy plumage o'er his crest displayed,  
A warrior passing through the forest's shade.

To whom thus Sacripant, in brief again:  
'The knight you seek has stretched me on the plain.  
But now he parted hence; to him I owe  
My shamed defeat, nor yet my victor know.'

'I shall not, since you wish me to reveal,'  
Replied the messenger, 'your foe conceal:  
Know, then, the fall you suffered in the fight  
A gallant virgin gave; unmatched in might  
Of fame for deeds of arms, of greater fame  
For beauteous form—and Bradamant her name.'

\* \* \* \*

Ere far they rode, they heard a trampling sound,  
That all the forest seemed to shake around:  
They look, and soon a stately steed behold,  
Whose costly trappings shine with burnished gold;  
He leaps the steepy mounds and crossing floods,  
And bends before his way the crashing woods.

'Unless the mingled boughs with dusky shade  
Deceive my erring sight,' exclaimed the maid,  
'I see Bayardo in yon gallant horse,  
That through the woodland breaks his sounding course.  
One palfrey could but ill two riders bear,  
And fortune sends him to relieve our care.'

King Sacripant, alighting on the plain,  
Drew near, and thought secure to seize the rein;  
But swift as lightning's flash along the sky,  
With spurning heels Bayardo made reply.

SPIRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

It chanced beside him the Circassian stood,  
Else had he mourned his rash attempt in blood.  
Such dreadful force was in the courser's heel,  
The stroke had burst a mount of solid steel.

Then to Angelica with easy pace  
He moves, and humbly views her well-known face :  
A spaniel thus, domestic at the board,  
Fawns after absence, and surveys his lord.  
The damsel was remembered by the steed,  
Wont at Albracca from her hands to feed ;  
What time Rinaldo, courted by the maid,  
With foul ingratitude her love repaid.

Now boldly in her hand she took the rein,  
Stroked his broad chest, and smoothed his ruffled mane ;  
While conscious, he with wondrous sense induced,  
Still as a lamb beside her gently stood.

The watchful pagan leaped into the seat,  
And curbed with straightened reins Bayardo's heat.  
The palfrey to Angelica remained,  
Who gladly thus her former place regained.

Now, as by chance she cast her eyes aside,  
A knight on foot in sounding arms she spied ;  
What sudden terror in her face was shewn,  
Soon as the knight for Amon's son was known.

Our readers will understand that this is Rinaldo, whose incomparable steed, Bayardo, having left the Christian camp expressly to seek Angelica on his master's behalf, has thus conducted the knight to challenge Sacripant at once for his horse and lady ; a dreadful combat of course ensues, and seeing Rinaldo likely to conquer, Angelica takes to her accustomed expedient of flight. She does not gallop far, till, meeting a hermit on the highway, who happens to be skilled in magic, the princess relates to him the adventure, and he despatches a spirit, raised for the purpose in the likeness of a page, to inform the combatants that Angelica has been carried off to Paris by Orlando—

Whereon a sigh deep issuing from his breast,  
His steps Rinaldo to his steed addressed ;  
And vowed, o'ercome with anger and disdain,  
To glut his vengeance on Orlando slain.

In the meantime, Angelica journeys on with the hermit ; and the waters of Disdain having done their work—

Of him the damsel sought the nearest way  
To where in port some ready vessel lay,  
That there embarking she might quit the shore,  
And never hear Rinaldo mentioned more.

*The hermit puts his magical powers in requisition, and as they now*

# SPIRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

approach the sea, he conveys the princess by means of her palfrey's extraordinary swimming, to an isle far in the west. Here they are surprised by corsairs from the coast of Ebuda, an island whose inhabitants preserved themselves from the ravages of a dreadful orc, or sea-monster, by leaving every day, bound to the rocks, a young and beautiful damsel for him to devour. The corsairs slay the hermit, and carry off Angelica. The Princess of Cathay is left bound to the rocks, as many have been before her, and the poet thus proceeds :—

O precious prize, adorned with every grace !  
Too precious far for such a barbarous race.  
O cruel fortune, canst thou then maintain  
Thy sway on earth with such relentless reign ?  
To yield an offering to a monster's rage—  
Those graces that could Agrican engage  
From Caucasus Albracca's force to brave  
With half of Scythia, there to find a grave.

That beauty prized by Sacripant before  
His martial glory and his regal power :  
That beauty, which the mighty fame defaced  
Of Aglantes' knight, and laid his senses waste :  
That beauty which had roused such chiefs to arms,  
And filled the eastern empire with alarms :  
Now lies forlorn, to wo and death betrayed,  
Without a friend to hear, a friend to aid.

Like a true heroine of romance, Angelica, nevertheless, finds a friend to aid in young Ruggiero, who, being on a voyage from the East, to which Atlantes conveyed him from the African army on a griffin, or flying-horse, approaches the shore, and delivers Angelica with the help of her own ring, which had been stolen from her at Albracca by one of the emissaries of King Agramant, when it became necessary to liberate Ruggiero from the enchanted castle. Rendered invisible by the ring, Angelica no sooner reaches the coast of France, than she disappears from Ruggiero, just when her peerless beauty has almost made the knight waver in his allegiance to Bradamant. They had landed on a wild and sylvan shore, and the princess proceeds not far—

Till to a spacious cave she came at last,  
Beneath a mountain, hollowed in the ground,  
Where all provisions for her need she found ;  
In this his life an aged herdsman led,  
Who numerous mares beneath the mountain fed.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Her dwelling here unseen the virgin chose,  
Till day declined, and shadowy night arose ;  
Then cheered with rest and food, no longer stayed,  
But her fair limbs in humble weeds arrayed—

# SPIRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

Woods far unmeet for her, who once could boast  
The richest garments wrought with skilful cost.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Around the vales the damsel cast a look,  
And from the grazing mares the fairest took ;  
For now a sudden thought inspired her breast,  
Alone to travel towards her native East.

Leaving Angelica with this determination, the story returns to Orlando. Though the Christian cause had sunk before the Crescent, and Charlemagne with all his court were closely besieged in Paris, so great is the paladin's infatuation, that, leaving honour and loyalty behind, he sets forth in search of Angelica. Rinaldo arrives at Paris, only to hear his absence bitterly deplored by the aged emperor, who immediately despatches him in search of succours to Britain. The paladin, accordingly, sets sail, but the voyage proves stormy :

Rinaldo that and all the ensuing day  
Was driven by tempests o'er the watery way.

\* \* \* \* \*  
From morn till eve the wind unceasing blew :  
Now to the west, now to the north they drew ;  
At last upon the shore of Scotland light,  
Where Caledonia's forest rose to sight,  
That 'midst its ancient oaks was wont to bear  
The riven target and the shattered spear.

Here once was seen beneath these shades revered  
Each errant-knight in Britain's combats feared ;  
From regions far and near, well known to fame,  
From Norway, Germany, and Gallia came  
Each gallant chief who nobly scorned his life,  
Where death or conquest crowned the glorious strife.

Here Tristram mighty deeds performed of old—  
Gallaso, Launcelot, and Arthur bold ;  
Galvanno brave, with more that titles drew,  
Both from the ancient table and the new ;  
Knights who have left to speak their valiant mind,  
More than one trophy of their worth behind.

Rinaldo's adventures in Scotland are related at great length. He vindicates the honour of the Princess Ginevra, who has been traduced by her rejected suitor, and eventually returns to France with three auxiliary armies—one from Scotland, commanded by the gallant Prince Zerbino, of whom the poet says :

No form so graceful can your eyes behold,  
For nature made him, and destroyed the mould ;

Another from Ireland, led by the Earls of Desmond and Kildare ;  
and the third from England, under the command of Duke Astolpho,

# SPIRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

a famous paladin, who had long resided at the court of Charlemagne, and was the faithful friend of Orlando. The last-mentioned hero, in the meantime, disguised in an African dress, and skilled in the language of the Moors, searches their camp by night—

Through every part he sought the royal maid,  
While those he waking found he gently prayed  
(Her form describing, and her garb) to tell  
What chance the virgin, whom he loved, befell.

\* \* \* \*

Through towns and cities next his course he bends,  
Where'er proud France her ample realm extends ;  
Through Brittany, Provence, the Gascons reign,  
From fruitful Picardy to distant Spain.

\* \* \* \*

While thus the knight his eager search pursued,  
He came one day to where a stream he viewed.

\* \* \* \*

But now the waters, swelled with heavy rains  
And melted snows, had deluged all the plains ;  
And loudly foaming, with resistless force  
Had borne the bridge before them in their course.

\* \* \* \*

As thus he lingered, 'midst the flood appeared  
A slender bark, whose helm a damsel steered.  
The paladin besought her, from the land,  
To give him passage to the further strand.

'This bark,' she answered, 'ne'er receives a knight  
Unless his sacred promise first be plight,  
At my request, the noblest war to wage  
That ever can a champion's arms engage.

If here, Sir Knight, you seek the further shore,  
First give your faith that, ere this month is o'er,  
You to the Hibernian monarch will unite  
Your force, who now assembles all his might,  
The fatal isle Ebuda to confound,  
The most inhuman which the seas surround.'

The damsel here explains the 'peculiar institution' of Ebuda, and how its corsairs scoured the seas in search of prey for the orc; whereupon Orlando promises to employ his utmost might against the isle, the more because it occurs to him that Angelica might have been seized by some of its rovers.

Then, ere the sun descended to the deep,  
He reached St Malo and procured a ship.  
The bellying canvas caught the driving blast,  
And in the night St Michael's Mount they passed.

*Scarce has Orlando put out to sea, when a terrible tempest rises,*  
No. 64. 9

SPIRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

which drives the vessel far out of her course, and brings the paladin to a different adventure.

At length the wind, that o'er the stormy main  
Four days had driven them, changed its course again,  
And let the shattered bark securely ride  
Where Antwerp's river seeks the briny tide.

Here an aged seneschal waits on Orlando, with a message from Olympia, Countess of Holland, who requests his presence.

For never warrior yet by tempests tost,  
Or led by land to that unhappy coast,  
Refused to hear the dame her tale relate,  
And give her counsel to her woful state.

Ever courteous, particularly to ladies in distress, Orlando follows the messenger—

Till near a pile they drew  
Of stately frame, but filled with mournful gloom,  
Where funeral black was hung in every room.  
Orlando here beheld a damsel fair,  
Whose looks and gestures spoke her deep despair.

The lady informs him that her fortunes had once been prosperous, while her father and two brothers lived there in princely splendour; that the Duke of Zealand, on his way to the Holy Land, won her affections, and they were betrothed. But she continues:

'Scarce from our country was Bireno gone  
(The name by which my faithful love was known),  
When Frizza's king, who long with artful mind  
To wed me to his only son designed,  
Arbantes named, despatched a courtly train,  
My hand in marriage of my sire to gain.'

Both father and daughter declined this alliance; whereon the king of Friesland declared war, in the course of which her father and brothers were killed, their country laid waste, their towns taken not by force of knightly arms, for the Friesland monarch had anticipated modern invention—

An iron tube he bore, whose womb enclosed  
A ball and nitrous grain, with art composed.  
Now to a rent, scarce obvious to the sight,  
Behind the barrel, he directs a light.  
A surgeon thus the lancet's point applies,  
The fatal bullet from the concave flies,  
With lightning flashes and with thunders sound,  
And scatters death and desolation round.

The luckless heiress was now beset by the entreaties of her dispirited people to forget Bireno, and wed the conqueror's son; but finding her inflexible, they surrendered both lady and castle. In this extremity, Olympia had no resource but to feign compliance;

SPIRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

which she did so successfully, that the wedding rites and festivities were in preparation when news arrived that Bireno, to whom she had sent intelligence of her danger, had at length assembled a fleet of Biscayan ships, and was on his way to Holland. Amongst Olympia's train there remained two brothers—

Of loyal heart, and of inventive head.

One of them secretly procured a ship for her escape; the other stood behind her bridegroom at the altar, and struck him down with his battle-axe. The king, his father, had gone to oppose Bireno's fleet, and in the confusion Olympia, with her suit and treasures, escaped safely to Antwerp. There, however, ill news reached her: Bireno's fleet was utterly destroyed, and himself taken prisoner by the Friesland king. When that amiable monarch heard what had happened in his absence, he turned all his thoughts to seek revenge on Olympia. She explains how

'The tyrant surely had Bireno slain,  
The greatest wo he knew I could sustain ;  
But while he spared his life, he surely thought  
He held a net by which I might be caught.  
Before the youth he sets these terms severe :  
His fate he respites for a single year,  
But death denounces then with lingering pain,  
Unless he first, by fraud or force, attain  
By any means my person to secure,  
And sacrificing mine, his life insure.'

The unfortunate countess then relates her efforts in behalf of Bireno—

'Six castles have I since in Flanders sold,  
And part employed in secret sums of gold  
To bribe his guards, and part employed to excite  
German and English powers to do me right.'

All these endeavours had been fruitless, nor had Olympia ever found a champion willing to undertake her cause against the Friesland king—

So much his fatal arms their courage quelled,  
Whose force no tempered cuirass e'er repelled.

The appointed year had now almost expired, and her request to Orlando was, that he would accompany her to Friesland, and see that the king kept his word, by restoring Bireno to liberty in exchange for herself.

Orlando then no time in speech affords,  
As one by nature little used to words ;  
But instant vows, by generous pity fired,  
To grant that aid her hapless state required ;  
Nor means she shall, to save Bireno, go  
A willing prisoner to her cruel foe.

*On the contrary, he sets forth like a true paladin, taking the*

SPIRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

lady on board to be a witness of his victory; and having reached the coast of Friesland, and supplied himself with a Danish steed—

For when, to cross the stream, the bark he took,  
In Brittany his courser he forsook—  
The gallant Brigliadoro, who for fame  
Alone was equalled by Bayardo's name.

He sends a messenger to tell the king, that a wandering knight 'desired with sword or lance to prove his might,' on condition that if the monarch conquered him, Olympia should be immediately delivered up, and if he were victorious, Bireno should be released.

The king, who ne'er was trained to virtuous lore,  
Whose churlish soul no courteous deeds could bind,  
To fraudful arts applied his treacherous mind.

His iron tube, which, by our poet's description, seems nothing more than a clumsy matchlock, is put in immediate service; but after deeds of valour, at the sight of which 'Mars would have trembled,' Orlando puts all his guards to flight. His Danish steed is slain by a bullet, which missed himself solely because Christendom could not spare such a champion; and giving the king no time to reload—which seems to have been a tedious operation—he pursues him, though on foot, outstrips his fleetest horse, and slays the tyrant with a single blow. Released by his victory, Bireno returns with Olympia to Zealand, where their nuptials are celebrated with becoming splendour. Scarcely giving them time for thanks, Orlando resumes his former course.

The Roman warrior now the place forsook  
The day Bireno he from prison took;  
But nothing would the champion bear away  
From all the spoils of that victorious day,  
Save that device whose unresisted force  
Resembled thunder in its rapid course.

Yet not for his defence the gallant knight  
E'er meant to avail him of such arms in fight:  
His generous soul the ignoble thought disdained,  
To seek the field with such an aid sustained.

\* \* \* \*

When nought appeared but waves on every side,  
He held it in his hand, and thus he cried:  
'That ne'er again a knight by thee may dare,  
Or dastard cowards, by thy help in war  
With vantage base, assault a nobler foe,  
Here lie for ever in the abyss below.'

The poet here takes occasion to lament that this 'engine of baseness' had been rediscovered in the days of his own grandfather; but leaving Orlando on his voyage, he returns to tell us something of Olympia's wedded life. For some time things

SPIRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

went on smoothly, but the deceased king of Friesland had left a daughter—

Scarce fourteen summers had the virgin seen,  
Sweet were her looks, her gesture, and her mien.

The orphan girl is received into Olympia's household, and the fickle heart of her dear-bought spouse is lured by the younger face.

Olympia now was hateful in his sight ;  
But yet so far he veiled his guileful thought,  
Till time his purposed scheme to action brought.

This was to carry his bride to a desert isle, on pretence of a summer excursion, where he leaves her fast asleep in her pavilion, and sets sail with all his attendants before the break of day, on which the poet breaks forth—

Among the faithful hearts whose constant love  
Nor time can change, nor fortune's frowns remove,  
Olympia fair may boast the brightest name,  
Or should another equal merit claim,  
Yet past nor present days e'er set to view  
A flame more tender or a breast more true.

Who gentle virgins will again receive  
The words of lovers, or their oaths believe.  
Warned by the Muse's voice, with cautious ear  
The well-feigned plaints and seeming sorrows hear !  
Reflect, ye gentle dames ! that much they owe  
Who gain experience from another's wo.

Olympia, wandering on the desolate isle, is next discovered by the rovers of Ebuda, who carry her home to supply Angelica's place ; but Orlando, arriving when the orc is about to devour her, slays the monster after a battle none but himself could have sustained ; and while the natives are raising their forces to attack him, as an innovator on their ancient customs, Oberto, king of Ireland, lands with his troops for the same purpose. At the first sight of Orlando, he recognises the mighty paladin whose fame had filled the world, and by their united efforts the isle of Ebuda is not only subdued but reformed. The Irish king, moreover, takes Olympia into his royal protection ; and being a chivalrous monarch, he makes war on the faithless Bireno, who is slain in the first battle—

Olympia soon Oberto's bride is seen,  
A countess late, and now a powerful queen—

\* \* \* \*

But let us to Orlando turn the strain,  
Who, sailing night and day, divides the main,  
Till in the port again his vessel rides—  
*The port from which he first had ploughed the tides.*

SPIRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

He leaps on shore, and Brigliadoro takes ;  
All armed, he mounts, and wind and sea forsakes.

Ere winter's months in due succession rolled,  
Full many an action worthy to be told  
The knight achieved ; but blame not here the bard,  
If worth concealed should pass without regard ;  
For readier was the paladin to court  
From deeds true glory, than those deeds report,  
And never yet without some witness near  
His great exploits had reached the general ear.

Traversing wilds and cities still in quest of Angelica, Orlando enters a forest, and in the twilight of its thick growing trees, a gleam of firelight directs him to a cavern hollowed in the ground. Curious to learn what savage race had made their dwelling there, he fastens Brigliadoro to a tree, and descends into the cave—

Here seated near a blazing hearth he found,  
In budding prime, a tender virgin, crowned  
With beauty that might every heart entice  
To make the gloomy grot a paradise :  
Though in her eyes the starting tear confessed  
Some hidden anguish rankling in her breast.  
With her an aged beldame seemed to jar  
(As women oft are wont) in wordy war.

Orlando endeavours to compose matters, and comfort the distressed damsel, who explains her cause of grief. She was the daughter of the Moorish king of Galicia ; but Zerbino, the crown-prince of Scotland, coming to her father's court on the occasion of a royal tournament, won the maiden's heart, and as her union with a Christian was forbidden in the Moorish realm, the pair eloped. On their way to Scotland, a summons met Zerbino to return with haste, and lead the Scottish army to the help of Charlemagne. His knightly vow forbade him to linger, and taking a short, though perilous circuit, he sent Isabella—such was the name of the princess—under the conduct of his trusty friend, to reach Scotland by a safer route. On the sea, however, a tempest met them. While Zerbino crossed over to France with his army, Isabella's vessel was wrecked on its western coast, and herself taken by outlaws, who owned this cavern, and meant to sell her to the African invaders. The senior dame acted as the outlaw's housekeeper, though it appears she had been a duchess in her day ; and the story of her life, which is told to Zerbino on his travels, is stained with both vice and crime.

Thus they—when sudden in the cave appears  
A crew with knotty clubs, with staves, and spears.  
The ill-favoured leader of the brutal crew  
His single eye around the cavern threw.

Soon as he saw the chief, who listening sat  
To hear the virgin fair her tale relate,

SPRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

He turned, and joyful to his fellows said :  
'Behold a bird for whom no net was spread !'

The robber is grievously mistaken in his reckoning, for though Orlando's sword and shield were 'by far too noble weapons' to be employed upon such caitiffs, the hero arms himself first with a firebrand, and then with a ponderous table, 'whereat they used to drink;' and the poet says that Turpin—an author from whom he pleases to select all his information—declares only seven escaped the first attack, and these Orlando immediately hanged on the surrounding trees. As for the duenna of the establishment, she fled in mortal terror; and Orlando, taking the fair Isabella under his knightly care, gives her a seat behind him on Brigliadoro, and quits the forest.

Then many a day they journeyed ere befell  
Adventures worthy of the Muse to tell :  
At length, amidst a mingled crew, they found  
A champion dragged along in fetters bound.

This is none other than Zerbino, who, having heard of Isabella's misfortunes, had set forth in search of her, as soon as his army reached Paris; but on his way he chanced to meet with a female warrior named Marphisa, who had performed deeds worthy of Hercules in her native East, and 'come to prove the paladins of France.' This knightly dame had met beside a fountain the robber's worthy housekeeper, who lost no time in requesting a seat on the steed behind her; and, as Marphisa practised the courtesy as well as the valour of chivalry, the request was granted. Riding thus along, the valiant Marphisa was offended by the gibes and jeers of Anselmo's son and his spouse, and challenged the former, on condition that if he were worsted the lady's embroidered vest and snow-white palfrey should be bestowed on her companion, whose superior beauty Marphisa maintained in knightly fashion. Victory declared for her. The vest and palfrey were accordingly transferred, and the next person who met the pair was Isabella's lover.

Though well disposed, Zerbino could not hold  
From laughter when he viewed the beldame old,  
Whose youthful habit seemed so ill to grace  
Her doting age, and withered homely face.

Then to Marphisa, prancing at her side,  
'Thy prudence merits praise, Sir Knight,' he cried,  
'That choosing for thy mate so fair a dame,  
Thou needst not fear a rival in thy flame.'

Marphisa once more maintained the beauty of her protégée, of whom, nevertheless, she was desirous to get well quit, and challenged Zerbino, on condition that should he be conquered, the lady, vest and all, should ride with him. In an evil hour Zerbino

#### SPIRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

accepted the terms, and being conquered by the Amazon, rode on with his unwelcome companion, till, in a woodland valley, they came upon the body of Anselmo's son, slain by Bradamant, whose life he had attempted because there was an ancient feud between their houses. At nightfall, they reached Anselmo's castle, and the 'beldame,' who had not forgiven Zerbino's personal observations, denounced him to its lord as the murderer of his son. The knight was, accordingly, on his way to execution, but Orlando stops the procession, hears his story—

Then to the herd he turned with threatening cry :  
'Ye caitiff bands, release the knight or die !'

Anselmo's retainers scoff at this command, and attack Orlando ; who, drawing his sword Durindana—all notable swords had names in those days—makes dreadful havoc among them :

That day Orlando gave his wrath the rein,  
And willed that none should there alive remain ;  
As Turpin writes, from whom the truth I tell,  
Full fourscore thousand by his weapon fell.

Zerbino is of course released, Isabella and he unite in thanks to Orlando—

Zerbino, who so loved the princely maid,  
Her good with his in equal scales he weighed,  
Low at his knee the generous earl adored,  
Who in one day had twice his life restored.

Leaving the now happy lovers, Orlando pursues his own luckless search ; but here the story diverges to Paris and Charlemagne. The auxiliary army having safely arrived, Michael, the archangel, is specially despatched to seek out Silence, in order that her power may cover the counsels of the Christians ; and Discord, that she may do her work among their enemies, and thus proceeds the angel's search—

At length, he deemed that Silence sure may dwell  
With monks and abbots in the cloistered cell.  
Nor her alone, but there expects to find  
Fair Peace and Charity together joined.

No Silence there he found, he viewed alone  
Her name enrolled, herself no longer known ;  
Nor Peace, nor Charity, was there to see,  
Nor Love, nor Faith, nor meek Humility.

These held their station there in days of yore,  
But now long since expelled, are seen no more ;  
For these Wrath, Avarice, Gluttony, and Pride,  
Sloth, Cruelty, and Envy there reside.

*This is free speaking in a work addressed to a cardinal ; and the*

SPIRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

poet's description of Discord, whom Michael also finds resident in the monasteries, is equally powerful—

He knew her by the vesture's hundred dyes,  
Of lists unnumbered of unequal size ;  
Her uncombed hairs seemed constant strife to hold,  
Of various hues, black, silver, brown, and gold.  
Some hung in ringlets, some in knots were tied,  
Her bosom some, and some her shoulders hide :  
Her hands and lap a countless medley bore  
Of writs, citations (an exhaustless store !)  
Oppression's various forms, that make the poor  
In cities never find their state secure ;  
Before, behind, on either side her stand  
Attorneys, notaries—a brawling band !

The angel at length discovers Silence in the house of Sleep, which, according to Ariosto, 'stands in a vale, beneath Arabian skies ;' and sending her into the Christian city, he despatches Discord to the Moorish camp, where she soon stirs up strife between two of its principal chiefs, Rodomont, king of Sarza, and Mandricardo the Tatar, through, we are sorry to say, the instrumentality of a lady—the fair Doralis, on whom each suitor believes himself to have a claim. In short, with the help of Michael and his allies, not to speak of the succours from Britain, the scale turns in favour of Charlemagne. After a tremendous display of prowess on both sides, the siege of Paris is raised, and the Moorish host, half destroyed in a pitched battle, retire to their intrenchments. Among the African slain is Prince Dardinello. In his train

Two Moorish youths there were of humble race,  
In Ptolomita was their native place,  
Whose story told to every ear may prove  
A rare example of unblemished love.  
These Cloridano and Medoro called—  
Firm in good times ; in evil, unappalled ;  
To Dardinello loyal friendship bore,  
And late with him had crossed from Afric's shore.

\* \* \* \* \*  
A hunter's life bold Cloridano led,  
His limbs robust, to strength and swiftness bred.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Of all that joined the pagan's threatening arms,  
Not one excelled Medoro's blooming charms ;  
Black were his eyes, his locks like golden wire,  
So seems some angel of the heavenly choir.

Medoro's loyalty exceeds even his beauty, and he determines to go forth and seek his lord among the slain. His friend accompanies him ; but a band of Britons, returning late from the

SPRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

pursuit, fall on them, Cloridano is killed, and Medoro sinks sore wounded by the body of his prince. In this condition he is found by Angelica, whose journey leads her past the skirts of the battle-field. With the assistance of a shepherd, who also happens to pass that way, she conveys him to a place of shelter—

Begirt with hills, and bosomed in a wood,  
Of structure neat the peasant's dwelling stood,  
Which late himself had raised ; his faithful wife  
And children, partners of his humble life.

In that quiet cottage the princess employs her extraordinary skill in leechcraft for Medoro's benefit, and soon restores him to wonted strength.

But, ah ! meantime deplored  
Her own deep wound, that rankled in her heart  
With heavier anguish, while an unseen dart,  
The light-winged archer still on mischief bent,  
From sparkling eyes and golden ringlets sent.

As might be expected, Medoro does not escape the same mischievous archer ; and the end of the whole matter is, that after a very elaborate courtship, which all the surrounding woods are made to record by names and true-lovers' knots carved on the ancient trees, the pair are married, and set out together for Angelica's native land ; the lady bestowing on the shepherd who so hospitably entertained them a magnificent bracelet, formerly presented to her by Orlando. They are not long gone, when the wandering hero himself seeks shelter in the cottage after a weary day's journey. He has remarked the names upon the trees, but cannot believe that Angelica to be his own. The old shepherd, however, who makes it a point to tell the story whenever he can find audience, explains the whole, and proves it by the bracelet.

This discovery upsets the mind which no fortunes could move and no danger appal. Ariosto says : ' the light of reason wavered and went out.' Roving through woods and wilds, the luckless knight thus soliloquises :

' I am not he, the man my looks proclaim,  
The man that lately bore Orlando's name ;  
He by his fair one's cruel falsehood dies,  
And now interred, her hapless victim lies.  
I am his spirit, freed from mortal chains,  
Doomed in this hell to rove with endless pains ;  
A wretched warning here on earth to prove,  
For all who henceforth put their trust in love.'

Orlando's madness increases, and the poet says :

Stretched, without food or sleep, while thrice the sun  
Had stayed, and thrice his daily course had run,  
The fourth dire morn, with frantic rage possessed,  
He rends the armour from his back and breast :

SPIRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

Here lies the helmet, there the bossy shield,  
Cuisses and cuirass further spread the field,  
And all his other arms at random strewed,  
In divers parts he scatters through the wood.

\* \* \* \* \*  
And now begins such feats of boundless rage,  
As far and near the astonished world engage.

On these feats, Ariosto enlarges: how his hero tore up huge oaks and elms; how he terrified boars and wolves, and filled the land with confusion; but it is probable that such relations might suit the taste of his age better than that of our own: suffice it to say, that the very Saracens wept to hear of the misfortunes of Orlando; and when he had wandered far away, Zerbino and Isabella, whose journey lay through the same forest, chanced to come where his armour was scattered about, and Brigliadoro grazed without a master. A shepherd informs them how all this occurred.

Zerbino now the arms together drew,  
And fixed them on a pine in open view,  
A trophy fair! and lest some venturous knight,  
Native or stranger born, on these should light,  
The verdant rind this short inscription bore:  
'These arms the Paladin Orlando wore.'

Scarce is this done, when Mandricardo the Tatar, with the fair Doralis, who, having preferred him, now travels in his company, arrives and seizes Orlando's famous sword. Zerbino will not endure to see it in pagan hands, and a fierce battle takes place between them. The knights are so equal in skill and valour, that there seems no end to the combat, and Isabella and Doralis at length interfere, each persuading her knight to waive the affair for the present. Zerbino and Isabella ride on, but as they approach a fountain, she perceives that he is mortally wounded, and his death-scene is one of the most pathetic passages in the poem.

'My heart's sole treasure! Mayst thou still,' he said,  
'When I, alas! am numbered with the dead,  
Preserve my love. Think not for death I grieve;  
But thee, thus guideless and forlorn, to leave,  
Weighs heavy here. Oh! were my mortal date  
Prolonged to see thee in a happier state,  
Blest were this awful hour—content in death  
On that loved bosom to resign my breath.'

\* \* \* \* \*  
Thus spoke the dying knight; but scarce were heard  
His latter words in accents weak preferred.  
Here ended life—the light so drooping dies,  
When oil or wax no more the flame supplies.

A pilgrim passing that way, finds the heart-stricken Isabella sitting beside the corpse, which, with his help, she places on

# SPIRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

Zerbino's steed, and journeys under his guidance to a holy convent, where she determines to give her knight a grave, and spend the remainder of her days. On her way, Rodomont, king of Sarza, then in pursuit of his rival Mandricardo, meets the mourner, slays the pilgrim for advising Isabella to seek the convent, and takes her captive to his tent. Here Isabella perceives that the pagan's fancy is turned from Doralis to her, and, determined never to forget Zerbino, she thus addresses Rodomont :

' An herb I know, and late have seen, that, boiled  
With rue and ivy, o'er a fire when piled  
With cypress-wood, will, strange to tell, produce,  
By guiltless fingers squeezed, a sovereign juice,  
With which thrice bathed, thy body will be found  
One moon secure unhurt from flame or wound.'

Rodomont considers this a secret worth knowing, and permits Isabella to gather the herb, watching her closely in the meantime. She boils, strains, and anoints her own neck with the juice, while Rodomont and his retainers, having seized two casks of wine from an unlucky merchant—

Extolled the heavenly liquor far above  
Celestial manna, or the drink of Jove ;  
And blaming now his country's ancient rite,  
Huge bowls and goblets empties with delight.

Isabella takes this opportunity to request that the pagan should make proof of the herb's virtue, and presents her bare neck.

He, at the fatal word,  
Raised his fell arm, and bared his murdering sword ;  
And, lo ! that head, where love was wont to dwell,  
From her fair neck and breast divided fell.

Rodomont applauds her constancy, and builds a stately tomb for her and Zerbino upon the banks of a neighbouring river, with a bridge, on which he fights all comers, till overthrown by Bradamant, who also informs him that his fall is owing to a woman's hand ; whereon he retires to do penance in a hermit's cell for a year and a day. So closes the sad but beautiful episode of Zerbino and Isabella, and the tale returns to the grief of the whole Christian world for Orlando's madness, particularly of his friend Astolpho, who, having performed amazing actions, and got possession of Atlantes' winged horse, resolves to seek the terrestrial paradise, and learn from ' the saints who there abide ' what could be done for Orlando. Accordingly, he mounts the griffin, and the poet thus relates his journey :—

Ascending till, with rapid steady flight,  
He gains the mansions of supernal light.  
Not emerald hue so bright a verdure yields  
As the fair turf of those celestial fields,

SPIRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

O'er whose glad face the balmy season pours  
The vernal beauties of a thousand flowers.

Amid those fair fields rises a palace—

One gem entire, it seemed of purer red  
Than deepening gleams transparent rubies shed.

As Astolpho approaches, a saintly sage comes from the gate to meet him—

His mien bespoke the elect of heavenly grace,  
And Paradise seemed opened in his face.

It is St John the Evangelist—

Of whom the fame among his brethren spread,  
That time should ne'er consign him to the dead ;  
And thus we find in heavenly Writ displayed,  
The Son of God to Peter answer made :  
' Why art thou troubled ? What if I decree  
His tarriance here my last return to see !'  
Yet told he not this saint should never die,  
Though what he told might well no less imply.

Ariosto, following a cherished tradition of his age, places him with Enoch and Elias in the terrestrial paradise, to which nothing but a miracle could have given Astolpho access. St John informs him, that Orlando's loss of reason was a judgment for his having loved a pagan damsel, fought on her account with his cousin Rinaldo, and forsaken the Christian standard in a time of extremity. The saint also declares that, to retrieve the hero's wits, Astolpho must take a journey to the moon under his conduct. Astolpho avows his readiness for the journey, and at the fall of evening a wondrous car appears—

The same that where Judean mountains rise  
Received Elias, wrapt from mortal eyes.  
Four coursers red as flame the hallowed sage  
Joined to the yoke.

In this chariot they ascend through the fields of air, through the torrid region, which the poet places next the moon.

Its orb increasing to their nearer eyes,  
Swelled like the earth, and seemed an earth in size.

\* \* \* \*

Far other lakes than ours this region yields,  
Far other rivers, and far other fields.

Here the poet puts forth all his strength in describing what Astolpho saw—

Deep in a vale, conducted by his guide,  
Where rose a mountain steep on either side,

SPIRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

He came, and saw (a wonder to relate)  
Whate'er was wasted in our earthly state  
Here safely treasured : each neglected good,  
Time squandered, or occasion ill bestowed.

Not only here are wealth and sceptres found  
That ever changing, shift the unsteady round ;  
But those possessions, while on earth we live,  
Which Fortune's hand can neither take nor give.  
Much fame is there, which here the creeping hours  
Consume, till time at last the whole devours.

There vows and there unnumbered prayers remain,  
Which oft to God the sinner makes in vain ;  
The frequent tears that lovers' eyes suffuse,  
The sighs they breathe, the days that gamesters lose ;  
The leisure given which fools so oft neglect,  
The weak designs that never take effect.

Whate'er desires the mortal breast assail,  
In countless numbers fill the encumbered vale :  
For, know, whate'er is lost by human kind,  
Ascending here, you treasured safe may find.  
The wondering paladin the heaps admired,  
And now of these and now of those inquired.

Of bladders huge a mountain he beheld,  
That seemed within by shouts and tumults swelled,  
And imaged found by these the crowns of yore,  
Which Lydian and Assyrian monarchs wore,  
Which Greeks and Persians owned, once great in fame,  
And scarcely now remembered but in name.

Of gold and silver formed a heapy load  
Of hooks he saw, and these were gifts bestowed  
By needy slaves, in hopes of rich rewards,  
On greedy princes, kings, and patron lords.  
He saw in garlands many a snare concealed ;  
And flatteries base his guide in these revealed.

There forms of creaking grasshoppers he spied,  
Smooth verses these to fawning praise applied ;  
There sparkling chains he saw, and knots of gold,  
The specious ties that ill-paired lovers hold ;  
There eagles' talons lay, which here below  
Are power that lords on deputies bestow.

On every cliff were numerous bellows cast,  
Great princes' favours these that never last,  
Given to their minions first in early prime,  
And soon again resumed with stealing time.

\* \* \* \*

SPIRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

He saw a steaming liquid scattered round  
Of savoury food, and from his teacher found  
That this was alms, which, while his last he breathes,  
A wretched sinner to the poor bequeaths.

\* \* \* \*

Then to a hill of varied flowers they went,  
That, sweet before, now yields a fetid scent ;  
This (let me dare to speak) that present shewed  
Which on Sylvester Constantine bestowed.

In this passage the poet refers to the famous deed of gift by which the city of Rome was made over to Pope Sylvester by the Emperor Constantine the Great, whence the papal power is said to have taken its rise. Ariosto goes on to describe 'huge heaps of bird-lime twigs,' of which he says :

And these, O gentle dames, your beauties were !

In short, in that valley of the moon, Astolpho sees all that men have ever possessed.

Save folly, which alone pervades them all,  
For folly never quits this earthly ball.

\* \* \* \*

At length they came to that whose want below  
None e'er perceived, or breathed for this his vow—  
That choicest gift of Heaven, by wit expressed,  
Of which each mortal deems himself possessed.  
Of this Astolpho viewed a wondrous store,  
Surpassing all his eyes had viewed before.  
It seemed a fluid mass of subtilest kind,  
Still apt to mount if not with care confined :  
But gathered there, he viewed it safely closed  
In many a vase of various size disposed.

Above the rest the vessel's bulk excelled,  
Whose womb Orlando's godlike reason held :  
This well he knew, for on its side were writ  
These words in letters fair : 'Orlando's Wit.'  
Thus every vase in characters explained  
The names of those whose wits the vase contained.  
Much of his own the noble duke amazed  
Amongst them viewed, but wondering more he gazed  
To see the wits of those whom late he thought  
Alone their earthly peers with wisdom fraught.  
But who can such a fleeting treasure boast,  
From some new cause each hour, each moment lost ?  
One, while he loves ; one, seeking fame to gain ;  
One, wealth pursuing through the stormy main ;  
One, trusting to the hopes which great men raise ;  
One whom some scheme of magic guile betrays ;

SPRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

Some from their wits for fond pursuits depart,  
For jewels, paintings, and the works of art.  
Of poets' wits in airy visions lost,  
Great store he read ; of those who to their cost  
The wandering maze of sophistry pursued,  
And those who rain-presaging planets viewed.

From this heap of wits, Astolpho selects his own, and having inhaled the whole contents of the vase, the poet makes this remark on his future history—

The duke (in holy Turpin's page 'tis read)  
Long time a life of sage discretion led,  
Till one frail thought his brain again bereft  
Of wit, and sent it to the place it left.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The amplest vessel filled above the rest  
With that famed sense Orlando once possessed,  
Astolpho seized, and found a heavier load  
Than placed amidst the unnumbered heap it shewed.  
Ere yet for earth they quit that sphere of light,  
The sage apostle leads the Christian knight  
Within a stately dome, where, fast beside,  
A rapid river rolls its constant tide.  
Here, heaped with many a fleece each room he views,  
And silk and wool unwrought of various hues,  
Some fair, some foul ; a beldame these with skill  
Selects, and, whirling round the rapid reel,  
Draws the fine thread—

\* \* \* \* \*  
A second beldame from the first receives  
Each finished work, while in its stead she leaves  
A fleece unspun : a third with equal care  
Divides, when spun, the ill-favoured from the fair.  
'What means this mystic show ?' Astolpho cries  
To holy John ; and thus the saint replies :  
'In yonder aged dames the Parcae view

\* \* \* \* \*  
The beauteous threads selected from the rest  
Are types of happy souls amid the blest ;  
These formed for Paradise ; the bad are those  
Condemned for sin to never-ending woes.'

After this mingling of classic mythology and Christian faith, our poet says :

At length descending from the lunar height,  
In Paradise the saint and warrior light.

\* \* \* \* \*  
He bade him now remount the steed that late  
Had borne Ruggiero and Atlantes' weight.

SPIRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

Reluctant then his leave Astolpho took,  
The hallowed saint and blissful seats forsook.

After sundry astonishing adventures in the African lands, where he alights and turns the griffin-horse loose in air, Astolpho returns safe to the Christian camp, and is relating his experiences to the paladins, when—

A sudden noise 'was heard that louder swelled,  
From man to man pursued with deep alarms,  
Of rattling drums that roused the camp to arms.

Rushing out to learn the cause of the tumult, Astolpho and his friends perceive—

A salvage man, who, naked and alone,  
Had all the camp in wild disorder thrown.

\* \* \* \* \*  
At once Astolpho near with earnest view  
Surveyed ; and soon his loved Orlando knew,  
By tokens which the sainted three who dwelled  
In earthly paradise to him revealed,  
Else had the wondering warrior ne'er explored  
In such a form Aglantes' courteous lord.

At this sight, which would have 'moved the hearts of Saracens,' the paladins almost weep ; but Astolpho, knowing that grieving was not the best way to serve his friend, takes immediate measures for the restoration of his sanity, and, singular as the method may appear, it was, Ariosto declares, St John's own prescription.

Seven times Astolpho bade his limbs to lave,  
Seven times to plunge him in the briny wave,  
Till from his face and body, black by toil  
In parching suns, they washed the fetid soil.  
With herbs collected then (in vain opposed  
By struggling breath) the madman's mouth he closed  
That not a passage might for air remain,  
Save through the nostrils leading to the brain.

And now Astolpho in his hand sustained  
The vessel where Orlando's wit remained  
Beneath his nostrils ; this with nicest care  
He held unstopped, when (wondrous to declare)  
With air inhaled the breath returning drew,  
The subtil wit that from its prison flew  
Back to its native seat, nor left behind  
A single atom of the ethereal mind.

This curious process being completed, Orlando is himself again not only perfectly sane, but released from the thrall of Angelica.

Orlando healed of every love-sick care,  
The dame whom once he deemed so good, so fair,

#### SPIRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

So highly prized, he now esteems no more,  
But scorns those charms he held so dear before,  
And every wish he bends to efface the shame  
Which love had cast on all his former fame.

All Christendom rejoices at the restoration of the champion. Once more his wisdom rules the war, and in several battles which follow each other in rapid succession, he performs such deeds of valour as smite the Moors with confusion. At length King Agramant, fearing the destruction of his whole army, with the advice and co-operation of two allied princes, Gradasso and Sobrino, sends Orlando a challenge, to meet him and his two compeers with two equal knights in the Isle of Lipadusa, and decide the quarrel of Europe and Africa. Orlando selects as his companions in arms two paladins of most distinguished valour—Olivera and Brandimart. The latter was his friend, and had sought him over the world in the days of his distraction; but, less fortunate than Astolpho, he had fallen into all sorts of misadventures, raising, as the poet assures us, still higher his knightly fame, and constantly followed by his faithful spouse Flordelis, the fairest and truest dame that ever blessed a paladin. The three warriors meet their antagonists at the appointed place. Their combat is detailed at great length, and a hard fight it seems to have been with the Christian knights. Olivera is sorely wounded, Brandimart is slain, but the prowess of Orlando prevails; he kills King Agramant and Gradasso, thus giving victory and peace to Christendom; while Sobrino, who has acquitted himself bravely, and been left for dead on the field, is by the champion's care restored to health, and sent home with honour to his kingdom, where he lived only to praise the valour and courtesy of Orlando. Brandimart is interred with all funeral honours, and Orlando's speech over his bier is worthy of a paladin:—

'O my brave friend! companion of my love!  
Who, dying here, surviv'st in bliss above.  
A happy life thou gain'st, no more to know  
The toils and changes of our world below.  
Forgive me now the involuntary tear  
That mourns I still am doomed to linger here.  
'France, Germany, and Italy shall know  
Thy death too surely, and partake my wo.  
How will my kinsman \* and my lord lament!  
How will the paladins their sorrows vent!  
How will our church and empire rue the day  
That snatched in thee their best defence away!'

Still more pathetic is the closing scene of the faithful Flordelis.

\* Charlemagne.

SPIRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

When the sepulchre was raised, and friends and paladins had all departed—

Then in the tomb she framed her dreary cell,  
Alone, secluded from the world to dwell  
Full many a message to the mournful dame  
Orlando sent, himself in person came  
To take her thence.

\* \* \* \*

But in the sepulchre unmoved she stayed,  
There night and day with holy fervour prayed,  
Though few the hours that thus her life she led,  
For soon the Parca sheared her vital thread.

On their homeward voyage, the surviving warriors are joined by Rinaldo, who had made all haste to Lipadusa, in hopes of being in time for the combat, but only arrived to see Bradamant's funeral. He had last left the Christian host on the usual search for Angelica; but happening to pass through the Forest of Ardens, he fortunately drank at the fountain of Dindain, which, according to custom, disabused his mind of all tender impressions, and left him leisure to recollect his allegiance to the Cross and Charlemagne. Orlando and he agree to forget the past, like good knights and kinsmen, now that both are wiser; but on account of Olivera's wounds, they steer for a solitary isle, where lives a holy hermit famed for his skill in leechcraft. Here they find Ruggiero, who, having served the pagan king of Africa, much to the disquiet of his beloved Bradamant, because he imagined himself of Moorish origin, and given, moreover, some trouble to that martial maid by his friendship with Marphisa, the Eastern Amazon, which was pure, nevertheless, as the poet says, 'from any taint of love'—has been at length undeceived by the spirit of Atlantes appearing to him in a gloomy grove, with the revelation that he and Marphisa are brother and sister, and of Christian parentage, but stolen by the Moors in their infancy. Marphisa, who was present at this ghastly interview, and had always been an independent champion, immediately repaired to the court of Charlemagne, became a Christian with a courage much approved in Ariosto's age, and was forthwith received into the emperor's service, wherein it is recorded she spent her days 'a dauntless warrior and a lovely maid.'

Ruggiero did not think it consistent with his knightly honour to desert Agramant's standard in the days of defeat, and undaunted, rather against his conscience, to fight for the pagan, till, being shipwrecked on the hermit's isle, he was by that holy man converted, baptised, and presented to the paladins, who learned from himself the story of his love for Bradamant, and promised to support his suit against all claimants to the lady's hand. ~~Therefore we may appear to the readers of our age, there were not few~~ *Therefore we may appear to the readers of our age, there were not few* ~~Bradamant~~ *Bradamant* a score of knights whom Bradamant had unharnessed in many's

#### SPIRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

combats, Leo, the son and heir of the Grecian emperor, made humble suit to her parents, Duke Aymon and the Duchess Beatrice, who, understanding an advantageous match as well as most people, at once accepted the proposal; for, notwithstanding her military prowess and propensities, Bradamant cannot bring herself to avow the secret engagement that binds her to Ruggiero. Moreover, she is the mirror of dutiful daughters, and knows not well what to do when the victorious Orlando and his companions enter Paris amid general rejoicing. Charlemagne, with his whole court, rides forth to meet them. The streets are hung with tapestry, and strewn with flowers.

Amidst the shouts, applauses, clamours loud,  
And maddening raptures of the unruly crowd,  
The glorious emperor his palace gains,  
Dismounts, and there the numerous throng detains  
For many days, with sport on sport increased,  
The mask, the dance, the tournament, and feast.

All jealousy being long removed from Bradamant's mind by the discovery formerly mentioned, she and Marphisa appear as fast friends; and at an early stage of the festivities, Orlando and Rinaldo present Ruggiero to Charlemagne, with a full account of his parentage, prowess, and prospects. Duke Aymon is not prepared for this disclosure, and his wrath at Rinaldo for sanctioning such a *mésalliance* knows no bounds.

But more than Aymon, Beatrice inflamed  
Against her son's presumption, loud exclaimed  
Abroad, at home she ceased not to declare  
Ruggiero never should possess the fair;  
Restless ambition kindling in her breast  
To see her daughter empress of the East.

Charlemagne endeavours in vain to compose matters. His imperial authority does not extend to family affairs, at least among the paladins. The angry duke and duchess directly carry off their daughter, who still continues amazingly obedient, to a strong castle of theirs at some distance from Paris; while Ruggiero, in his desperation, adopts an expedient more consonant with the practice of lovers in chivalrous ages than anything a modern suitor could think of, for he takes steed and armour, and sets forth to challenge Leo at Constantinople. Happening to reach the Greek frontier through Bulgaria, he finds the people of that country engaged in a war with the emperor, who has invaded their land. Their troops are giving way before the Grecian army, when Ruggiero rallies the fugitives, and with his single arm turns the fortune of the day. The Bulgarians voluntarily place themselves under his command, and with great generalship and greater valour he wins battle after battle, driving the Greeks everywhere before him, till, by stratagem, he is taken captive, and delivered into the hands of a revengeful princess, whose son he has killed in battle.

SPIRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

By her he is shut up in prison, while she devises what death he shall die. His rival, Leo, knows not Ruggiero's name or country ; but, though unskilled in arms, the prince has a most knightly soul, and has seen with admiration the prowess of the stranger :

Thus, what in vulgar breasts had hatred raised,  
With noble soul exalted, Leo praised.  
Charmed with his worth, far rather had he viewed  
His towns dismantled, half his realm subdued,  
For every ten a thousand press the plain,  
Than such a godlike knight in combat slain.

Knowing that his imperial father, with whom the chivalrous virtues seem to have been scarce, would never forgive him if he openly interfered in favour of the warrior who had foiled his intended conquest of Bulgaria, the young prince bribes Ruggiero's guard, releases the knight from bondage, and takes him privately to his own palace, where he is nobly entertained.

Meanwhile, the matchless courtesy impressed  
Such grateful wonder in Ruggiero's breast,  
So changed the purpose that for many a mile  
Had led him hither with unceasing toil ;  
Repentant now his former thoughts he viewed,  
Far other thoughts the softened knight pursued.

While these events are passing in the East, Bradamant also hits on a device worthy of herself and times ; for, escaping from her father's durance, she presents an earnest petition to Charlemagne, that her unwelcome suitor would be obliged to enter the lists against her ; and if he remained unconquered till the sun set, their wedding should proceed ; but if she overthrew him, he must resign his pretensions. Willing to do justice, the emperor gave his immediate assent, and a herald was despatched to Constantinople with the challenge.

Such little joy this news in Leo bred,  
That from his cheek the doubtful colour fled ;  
For well he knew, by many a proof displayed,  
His arm too weak to meet the Dordan maid.

Under that conviction, Leo resolves to employ a proxy ; and all unconscious of Ruggiero's personal interest in the business—

Now to his friend the secret of his breast  
He told, and urged with prayers the dear request,  
That for his sake, beneath a borrowed name,  
With foreign vesture clad to meet the dame.

\* \* \*  
Much could the Grecian's eloquence, but more  
Than all his eloquence the sacred power  
Of gratitude, that singly could control  
The tendrest feelings of Ruggiero's soul ;

SPIRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

While his heart shuddered at the suit, he tried  
With outward smiles his inward pangs to hide ;  
And answered, that he stood prepared to prove  
All hazards due to noble Leo's love.

The knight, accordingly, accompanies Leo with a suitable train  
and equipage, and the tale proceeds—

Day following day they passed,  
Till, entering France, they Paris reached at last.  
Here Leo stayed without the city's gate,  
Then pitched beneath the walls in regal state  
His lofty tent, and one despatched to bear  
His princely greetings to the monarch's ear.

\* \* \*

Charles for Bradamant declared  
That she, the ensuing morn, in steel prepared  
Would pass the gates, and in the list by night,  
Beneath the bulwarks formed await the fight.

\* \* \*

How, from the setting to the rising day,  
Did sad Ruggiero groan the hours away !  
All armed he chose to enter on the field,  
To keep from all his looks and mien concealed.

\* \* \*

And ere the falchion by his side he placed,  
Its point he blunted, and its edge defaced.  
To seem like Leo, o'er his arms he wore  
The regal scarf by Leo worn before.

Bradamant, in the meantime, firmly believing her antagonist to be the eastern emperor's son, 'adds sharpness to her steel,' in hopes to finish his suit in a summary fashion before sunset. With this idea she begins the combat, which Ariosto describes every thrust; and well it is for Leo that he has been wise enough to provide a proxy, for all Ruggiero's skill is requisite, whereon the poet remarks—

O wretched damsel ! wert thou given to know  
The knight at whom thou aim'st the fatal blow ;  
Didst thou Ruggiero see, the youth on whom  
Hang all thy wishes, all thy joys to come,  
Far rather wouldst thou die than see his death,  
On whose dear life depends thy fleeting breath ;  
And should thy own Ruggiero stand avowed,  
How wouldst thou mourn each stroke thy arm bestowed !

Much to her own discomfort, Bradamant can make no impression on the warrior, and as the battle continues, we are told—

King Charles and all the assembled peers, who thought  
That Leo thus and not Ruggiero fought ;

SPIRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

Beholding how so matched in equal field  
He stood with Bradamant his arms to wield ;  
How with such skill he could himself defend,  
And yet the safety of the dame attend ;  
With wonder gazed, while breathed from breast to breast,  
Each to his fellow thus his thoughts expressed :  
'Sure Heaven has aptly formed this noble pair ;  
She merits well the knight, and he the fair.'

Time and tide, however, will not wait for this martial wooing.  
The hours wane ; the sun hastes to his setting. Bradamant,  
according to our poet, exceeds all her former prowess ; but in vain.  
The opposing champion remains unconquered, and the terms of  
the challenge must be fulfilled—

When Phœbus in the seas had quenched his light,  
Imperial Charles commands to stay the fight ;  
And dooms the maid no more delay to make,  
But for her spouse victorious Leo take.

Unable to witness his rival's success, procured as it has been  
through his own more than chivalrous gratitude, Ruggiero hurries  
to the prince's tent, restores to Leo his vest and arms, and  
scarce allowing time for the young Greek's acknowledgments,  
hurries from list and city to conceal himself and his sorrows in  
the depth of the neighbouring forest. Here the luckless knight  
flings himself down, the poet says, to die with grief. Bradamant  
is no less woebegone at the issue of her challenge ; but before  
further steps towards the wedding can be taken, Marphisa, who  
believes her brother to be absent on some knightly adventure,  
makes a solemn appeal to Charles, setting forth the contract to  
which herself was witness between the lovers, and

Proffers to maintain in single fight  
The hand of Bradamant, Ruggiero's right.

Duke Aymon and his duchess oppose Marphisa's arrangement with  
all their might—they, prudent souls, being impatient for the  
imperial match ; and after a grand controversy in a full council of  
the paladins, it is agreed to defer the wedding till Ruggiero, in  
search of whom heralds are despatched in all directions, appears to  
maintain his right against Leo in the listed field. The Grecian  
prince is now in a new dilemma, and he determines to set out in  
search of the Knight of the Unicorn, by which name alone he  
knew his friend and champion. After a long and fruitless inquiry,  
chance conducts Leo to the very forest where Ruggiero lies bewail-  
ing his evil stars. Approaching through the thicket, the prince  
discovers that it is the Knight of the Unicorn, and at length,  
by cross-questions, elicits the whole truth. At this discovery,  
Leo stands for a moment fixed as a statue—

*He deemed an act so courteous must excel  
Whate'er the past or present times could tell ;*

SPIRIT OF THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

And hence to prove him worthy of his line,  
The imperial heir of royal Constantine,  
He willed, howe'er in prowess left behind,  
To emulate Ruggiero's courteous mind.

With this resolution, he conducts Ruggiero in triumph back to Paris, relates the whole story before Charlemagne and his assembled court—whereat, the poet says, even Orlando is astonished—resigns all pretensions to the lady, and has scarce finished his speech, when an embassy arrives from Bulgaria with the offer of its crown to Ruggiero. This pleases all parties. The Duchess Beatrice is most particularly reconciled to her daughter's choice.

No virtue that Ruggiero's soul possessed  
Could move so far the ambitious mother's breast,  
Or to her love her promised son endear,  
As joined with his the name of king to hear.

Ruggiero and Bradamant are directly married, with festivities becoming the court of Charlemagne and the progenitors of the house of Este. At his nuptial tournament, the bridegroom slays Rodomont, who had left his penitential cell expressly to be revenged on him for turning Christian, and the forty-sixth book concludes with a rather unfinished appearance. Some say the poet intended certain additions regarding his principal hero, but death frustrated the design. As it is, Ariosto has left a splendid, though somewhat tangled web of song, to which, we trust, some of our readers may be attracted by this scanty outline of the *Orlando Furioso*.



CHAMBERS'S  
**REPOSITORY**  
OF  
INSTRUCTIVE AND AMUSING  
**TRACTS**



LONDON & EDINBURGH,  
WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS



## CONTENTS OF VOLUME IX.

---

THE FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY, . . .	NO. 65
WILLIAM COBBETT, . . . . .	" 66
ALICE HOFFMANN: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, . . . . .	" 67
TOUR IN AUVERGNE, . . . . .	" 68
SHIPWRECKS, . . . . .	" 69
THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTERS: A TALE, . . . . .	" 70
MADAME DE STAËL, . . . . .	" 71
LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN, . . . . .	" 72

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CHAMBERS'S  
REPOSITORY.



THE FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

**F**ROM the earliest period of the history of America, two leading objects of commercial gain, giving birth in their pursuit to wide and daring enterprise, have exerted a marked and abiding influence on the progress of discovery and civilisation in that vast continent: these are the precious metals of the south, and the rich peltries of the north. While the fiery and magnificent Spaniard, inflamed with the mania of gold, was extending his discoveries and conquests over the brilliant countries of the south, scorched by the ardent sun of the tropics,

#### FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

the adroit and buoyant Frenchman, and the sturdy and energetic Briton were pursuing the less splendid, but hardly less lucrative traffic in furs, and amidst the gigantic forests and perennial snows of the north, laying the foundation, if of a less brilliant and attractive, yet of a more extensive and enduring empire.

These two pursuits have been, in fact, everywhere the pioneers and precursors of civilisation in the New World. 'Without pausing on the borders,' says Washington Irving in his interesting narrative of *Astoria*, 'they have penetrated at once, in defiance of difficulties and dangers, to the heart of savage countries; laying open the hidden secrets of the wilderness, leading the way to remote regions of beauty and fertility, that might have remained unexplored for ages, and beckoning after them the slow and pausing steps of agriculture and civilisation.' It was the fur-trade, in fact, affording early sustenance and vitality to the first English and French settlements in America, which, being destitute of the precious metals, were long neglected by the parent countries, that may with justice be said to have laid the foundation of that magnificent empire, which, whether under the name of the United States or of British America, forms, at this day, the splendid appanage of the Anglo-Saxon race in the New World.

The records of an enterprise marked by so many traits of adventure, privation, and dauntless energy, would doubtless possess many elements of romantic interest; but the exploits of the hardy and adventurous individuals to whom it owes its existence are unchronicled. No Robertson or Prescott has recorded them. Their memory has long passed away with the circumstances of the period and situation which produced them. To bring together what scattered notices are still accessible of the rise, progress, and present condition of this adventurous traffic, and of a state of things which is now fast disappearing, will form an interesting and instructive task, which it is our object to attempt in the following pages.

At the period of the first colonisation of America by Europeans, all that territory which extends eastward from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, and northward from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson's Bay, appears to have been one vast and unbroken forest. This immense area, embracing the greater part of the present United States, and British America east of the great lakes, was then, as a considerable portion of it is still, little more than an extensive haunt of wild beasts. In the security of such undisturbed retreats, these creatures had multiplied incalculably, the few native tribes who roamed over this wilderness, without flocks or tame animals, having left unlimited scope and provision for the animal race, wandering and free like themselves. With few wants, and these easily supplied, it was not until our luxury had led us to adopt the use of furs as costly appendages to dress, that the natives commenced that war of extermination against the animal tribes

#### FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

which has ever since continued. The destructive industry with which this, when once begun, was followed up, soon brought into the ports of France and England vast quantities of furs, some of which were consumed there, and the rest disposed of in the neighbouring countries. Most of these furs were already known in Europe: they came from the northern parts of our own hemisphere, but in too small quantities to bring them into general use. Caprice and novelty, however, brought them more or less into fashion, since it was found that it was for the interest of the American colonies that they should be admired in the mother-countries.

#### THE FUR-TRADE IN CANADA UNDER THE FRENCH.

Whether from the favourable situation of their settlements along the banks of the St Lawrence, in the very heart of the fur countries, or from the congeniality of the pursuit itself to the character and habits of that volatile and restless race, it is certain that the French soon acquired, and for a considerable period retained, a superiority in the fur-trade over other European nations in America. From time to time, our own intrepid navigators, employed during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in the ineffectual search for the north-west passage, had brought home specimens of the valuable furs which the northern portion of the American continent contained. But the first regular and permanent traffic with the Indians, appears to have been opened up about the beginning of the seventeenth century, by the French colony, at Tadousac, a post situated on the St Lawrence about thirty leagues below the present town of Quebec. The large profits arising from this commerce, and the advantages to be derived from its more extended and systematic prosecution, did not escape the vigilant and sagacious eye of Cardinal Richelieu, then at the head of affairs in France. To give effect to the views he entertained on this subject, he originated, about the year 1628, under his own immediate auspices, an extensive association under the name of *La Compagnie de la Nouvelle France* (*New France*), being the name by which the somewhat indefinite possessions of the French in America were at that time distinguished. To this association, which consisted of 700 copartners, including in their number some of the most distinguished men of the time in France, various important privileges were granted. The king made a present of two large ships to the company, and twelve of the principal members were raised to the rank of nobility. They had the disposal of the settlements that were, or should be formed in New France, with the power of fortifying and governing them as they thought proper; and of making war or peace as should best promote their interests. The whole trade by land and sea, 'from the river St Lawrence to the Arctic Circle and the Frozen Ocean,' was made over to them for a term of fifteen years, except the cod and whale

#### FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

fisheries, which were left open to all French subjects. The beaver and all the fur-trade was granted to the company for ever. In return for such extensive concessions, the company, which had a capital of 100,000 crowns, engaged to bring into the colony during the first year of their incorporation, 200 or 300 artificers, of such trades as were fitted for their purpose; and 16,000 men before the year 1643. They were to find them in lodging and board, and to maintain them for three years, and afterwards to give them as much cleared land as might be necessary for their subsistence; together with a sufficient quantity of grain to sow it for the first year. A leading object of the company's incorporation was represented to be the propagation of Christianity among the native Indians; and with this view the most liberal provision was made for a numerous staff of missionaries, who accompanied the first settlers to the new colony.

Fortune, however, did not second the endeavours of government in favour of the new association. The first ships fitted out by them were taken by the English, who were lately embroiled with the French on account of the siege of Rochelle. Other disasters speedily followed; the monopolising company fulfilled none of their engagements; and the colonists, becoming clamorous in their complaints against the arbitrary measures and abuses of their administration, one after another of the privileges granted to the company had to be modified or recalled. It was found impossible to enforce the restrictions imposed upon the trade with the Indians, and these soon came, therefore, to be practically regarded by the colonists as a dead letter. Finally, the association itself, unable to accomplish any of the objects for which it had been established, was formally dissolved.

Freed from the incubus of the company's monopoly, the adventurers settled on the banks of the St Lawrence gave full scope to their roving propensities and their love of adventure. Allured by the enormous profits to be derived from the traffic with the Indians, and the unbridled licence of a savage life, these daring and hardy individuals penetrated for hundreds of miles into the wilderness, then, as now, known in Canada as the Indian Country. As the valuable furs soon grew scarce in the neighbourhood of the settlements, the Indians of the vicinity were stimulated to make a wider range in their hunting excursions. They were generally accompanied in these expeditions by some of the traders or their dependents, appropriately named *coureurs des bois*, or rangers of the woods, who shared in the toils and privations of the chase, and at the same time made themselves acquainted with the best hunting and trapping grounds, and with the remote tribes, whom they encouraged to bring their peltries to the settlements.

In this way the trade was augmented, and drawn from remote quarters to Montreal, where, in process of time, all the fur-trade of the colony centered. From this point the traders, ever in quest

#### FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

of new fields of adventure and profit, ascended the St Lawrence and Ottawa rivers to their sources, and formed establishments on the Great Lakes. From the north-western end of Lake Superior, they threaded the intricate communication which leads by lakes, rivers, and portages to Lake Winnipeg, and from thence penetrated some distance up the great stream of the Saskatchewan, 'the Mississippi of the north.' Their most distant establishment was on the banks of that river, in latitude 53 degrees north, and longitude 103 degrees west. This place was situated at a distance of upwards of 2000 miles from the colonised part of Canada; the route to it was through a country occupied by numerous savage tribes, where the means of subsistence were scanty, and the navigation unfit for any other craft than frail birch-rind canoes. Yet we have evidence that 'at this distant establishment considerable improvements were effected; that agriculture was carried on, and even wheel-carriages used; in fact, that they then possessed fully as many of the attendants of civilisation as the Hudson's Bay Company do now, after the lapse of a century.'\* The author of *Astoria* presents us with a lively picture of those palmy days of the French fur-trade in Canada:—'Every now and then, a large body of Ottawas, Hurons, and other tribes who hunted the countries bordering on the great lakes, would come down in a squadron of light canoes, laden with beaver-skins and other spoils of their year's hunting. The canoes would be unladen, taken on shore, and their contents disposed in order. A camp of birch-bark would be pitched outside of the town, and a kind of primitive fair opened, with that grave ceremonial so dear to the Indians. An audience would be demanded of the governor-general, who would hold the conference with becoming state, seated in an elbow-chair, with the Indians ranged in semicircles before him, seated on the ground, and silently smoking their pipes. Speeches would be made, presents exchanged, and the audience would break up in universal good-humour.

'Now would ensue a brisk traffic with the merchants, and all Montreal would be alive with naked Indians running from shop to shop, bargaining for arms, kettles, knives, axes, blankets, bright-coloured cloths, and other articles of use or fancy; upon all which, says an old French writer, the merchants were sure to clear at least 200 per cent. There was no money used in this traffic, and after a time, all payment in spirituous liquors was prohibited, in consequence of the frantic and frightful excesses and bloody brawls which they were apt to occasion.

'Their wants and caprices being supplied, they would take leave of the governor, strike their tents, launch their canoes, and ply their way up the Ottawa to the lakes. . . . The French merchant at his trading-post, in these primitive days of Canada, was a kind of commercial patriarch. With the lax habits and easy

\* *Life and Travels of Thomas Simpson, the Arctic Discoverer.*

#### FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

familiarity of his race, he had a little world of self-indulgence and misrule around him. He had his clerks, canoe-men, and retainers of all kinds, who lived with him on terms of perfect sociability, always calling him by his Christian name. He had his harem of Indian beauties, and his troop of half-breed children; nor was there ever wanting a louting train of Indians hanging about the establishment, eating and drinking at his expense in the intervals of their hunting expeditions.'

It is not necessary to investigate the cause, but experience has shewn, that it requires much less time for a civilised people to degenerate into the manners and customs of savage life, than for savages to rise into a state of civilisation. Such was the event with the *coureurs des bois*, who, after accompanying the natives on their hunting and trading excursions, became so attached to the Indian mode of life, that they lost all relish for their former habits and native homes. For this very reason, however, these pedlers of the wilderness were extremely useful to the merchants engaged in the fur-trade, who freely supplied them with the necessary credit to proceed in their trading excursions. Three or four of these people would join stock, embark their property in a birch-bark canoe, which they worked themselves, and making their way up the mazy rivers that interlace the vast forests of Canada, commit themselves fearlessly to the first tribe of Indians they encountered. Sometimes they sojourned for months among them, assimilating to their tastes and habits with the happy facility of Frenchmen, adopting, in some degree, the Indian dress, and not unfrequently taking to themselves Indian wives. These voyages would extend often to twelve or fifteen months, when they would return in full glee down the Ottawa, their canoes loaded with rich cargoes of furs, and followed by great numbers of the natives. Now would ensue a period of revelry and dissipation, a continued round of drinking, gaming, feasting, and extravagant prodigality, which sufficed in a few weeks to dissipate all their gains, when they would start upon a fresh adventure, to be followed by fresh scenes of riot and extravagance.

The influence of such conduct and example could not but be pernicious to the native Indians, impeding the labours of the missionaries among them, and bringing into scandal and disrepute the character of the Christian religion among those natives who had become converts to it. As a check upon these loose adventurers, the missionaries prevailed upon the government to prohibit, under severe penalties, all persons from trading into the interior of the country without a licence. These licences were at first granted only to persons whose character could give no alarm to the zeal of the missionaries, but they came in time to be bestowed as rewards for services to officers and their widows, and others, who having the power of selling them again to the merchants, who again, in their turn, employed the *coureurs des bois* as their agents, the abuses of the old system were very soon revived and continued.

#### FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

flagrant as before. At length, military posts were established at the confluence of the principal lakes and rivers of Canada, which in a great measure restrained the excesses of these marauders of the wilderness, and at the same time protected the trade. The persons in charge of these posts frequently engaged in the traffic themselves, under their own licences, having in most cases the exclusive privilege of buying and selling in the districts under their command, and combining their views with those of the missionaries, restored some degree of order and regularity to the trade, at the same time that they secured the respect of the natives. To distinguish themselves from the traders, they assumed the name of 'Commanders,' though they were, in fact, entitled to both these characters. As for the missionaries, they appear to have laboured most zealously and assiduously in the great work they had undertaken, receiving from the first the most cordial aid and encouragement both from the government and the colonists. Indeed, it is but justice to the French to state, that during their tenure of the fur-trade, the interest they displayed in the welfare of the aborigines furnishes a humiliating contrast to the conduct of our own government, or rather of the great trading association by whom their functions have been exercised since the traffic has passed into our hands. 'The whole of their long route,' says Sir Alexander Mackenzie, speaking of these missionaries, and of the neglect into which the missions had fallen in his time (toward the end of the last century), when the fur-trade had passed into the hands of the British — 'the whole of their long route I have often travelled; and the recollection of such a people as the missionaries having been there, was confined to a few superannuated Canadians, who had not left that country since the cession to the English in 1763, and who particularly mentioned the death of some, and the distressing situation of them all. Though these religious men did not attain the objects of their persevering piety, they were, during their mission, of great service to the French commanders who engaged in those distant expeditions, and spread the fur-trade as far west as the banks of the Saskatchewan River.'

#### RISE OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

The fur-trade of Canada had for a long time to sustain a keen competition from the British and Dutch settlers of New York, who inveigled the *coureurs des bois* and the Indians to their trading-posts, and traded with them on more favourable terms. In the absence of any regular organisation, however, among these settlers, the isolated and desultory efforts of individual traders served rather to keep alive the spirit of activity and enterprise among the French, than in any very permanent or considerable degree to affect the extensive and important traffic which had now grown up under their hands. But in the year 1669, another and a

#### FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

more formidable opposition sprang up in a new and unexpected quarter.

A few years before this date, M. de Groiseliez, an inhabitant of Canada, a bold and enterprising man, and one who had travelled extensively among the Indians, had pushed his discoveries so far, that he reached the coasts of Hudson's Bay from the French settlements by land. On his return, he prevailed upon the authorities at Quebec to fit out a vessel for perfecting this discovery by sea, which led in the same year to the establishment of the first European settlement on the shores of Hudson's Bay, at the mouth of Nelson River—near the site of the present York Factory—to which the French gave the name of Fort Bourbon. Some subsequent difference with his employers led to Groiseliez's abandoning his establishment, and proceeding to France, where, finding his representations as ill received as they had been in Canada, he was induced to lay his proposals for opening a trade in Hudson's Bay before the Duke of Montague, then our minister in France, who, entering warmly into the project, despatched Groiseliez, with his brother-in-law, M. Radisson, who had accompanied him from Canada, at once to England, with a recommendation to Prince Rupert, then the great patron of all enterprises of this nature. From Prince Rupert our adventurers received every encouragement. A small vessel, the *Nonsuch*, under the command of Captain Zachariah Gillam, with the Frenchmen on board, was sent into Hudson's Bay under the prince's auspices, in the summer of 1668, and in the same year established, at the mouth of Rupert's River, at the southern extremity of the bay, the first English settlement, to which Captain Gillam gave the name of Fort Charles. This led in the following year to the incorporation of the adventurers into a company, by a charter from King Charles II., dated 2d May 1669; and thus was instituted the Hudson's Bay Company, destined in time to exercise over the wintry lakes and boundless forests of the north, a sway equalled only by that of the East India Company over the voluptuous climes and magnificent realms of the East. This charter—which continues to the present day to confer upon the Company whatever legal right it may possess to the monopoly it has so long exercised over the fur-trade of British North America—appears to have been as nearly as possible an unconscious counterpart of that of Cardinal Richelieu's Association. In the same loose and ignorant phraseology, it grants to the Company immense territories, the situation and extent of which were at the time entirely unknown, but which, strictly interpreted, enables the Company to claim at the present day, in the language of one of its governors before a recent parliamentary committee, 'the country all the way from the boundaries of Lower and Upper Canada, away to the north pole as far as the land goes; and from the Labrador coast all the way to the Pacific Ocean'—that is, a territory considerably greater than the entire area of the continent of Europe! Such grants

#### FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

were common enough in those days; but this charter of the Hudson's Bay Company is perhaps unique in this respect—that it subsists in full vigour to the present time, in all its literal and venerable absurdity, and forms the sole title by which a few merchants in London have retained for nearly two centuries the entire monopoly of the fur-trade of British North America—a commerce, in proportion to its extent, the most lucrative perhaps in the world.

The privileges granted by the charter of King Charles II., on the right understanding of which some of the most important passages in the Company's history have turned, are of three distinct kinds:—

1st. The privilege of exclusive trade throughout certain territories which the charter professes to describe, and which it calls Rupert's Land.

2d. The property and lordship of the soil of Rupert's Land.

3d. The privilege of exclusive trade with all the countries into which the Company might find access by land or water out of Rupert's Land.

To these privileges there were but two drawbacks: 1st. The charter received no parliamentary sanction or confirmation, without which no grant of exclusive trade can be valid—a defect on which we shall have to touch again presently. 2d. The territories granted to the Company by the charter had been already, as we have seen, granted by the French king to the Company of New France, of which Hudson's Bay and the adjacent countries formed an integral portion; and as the charter itself expressly reserved the 'possession of any other Christian prince or state,' it was not unreasonably argued by the French, that it carried on its face its own abrogation. In reply to this objection, it was stoutly maintained that the country around Hudson's Bay formed no part of the continent of North America at all—a view in which it appears the advocates of the Company were not without respectable authority to support them. 'Surely I need not tell you,' writes Mr Oldenburg, the first secretary of the Royal Society, to the celebrated Mr Boyle, 'what is said here with great joy of the discovery of a north-west passage, made by two English and one Frenchman, lately represented by them to his majesty at Oxford, and answered by a royal grant of a vessel to sail into Hudson's Bay, and thence into the South Sea; these men affirming, as I heard, that with a boat they went out of a lake in Canada into a river, *which discharged itself north-west into the South Sea, into which they went, and returned north-east into Hudson's Bay!*'

Meanwhile, pending these discussions, the French, alarmed at the prospect of an opposition in a quarter which threatened to cut off the most valuable part of their trade, resolved on taking active measures for expelling the new-comers as interlopers. Their fears of the result of the English settlement upon their trade had been confirmed by the unanimous testimony of the *coureurs des bois*, who by this time had established a regular intercourse by land

#### FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

between the Indians on the borders of the Straits and the French settlements on the St Lawrence. It would have been a desirable thing to have gone by the same road to attack the new colony; but the distance being thought too considerable, notwithstanding the convenience of the rivers, it was at length determined that an expedition against the new settlements should be undertaken by sea. The conduct of it was intrusted to Groisellez and Radisson, who had been easily brought back to a regard for their country.

These two bold and restless men sailed from Quebec in 1682, in two vessels badly fitted out; but, on their arrival, finding themselves not strong enough to attack the enemy, they were contented with erecting a fort in the neighbourhood of that they thought to have taken. From this time there began a rivalry between the two companies—one settled in Canada and the other in England—for the exclusive trade of the Bay, which was constantly fed by the disputes it gave birth to, till at last, after each of their settlements had been frequently taken by the other, hostilities were terminated by the Treaty of Ryswick, signed in September 1697, the eighth section of which provided that commissioners should be appointed to settle the pretensions of the English and French to the trade of Hudson's Bay. By this treaty the claims of the French to the best portion of the Bay were definitely acknowledged, and up to the Treaty of Utrecht in 1714, they appear to have enjoyed undisturbed possession of nearly the whole of the trade of the disputed territories.

There is but little information respecting the proceedings of the English Company in the interval, but there is reason to believe that their situation was by no means a prosperous one. The defect in their charter, arising from the absence of any confirmation by parliament, has been already noticed. It was found impossible, without this confirmation, to exclude interlopers from the territories claimed under the grant of King Charles II. At least we find this the ground of a petition from the Company to parliament in 1690, for an act to confirm their charter. The confirmation was granted, but for 'seven years only, and no longer.' On the expiration of the Act of Confirmation in 1697, another application was made for its renewal, which was this time either negatived or withdrawn by the Company themselves, for they have, from that time to the present, continued to trade upon their unconfirmed charter. It seemed probable, in view of these repeated disasters, that the English Company was destined to share the fate of its French prototype; but the Treaty of Utrecht in 1712 changed once more the fortunes of the snow-clad regions of Hudson's Bay.

Louis XIV., after a series of defeats and mortifications—the ignominious close of a long reign of glory and prosperity—was still happy that he could, in his old age, purchase peace by sacrifices which denoted his humiliation. But he seemed to wish to conceal these sacrifices from his people, by making them chiefly beyond the sea. Among the possessions ceded to the English, after the

#### FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

long wars rendered memorable in our annals by the victories of Marlborough, and terminated by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1712, were Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and Hudson's Bay. A special clause of the treaty provided that all French subjects should evacuate the Bay within six months after its ratification. A clear field was thus opened for the operations of the English Company, which they lost no time in securing. Two courses were now open to them: either to petition for a grant of the ceded territories, or obtain a confirmation and extension of their original charter, so as to include them; or quietly to take possession of the abandoned trading-posts, and establish such a footing in the country and the trade as would prevent or overawe all competition. The latter course they resolved, without doubt wisely, on adopting. Their policy henceforth, accordingly, was, and continues to be to this day, to shroud their transactions in the most impenetrable mystery—to assert on all occasions the rights of their charter, except where there was a prospect of its validity being submitted to a legal test, in which case they have always given way—and, above all, to circulate the impression among the public, that the whole of the immense territory under their sway was a frozen wilderness, where human life could with difficulty be sustained, and which was fit only for the purpose to which they applied it—of a gigantic preserve for wild animals.

In pursuance of this policy, we find the history of the Company for the next forty years almost a perfect blank. It would be difficult to find a book of the period, or a printed document of any kind in our own language, in which even the name occurs. What information we possess of their proceedings is derived indirectly from the accounts of the French, who, cut off from intercourse with the Bay, kept up an active opposition in the interior from the settlements which remained to them on the St Lawrence. From these accounts, it appears that, up to the middle of the eighteenth century, the Company had scarcely made any advance into the interior; and that, up to this time, their trading-stations were confined almost entirely to the coast. Such an absence of energy and enterprise in a company possessing, or supposed to possess, so many enviable privileges, did not fail to provoke injurious comparisons between them and the free settlers of Canada, who, it was alleged, had been allowed, through the supineness of the English monopoly, to engross the most valuable portion of the trade of even our own territories. At last, in 1748, public attention was directed to the subject by a motion in parliament for an inquiry into the state of the trade to Hudson's Bay. The result was the appointment of a committee of the House of Commons, the publication of whose Report, still preserved among the parliamentary papers, appears to have excited a perfect storm of execration among the commercial community of the time. Making every allowance for the peculiarly fervid and truly English hatred manifested by the public of this country at all

v

#### FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

times against monopolies, it must be admitted that some of the revelations brought to light by this committee, were such as to give ample ground for the popular indignation they called forth.

As bearing upon the history of the Company, it will be sufficient here to notice one of the numerous charges preferred against them at that time, as it throws some light on the profits derived from the fur-trade at that early period. The charge was that of having made a false return of the amount of capital employed in the trade to Hudson's Bay, which the Company stated as L.103,500, while the only real subscribed capital was L.13,650. It appears that the original capital subscribed was L.10,500; and that, in consequence of the enormous profits realised, the Company trebled their stock in 1690—that is, they passed a vote by which the stock of the Company was declared to be L.31,500; and the object seems to have been, that the dividends might appear to be smaller upon a larger nominal capital, than upon the original subscribed capital of L.10,500.

Continued prosperity, after the Treaty of Utrecht had thrown the trade of Hudson's Bay into their hands, enabled the Company to perform a similar trick in 1720. In this year the capital was declared to be again trebled, and to amount to L.94,500. It was then proposed to add three times as much to it by subscription; but in this way, that each proprietor subscribing L.100 should receive L.300 of stock; so that the nominal stock should amount to L.378,000, the real additional sum subscribed being L.94,500. This plan was frustrated by the difficulty at the time of procuring money, and only L.3150 was subscribed. Nevertheless, the whole capital of the Company was ordered to be reckoned at L.103,500, whilst the only subscribed capital, as previously stated, was L.13,650.

The tactics by which the Company supplemented the defects of their charter, and kept out rival traders, are largely detailed in the Report. They appear to have consisted chiefly in fomenting animosities and divisions among the Indian tribes of the interior, that none might be tempted to engage in the trade in that quarter to their disadvantage. Two cases are mentioned, in which ships had attempted to penetrate into Hudson's Bay for the purpose of trade by sea. These ships the Company seized, and ran on shore, where they were lost, pleading in their defence, on an action for recovery and damages, that they had been lost by stress of weather! We are writing, it must be remembered, of the Hudson's Bay Company of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and of the morality of an age in which the slave-trade was a legitimate and honourable employment for the merchants of England. We gladly turn from such incidents to a brighter page in the history of the fur-trade.

## FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

### CESSION OF CANADA, AND RISE OF THE NORTH-WEST COMPANY.

It is doubtful whether the Hudson's Bay Company could have long survived the stormy crisis of 1748, under their original constitution, but for the opportune breaking out of the great Colonial War with France, which, among other results, produced, under the splendid administration of the elder Pitt, the conquest and cession of Canada to the English. A new direction was thus given to the enterprise of British subjects, by the abandonment into their hands of the extensive traffic with the Indians, established and so long successfully conducted by the French. An interval of several years elapsed, however, owing probably to an ignorance of the country in the conquerors, and their want of commercial confidence in the conquered, before the new adventurers were able to take full advantage of the opening thus afforded them. There were, indeed, other discouragements—such as the immense length of the journeys necessary to reach the limits where the traffic could be profitably undertaken; the risk of property from the hostility of the natives towards the new-comers; and an ignorance of the language of those who, from their experience, must be necessarily employed as the intermediate agents between them and the Indians. It was not until the year 1766 that the trade regained its old channels; but it was then pursued with much avidity and emulation by individual traders, and soon overstepped its former bounds. In 1781, it had reached the limits of Lake Athabasca, nearly 1000 miles beyond the most distant point attained by the French. The Hudson's Bay Company, in the meantime, pursuing their former inactive policy, had remained nearly stationary round the shores of the Bay; but, alarmed at the progress of the Canadian traders, they quickly perceived that against opponents whom no territorial limits could restrain within the bounds of their French predecessors, a more energetic course of action was essential to the existence of even their own limited trade. About the year 1774, they accordingly made their first considerable move to the westward, and henceforth adopted the policy of vigorously contesting the trade with their Canadian rivals.

An animated competition now commenced between the contending parties, embittered as usual by rivalries and jealousies, and the petty artifices employed to outbid and undermine each other with the Indians. Spirituous liquors, the issue of which under the French government had been strictly prohibited, were now introduced as an article of traffic—first by the traders from the Bay, when, in self-defence, the Canadians were compelled to do the same. The result was, in a short time, the utter disorganisation of the trade, and the demoralisation not only of the natives but of the traders themselves.

To put an end to the scandalous and ruinous contentions arising

#### FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

out of this unprincipled competition, the leading individuals in Canada, concerned in the commerce, entered into a partnership in the winter of 1783, under the name of the North-west Company of Montreal—a name famous in the annals of the fur-trade, and which, from small beginnings, rose in a very few years to be the most powerful, energetic, and successful association which had hitherto engaged in the trade. At first, it was nothing more than a voluntary association of the most respectable merchants interested in the fur-trade, many of whom were engaged at the same time in other extensive concerns altogether foreign to it; but it soon assumed a more regular organisation. The concern was then divided into twenty shares, some of which were held by the persons who managed the business in Canada, and were called agents, and the remainder by proprietors, who wintered in the Indian country, and managed the trade with the natives, and were hence called 'wintering partners.' It was the duty of the agents to import the necessary goods from England, store them up in warehouses in Montreal, and prepare them for being sent into the interior. They were likewise expected to advance any cash that might be wanting for the outfits, for which they received a commission, independent of their share of the profits. Lastly, they received, packed up, and shipped the company's furs for England, to the proper agents to whom they were intrusted for sale, on which they had also a small commission. The wintering partners were not under any obligation to furnish capital; but as it was upon their energy, tact, and experience, that the prosperity of the association mainly depended, they were required to go through a strict probation before they could arrive at that enviable station. They were selected, in the first instance, from respectable families in Canada—generally Scotch emigrants—and entered the company's service under an apprenticeship for seven years, during which they received L.100 sterling, were maintained at the expense of the company, and furnished with suitable clothing and equipments. This probation was generally passed at the interior trading-posts, where they were removed for years from civilised society, leading a life almost as wild and precarious as the savages around them; but acquiring in the meantime a perfect knowledge of the Indian character, and of the resources of the country in which they lived. On the expiration of their apprenticeship, they received a salary of L.100 per annum, and were then eligible, on a vacancy, to promotion to a partnership, according to their merits and services. With ordinary good conduct, there were few young men who entered the service who found their reasonable expectations in this respect disappointed. No system, perhaps, could have been better devised for infusing activity into every department, and so extending the influence of the company, which was soon indeed practically demonstrated by the rapid prosperity to which it speedily attained. 'In 1783,' says Sir Alexander Mackenzie, 'the gross amount of the adventure

#### FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

for the year did not exceed L.40,000; but by the exertion, enterprise, and industry of the proprietors, it was brought in eleven years to triple that amount and upwards—yielding proportionate profits, and surpassing, in short, anything known in America.'

The agents who presided over the affairs of the company at head-quarters, were of course personages of great weight and importance in the concern. Consisting, in at least the later years of the company, chiefly of veteran partners and traders who had gained distinction in the rough campaigns of the north, they were a class *sui generis*, living in lordly and hospitable style, and forming a sort of commercial aristocracy in the society of Quebec and Montreal. It was during the palmy days of the company, while on a short visit to Canada, that Washington Irving had an opportunity of witnessing something of the feudal magnificence which characterised the proceedings of these magnates of the North-west, and of which he has left us, in *Astoria*, a lively sketch. 'To behold the North-west Company in all its state and grandeur,' says he, 'it was necessary to witness an annual gathering at the great interior place of conference, established at Fort-William, near what is called the Grand Portage, on Lake Superior. Here, two or three of the leading partners from Montreal proceeded once a year to meet the partners from the various trading-posts of the wilderness, to discuss the affairs of the company during the preceding year, and to arrange plans for the future.

'On these occasions might be seen the change since the uncere- monious times of the old French traders—now the aristocratical character of the Briton shone forth magnificently, or rather the feudal spirit of the Highlander. Every partner who had charge of an interior post, and a score of retainers at his command, felt like the chieftain of a Highland clan, and was almost as important in the eyes of his dependents as of himself. To him a visit to the grand conference at Fort William was a most important event, and he repaired there as to a meeting of parliament. The partners from Montreal, however, were the lords of the ascendant. Coming from the midst of luxurious and ostentatious life, they quite eclipsed their compeers from the woods, whose forms and faces had been battered and hardened by hard living and hard service, and whose garments and equipments were all the worse for wear. Indeed, the partners from below considered the whole dignity of the company as represented in their own persons, and conducted themselves in suitable style. They ascended the rivers in great state, like sovereigns making a progress, or rather like Highland chieftains navigating their subject lakes. They were wrapped in rich furs, their huge canoes freighted with every convenience and luxury, and manned by Canadian voyageurs as obedient as Highland clansmen. They carried up with them cooks and bakers, together with delicacies of every kind, and abundance of choice wines for the banquet which attended this great convocation. Happy were they, too, if they could meet with any distinguished

#### FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

stranger—above all, some titled member of the British nobility—to accompany them on this stately occasion, and grace their high solemnities. Fort William, the scene of this important annual meeting, was a considerable village on the banks of Lake Superior. Here, in an immense wooden building, was the great council-hall, as also the banqueting-chamber, decorated with Indian arms and accoutrements, and the trophies of the fur-trade. The house swarmed at this time with traders and voyageurs from Montreal bound to the interior posts, and some from the interior posts bound to Montreal. The councils were held in great state; for every member felt as if sitting in parliament, and every retainer and dependent looked up to the assemblage with awe as to the House of Lords. There was a vast deal of solemn deliberation and hard Scottish reasoning, with an occasional swell of pompous declamation. These grave and weighty councils were alternated by huge feasts and revels, like some of the old feasts described in Highland castles. The tables in the great banqueting-room groaned under the weight of game of all kinds—of venison from the woods and fish from the lakes, with hunter's delicacies, such as buffaloes' tongues and beavers' tails, and various luxuries from Montreal, all served up by experienced cooks brought for the purpose. There was no stint of generous wine, for it was a hard-drinking period—a time of loyal toasts and Bacchanalian song and brimming bumpers.

While the chiefs thus revelled in the hall, and made the rafters resound with bursts of loyalty and old Scottish songs, chanted in voices cracked and sharpened by the northern blast, their merriment was echoed and prolonged by a mongrel legion of retainers—Canadian voyageurs, half-breed Indian hunters, and vagabond hangers-on—who feasted sumptuously without, on the crumbs from their table, and made the welkin ring with old French ditties, mingled with Indian yelps and yellings.

'One or two partners,' he adds, 'recently from the interior posts, would occasionally make their appearance in New York in the course of a tour of pleasure or curiosity. On these occasions, there was always a degree of magnificence of the purse about them, and a peculiar propensity to expenditure at the goldsmiths' and jewellers' for rings, chains, brooches, necklaces, jewelled watches, and other rich trinkets, partly for their own wear, partly for presents to their female acquaintances—a gorgeous prodigality, such as was often noticed in former times in West Indian planters and Eastern nabobs flush with the spoils of Oriental conquest.'

Such were the results which, in a few years, marked the prosperity of this energetic association. In an incredibly short period, the whole of the immense region, extending from the confines of Canada to Slave Lake on the north, and the Pacific Ocean on the west, was studded by the remote posts of the company, where they carried on their traffic with the surrounding tribes. Their trade appears to have taken this direction, in the first instance, chiefly with the view of appropriating and extending that of their

#### FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

French predecessors. They were influenced, no doubt, likewise by a desire to leave the Hudson's Bay Company unmolested in the comparatively narrow sphere to which they had hitherto confined their operations in the country immediately surrounding the Bay. The latter had, however, as previously stated, already commenced moving their posts westward. This soon brought the two companies into collision, and a keen competition now commenced, which, confined at first to their respective outposts, soon spread over the greater part of the country east of the Rocky Mountains. Such a competition, carried on in a country remote from civilisation and the restraints of law, could scarcely fail to be marked by many revolting scenes of rapacity and violence. Personal conflicts with fists between the men, and not unfrequently between the clerks and partners of the rival companies, were of the commonest occurrence, and not unfrequently more deadly weapons were employed. Stratagem was, however, more frequently resorted to than open violence. In ignorance of the value of the furs, which formed the object of such eager contention, the hunts of the Indian were generally at the disposal of the first trader who reached his encampment. On both sides, men were constantly kept on the look-out for parties of natives returning from their hunting expeditions, whose duty it was to waylay them, and ply them with fire-water, and 'all the arts of cozenage,' until every skin had been obtained from them, if possible, before the opposite party could arrive at the scene.

As the rival trading-posts were generally built within 200 or 300 yards of each other, it was by no means easy for either party to steal a march upon the other. Mr Ballantyne relates an anecdote in his *Everyday Life in Hudson's Bay*, which will serve to shew how a feat of this kind could now and then, however, be accomplished:—

'Although the individuals of the two companies,' he says, 'were almost always at enmity at the forts, strange to say they often acted in the most friendly manner to each other, and—except when furs were in question—more agreeable or friendly neighbours seldom came together than the Hudson's Bay and North-west Companies when they planted their forts—which they often did—within 200 yards of each other in the wilds of North America. The clerks and labourers of the opposing establishments constantly visited each other; and during the Christmas and New-year's holidays, parties and balls were given without number. Dances, however, were not confined entirely to the holidays; but whenever one was given at an unusual time, it was generally for the purpose of drawing the attention of the entertained party from some movement of their entertainers. Thus, upon one occasion, the Hudson's Bay Company's look-out reported that he had discovered the tracks of Indians in the snow, and that he thought they had just returned from a hunting expedition. No sooner was this heard, than a grand ball was given to the North-west

#### FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

Company. Great preparations were made; the men, dressed in their newest capotes and gaudiest hat-cords and feathers, visited each other, and nothing was thought or heard of but the ball. The evening came, and with it the guests; and soon might be heard within the fort sounds of merriment and revelry as they danced in lively measures to a Scottish reel, played by some native fiddler upon a violin of his own construction. Without the gates, however, a very different scene met the eye. Down in a hollow, where the lofty trees and dense underwood threw a shadow on the ground, a knot of men might be seen muffled in their leathern coats and fur-caps, hurrying to and fro with bundles on their backs and snow-shoes under their arms, packing and tying them firmly on trains of dog-sledges which stood, with the dogs ready harnessed, in the shadow of the bushes. The men whispered eagerly and hurriedly to each other, as they packed their goods, while others held the dogs, and patted them to keep them quiet—evidently shewing that, whatever was their object, expedition and secrecy were necessary. Soon all was in readiness; the bells, which usually tinkled on the dogs' necks, were unhooked and packed in the sledges; an active-looking man sprang forward, and set off at a round trot over the snow; and a single crack of the whip sent four sledges, each with a train of four or five dogs, after him; while two other men brought up the rear. For a time the muffled sound of the sledges was heard as they slid over the snow, while now and then the whine of a dog broke upon the ear as the impatient drivers urged them along. Gradually these sounds died away, and nothing was heard but the faint echoes of music and mirth, which floated on the frosty night-wind, giving token that the revellers still kept up the dance, and were ignorant of the departure of the trains. Late on the following day, the Nor'-west scouts reported the party of Indians, and soon a set of sleighs departed from the fort with loud ringing bells. After a long day's march of forty miles, they reached the encampment, where they found all the Indians dead drunk, and not a skin, not even the remnant of a musquash, left to repay them for their trouble! Then it was that they discovered the *ruse* of the ball, and vowed to have their revenge. Opportunity was not long wanting. Soon after this occurrence, one of the parties met a Hudson's Bay train on its way to trade with the Indians, of whom they also were in search. They exchanged compliments with each other, and as the day was very cold, proposed lighting a fire and taking a dram together. Soon five or six goodly trees yielded to their vigorous blows, and fell crashing to the ground; and in a few minutes one of the party, lighting a sulphur match with his flint and steel, set fire to a huge pile of logs, which crackled and burned furiously, sending up clouds of sparks into the wintry sky, and casting a warm tinge upon the snow and the surrounding trees. The canteen was quickly produced, and they told their stories and adventures, while the liquor mounted to

#### FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

their brains. The Nor'-westers, however, unperceived by the others, after a little time spilled their grog on the snow, so that they kept tolerably sober, while their rivals became very much elevated; and at last they began boasting of their superior powers of drinking, and as a proof, each of them swallowed a large bumper. The Hudson's Bay party, who were nearly dead drunk by this time, of course followed their example, and almost instantly fell in a heavy sleep on the snow. In ten minutes more, they were tied firmly upon their sledges, and the dogs being turned homewards, away they went straight for the Hudson's Bay fort, where they soon arrived, the men still sound asleep, while the Nor'-westers started for the Indian camp, and this time at least had the furs all to themselves.'

#### UNION OF THE NORTH-WEST AND HUDSON'S BAY COMPANIES.

Amid such scenes, relieved not unfrequently by contentions of a sterner kind—bloody brawls and conflicts between parties of armed men, involving often the loss of life and considerable destruction of property—a severe and uninterrupted competition was carried on by the two companies for nearly thirty years. At length, in the year 1821, when the violence of the contest had nearly exhausted the means of both parties, an arrangement was entered into between them, by which their interests became united, under the management of a board of directors chosen from both companies. The new association, which retained the name of the Hudson's Bay Company, possessed sufficient influence with the government of the day to obtain a licence of exclusive trade over the territories situated west of the Rocky Mountains—the country on the east side being considered sufficiently protected by the establishments of the two companies already formed there—and such vague rights as might be claimed under the charter of King Charles II. The licence of exclusive trade was granted for a period of twenty-one years, and on its expiration in 1842, it was renewed until the year 1859.

By the deed-poll of 1821, regulating the organisation of the new association, there were twenty-five chief factors and twenty-eight chief traders appointed—corresponding to the junior and senior wintering partners of the North-west Company—who were named in alternate succession from the servants of both companies. The profits, which have averaged since 1821 about L.200,000 per annum, on a nominal capital of L.400,000—a tenth part only being probably paid up—were divided into 100 shares, of which 60 were divided among the proprietors in England and Canada. The remaining 40 were subdivided into 85 shares, and each of the twenty-five chief factors was entitled to 2 shares, or 2-85ths; and each of the twenty-eight chief traders to 1-85th—the remaining

13

## FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

seven of the 85 shares being appropriated to retiring partners, in certain proportions, for seven years. With a few unimportant modifications, the arrangement entered into in 1821 subsists to the present day, when all traces of rival interests may be said to have long since disappeared, and become merged in one united and powerful organisation.

The territory embraced within the present operations of the Company may be roughly estimated at somewhat more than 4,000,000 of square miles, or about one-third greater than the whole extent of Europe. This vast area, which is covered by a net-work of about 100 trading-posts, scattered at distances of about 300 or 400 miles apart, is divided into four large departments: 1st, The Montreal Department, which includes all the establishments situated between the river St Lawrence and the great lakes of Canada, and along the north shore of the Gulf of St Lawrence and the coast of Labrador; 2d, The Southern Department, which includes the country along the north shores of Lake Superior and the southern shores of Hudson's Bay; 3d, The Northern Department, which comprehends all the establishments north of this, as far as the shores of the Polar Sea; and 4th, The Columbia Department, including the territory watered by the Columbia and other rivers west of the Rocky Mountains. The departments are divided into a number of 'districts,' each under the direction of a superior officer; and these, again, are subdivided into numerous factories, forts, posts, and outposts.

The Company is governed by a governor and committee, resident in London, elected by the stockholders, who meet once a year for the transaction of general business, and to discuss and receive reports, &c. The committee appoint a resident superintendent, who assumes the style of 'governor,' to preside at councils of chief factors and chief traders, by whom the business in America is conducted, and the instructions of the home committee carried into effect. The lower ranks of the Company's service consist of seven grades, whose duties are thus defined by Mr Ballantyne:—'First, the labourer, who is ready to turn his hand to anything; to become a trapper, fisherman, or rough carpenter, at the shortest notice. He is generally employed in cutting firewood for the consumption of the establishment at which he is stationed, shovelling snow from before the doors, mending all sorts of damages to all sorts of things; and, during the summer months, in transporting furs and goods between his post and the nearest depot. Next in rank is the interpreter: he is, for the most part, an intelligent labourer, of pretty long standing in the service, who, having picked up a smattering of Indian, is consequently very useful in trading with the natives. After the interpreter comes the postmaster, usually a promoted labourer, who, for good behaviour or valuable services, has been put on a footing with the gentlemen of the service, in the same manner that a private soldier in the army is sometimes raised to the rank of

#### FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

commissioned-officer. At whatever station a postmaster may happen to be placed, he is generally the most useful and active man there. He is often placed in charge of one of the many small stations or outposts throughout the country. Next are the apprentice-clerks—raw lads who come out fresh from school, with their mouths agape at the wonders they behold in Hudson's Bay. They generally, for the purpose of appearing manly, acquire all the bad habits of the country as quickly as possible, and are stuffed full of what they call fun, with a strong spice of mischief. They become more sensible and sedate before they get through the first five years of their apprenticeship, after which they attain the rank of clerks. The clerk, after a number of years' service, becomes a chief trader (or half-shareholder), and in a few years more he attains the highest rank to which any one can rise in the service—that of chief factor.'

The number of employes in the Company's service is somewhat more than 1000, who are scattered in dozens and half-dozens throughout the various trading-posts over the country. They consist, for the most part, of Orkneymen, Scotch Highlanders, Norwegians, and a few French Canadians—the only class of persons to whom the hard fare and wretched pay of the Company—averaging a little more than L.1 per month—hold out sufficient temptation to enter the service. The salaries of the clerks vary from L.20 to L.100 per annum. In the time of the North-west Company, when promotion to a partnership was within the reach of almost every well-conducted young man in the service, the clerks were generally persons of good family and education. Under the present system, where, in the absence of competition, the chief stimulus to individual exertion and the opportunity for distinction it afforded has been withdrawn, and where the promotions have become in consequence monopolised among the connections of a few influential families, few persons of this class are found disposed to enter the service, or to remain long in it when they have done so. The trade carried on by the Company is almost entirely in furs, though small quantities of oil, dried and salted fish, feathers, quills, &c., are also sent to England. Viewed in any other light than as a profitable investment for a few shareholders in London, the trade to the vast continent under the sway of the Company is extremely insignificant. It employs, altogether, but three ships annually—two to Hudson's Bay, and one to the north-west coast.

Sales are made, by public auction, of furs and other returns from the country, twice or thrice in each year, at the Company's premises in London, at which one of the directors usually attends, to buy in such lots as do not reach a certain value. Printed lists of the articles to be exposed for sale are open to public inspection at the auction-room some days before. The following lists of the spring and autumn sales, in March and August 1848, may be taken as a fair average of the amount of these sales, and of the

#### FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

various kinds of furs usually exposed at them:—In March, there were sold by auction at the Hudson's Bay House, in Fenchurch Street—5780 otter-skins; 458 fisher; 900 silver fox; 18,100 ditto, cross, red, white, and kitt; 2566 bear, black; 536 ditto, brown, gray, and white; 30,100 lynx; 9800 wolf; 680 wolvereen; 121,000 marten; 24,000 mink-skins; and sundry smaller lots. And in August—21,349 beaver-skins; 54 pounds of coat-beaver and pieces; 808 otter-skins; 195 sea-otter; 150 fur seal; 744 fisher; 1344 fox; 2997 bear; 29,785 marten; 14,103 mink; 18,553 musquash; 1551 swan; 1015 lynx; 632 cat; 1494 wolf; 228 wolvereen; 2090 racoon; and 2884 deer skins, &c. This forms but a small part of the yearly returns from the Company's territories, considerable quantities being exported to the continent, the United States, and occasionally to China.

From the profound secrecy in which all the proceedings of the Company are enveloped, it is difficult to arrive at any accurate details regarding the entire extent of their trade, and the profits derived from it. The gross returns from the sales of furs and other articles in London, are estimated by competent authorities, as has been previously stated, at somewhat more than L.200,000 per annum. The amount of manufactured goods exported from this country for the traffic with the natives is not known, and there are, therefore, no reliable data for estimating the profits accruing to the shareholders after all expenses have been deducted. Unlike every other description of stock, also, Hudson's Bay shares are never found in the market—the directors having, as is understood, the right of pre-emption. The profits realised upon the trade with the Indians are better known. The recent crown grant of Vancouver's Island to the Hudson's Bay Company—an episode in the colonial policy of Earl Grey, which will probably be familiar to most readers from the strong opposition it called forth at the time from parliament and the press—brought to light, among other results, some interesting details of the internal administration of the Hudson's Bay territories, upon which the public had previously little or no information. In an account of the fur-trade, we are no further concerned with these details—which the curious in such matters will find fully set forth in the Parliamentary Reports on the subject—than as they throw light upon the relations of the Company with the native Indians, the great army of hunters and trappers scattered over the wilds of North America, to whom this extensive and important commerce, in reality, owes its existence.

It is difficult to form an estimate, approaching to accuracy, of the population of the Hudson's Bay territories. From forty to fifty different tribes, speaking distinct languages, have been enumerated; but the discordant estimates even of the oldest and most experienced residents in the Indian country, forbid all idea of arriving at any accurate estimate of their numbers. Compared with the extent of territory, there can be no doubt that the

#### FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

numerical amount of the population is extremely small, being scattered, as savage communities usually are, over immense tracts of wilderness, which they roam over like the wild animals on which they subsist, rather than occupy, in any received sense of the term among ourselves. These tribes are very unequally distributed, and differ considerably in manners, customs, and modes of life, as might be expected from the varying character of the climate, and the physical aspect of the country they inhabit, and the various wants and habitudes to which this difference gives rise. A general view of the Hudson's Bay territories presents for notice four great natural regions, whose inhabitants, though differing in language, and often entertaining for each other a bitter and implacable hatred, present sufficient points of similarity in their habits and modes of life to be grouped together. These are:—

1. The Columbia or Oregon Territory—a country of varied features, extending from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, and bounded severally on the north and south by the possessions of Russia and the United States.

2. The Wooded Region, occupying the country from Canada northwards along the southern shores of Hudson's Bay, and extending along the Valley of the Mackenzie and Peace Rivers nearly to the Arctic Ocean.

3. The Prairie Region, situated between the forementioned divisions, and occupying the Valley of the Saskatchewan and Red Rivers, and the upper waters of the Missouri and Mississippi.

4. The strip of sterile country along the northern shores of Hudson's Bay and the coast of the Polar Sea, familiarly known as the Barren Grounds.

Of these divisions, the Wooded Region is the most extensive and the most valuable for the purposes of the fur-trade—all the finer skins which find their way to the London market being obtained from it. It has, in consequence, been long occupied and thoroughly worked by the trading-posts and agencies of the Company. The Indians inhabiting it are, in general, at the present day, a mild inoffensive race. Long familiarity with the whites, and the habits of trade, have produced a friendly feeling among them towards Europeans, and a desire for the commodities with which they supply them, and this renders them by far the most valuable and industrious class of the population of the Hudson's Bay territories. The relation of the Company towards them is an extremely simple one—the Indians hunt and trap for the furs, which the Company receive, giving in exchange such articles as are suited to the simple wants and tastes of the natives. Trade is carried on by means of a standard valuation, based on the market-price of a beaver-skin, and hence denominated a *made-beaver*. This is to obviate the necessity of circulating money, which is quite unknown in any part of the Indian country. A beaver-skin is considered, in the Indian trade, equivalent to two, three, or more skins of inferior value. Thus an Indian arriving at

## FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

one of the Company's establishments with a bundle of furs which he intends to trade, proceeds in the first instance to the trading-room. There the trader separates the furs into lots, and after adding up the amount, delivers to the Indian a number of little pieces of wood, indicating the number of made-beaver to which his hunt amounts. He is next taken to the store-room, where he finds himself surrounded by bales of blankets, slop-coats, guns, knives, powder-horns, flints, axes, &c. Each article has a recognised value in made-beaver. A slop-coat, for example, is twelve made-beavers, for which the Indian delivers up twelve of his pieces of wood; for a gun he gives twenty; for a knife, two; and so on, until his stock of wooden cash is expended.

It will hardly be necessary to say, that the remuneration afforded to the poor Indian for his furs is, through the complete monopoly enjoyed by the Company, out of all proportion to the market value of the skins in England. This will be shewn from the table of tariff in next page, regulating the value in the Indian trade of some of the more valuable furs, and affording a comparison between the buying and selling prices of the articles in which the Company deals, to which perhaps the records of no other association in the world afford a parallel. It has been extracted from the parliamentary papers above referred to, and is introduced with the statement, 'that 33½ per cent. on the prime cost of the goods is considered by the Company to cover the expenses of freight, carriage, &c., to the country.' The selling-prices of the different skins in London are extracted from a table given by the late Mr Hugh Murray, in his work on British North America, in the *Edinburgh Cabinet Library*, based on a list stated to have been furnished by the Company, as a fair indication of the average prices of furs in the market.

It would probably be unjust to infer from the following tariff, that the system of trade carried on by the Company, as there indicated, is equally unfavourable to the unfortunate Indian in other parts of their territories. It is certain that, at the establishments along the United States' frontier and the outskirts of Canada, it is often necessary, in order to crush or prevent competition, to give even more than the full value of the skins. Other expenses necessarily incurred in the prosecution of the trade—such as the wages of officers and servants, and the freight of shipping—must also be taken into account, as adding to the ridiculously small outlay of the Company. Still, enough remains of what is 'wrung from the hard hands of Indians' to pay dividends in London upon Hudson's Bay Stock, after all the efforts which have been made, as previously described, to give it a fictitious value, to render it one of the best investments in England. It is difficult to say how far the griping system by which these excessive gains are produced has been productive of the general misery among the natives subject to it, which the recent inquiries into the condition of the Hudson's Bay territories have brought to light. The wants of Indians, in a region where buffalo or deer are to be

INDIAN TARIFF OF THE TERRITORY EMBRACED WITHIN THE ROYAL LICENCE,  
SITUATED EAST OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

Prime Cost.	Articles supplied to the Indians.	Beaver-Skins.		Marten-Skins.		Silver Fox-Skins.		Lynx-Skins.		Otter-Skins.	
		No.	Market Value. £ s. d.	No.	Market Value. £ s. d.	No.	Market Value. £ s. d.	No.	Market Value. £ s. d.	No.	Market Value. £ s. d.
22 0	1 Gun, .	20	32 10 0	60	46 10 0	5	50 0 0	20	20 0 0	20	23 10 0
0 14	1 Gill of Powder, .	1	1 12 6	3	2 6 6	1	2 10 0	1	1 0 0	1	1 3 6
0 14	18 Leaden Bullets, .	1	1 12 6	3	2 6 6	1	2 10 0	1	1 0 0	1	1 3 6
0 1	8 Charges of Shot, .	1	1 12 6	3	2 6 6	1	2 10 0	1	1 0 0	1	1 3 6
0 1	10 Gun Flints, .	1	1 12 6	3	2 6 6	1	2 10 0	1	1 0 0	1	1 3 6
1 6	1 Axe, .	3	4 17 6	9	6 19 6	7	7 10 0	3	3 0 0	3	3 10 6
12 0	1 Copper Kettle (6 gallons), .	16	26 0 0	48	37 4 0	40	40 0 0	16	16 0 0	16	18 16 0
0 2	1 Fire-steel, .	1	1 12 6	3	2 6 0	2	2 10 0	1	1 0 0	1	1 3 6
0 4	1 Scalping-knife, .	1	1 12 6	3	2 6 0	2	2 10 0	1	1 0 0	1	1 3 6
0 6	1 File (8-inch), .	2	3 5 0	6	4 13 0	5	5 0 0	2	2 0 0	2	2 7 0
0 9	Tobacco-box and Burying-glass, .	2	3 5 0	6	4 13 0	5	5 0 0	2	2 0 0	2	2 7 0
0 2	1 Common Horn Comb, .	1	1 12 6	3	2 6 6	2	2 10 0	1	1 0 0	1	1 3 6
0 24	8 Awls, .	1	1 12 6	3	2 6 6	2	2 10 0	1	1 0 0	1	1 3 6
0 34	1 Dozen Brass Buttons, .	1	1 12 6	3	2 6 6	2	2 10 0	1	1 0 0	1	1 3 6
0 3	12 Brass Finger-rings, .	2	3 5 0	6	4 13 0	5	5 0 0	2	2 0 0	2	2 7 0
0 1	6 Clay Tobacco-pipes, .	1	1 12 6	3	2 6 6	2	2 10 0	1	1 0 0	1	1 3 6
0 4	1 Paper-mounted Mirror, .	1	1 12 6	3	2 6 6	2	2 10 0	1	1 0 0	1	1 3 6
0 10	1 Pound of Reads, .	6	9 15 0	18	13 19 0	15	15 0 0	6	6 0 0	6	7 1 0
0 34	6 Ounce of Tobacco, .	1	1 12 6	3	2 6 6	2	2 10 0	1	1 0 0	1	1 3 6
5 94	1 Blanket (3-point) plain, .	10	16 5 0	30	23 5 0	25	25 0 0	10	10 0 0	10	11 15 0
7 0	" " striped, .	12	19 10 0	36	27 18 0	30	30 0 0	12	12 0 0	12	14 2 0
12 0	Man's Slop-coat (large), .	12	19 10 0	36	27 18 0	30	30 0 0	12	12 0 0	12	14 2 0
5 3	Boy's " (largest), .	5	8 2 6	15	11 12 6	12	12 0 0	5	5 0 0	5	5 17 6
0 24	6 Yards Gartering, .	1	1 12 6	3	2 6 6	2	2 10 0	1	1 0 0	1	1 3 6
6 6	1 Pair of Trowsers, .	9	14 12 6	27	20 18 6	22	22 0 0	9	9 0 0	9	10 11 6
1 9	1 Shirt (Cotton), .	3	4 17 6	9	6 19 6	7	7 10 0	3	3 0 0	3	3 10 6
0 44	1 Handkerchief (Cotton), .	1	1 12 6	3	2 6 6	2	2 10 0	1	1 0 0	1	1 3 6
0 3	1 Ounce of Vermilion, .	1	1 12 6	3	2 6 6	2	2 10 0	1	1 0 0	1	1 3 6
0 4	1 Pint of Rum (watered), .	1	1 12 6	3	2 6 6	2	2 10 0	1	1 0 0	1	1 3 6

#### FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

found, as is the case in the prairie region and parts of the Oregon territory, are limited to ammunition and a few articles of iron and tin; and their *desires*, to the possession of a few trinkets. There are extensive tracts, however, in which the means of subsistence are scanty in the extreme; and in the greater part of the territories now under review—namely, the wooded districts, where, under a constant persecution for more than a century, the larger animals which supply the food of man have nearly become extinct (the preservation of the fur-bearing animals is provided for by strict regulations laid down by the Company) the wretched natives, during winter, can with difficulty collect enough food to support life. In this part of the country, fish is at all times scarce and difficult to be obtained in the winter season; and during that period, nearly the sole dependence of the natives for subsistence is placed upon rabbits. When these fail, the most frightful tragedies at times take place. The too frequent resort in such cases is to cannibalism. ‘Parents have been known to lengthen out a miserable existence by killing and devouring their own children.’ The climate and soil of these tracts are in many parts adapted for cultivation; but from the short-sighted and selfish policy of the traders, no attempts have been anywhere made to develop the agricultural capabilities of the country. Their dread is, that, by abandoning their wandering habits, and setting themselves down to agricultural pursuits, even for a small portion of the year, the Indians might become less valuable as hunters. The fatal results of this policy are every year becoming apparent in the depopulation of the country, from which the native tribes are rapidly disappearing. Giving every credit to the Company for the energy and enterprise of their operations, it cannot be denied that the results of the system under which the Hudson’s Bay territories are at present placed, are, as regards the development of the resources of the country, and the progress and enlightenment of the native races, disastrous in the extreme. No doubt, many of the Company’s servants are generous and humane, as well as enterprising and intelligent; but, on the other hand, it is equally undeniable that the profits—the very existence of the Company, as at present constituted—depend on keeping the whole territory under their rule a vast hunting-ground, an enormous preserve—upon keeping whole nations of Indians as hunters and trappers, and discouraging anything like civilisation and agricultural settlement; above all, upon keeping the territory shut up, preventing its ever becoming a highway, sticking up a great ‘No thoroughfare board’ at every entrance, and thus avoiding the risk of any competition in the fur-traffic. Amidst the vast and various sources of our national wealth, and the manifold directions in which it is employed, it is scarcely to be wondered at that the comparatively insignificant commercial operations of the Company should have escaped much public notice. Nor is it more surprising that, invested with such powers, and in the possession

#### FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

of such admirable machinery for veiling in impenetrable secrecy their transactions, as well as the country in which they are carried on, they should have been able for so long a period to prolong their existence. The address, now pending, of the House of Commons to the Crown, for an inquiry into the legality of the powers exercised by the Company under their charter, will probably do much towards placing the administration of the Hudson's Bay territories on a better footing; and it is to be hoped that, among the subjects that will come under the consideration of parliament, the amelioration of the condition of the aborigines will not be overlooked. Apart from all considerations of humanity, it is seldom that the aborigines of any country have had so strong a claim upon our sympathy and protection. The trade created and sustained by their industry has already enriched this country by more than L.20,000,000 sterling; and yet, to this day, throughout the vast territories of Hudson's Bay, there is neither a church nor a school established by the Company where the Indian can receive the commonest rudiments of Christianity or education: he is still roaming about his forests and his lakes, shivering naked that we may be warmly clad, dying by starvation that the cup of our luxury may be filled!

Happily, there are still extensive tracts which the evils of over-hunting and overtrading have not yet reached, and where the Indian may still be found enjoying much of that savage independence, and displaying many of those traits of mind and character, with which fiction and romance have invested him. While the wretched and half-starved hunter of the north drags on a toilsome and cheerless existence, amidst his mazy wilderness of forests and wintry lakes, hanging in helpless dependence upon the white strangers who are making a market of his ignorance and necessities—the powerful and warlike Blackfeet, the Sioux, the Assiniboine, and other formidable tribes, are scouring the boundless prairies of the south and west, and revelling in the abundant produce of countless herds of buffalo and deer. Whatever of romantic interest attaches at the present day to the fur-trade of America, must be sought for here, or in the somewhat similar region on the west of the Rocky Mountains, which we have denominated the Columbia or Oregon Territory.

The Prairie Region, and the districts just alluded to on the west side of the mountains, have been for many years, or at least until the recent settlement of the long agitated 'Oregon Question,' between this country and the United States, a sort of debatable land or border territory between the British and American fur-traders; and this, added to the warlike and predatory character of many of the tribes inhabiting it, has caused a new species of traffic, and a new order of trappers and traders to spring out of the hunting and trapping competition carried on within it. The fur-trade of the United States is, for the most part, in the hands of two great trading associations—the Rocky Mountain Fur Company,

#### FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

and the American Fur Company; the latter, founded by the celebrated Mr Astor, the originator of the ill-fated enterprise to which Washington Irving has given an enduring celebrity in his popular publication of *Astoria*. The American Fur Companies keep few or no established posts beyond the mountains; everything there is regulated by resident partners—that is to say, partners who reside in the tramontane country, but who move about from place to place, either with Indian tribes, whose traffic they wish to monopolise, or with bodies of their own men, whom they employ in trading and trapping. In the meantime, they detach bands or brigades, as they are termed, of trappers, in various directions, assigning to each a portion of country as a hunting or trapping ground. In the months of June or July, when there is an interval between the hunting-seasons, a general rendezvous is held at some designated place in the mountains, when the affairs of the past year are settled by the resident partners, and the plans for the following year arranged. To this rendezvous repair the various brigades of trappers from their widely separated hunting-grounds, bringing in the products of their year's campaign. Hither also repair the Indian tribes accustomed to traffic their peltries with the Company. Bands of free-trappers—the prototypes of Cooper's popular character of Hawkeye—resort thither also, to sell the furs they have collected, or to engage their services for the next hunting-season.

The employment of these free-trappers, in which the Hudson's Bay Company, along the frontiers, follow the example of their American rivals, has imparted a new character to the trade of this part of the country, and frequently converted the native tribes, some of them incorrigibly savage and warlike in their nature, from peaceful hunters into formidable foes. Some of these tribes, resenting the incursions of the trappers into their hunting-grounds, have long carried on a ruthless crusade against the white invaders of their soil, regarding the expeditions of the fur-traders only as grand objects of plunder and profitable adventure. To waylay and harass a band of trappers with their packhorses, when embarrassed in the rugged defiles of the mountains, has become a favourite and legitimate exploit with these Indians, as the plunder of a caravan to the Arab of the desert. The Crows and Blackfeet are particularly the terror of the American fur-traders. They know the routes and resorts of the trappers—where to waylay them on their journeys, where to find them in the hunting-seasons, and where to hover about them in winter-quarters. The life of a trapper is thus a perpetual state-militant, and he must sleep with his weapons in his hand.

Many and marvellous are the stories related by American travellers of the hair-breadth 'scapes, and perils by flood and field of the trappers' life in the Far West. Of this kind is a story related by Farnham, in his *Travels in the Rocky Mountains*, of a trapper who had separated from his companion, and, travelling

#### FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

far up the Missouri, by chance discovered a most beautiful valley. Here he thought he could remain till his death. 'The lower mountains were covered with tall pines, and above and around, except in the east, where the morning sun sent his rays, the bright glittering ridges rose high against the sky, decked in the garniture of perpetual frosts. Along the valley lay a clear pure lake, in the centre of which played a number of fountains, that threw their waters many feet above its surface, and sending their waves rippling away to the pebbly shores, made the mountains and groves that were reflected from its bosom, seem to leap and clap their hands for joy at the sacred quiet that reigned amongst them. He pitched his tent on the shore, in a little copse of hemlock, and set his traps. Having done this, he explored carefully the valley for egress, ingress, signs, &c. His object was to ascertain if the valley were tenanted by human beings, and if there were places of escape should it be entered by hostile persons through the pass that led himself to it. He found no other except one for the waters of the lake, through a deep chasm in the mountains, and this was such, that no one could descend it alive to the lower valleys; for, as he waded and swam by turns down its waters, he soon found himself drawn by an increasing current, which sufficiently indicated to him the cause of the deep roar that resounded from the caverns below. He, accordingly, made the shore, and climbed along among the projecting crags, till he overlooked an abyss of fallen rocks, into which the stream poured and foamed and was lost in the mist. He returned to his camp, satisfied he had found a hitherto undiscovered valley, stored with beaver and trout, and grass for his horses; where he could trap fish, and dream awhile in safety. And every morning, for three delightful weeks, did he draw the beaver from the deep pools, where they had plunged when the quick trap had seized them; and stringing them two and two together over his packhorse bore them to his camp, and with his long side-knife stripped off the skins for fur, pinned them to the ground to dry, and in his camp-kettle cooked the much-prized tails for his mid-day repast. "Was it not a fine hunt that?" asked he; "beaver as thick as mosquitoes, trout as plenty as water; but the ungodly Blackfeet!" The sun had thrown a few rays upon the rim of the eastern firmament, whence the Blackfeet war-whoop rang around his tent—a direful "whoopah-hoah," ending with a yell, piercing, sharp, and shrill through the clenched teeth. He had but one means of escape—the lake. Into it he plunged beneath a shower of poisoned arrows—plunged deeply, and swam under while he could endure the absence of air. He rose; he was in the midst of his foes, swimming and shouting round him; down again, and up to breathe, and on he swam with long and powerful sweeps. The pursuit was long; but at last he entered the chasm which he had explored, plunged along the cascade as near as he dared, clung to a shrub that grew from the crevice of the rock, and lay under water for the approach of his pursuers. On they came: they

#### FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

passed, they shrieked, and plunged for ever into the abyss of mist!

Notwithstanding the life of continued exertion, peril, and excitement which they lead, there is no class of men, according to Captain Bonneville, who are more enamoured of their occupation than the free-trappers of the West. No toil, no danger, no privation, can turn the trapper from his pursuit: his passionate excitement at times resembles a mania. In vain may the most vigilant and cruel savages beset his path; in vain may rocks and precipices and wintry torrents oppose his progress; let but a single track of a beaver meet his eye, and he forgets all dangers and defies all difficulties. At times he may be seen with his traps on his shoulder, buffeting his way across rapid streams, amidst floating blocks of ice; at other times, he is to be found with his traps swung on his back, clambering over the most rugged mountains, scaling or descending the most frightful precipices, searching by routes inaccessible to the horse, and never before trodden by white man, for springs and lakes unknown to his comrades, and where he may meet with his favourite game. Such is the hardy trapper of the American fur-trade, and such is the wild Robin-Hood kind of life, with all its strange and motley populace, now existing in full vigour on the mountains and in the vast prairies stretching along the border territories of the Far West.

The Hudson's Bay Company are not partial to the employment of this class, whose notions of trade and fair profits are but little suited to the latitude of Hudson's Bay, and employ them at all only when the encroachments of the American Fur Companies along the frontiers render it necessary to oppose them with their own weapons. The establishments of the Company on the prairie region, and the frontier parts of the Oregon Territory, are kept up at little or no profit, and frequently at a considerable loss, from the high prices it is necessary to pay for the furs, to prevent or crush competition. The establishments are useful, however, as depôts for collecting provisions—being situated in the heart of the buffalo country—for the use of the famished but profitable districts in the north, whence, as already stated, the principal portion of the furs is derived. The produce of the prairie districts consists chiefly of the coarser kinds of furs—such as the wolf, fox, and lynx, and the buffalo-ropes, which are obtained in immense quantities, and fetch a high price in the markets of Canada and the United States, where they are much prized for wrappers for winter-travelling and sledge-driving.

The district referred to in the geographical sketch as the Barren Grounds, is almost valueless for the purposes of the fur-trade. The only inhabitants are the Esquimaux, who live chiefly by fishing along the coast, and trade in oil, feathers, seal-skins, and ivory at the few posts which have hitherto been established in that part of the country.

It has been remarked, that the policy of the Hudson's Bay

#### FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

Company is averse to colonisation. One small settlement, however, has contrived to force itself into existence on the banks of the Red River—a small stream rising near the head-waters of the Mississippi, and falling into Lake Winnipeg, in latitude 50 degrees north. Red River was first settled upon by the traders of the North-west Company, but it did not assume the character of a colony till 1811, when the late Earl Selkirk, then a leading proprietor in the Hudson's Bay Company, obtained a grant of the territory, ostensibly for the purpose of forming a British settlement on it, but in reality with the view of dispossessing the North-west Company of a valuable district, from which a large portion of their supplies for carrying on their trade in the interior was obtained. On the junction of the two companies, such of their retiring servants with their families as were unwilling to leave the country, were allowed to settle in it. The colony was increased by the accession of a few emigrants brought out from Europe by Lord Selkirk, consisting chiefly of Scotch Highlanders and a few Norwegians; and it now numbers a population of about 10,000 souls. The representatives of Lord Selkirk recently transferred their interests in the colony to the Hudson's Bay Company, by whom it is now governed.

On the north-west coast an experiment is being made, under the auspices of the government, to establish a colony on the Pacific in Vancouver's Island. After a strong opposition in parliament, headed by the present Colonial Secretary, the Duke of Newcastle, the management of the colony was intrusted to the Hudson's Bay Company for a period of five years from 1848. The advantages of its situation, and the large supply of coal found on the island, augur well for its future prosperity and importance. The progress of the settlement must necessarily, however, be very much impeded by the operation of the recent gold discoveries in California, which it is understood have already drawn away many of the emigrants who have proceeded to the island from this country.

A sketch of the fur-trade of North America calls for some notice of the operations of the Russian Fur Company, established in the extreme north-west angle of the continent. This association owes its formation to the Emperor Paul of Russia, who, in the year 1799, organised the trade of the North-west Coast of America on its present footing. The Russian Company, like the Hudson's Bay Company, is a monopoly, but more intimately connected with the government—the emperor being a shareholder, and all its officers being in the imperial service.

The territory embraced within the operations of the Company includes all the Pacific coast of America, and the islands north of latitude 54° 40', and the whole of the continent west of 141°; the Asiatic coast of the Pacific, north of 51°; and the islands of the Kurile group as far south as 45° 50'. In 1839, when the charter of the Company was last renewed, there were altogether thirty-six hunting and fishing establishments.

#### FUR-TRADE AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

Sitka, or New Archangel, founded in 1805, is a military station, and the chief post of the Russian Fur Company. The fort mounts sixteen short eighteen, and forty-two long nine pounders, and there are about 300 officers and men. The Company has twelve vessels, varying from 100 to 400 tons each, mounting ten guns of different calibre. There is a Greek bishop, with several priests and deacons, and also a Lutheran minister, and several schools for the children of the European and half-caste population. The whole of the territories is divided into six agencies, each controlled by the governor-general, who resides at Sitka. The trade of Sitka in 1842 was estimated at 10,000 fur seals, 1000 sea-otters, 12,000 beavers, 2500 land-otters, foxes, and martens, and 20,000 sea-horse teeth. The progress of Sitka in commerce is very considerable. A recent traveller states, that in April 1843 he found eleven vessels and two steamers in the harbour—one, a steam-tug, had its machinery cast and manufactured at Sitka. Steam pleasure-boats of two horse-power had also been built there.

The census of 1836 gave the number of Russians in the territories of the Company at 730; of native subjects and creoles, 1442; and 11,000 aborigines of the Kurile, Aleutian, and Kodiak islands. The inhabitants of these islands are regarded as the immediate subjects of the Russian Company, in whose service every man between eighteen and fifty may be required to pass at least three years. The natives of the country adjacent to Cook's Inlet and Prince William's Sound, are also under the control of the Company, and are obliged to pay an annual tax in furs and skins.





## WILLIAM COBBETT.



IN the second year of George III.'s reign—when Edmund Burke was editing the *Annual Register* at a salary of L.50 a year—when Dr Johnson's friends were busily at work urging ministers to obtain a pension for him from the amiable young monarch—when Horace Walpole was entertaining his numerous correspondents with that delightful gossip about the new court and young Queen Charlotte, which, after nearly a century, still preserves its charm—when William Pitt was learning the alphabet, and Charles James Fox was making Latin verses at Eton, little dreaming of the important part which he and his young rival were destined to play in the world's history—in the spring of that year (1762), in a small cottage in the town of Farnham, in Surrey, William Cobbett, one of the most remarkable self-taught men of whom England can boast,  
No. 66.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

first saw the light. 'With respect to my ancestors,' he says in his *Adventures of Peter Porcupine*, 'I shall go no further back than my grandfather; and for this plain reason—that I never heard talk of any prior to him. He was a day-labourer; and I have heard my father say, that he worked for one farmer from the day of his marriage to that of his death—upwards of forty years. He died before I was born; but I have often slept beneath the same roof that had sheltered him, and where his widow dwelt for several years after his death. It was a little thatched cottage, with a garden before the door. It had but two windows—a damson-tree shaded one, and a clump of filberts the other. Here I and my brothers went every Christmas and Whitsuntide to spend a week or two, and torment the poor old woman with our noise and dilapidations. She used to give us milk and bread for breakfast, an apple-pudding for our dinner, and a piece of bread and cheese for supper. Her fire was made of turf, cut from the neighbouring heath, and her evening light was a rush dipped in grease.

'My father, when I was born, was a farmer. The reader will easily believe, from the poverty of his parents, that he had received no very brilliant education; he was, however, learned for a man in his rank of life. When a little boy, he drove the plough for twopence a day; and these, his earnings, were appropriated to the expenses of an evening-school. What a village schoolmaster could be expected to teach, he had learned; and had, besides, considerably improved himself in several branches of the mathematics. He understood land-surveying well, and was often chosen to draw the plans of disputed territory; in short, he had the reputation of possessing experience and understanding, which never fails in England to give a man in a country place some little weight with his neighbours. He was honest, industrious, and frugal; it was not, therefore, wonderful that he should be situated in a good farm, and happy in a wife of his own rank, like him beloved and respected.

'A father like ours, it will be readily supposed, did not suffer us to eat the bread of idleness. I do not remember the time when I did not earn my living. My first occupation was driving the small birds from the turnip-seed, and the rooks from the pease. When I first trudged a field, with my wooden bottle and my satchel swung over my shoulders, I was hardly able to climb the gates and stiles; and at the close of the day, to reach home was a task of infinite difficulty. My next employment was weeding wheat, and leading a single horse at harrowing barley. Hoeing pease followed; and hence I arrived at the honour of joining the reapers in harvest, driving the team, and holding the plough. We were all of us strong and laborious; and my father used to boast that he had four boys, the eldest of whom was but fifteen years old, who did as much work as any three men in the parish of Farnham. Honest pride, and happy days! I have some faint

WILLIAM COBBETT.

recollection of going to school to an old woman, who, I believe, did not succeed in learning me my letters. In the winter evenings, my father learned us all to read and write, and gave us a pretty tolerable knowledge of arithmetic. Grammar he did not perfectly understand himself, and therefore his endeavours to learn us that necessarily failed; for though he thought he understood it, and though he made us get the rules by heart, we learned nothing at all of the principles.

‘Our religion was that of the Church of England, to which I have ever remained attached; the more so, perhaps, as it bears the name of my country. As to politics, we were like the rest of the country-people in England; that is to say, we neither knew nor thought anything about the matter. The shouts of victory, or the murmurs at a defeat, would now and then break in upon our tranquillity for a moment; but I do not remember ever having seen a newspaper in the house; and, most certainly, that privation did not render us less industrious, happy, or free. After, however, the American war had continued for some time, and the cause and nature of it began to be understood, or rather misunderstood, by the lower classes of the people in England, we became a little better acquainted with subjects of this kind. It is well known that the people were, as to numbers, nearly equally divided in their opinions concerning that war, and their wishes respecting the result of it. My father was a partisan of the Americans; he used frequently to dispute on the subject with the gardener of a nobleman who lived near us. This was generally done with good-humour over a pot of our best ale; yet the disputants sometimes grew warm, and gave way to language that could not fail to attract our attention. My father was worsted, without doubt, as he had for an antagonist a shrewd and sensible old Scotchman, far his superior in political knowledge; but he pleaded before a partial audience: we thought there was but one wise man in the world, and that that one was our father.’

As he was in no humour, while writing his *Life of Peter Porcupine*, to indulge in much detail regarding the incidents of his boyhood, he skips over the whole of that period in a single sentence. ‘It would be as useless as unentertaining,’ he says, ‘to dwell on the occupations and sports of a country-boy; to lead the reader to fairs, cricket-matches, and hare-hunts.’ Under this impression, therefore, he takes a jump forward to 1782, when he must have been twenty years old. Of his early tastes and habits, however—his love of gardening and of a country life, for example, which he always hankered after—we have many delightful reminiscences in almost every one of his books, and not unfrequently even in the midst of some of his most furious articles in the *Political Register*. ‘From my very infancy,’ he says, in the preface to *A Year’s Residence in America*, ‘from the age of six years, when I climbed up the side of a steep sand-rock, and there scooped me out a plot four feet square to make me a garden, and

WILLIAM COBBETT.

the soil for which I carried up in the bosom of my little blue smock-frock or hunting-shirt, I have never lost one particle of my passion for these healthy and rational and heart-cheering pursuits, in which every day presents something new, in which the spirits are never suffered to flag, and in which industry, skill, and care, are sure to meet with their due reward. I have never, for any eight months together, during my whole life, been without a garden.' This love of gardening, which shews itself in many a part of his writings, especially in the *Rural Rides*, he traces to the home education he had received. He was brought up under a father whose talk was chiefly about his garden and his fields, with regard to which he was famed for his skill and neatness. The character of the district in which he was born and bred must have had also no small influence in strengthening his horticultural tendencies. He never tires of sounding the praises of the hop-gardens of Farnham. The neatest in England, if not in the whole world. 'All there is a garden. The neat culture of the hop extends its influence to the fields round about. Hedges cut with shears, and every other mark of skill and care strike the eye at Farnham, and become fainter and fainter as you go from it in every direction.' His first start from home, at the early age of eleven, as he describes, in the following passage, which occurs in an *Address to the Reformers*, published in 1820, was inspired by a determination to see Kew Gardens, of which he had heard such a description as left him no rest till he had gone and seen that collection of horticultural marvels.

'At eleven years of age, my employment was clipping of box-edgings and weeding beds of flowers in the garden of the Bishop of Winchester, at the castle of Farnham. I had always been fond of beautiful gardens; and a gardener, who had just come from the king's gardens at Kew, gave such a description of them as made me instantly resolve to work in these gardens. The next morning, without saying a word to any one, off I set, with no clothes except those upon my back, and with thirteen half-pence in my pocket. I found that I must go to Richmond, and I accordingly went from place to place inquiring my way thither. A long day—it was in June—brought me to Richmond in the afternoon. Two pennyworth of bread and cheese, and a pennyworth of small-beer, which I had on the road, and a half-penny which I had lost somehow or other, left threepence in my pocket. With this for my whole fortune, I was trudging through Richmond in my blue smock-frock and my red garters tied under my knees, when, staring about me, my eye fell upon a little book in a bookseller's window, on the outside of which was written: "Tale of a Tub; price 3d." The title was so odd that my curiosity was excited. I had the threepence, but then I could have no supper. In I went and got the little book, which I was so impatient to read, that I got over into a field at the upper corner of Kew Garden, where there stood a haystack; on the shady side of this I sat down to read. The book

WILLIAM COBBETT.

was so different from anything that I had read before, it was something so new to my mind, that though I could not at all understand some of it, it delighted me beyond description; and it produced what I have always considered a birth of intellect. I read on till it was dark, without any thought about supper or bed. When I could see no longer, I put my little book in my pocket, and tumbled down by the side of the stack, where I slept till the birds in Kew Gardens awaked me in the morning, when off I started to Kew, reading my little book. The singularity of my dress, the simplicity of my manner, my confident and lively air, and, doubtless, his own compassion besides, induced the gardener, who was a Scotchman, to give me victuals, find me a lodging, and set me to work. And it was during the period that I was at Kew, that the present king (George IV.) and two of his brothers laughed at the oddness of my dress, while I was sweeping the grass-plot round the foot of the pagoda. The gardener, seeing me fond of books, lent me some gardening books to read; but these I could not relish after my *Tale of a Tub*, which I carried about with me wherever I went; and when I, at about twenty years old, lost it in a box that fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy, in North America, the loss gave me greater pain than I have ever felt at losing thousands of pounds. This circumstance, trifling as it was, and childish as it may seem to relate it, has always endeared the recollection of Kew to me.'

What a pity that he did not leave us a few more such reminiscences of that period, trifling as he professed to consider them! After this delightful picture of his journey to Kew, we lose sight of him entirely for a number of years. How long he remained in the royal gardens, or how he was received when he went back to Farnham, has never been recorded. The next glimpse we have of young Cobbett is after he has arrived at manhood, in the autumn of 1782.

Having gone to visit a relation who lived in the neighbourhood of Portsmouth, he first beheld the sea from the top of Portsdown, and immediately felt a strong desire to become a sailor. He could never account for this sudden impulse, except on the hypothesis that 'almost all English boys feel the same inclination: it would seem that, like young ducks, instinct leads them to rush on the bosom of the water.' But it was not the view of the ocean alone which had such an electric effect upon young Cobbett. 'The grand fleet was riding at anchor at Spithead. I had heard of the wooden walls of Old England; I had formed my ideas of a ship and of a fleet; but what I now beheld so far surpassed what I had ever been able to form a conception of, that I stood lost between astonishment and admiration. I had heard talk of the glorious deeds of our admirals and sailors, of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and of all those memorable combats that good and true Englishmen never fail to relate to their children about a hundred times a year. The brave Rodney's victories over our natural enemies, the French and

WILLIAM COBBETT.

Spaniards, had been the theme of our praise and the burden of our songs.' [This was written in 1796.] 'My heart was inflated with national pride. The sailors were my countrymen, the fleet belonged to my country, and surely I had my part in it, and in all its honours; yet these honours I had not earned. I took to myself a sort of reproach for possessing what I had no right to, and resolved to have a just claim by sharing in the hardships and dangers.'

He arrived at his uncle's late in the evening, full of his sea-faring project. He had walked thirty miles that day, and consequently was somewhat tired; but, fatigued as he was, his brain was too busy with the naval panorama he had seen that afternoon to let him fall asleep. No sooner was it daylight, than he rose and walked down to the beach, got into a boat, and in a few minutes was on board the *Pegasus* man-of-war. According to Cobbett's own account, the captain, who had more compassion than is generally met with in men of his profession, tried to persuade him to go home, representing the service as a very toilsome and perilous one; but these arguments made very little impression upon him. He had resolved to become a sailor whatever the toil or danger, and accordingly he made an attempt to get his name enrolled in another vessel. There, also, the captain was unwilling to receive him, and he was forced to wend his way home to Farnham, which he did very reluctantly. He returned once more to the plough, but he was spoiled for a farmer. Previous to his Portsmouth adventure, he had known no other ambition than that of surpassing his brothers in the different labours of the field; but that was all over now. 'I sighed for a sight of the world,' he says. 'The little island of Britain seemed too small a compass for me. The things in which I had taken the most delight were neglected; the singing of the birds grew insipid; and even the heart-cheering cry of the hounds, after which I formerly used to fly from the work, bound o'er the fields, and dash through the brakes and coppices, was heard with the most torpid indifference.' Out of this unfortunate state of mind, the most common mode of escape is to run away from home once more, and this appears to have been the course adopted by Cobbett, a few months after his visit to Portsmouth.

'It was on the 6th of May 1783, that I, like Don Quixote, sallied forth to seek adventures. I was dressed in my holiday clothes, in order to accompany two or three lasses to Guildford Fair. They were to assemble at a house, about three miles from my home, where I was to attend them; but, unfortunately for me, I had to cross the London turnpike-road. The stage-coach had just turned the summit of a hill, and was rattling down towards me at a merry rate. The notion of going to London never entered my mind till this very moment, yet the step was completely determined on before the coach came to the spot where I stood. Up I got, and was in London about nine o'clock in the

WILLIAM COBBETT.

evening. It was by mere accident that I had money enough to defray the expenses of this day. Being rigged out for the fair, I had three or four crown and half-crown pieces (which most certainly I did not intend to spend), besides a few shillings and half-pence. This, my little all, which I had been years in amassing, melted away like snow before the sun when touched by the fingers of the innkeepers and their waiters. In short, when I arrived at Ludgate Hill, and had paid my fare, I had but about half-a-crown in my pocket.'

Fortunately for the young adventurer, he had fallen into conversation with one of the passengers on the coach, a hop-merchant from Southwark, who had often dealt with his father at Weyhill. Taking an interest in the friendless youth, he invited him to his house, which he was told to look upon as his home till something would turn up. But before taking any steps to obtain employment for him, he wrote to Cobbett's father, letting him know where his son was, and endeavoured to persuade him to obey his father's order, that he should return home instantly. Cobbett confesses that he would willingly have done so, but for that false pride which, under similar circumstances, so frequently overcomes the sense of duty, and the natural impulse of affection. 'It was the first time I had ever been disobedient,' he says, 'and I have repented of it from that moment to this.' The gentleman who had taken him under his protection, finding that his obstinacy could not be overcome, obtained a situation for him as copying-clerk with a Mr Holland, a solicitor in Gray's Inn, where he passed nearly a year in wretched drudgery, according to his own graphic description.

'No part of my life has been totally unattended with pleasure, except the eight or nine months I passed in Gray's Inn. The office—for so the dungeon where I wrote was called—was so dark that, on cloudy days, we were obliged to burn candle. I worked like a galley-slave from five in the morning till eight or nine at night, and sometimes all night long. How many quarrels have I assisted to foment and perpetuate between those poor innocent fellows, John Doe and Richard Roe! How many times—God forgive me!—have I set them to assault each other with guns, swords, staves, and pitchforks, and then brought them to answer for their misdeeds before our sovereign lord the king, seated in his court of Westminster! When I think of the saids and soforths, and the counts of tautology that I scribbled over—when I think of those sheets of seventy-two words, and those lines two inches apart, my brain turns. Gracious Heaven! if I am doomed to be wretched, bury me beneath Iceland snows, and let me feed on blubber; stretch me under the burning line, and deny me thy propitious dews; nay, if it be thy will, suffocate me with the infected and pestilential air of a democratic club-room; but save me from the desk of an attorney!

'Mr Holland was but little in the chambers himself. He always

WILLIAM COBBETT.

went out to dinner, while I was left to be provided for by the laundress, as he called her. Those gentlemen of the law who have resided in the Inns of Court in London, know very well what a laundress means. Ours was, I believe, the oldest and ugliest of the sisterhood. She had age and experience enough to be lady-abbess of all the nuns in all the convents of Irish Town. It would be wronging the Witch of Endor to compare her to this hag, who was the only creature that deigned to enter into conversation with me. All except the name, I was in prison, and this weird sister was my keeper. Our chambers were to me what the subterraneous cavern was to Gil Blas: his description of the Dame Leonarda exactly suited my laundress; nor were the professions, or rather the practice, of our master altogether dissimilar.'

It was not surprising that he should have at last made up his mind to escape from a mode of life which must have been purgatory to one who had previously been occupied in rural employment. The only wonder is, that a spirited young fellow should have endured it so long as he seems to have done. In the spring of 1784, while walking in St James's Park one Sunday, as was his custom, to feast his eyes 'with the sight of the trees, the grass, and the water,' he saw an advertisement 'inviting all loyal young men, who had a mind to gain riches and glory, to repair to a certain rendezvous, where they might enter into his majesty's marine service, and have the peculiar happiness and honour of being enrolled in the Chatham Division.' As he still retained the desire to go to sea, and as he knew that the marines spend most of their time on that element, he took the shilling; but without making due inquiry, as he found that he had enlisted in a marching regiment, the 54th, the head-quarters of which were at that time in Nova Scotia.

'As peace had then taken place, no great haste was made to send recruits off to their regiments. I remained upwards of a year at Chatham, during which time I was employed in learning my exercise, and taking my turn in the duty of the garrison. My leisure time, which was a very considerable portion of the twenty-four hours, was spent, not in the dissipations common to such a way of life, but in reading and study. In the course of this year I learned more than I had ever done before. I subscribed to a circulating library at Brompton, the greatest part of the books in which I read more than once over. The library was not very considerable, it is true, nor in my reading was I directed by any degree of taste or choice. Novels, plays, history, poetry, all were read, and nearly with equal avidity.

'Such a course of reading could be attended with but little profit: it was skimming over the surface of everything. One branch of learning, however, I went to the bottom with—and that the most essential branch too—the grammar of my mother tongue. I had experienced the want of a knowledge of grammar during my stay with Mr Holland; but it is very probable that I never

WILLIAM COBBETT.

should have thought of encountering the study of it, had not accident placed me under a man whose friendship extended beyond his interest. Writing a fair hand procured me the honour of being copyist to Colonel Debeig, the commandant of the garrison. I transcribed the famous correspondence between him and the Duke of Richmond, which ended in the good and gallant old colonel being stripped of the reward bestowed on him for his long and meritorious servitude.

‘Being totally ignorant of the rules of grammar, I necessarily made many mistakes in copying; because no one can copy letter by letter, nor even word by word. The colonel saw my deficiency, and strongly recommended study. He enforced his advice with a sort of injunction, and with a promise of reward in case of success. I procured me a Lowth’s Grammar, and applied myself to the study of it with unceasing assiduity, and not without some profit; for though it was a considerable time before I fully comprehended all that I read, still I read and studied with such unremitting attention, that at last I could write without falling into any very gross errors. The pains I took cannot be described. I wrote the whole grammar out two or three times. I got it by heart. I repeated it every morning and every evening, and when on guard. I imposed on myself the task of saying it all over once every time I was posted sentinel. To this exercise of my memory I ascribe the retentiveness of which I have since found it capable; and to the success with which it was attended, I ascribe the perseverance that has led to the acquirement of the little learning of which I am master.’

His steadiness and regularity soon led to promotion. In a very short time he was made corporal—no great advance it may be thought; but to him, at that stage of his progress, a most notable event, seeing that it raised his small income ‘a clear twopence per diem.’ A few months after his enlistment, the detachment to which he belonged sailed from Gravesend for Halifax, Nova Scotia, where he joined his regiment, and from which he proceeded with it to St John’s and New Brunswick shortly afterwards. By the end of his third year in the army, he was promoted to the rank of sergeant-major, over the heads of thirty sergeants; and this promotion appears to have been mainly owing to the excellent character he had acquired for early rising, and extraordinary attention to the duties of his profession. In his *Advice to Young Men*, he says, with reference to this period of his life: ‘Before my promotion, a clerk was wanted to make out the morning report of the regiment. I rendered the clerk unnecessary; and long before any other man was dressed for the parade, my work for the morning was all done, and I myself was on the parade walking, in fine weather, perhaps for an hour. My custom was thus—to get up in summer in daylight, and in winter at four o’clock; shave, dress, even to the putting on my sword-belt over my shoulder, and having my sword lying on the table before me ready to hang by my side.

WILLIAM CORBETT.

Then I ate a bit of cheese, or pork and bread. Then I prepared my report, which was filled up as fast as the companies brought me in the materials. After this, I had an hour or two to read before the time came for any duty out of doors, unless when the regiment or part of it went to exercise in the morning. When this was the case, and the matter left to me, I always had it on the ground in such time that the bayonets glittered in the rising sun—a sight which gave me delight, of which I often think, but which in vain I should endeavour to describe. If the officers were to go out, eight or ten o'clock was the hour, sweating the men in the heat of the day, breaking in upon the time of cooking their dinner, putting all things out of order, and everybody out of humour. When I was the commander, the men had a long day of leisure before them: they could ramble into the town, or into the woods; go to get raspberries; to catch birds, to catch fish, or to pursue any other recreation; and such of them as chose, and were qualified, to work at their trades. So that here, arising solely from the early habits of one young man, were pleasant and happy days given to hundreds.' This topic of early rising—its manifold advantages, and the importance of acquiring the habit in early life, if a man wishes to make his way in the world—is one on which he is never tired of expatiating, especially in that most entertaining and instructive of his works, the *Advice to Young Men*. It is in that work also, in his 'Letter to a Lover,' that he gives an account of his first introduction to the worthy young woman who afterwards became his wife, and who appears to have recommended herself to his favour in no small degree by her early rising and her industry.

'When I first saw my wife,' says Cobbett, 'she was thirteen years old, and I was within a month of twenty-one. She was the daughter of a sergeant-major of artillery, and I was the sergeant-major of a regiment of foot, both stationed in forts near the city of St John, in the province of New Brunswick. I sat in the same room with her for about an hour, in company with others, and I made up my mind that she was the very girl for me. That I thought her beautiful is certain, for that I had always said should be an indispensable qualification; but I saw in her what I deemed marks of that sobriety of conduct of which I have said so much, and which has been by far the greatest blessing of my life. It was now dead of winter, and of course the snow several feet deep on the ground, and the weather piercing cold. It was my habit, when I had done my morning's writing, to go out at break of day to take a walk on a hill at the foot of which our barracks lay. In about three mornings after I had first seen her, I had by an invitation to breakfast, got up two young men to join me in my walk, and our road lay by the house of her father and mother. It was hardly light, but she was out on the snow scrubbing out a washing-tub. "That's the girl for me," said I, when we had got out of her hearing. One of these young men came to England soon

WILLIAM COBBETT.

afterwards; and he who kept an inn in Yorkshire came over to Preston, at the time of the election, to verify whether I was the same man. When he found that I was, he appeared surprised; but what was his surprise when I told him that those tall young men whom he saw around me, were the sons of that pretty little girl that he and I saw scrubbing out the washing-tub on the snow in New Brunswick, at daybreak in the morning!

‘From the day that I first spoke to her, I never had a thought of her ever being the wife of any other man, more than I had a thought of her being transformed into a chest of drawers; and I formed my resolution at once to marry her as soon as we could get permission, and to get out of the army as soon as I could. So that this matter was at once settled as firmly as if written in the book of fate. At the end of about six months, my regiment, and I along with it, were removed to Fredericton, a distance of 100 miles up the river St John, and which was worse, the artillery were expected to go off a year or two before our regiment. The artillery went, and she along with them; and now it was that I acted a part becoming a real and sensible lover. I was aware that when she got to that gay place, Woolwich, the house of her father and mother, necessarily visited by numerous persons not the most select, might become unpleasant to her, and I did not like, besides, that she should continue to work hard. I had saved 150 guineas, the earnings of my early hours, in writing for the pay-master, the quarter-master, and others, in addition to the savings of my own pay. I sent her all my money before she sailed, and wrote to her to beg of her, if she found her home uncomfortable, to hire a lodging with respectable people; and at anyrate, not to spare the money by any means, but to buy herself good clothes, and to live without hard work, until I arrived in England; and I, in order to induce her to lay out the money, told her that I should get plenty more before I came home.

‘As the malignity of the devil would have it, we were kept abroad two years later than our time, Mr Pitt—England not being then so tame as she is now—having knocked up a dust with Spain about Nootka Sound. O how I cursed Nootka Sound, and poor bawling Pitt too, I am afraid! At the end of four years, however, home I came, landed at Portsmouth, and got my discharge from the army by the great kindness of poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was then the major of my regiment. I found my little girl a servant-of-all-work—and hard work it was—in the house of a Captain Brisac; and without hardly saying a word about the matter, she put into my hands the whole of my 150 guineas unbroken! Need I tell the reader what my feelings were? Need I tell kind-hearted English parents what effect this anecdote must have produced on the minds of our children? Need I attempt to describe what effect this example ought to have on every young woman who shall do me the honour to read this book? Admiration of her conduct, and self-gratulation

WILLIAM COBBETT.

on this indubitable proof of the soundness of my own judgment, were now added to my love of her beautiful person.

'Now, I do not say that there are not many young women of this country who would, under similar circumstances, have acted as my wife did in this case; on the contrary, I hope, and sincerely do believe, that there are. But when her age is considered; when we reflect that she was living in a place crowded, literally crowded, with gaily-dressed and handsome young men, many of whom really far richer and in higher rank than I was, and scores of them ready to offer her their hand; when we reflect that she was living amongst young women who put upon their backs every shilling that they could come at; when we see her keeping the bag of gold untouched, and working hard to provide herself with but mere necessary apparel, and doing all this while she was passing from fourteen to eighteen years of age; when we view the whole of the circumstances, we must say that here is an example which, while it reflects honour on her sex, ought to have weight with every young woman whose eyes or ears this relation shall reach.'

Well might Cobbett indulge in honest exultation over so admirable an instance of constancy and well-governed conduct in a girl of that age, and even in some little self-gratulation at so indubitable a proof of the soundness of his judgment, in having fixed his affections on so worthy an object. To this excellent woman he was married at Woolwich, on the 5th of February 1792, a few months after his return from New Brunswick; and it is pleasant to know, from his own frequent and affectionate mention of her in many parts of his writings, as well as from the testimony of friends, that his domestic life was happier than that of most men. Ten years after their marriage, he speaks of her in his *Political Register* as one 'to whose gentleness, prudence, and fortitude, I owe whatever I enjoy of pleasure, of fortune, or of reputation;' and many years later, Miss Mitford, in a delightful sketch of a visit she once paid to Botley, when Cobbett lived there, describes his wife as 'a sweet motherly woman, realising our notion of one of Scott's most charming characters, Ailie Dinmont, in her simplicity, her kindness, and her devotion to her husband and children.'

Cobbett's honeymoon was disturbed by a disagreeable affair. Soon after his discharge, he had accused four officers of the 54th Regiment of having made false returns of the musters, and of having embezzled the regimental stores. A court-martial was ordered to be held at the Horse Guards, on the 24th of March 1792, for the trial of the parties accused, but Cobbett did not make his appearance. The matter has often been brought up by his enemies, as one in which he acted dishonourably; but his own account of the transaction, which occupies nearly one-half of the *Register* for June 17, 1809, completely justifies the course he took. From his statement of the affair, it is evident that, although he had taken the

WILLIAM COBBETT.

utmost pains in getting up his case, he would have been no match for the unscrupulous parties with whom he had to deal, and that his persisting in it would only have had the effect of bringing himself and others into trouble. Under these circumstances, he left England for France before the day of trial, and thus laid himself open to the charge of having libelled the character of honest men, without the slightest foundation for so doing. In his autobiography, he makes no allusion to the cause of his leaving England. He merely says: 'I arrived in France in March 1792, and continued there till the beginning of September, the six happiest months of my life.' He does not mention what part of France he resided in during these six months. All we learn from his brief allusion to the time he sojourned there is, that he never saw Paris. 'I did intend to stay in France,' he says, 'till the spring of 1793, as well to perfect myself in the language as to pass the winter at Paris. But I perceived the storm gathering; I saw that a war with England was inevitable, and it was not difficult to see what would be the fate of Englishmen in that country, where the rulers had laid aside even the appearance of justice and mercy. I wished, however, to see Paris, and actually hired a coach to go thither: I was even on the way, when I heard at Abbeville that the king was dethroned, and his guards murdered. This intelligence made me turn off towards Havre-de-Grace, whence I embarked for America.'

He landed at New York in the month of October, without any very clear notion, apparently, of how he was to earn his living. Twelve months without work, his journey to France, his residence there, and his voyage to America, must have consumed the whole of the 150 guineas which his wife had kept so carefully; so that he must have found it necessary to set to work at something or other as soon as he landed. He had brought with him a letter of recommendation from the American ambassador at the Hague to Mr Jefferson, at that time secretary of state, and this he forwarded without delay; but if he entertained any expectation of aid from that most unlikely quarter, he soon found out his mistake. Mr Jefferson, in his reply, told him that public offices were so few in America, and of so little value, as to offer no resource to talent. Cobbett was not the man to despond, however. With the knowledge of French, which he had acquired during his late residence in France, and his mastery of English grammar, he deemed himself sufficiently qualified to offer his services to Frenchmen as a teacher of English; and, accordingly, he took up his abode in Philadelphia, with the intention of earning his bread by that means. He has nowhere given any account of how he succeeded as a teacher. Here and there, indeed, he makes a stray allusion to the time when he had Frenchmen for his pupils, but in no place does he give any particulars as to whether he was successful or not. Of his domestic life at that period, however, he has given us various interesting sketches in his *Advice to Young Men*.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

as he almost invariably refers to some part of his own life as the exemplar which they are to follow. Thus we learn that, during the first year or two of his residence in Philadelphia, he kept a servant, 'though well able to keep one,' so that he cannot have been very badly off. 'And never in my whole life,' says Cobbett, 'did I live in a house so clean, in such trim order; and never have eaten or drunk, or slept or dressed, in a manner so perfectly my taste as I did then. I had a great deal of business to attend to, that took me a great part of the day from home; but whenever I could spare a minute from business, the child was in my arm. I rendered the mother's labour as light as I could; any bit of fox satisfied me. When watching was necessary, we shared it between us; that famous grammar for teaching French people English—which has been for thirty years, and still is, the great work of the kind throughout all America, and in every nation in Europe—was written by me, in hours not employed in business, and in great part during my share of the night-watchings over a sick, at that time only child, who, after lingering many months, died in my arms. This was the way that we went on: this was the way that we began our married life.'

It was in the summer of 1794, a year and a half after he landed in the United States, that William Cobbett commenced his career as a political writer, and from that time till his death the pen was seldom out of his hand. He was then in his thirty-third year, had seen a good deal of the world, and had witnessed the volcanic outburst of the French Revolution, which must have made a deep and lasting impression upon such a mind as his. That strong love of order, and firm sense of duty, which he always preserved; his warm attachment to his native land and all its institutions; his hearty detestation of French philosophy and English Jacobinism; conspired to make him what we should call a thoroughgoing Tory of the old school, with all its virtues, and no ordinary share of failings. His eight years' residence in New Brunswick must have greatly strengthened these feelings. That colony was then the asylum of those 'Yankee loyalists,' to whom he more than once alludes, and from whom he was not likely to derive a very favourable impression of the model republic, then only in its infancy. No wonder, then, that his first appearance as a pamphleteer should have been provoked by the arrival of Dr Priestley in the United States, and by what he calls 'the fulsome and consequential addresses sent him by the pretended patriots, and his canting replies, at once calculated to flatter the people here and to degrade his country and mine.' The English philosopher, who had been forced to leave his native land in consequence of his attachment to the cause of freedom, arrived at New York on the 19th of June 1794, and in the following month Mr Cobbett published his *Observations on the Emigration of Doctor Joseph Priestley*, and the signature of Peter Porcupine, which soon afterwards became celebrated in England as well as in America. He first offered

WILLIAM COBBETT.

the pamphlet to Mr Carey, of Philadelphia, whose treatment of the young author was not very ceremonious. 'Mr Carey received me,' he says, 'as booksellers generally receive authors (I mean authors whom they get little by): he looked at the title from top to bottom, and then at me from head to foot—"No, *my lad*," says he, "I don't think it will suit." My lad! God in heaven forgive me! I believe that, at that moment, I wished for another yellow fever to strike the city; not to destroy the inhabitants, but to furnish me, too, with the subject of a pamphlet that might make me rich.' He then went to a Mr Bradford, who agreed to publish it at his own risk, and divide the profits with the author; but these did not put much money in his pocket, as the whole amount which fell to his share, when Mr Bradford rendered him an account of the sales, was only 'one shilling and sevenpence half-penny currency (or about elevenpence three-farthings sterling), quite entirely clear of all deductions whatsoever!' After this transaction, Cobbett gave up the plan of publishing and sharing the profits. When he had written a pamphlet, he made a bargain for it at once; and the following list of his various publications during the next two years, shews that the new plan was a decided improvement on the old one, so far as his own interest was concerned:—*Observations*, 20 cents; *Bone to Gnaw*, Part I., 125 dollars; *Kick for a Bite*, 20 dollars; *Bone to Gnaw*, Part II., 40 dollars; *Plain English*, 100 dollars; *New-year's Gift*, 100 dollars; *Prospect*, 18 dollars. Total, 403 dollars 20 cents.

Four hundred dollars in two years was no very large sum; but we must remember that, during this period, he was not depending mainly on his literary labours for his living. He still continued to teach Frenchmen English, at six dollars a month, as we learn from an amusing account he gives in his *Gazette Selections*, of an interview he had, in 1796, with Talleyrand, who offered him twenty dollars a month for lessons in English, and had his liberal offer refused. 'I told him,' says Cobbett, 'that being engaged in a translation for the press, I could not possibly quit home. This difficulty the lame fiend hopped over in a moment: he would very gladly come to my house. I cannot say but it would have been a great satisfaction to me to have seen the ci-devant bishop of Autun, the guardian of the oil that anointed the heads of the descendants of St Louis, come trudging through the dirt to receive a lesson from me; but, on the other hand, I did not want a French spy to take a survey either of my desk or my house. My price for teaching was six dollars a month; he offered me twenty; but I refused, and before I left him, I gave him clearly to understand that I was not to be purchased.'

The fame which Cobbett had acquired as an anonymous author, though quite enough for any ordinary man, was not enough to satisfy him. With his indomitable pugnacity and inordinate self-esteem, he could not bear to remain in the background much longer, and therefore he resolved to commence business as a

WILLIAM COBBETT.

bookseller, and come forward openly as the publisher of his own works—a step to which he was doubtless all the more strongly tempted by the knowledge that his pamphlets sold exceedingly well, and that he had not received so large a share of the profits as he fancied he ought to have.

Cobbett's commencement of business as a bookseller, which took place in the spring of 1796, caused an extraordinary sensation in Philadelphia. He had now been nearly two years engaged as a pamphleteer, under the name of Peter Porcupine, and had during that time created a host of enemies, by the freedom with which he had spoken of the faults of America and France, and the undaunted manner in which he had stood forward in defence of his native country against all assailants. So long as he preserved his incognito, the public indignation was kept within comparatively moderate bounds, but when he announced his intention to open a shop, and actually sell his own pamphlets, even his own friends became seriously alarmed for the consequences. The shop which he took appears to have been rather a large one for a man who could not have had much capital of his own. The *Aurora* newspaper speaks of him as having been previously in very low circumstances; so poor, indeed, as to be 'literally without hardly bread to eat, and not a second shirt to his back;' and then goes on to say, that from the extreme of poverty he had suddenly obtained the means of making a better appearance, 'having taken a house for the sale of his poison, at the enormous rent of 1200 dollars a year, and paid a year's rent in advance.' The object of the *Aurora* was to make it appear that Cobbett was an English spy—a charge which he was at very great pains to disprove; but he cautiously abstains from saying anything about his house at 1200 dollars a year, or how he had obtained capital enough to commence so large an undertaking. Had he been able to shew that the money which had enabled him to pay a year's rent in advance, and purchase the stock required for so large a place of business was the fruit of his own labour, he would doubtless have done so. We are left to conclude, therefore, that he must have had assistance from some quarter or other; nor is it surprising that, under the circumstances, his enemies should have endeavoured to fix upon him the title of 'Billy Pitt's agent.' The more probable explanation of the matter is, that he had received assistance from some of his wealthy friends and admirers, of whom he had many in the United States, as well as in our North American colonies. Some years after, when condemned to pay a fine of 5000 dollars, for a libel on Dr Rush, the whole of the money was provided by his friends, or, as he says, 'by British gentlemen in Canada and the United States.' Had they not paid it, his American admirers offered to pay every farthing of the fine, so that he must have had many friends ready to assist him.

Soon after he had opened his shop, he commenced a daily newspaper, under the title of *Porcupine's Gazette*, in which he carried

WILLIAM COBBETT.

on the war against French republicanism and American democracy with unrelenting hostility. Those who have any wish to make themselves familiar with the party politics of America from 1795 to 1800, will find ample materials for such a study in the twelve volumes of *Porcupine's Works*, published by Cobbett soon after his return from America. The most remarkable feature in this collection of what he must have deemed the best of his pamphlets and newspaper articles, is the very small amount of autobiography it contains. It is there, indeed, that he gives his life of Peter Porcupine; but that was merely by way of reply to certain libellous attacks upon him. Later in life, his political writings are full of pleasant digressions and episodes, many of them throwing considerable light upon his early life. In his American articles the style is always characteristic. No one acquainted with his writings can fail to recognise the savage personality and withering sarcasm with which he attacks public delinquency wherever he can find it. In that respect, his earliest articles are quite as remarkable as those of his riper years; but they fall far short of the latter in all the finer and more exquisite touches of pathos and humour, and especially in those charming pictures of rural life and scenery which are scattered so lavishly throughout his *Political Register*. But Peter Porcupine was a young and ardent politician, and he lived in the midst of a far more intense political struggle than we are now able to form any just conception of. What wonder that he was in no mood for taking a backward glance, at times, into the poetical aspect of things when he had so hard a daily battle to fight with those whom he looked upon as the enemies of the human race.

Considering the amount of personal feeling with which Cobbett was inspired in almost all his writings, it was natural to expect that he would, sooner or later, come under the lash of the law. He was twice prosecuted for libel during his residence in America, but on only one occasion was he found guilty. The first prosecution, which took place in August 1797, was undertaken at the instance of the Spanish minister in the United States, who fancied that the king of Spain had been insulted in *Porcupine's Gazette*. The trial took place in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. Judge M'Kean, a vulgar, bullying lawyer, who presided, and who had become an inveterate enemy of Cobbett, in consequence of his having been exposed in the *Gazette*, did all in his power to bias the minds of the jury, but without effect. A majority ignored the bill, and Peter Porcupine was triumphant. But 'Kite M'Kean,' as Cobbett had nicknamed his enemy, and who appears to have been every way worthy of all the vituperations of the *Gazette*, if ever any man was, soon had his revenge on the insolent Englishman, who so fearlessly exposed all the faults and failings of Jonathan, at a time when he was ten times more sensitive than he is at the present day. A second action for libel was brought against Cobbett by Dr Rush of Philadelphia, who had become

WILLIAM COBBETT.

notorious for his mode of treating cases of yellow fever, and for the mortality attending it. The action, which was brought by Rush in the early part of 1798, was kept hanging over the head of Mr Cobbett till the end of the following year, when Judge M'Kean, who had made up his mind to ruin his unrelenting libeller, having got all his preparations completed, brought on the cause for trial, when Cobbett was found guilty, and sentenced to pay 5000 dollars by way of damages. To this large sum must be added the costs of the trial, the sacrifice of property taken in execution, and sold by the sheriff at public auction; 'so that,' as he states in an advertisement announcing a new publication, to be called the *Rushlight*, 'the total of what has been and will be wrested from me by Rush, will fall little short of 8000 dollars.' Whether it was that the new paper did not answer his expectations, or that he had become thoroughly tired of a country which had used him so ill, he very soon extinguished the *Rushlight*, and bade farewell to America.

On the 1st of June 1800, Mr Cobbett sailed from New York for England, after publishing a highly characteristic farewell address to the people of the United States, in the Philadelphia paper. 'You will doubtless be astonished,' he says, 'that after having had such a smack of the sweets of liberty, I should think of rising thus abruptly from the feast; but this astonishment will cease when you consider that, under a general term, things diametrically opposite in their natures are frequently included, and that flavours are not more various than tastes. Thus, for instance, nourishment of every species is called food, and we all like food; but while one is partial to roast beef and plum-pudding, another is distractedly fond of flummery and mush. So it is with respect to liberty, of which, out of its infinite variety of sorts, yours, unfortunately, happens to be the sort which I do not like. . . . To my friends, who are also the real friends of America, I wish that peace and happiness which virtue ought to insure, but which I greatly fear they will not find; and as to my enemies, I can wish them no severer scourge, than that which they are preparing for themselves and their country. With this I depart for my native land, where neither the moth of democracy nor the rust of federalism doth corrupt, and where thieves do not, with impunity, break through and steal 5000 dollars at a time.'

No sooner had he landed in England, than he began to make preparations for the publication of a daily newspaper, which was not quite so formidable an undertaking in those days as it is at present. Previous to doing so, however, he appears to have paid a visit to his birthplace, as will be seen from the following charming description, which first appeared in his *Year's Residence in America*, published in 1828:—'When I returned to England, in 1800, after an absence from the country parts of it of sixteen years, the trees, the hedges, even the parks and woods seemed so small! It made me laugh to hear little gutters that I could jump

WILLIAM COBBETT.

over called *rivers*. The Thames was a *creek*. But when, in about a month after my arrival in London, I went to Farnham, the place of my birth, what was my surprise! Everything was become so pitifully *small*! I had to cross, in my post-chaise, the long and dreary heath of Bagshot; then, at the end of it, to mount a hill called Hungry Hill; and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood, for I had learned before, the death of my father and mother. There is a hill not far from the town called Crooksbury Hill, which rises up out of a flat in the form of a cone, and is planted with Scotch fir-trees. Here I used to take the eggs and young ones of crows and magpies. This hill was a famous object in the neighbourhood. It served as the superlative degree of height. "As high as Crooksbury Hill," meant with us the utmost degree of height. Therefore the first object that my eyes sought was this hill. I could not believe my eyes! Literally speaking, I for a moment thought the famous hill removed, and a little heap put in its place; for I had seen in New Brunswick a single rock, or hill of solid rock, ten times as big, and four or five times as high! The postboy going down hill, and not a bad road, whisked me in a few minutes to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious sand-hill where I had begun my gardening works. What a nothing! But now came rushing into my mind all at once my pretty little garden, my little blue smock-frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons, that I used to feed out of my hands, and the last kind words and tears of my gentle and tender-hearted and affectionate mother! I hastened back into the room; if I had looked a moment longer, I should have dropped. When I came to reflect—what a change! I looked down at my dress—what a change! What scenes I had gone through! How altered my state! I had dined the day before at the secretary of state's, in company with Mr Pitt, and had been waited upon by men in gaudy liveries! I had had nobody to assist me in the world. No teachers of any sort; nobody to shelter me from the consequence of bad, and no one to counsel me to good behaviour. I felt proud. The distinctions of rank, birth, and wealth, all became nothing in my eyes; and from that moment—less than a month after my arrival in England—I resolved never to bend before them. The dining at Mr Windham's, then secretary at war, in company with Mr Pitt, appears to have made a deep impression upon his mind, for he frequently refers to that memorable event. But his profound admiration of the 'Heaven-born minister' met with no grateful return from that great man, whose aristocratic sensitiveness was no doubt shocked by the indomitable individuality and undisciplined fierceness of Mr Windham's protégé. Perhaps he suspected also, that the Ishmaelite spirit which had enabled Cobbett to render himself so powerful an enemy of democracy in America,

WILLIAM COBBETT.

would not be inclined to submit quietly to Treasury influence in England. Whatever the cause may have been, the fact is certain that Mr Pitt shewed an unfriendly spirit towards Mr Cobbett, notwithstanding all the efforts of Mr Windham to recommend him to ministerial favour. In the list of subscribers to the republication, in 1801, of *Porcupine's Works*, in twelve volumes, we find the names of the Prince of Wales and his royal brothers; of Canning, Castlereagh, Huskisson, Rose, Windham, and a whole host of bishops and peers; but we look in vain for that of Mr Pitt; and his unwillingness to lend the influence of his name to that undertaking, must have convinced Mr Cobbett, even if there had been no other evidence, that he need look for no aid from the prime minister of England.

The first number of the *Porcupine*, a new daily paper, 'Printed and published by William Cobbett, No. 3 Southampton Street, Strand,' made its appearance on the 29th of October 1800; and the motto under which it erected its angry quills—'Fear God, Honour the King'—shewed that its politics were decidedly of the Tory and High-church complexion. At that period, Cobbett's hatred of the Dissenters was as hearty and unsparing as his abuse of the Established Church became a few years afterward. In his prospectus he says: 'It is with no small mortification that I find too many of the periodical publications in the hands of fanatics and infidels, all of whom, however numerous their mongrel sects, however opposite their tenets, however hateful their persons to each other, do most cordially unite in their enmity to the national establishments, and most zealously co-operate for their destruction. Convinced as I am from the experience of America, as well as from history in general, that an established church is absolutely necessary to the existence of religion and morality; convinced also that the Church of England, while she is an ornament, an honour, and a blessing to the nation, is the principal pillar to the throne, I trust I shall never be base enough to decline a combat with her enemies, whether they approach me in the lank-locks of the sectary or the scald crop of the Jacobin.' Notwithstanding these strong professions of loyalty, the *Porcupine* does not appear to have been a very profitable speculation; indeed, Cobbett never was successful in any of his attempts to make a popular newspaper. His forte lay chiefly in his power of criticising public men and measures. No writer of the present century could compare with him in that respect; but all his attempts at journalism, strictly speaking, proved signal failures. The *Porcupine* struggled on till the latter end of 1801, when it amalgamated with another daily paper called the *True Briton*, soon after which Mr Cobbett ceased to have any connection with it.

Cobbett had returned from America, as he mentions in one of his *Registers*, with the intention of confining himself to the business of bookselling; and although he had been persuaded by the Tories to

WILLIAM COBBETT.

start a daily newspaper, he never gave up his original intention. In 1801, he commenced business, accordingly, with a partner, the firm being 'Cobbett and Morgan, at the Crown and Mitre, Pall Mall.' As to what the nature and extent of his bookselling business may have been, we have little or no means of judging. In an article in the *Register* on the increased duty on printed paper, in 1802, he supports the government, although more immediately interested in the question than almost any man in the kingdom. 'In proportion to our small capital,' he says, 'nobody exports so many books as my partner and myself;' and then he goes on to shew, that if there had been any ground for apprehension that our export trade would be injured by the increased duty, which he denied, he and his partner would have been the first to feel alarm. We may take for granted, therefore, that his knowledge of the American market, together with his colonial connection, had probably enabled Messrs Cobbett and Morgan to carry on a very profitable trade in the exportation of books, the Americans being utterly unable to compete with us at that period.

The first number of the *Weekly Political Register*, with which Cobbett's fame as a writer is so intimately associated, appeared in January 1802, from which time up till 1835, the year of his death, that faithful record of his delightful egotism, his extreme opinionativeness, his matchless invective against all public offenders, and his numberless schemes for putting public affairs in perfect order, was kept up to the last, with unabated vigour, by the marvellous force of his single pen. For the first two or three years, a considerable portion of the *Register* was devoted to the publication of parliamentary proceedings, state papers, and various kinds of useful political and general information. His object was to make it what no weekly newspaper ever can be—a complete register of political intelligence. Nor was it long before he began to find his mistake. One after another, the different departments of routine news and dull official documents were thrust aside to make room for the sparkling, racy, and everwelcome letters from his own pen on all the engrossing topics of the day. In his style he has been compared to Swift, to Defoe, and sometimes to Franklin: nor would it be difficult to find many passages in the *Register* bearing no small resemblance to each of these writers. But, along with much of the circumstantial, graphic, narration-talent of Defoe, the charming simplicity and homely wisdom of Franklin, the idiomatic terseness and humour of Swift, there is an abounding heartiness and a garrulity in most of his writings which stamps them with a special charm, for which we might search in vain through the whole of our ablest political writers.

As a commercial speculation, the *Register* must have been highly successful. By the end of 1803, it had attained a circulation of 4000—rather a large number, when we look at the size and price of the paper. At that time it consisted of sixteen pages only, and did not contain more than about two-thirds of the contents of a

WILLIAM COBBETT.

single number of *Chambers's Journal*. As the price was 10d., and there was no expense for contributions, it must have yielded a handsome profit to the editor and proprietor. But Cobbett did not preserve through life the thrifty habits which enabled him to save 150 guineas when he was a sergeant-major. Till the close of his life, he always continued to work as hard as he had done while in the army; but although he earned a large amount of money in his day, he frequently fell into pecuniary difficulties.

When Cobbett returned from America, he was an ultra Tory, and he continued to support ministers for the first two or three years of his journalism with the most enthusiastic zeal and devotion. In his *Register*, however, he very soon began to show a spirit of independence in his remarks on public affairs, which could not fail to sever his connection with the Church-and-king party, by whom he had been received with open arms when he landed in England. His desertion of the Tory party has generally been ascribed to the supercilious manner in which he was treated by Mr Pitt, but on that point we have no direct evidence. All we know is, that after having been for several years the advocate and eulogist of that minister's character and policy, he became his bitterest enemy. The precise date of this change it would be somewhat difficult to determine; but his hostility to government, and his leaning to the popular party, became very decided after his first conviction for libel, which took place on the 24th of May 1804. On that occasion he was found guilty of having published certain libels in the *Register*, tending to bring the Earl of Hardwick, lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and several Irish officials, into contempt, and sentenced to pay a fine of L.500. Two days after, an action for damages, which were laid at L.10,000, was brought against Mr Cobbett by Mr Plunkett, attorney-general for Ireland, for a libel on him, in the same article in which were the libels on Lord Hardwick and his colleagues. The jury returned a verdict against the defendant, but they awarded only L.500 in the shape of damages. These prosecutions had been undertaken, as was generally understood, with a view to silence Cobbett; but he was not the man to be put down in that or in any other fashion. Instead of making him more guarded in his criticism of ministers, they only stirred up his hatred of 'the betrayers of the public trust,' as he now styled them, to a more intense degree. The meetings of the people to discuss and condemn the arbitrary measures and corrupt practices of government were now, also, treated in a more respectful manner, nor did he scruple to defend Sir Francis Burdett from the charge of Jacobinism, which some of the ministerial organs had brought against him. The change in the tone of his politics had become very decided by the end of 1804—so much so, indeed, that he makes a distinct reference to the subject in his 'Address to the Public' at the opening of 1805. Not that he considers himself to have changed: it is ministers that have veered round, while he has

WILLIAM COBBETT.

obliged, as an honest journalist, to blame them for their violation of principle. In reply to the statements of the ministerial press, that his opposition to government had injured the circulation of the *Register*, he affirms that, 'notwithstanding the ample depopulation of the town, during the six months elapsed by the volume just finished, there were many more copies of this work sold during that time than during any former months since the commencement of the work.' A few of his subscribers, indeed, had found fault with the course he was taking, but a far larger number had expressed their satisfaction with the manner in which he attacked ministers. He had received '150 written assurances' from persons who had formerly admired Mr. Cobbett, that the arguments in the *Register* had destroyed their faith in that statesman's political wisdom and integrity, and 'only a few letters expressing dissent' from his opinions on that head. So large a majority of his constituents in favour of the course he had been pursuing, no wonder that he felt encouraged to go on.

Though steadily opposed to the Pitt ministry, and anxious to see Mr. Francis Burdett returned for Middlesex, he did not see his way with regard to parliamentary reform for some time. Even in 1806, he contended that so long as the funding system remained, there was no good to be expected from any attempt to reform the constitution. As for universal suffrage, he says; 'I have seen the effects of it too attentively, and with too much disgust, ever to speak of it with approbation.' He was, however, gradually brought more and more into contact with the Radical party, who hailed the accession to their ranks of so powerful a writer. Before long, he had become one of the most fearless champions of the cause. The vindictive style in which the ministerial journals of him and his *Register*, shewed that his merciless blows were felt by those in power, and that no opportunity would be lost in making him feel the vengeance of the law. For awhile, the ministerial warnings he had received in 1804 had had the effect of making him more guarded in his language, but the impetuosity of his temper could not always be restrained. In the *Register* of the 1st of July 1809, he made some very severe remarks on the arming of five soldiers belonging to a militia regiment then quartered at Ely, under a guard of the German Legion, which attracted the notice of the attorney-general, Sir Vicary Gibbs. On account of some cause or other, the trial was postponed till the summer of 1810. The information was tried on the 15th of June, before Lord Ellenborough, and Cobbett was again found guilty. On the 9th of July, he was brought up for judgment, and sentenced to be imprisoned in Newgate for two years; to pay a fine of L.1000; and at the expiration of the two years, to give security for his good behaviour for seven years, himself in L.3000, and two securities in L.1000 each. So severe a sentence was not intended merely as a punishment for the libel he had written, but

WILLIAM COBBETT.

by way of revenge for the way in which he had dared to attack ministers, and for his systematic attempts to bring the government of that day into contempt.

In his *Register* of the 14th July 1810, dated from Newgate, he alludes to his incarceration in the following terms :—‘ After having published seventeen volumes of this work, embracing the period of eight years and a half, during which time I have written with my own hand nearly 2000 articles upon various subjects, without having, except in one single instance, incurred even the threats of the law, I begin the eighteenth volume in a prison. In this respect, however, I only share the lot of many men who have inhabited this prison before me; nor have I the smallest doubt that I shall be enabled to follow the example of those men. On the triumphing, the boundless joy, the feasting and shouting of the speculators or public robbers, and of all those, whether profligate or hypocritical villains, of whom I have been the scourge, I look with contempt, knowing very well, feeling in my heart that my situation, even at this time, is infinitely preferable to theirs; and as to the future, I can reasonably promise myself days of peace and happiness, while continual dread must haunt their guilty minds; while every stir and every sound must make them quake for fear. *Their* day is yet to come!’ Throughout the rest of his life, this feeling of vengeance against his enemies never ceased to animate him. Again and again, he returns to his imprisonment in Newgate for having commented on the flogging of English soldiers under German bayonets, and seldom without vowing revenge against his persecutors.

At the time of his imprisonment, Cobbett's family were residing at Botley, a fine old mansion in Hampshire, ‘with a beautiful lawn and gardens sweeping down to the Bursledon river.’ There he had lived for a number of years as a gentleman farmer, indulging his love for gardening and agricultural pursuits, at the same time that he was carrying on the war against Pitt's funding system, and the government by which that system was maintained. This seems to have been by far the happiest and most prosperous period of his life. The *Weekly Register* yielded a handsome income, gave ample scope for the exercise of his restless literary and political ambition, and yet did not engross the whole of his time. He had a large amount of leisure, which he mainly spent in the midst of his affectionate family, his garden, and his farm, as he does not seem to have mixed much in public affairs at that period. The smoke and bustle of London could easily be endured for one or two days in the week, when he knew that he could escape at any moment to the pure atmosphere and delightful seclusion of Botley.

It was during his residence in Hampshire that Miss Mitford, then a mere girl, paid him that visit of which she has given so pleasant a description in her *Reminiscences*; and it would seem from her account that he lived in a most bountiful style.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

‘There was a large fluctuating series of guests for the hour, or guests for the day, of almost all ranks and descriptions, from the earl and his countess to the farmer and his dame. The house had room for all, and the hearts of the owners would have had room for three times the number. I never saw hospitality more genuine, more simple, or more thoroughly successful in the great end of hospitality—the putting everybody completely at ease. There was not the slightest attempt at finery, or display, or gentility. They called it a farmhouse, and everything was in accordance with the largest idea of a great English yeoman of the old time. Everything was excellent, everything abundant—all served with the greatest nicety by trim waiting-damsels; and everything went on with such quiet regularity, that of the large circle of guests not one could find himself in the way.’

Of Cobbett himself, who was then in the height of his political reputation, she speaks in the most enthusiastic terms. His unflinching good-humour and good spirits, his early rising, his heartiness and love of field-sports, seem to have made a deep impression on the young girl, who little thought at that time that she also would become not less celebrated than her host for her descriptions of English rural scenery. As to his personal appearance, she describes him as ‘a tall, stout man, fair and sunburnt, with an air compounded of the soldier and the farmer, to which his habit of wearing an eternal red waistcoat contributed not a little.’ His beautiful farm and garden, and the manner in which they were cultivated, called forth her warmest approbation. ‘The fields lay along the Bursledon river, and might have been shewn to a foreigner as a specimen of the richest and loveliest English scenery. In the cultivation of his garden, too, he displayed the same taste. Few persons excelled him in the management of vegetables, fruits, and flowers. His green Indian corn, his Carolina beans, his water-melons, could hardly have been excelled even at New York. His wall-fruit was equally splendid; and much as flowers have been studied since that day, I never saw a more glowing or a more fragrant autumn garden than that at Botley, with its pyramids of hollyhocks, and its masses of China-asters, of foxgloves, of mignonette, and of variegated geranium.’ Well might Cobbett feel enraged at being torn away from so delightful a retirement. In his active bustling life, he had met with several reverses; but never had he encountered such a change as the transition from that paradise at Botley, and the happy life he led there, surrounded by his family and friends, to the strong room at Newgate! His spirits never sunk, however: he still went on from week to week with his letters to public men; still used the lash as vigorously as ever against ‘all knaves and dastards.’ The only difference which the readers of the *Register* could perceive was, that his letters were now dated from Newgate instead of Botley. As to his farming operations, he carried them on by letter also, as well as that could be done. ‘I gave all the orders,’

WILLIAM COBBETT.

he says, 'whether as to purchases, sales, ploughing, sowing, breeding—in short, with regard to everything, and the things were in endless number and variety, and always full of interest.' To carry on this correspondence, he had always one or two of his children with him, having hired the best part of the keeper's house 'at twelve guineas a week.' That item alone, for two years, would more than double the fine he had been sentenced to pay, so that the expenses altogether must have made a very considerable inroad on his profits, while his affairs were at the same time suffering from his two years' absence from home.

A public dinner was given to Mr Cobbett, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, on the 9th of July 1812, to celebrate his liberation from Newgate, which took place on that day. Sir Francis Burdett presided on the occasion, and, among other toasts, proposed: 'Our sincere congratulations on the release of that able advocate of parliamentary reform, and zealous opponent of the flogging system—William Cobbett.' In returning thanks, Cobbett replied at some length to the calumnies which his enemies had been busily circulating, in the hope of creating some confusion at the dinner. The *Times* had been accusing him of having changed his opinions, and referred to his attacks upon Sir Francis Burdett some ten years previously. He frankly admitted that he had at one time held opinions widely different from those which he now advocated, but that was no proof of insincerity. Supposing he had been wrong, he had since fairly and candidly acknowledged his error: 'Alteration of sentiment was not to be deemed a demerit in a man, unless it should appear that such alteration had been caused by interested motives.'

He was now at liberty once more, with the character of a martyr in the cause of freedom, and the reputation of being the ablest and most daring champion of the people's cause. But his imprisonment, and the fine of L.1000, which he was obliged to pay for the freedom of his remarks on flogging, gave a serious shock to his circumstances, and ultimately tended in no small degree to land him in those pecuniary embarrassments which caused him to leave the country in 1817. In early life he had been a rigid economist; but the success of his *Register* appears to have gradually led him into an expensive style of living, which, though warranted in some measure by the income he was then making, was ill calculated for any reverse which might occur. In addition to his farm, which must have required a considerable amount of capital at a time when everything was so dear, he had embarked in publishing speculations on a large scale. At the time of his imprisonment, he had undertaken and was carrying on three publications besides the *Political Register*—namely, the *Parliamentary History*, the *Parliamentary Debates*, and the *State Trials*. All of these were works requiring a large expenditure of capital, and yielding only a slow return. At first, he was no doubt able to meet his printer's bills with hard cash; but

# WILLIAM COBBETT.

ately, in spite of his abhorrence of the accommodation-bill  
m, he must have been obliged, like Sir Walter Scott, at a  
period, under similar circumstances, to draw upon the future.  
trial which took place after his return from America in 1820,  
s stated by Mr Scarlett that, at the very time, from 1812 to  
, when he was directing all his energies to write down paper-  
y, his various farming and publishing speculations were  
orted by accommodation-bills to the extent of L.60,000 or  
,000. This paper, which Cobbett hated so much, was nego-  
d by Mr Wright, with whom he was many years in partner-  
; and the accounts between the parties became so much  
ved, that, to use Cobbett's own expression, 'the devil himself  
l not unravel them.' It was these monetary difficulties,  
avated by the ruinous fall in prices at the close of the war,  
h led to his sudden flight to America in March 1817. The  
sible cause of his leaving England at that time was his fear  
ing again sent to Newgate. According to his representation,  
sters, in bringing forward the Six Acts Bill for suppressing  
om of discussion, had mainly in view the *Weekly Register*,  
h had been reduced to 2d. some months previously, and had  
ed a weekly circulation of 50,000. From his farewell  
ss, it would seem that he was under the influence of a panic,  
hich pecuniary and political considerations may have had an  
l share. A list of his creditors at the time he left England,  
s him to have been owing nearly L.40,000; so that one  
ot feel much surprise at his coming to the conclusion that  
and was going to ruin, when he reflected upon the rapid  
ges which had recently taken place in the value of property,  
rom which he, as a farmer and as a publisher, had suffered  
verely.

bbett remained in America about two years and a half, during  
h time he kept up his *Registers* regularly, shewing up the  
'and daughters of corruption' as fearlessly as ever. In  
ion to his literary labours, he took a farm, called Hyde Park,  
orth Hampstead, Long Island, where he indulged his love of  
occupations, and where he sustained a very serious loss of  
arty on the 20th of May 1819, by a fire which consumed his  
ling-house and the greater part of his farming stock. This  
seems to have made him think of returning home once more,  
that England seemed as if it would weather the storm.  
rdingly, he left New York in October 1819, a few weeks  
the Peterloo Massacre, and arrived at Liverpool on the 20th  
ovember, bringing with him the bones of Thomas Paine, for  
e genius he had suddenly conceived a singular regard, on  
nt of his exposure of the funding system. Soon after his  
l in London, he started a daily paper called *Cobbett's Evening*  
which lasted only about two months. At the end of that  
he found that the *Register* would be as much as he could  
ge with satisfaction to himself or justice to the public.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

was while the daily paper was in existence, that he made his first unsuccessful attempt to enter parliament, by standing for the representation of Coventry in March 1820, when he polled only 352 votes. His second attempt, in June 1826, when he contested Preston with Mr Stanley, the present Earl of Derby, met with no better success—the numbers at the close of the poll being for Stanley, 3044; Wood, 1982; Cobbett, 995. In spite of these two defeats, however, he still adhered to the determination to become a member of parliament. He flattered himself that, were he once in that assembly, he would very soon convince a majority of its members of the wisdom and excellence of his plans for remedying public grievances. On the 10th of April 1830, he issued an address, suggesting that a subscription should be opened in every county in England, for the purpose of purchasing for him an estate sufficient for the qualification of two members—himself, and another whom he should nominate. The sum required was about L.10,000, which could easily be raised, he thought. ‘Two pounds each from every reader of the *Register* would about do the thing. Forbearance from a single glass of grog for one market-day on the part of each farmer would do the thing.’ But neither the farmers nor the readers of the *Register* were willing to make such a sacrifice to see him in parliament. The entire sum subscribed in aid of his L.10,000 scheme amounted only to L.27, 2s.—a most lame and impotent conclusion to so grand a project.

The year 1831 was signalised by the trial of Mr Cobbett for the publication of a seditious and malicious libel, tending to excite the agricultural labourers to acts of sedition, insurrection, and arson. The article which had provoked this proceeding on the part of ministers, was one entitled ‘The Rural War,’ in which he had commented with his usual freedom and boldness on the condition of the peasantry, the alleged circumstances which had led to their present misery, and the best means of relieving it. If Cobbett had had to defend himself against such a government prosecution ten years previously, he would have had little chance of escape; but 1831 was not a favourable year for putting down libellous attacks, nor could the Whigs have committed a greater indiscretion than they did, when they gave their greatest enemy so rare an opportunity of exposing their inconsistency, and of shewing how their professed affection for the liberty of the press had given place to the most arbitrary notions on that head now that they were in office. From the beginning of the trial till its close, the whole proceedings were calculated to furnish Cobbett with new materials for carrying on the war against the Whigs, and he made ample use of them when the trial was over. He defended himself in a most able and eloquent speech of six hours in length. The attorney-general then replied, and after Lord Tenterden had summed up, the jury retired at five minutes past six o’clock. No verdict was given during the night, and at a little before nine in the morning, the jury stated that they could not agree; upon which

WILLIAM COBBETT.

they were discharged. The decision of the jury met with general approbation, and from all parties Cobbett received congratulations on his triumph over ministers.

In the autumn of 1832, Mr Cobbett paid a visit to Scotland, where he was welcomed by the Radicals as 'the ablest of writers, the most consummate politician, the fearless and uncompromising advocate of the rights of the people.' During his tour in the north, he published vivid descriptions in the *Register* of what he saw, well calculated to flatter the pride of the people of Scotland, against whom his prejudices had been quite as strong as those of Dr Johnson. In the preface to his *Tour in Scotland*, which he published in the following year, he confesses that though he had never carried his notions of the sterility and worthlessness of Scotland, and of the niggardly character of its inhabitants, so far as many others have, yet he had not been able to prevent himself from imbibing in some degree 'the prejudices which a long train of causes, beginning to operate nearly a thousand years ago, have implanted in the minds of Englishmen;' and as he had allowed those prejudices to slip out now and then throughout his writings, he deemed it his duty to make amends for that injustice by shewing what Scotland really is.

Soon after his return from Scotland, the first general election under the Reform Bill took place, when Mr Cobbett, who had been brought forward as a candidate both at Manchester and Oldham, was returned for the latter borough along with Mr Fielden, by a majority of four to one over their opponents. In Manchester, 1305 electors voted for Mr Cobbett; and the number would have been much greater, in all probability, but for the decision at Oldham, which was known in Manchester by noon on the last polling-day.

The friends and admirers of Mr Cobbett, who had been so anxious to see him in parliament, had now obtained their wish. He was now a portion of the 'collective wisdom;' nor was it long before he took occasion to give the House a sample of his eloquence. In the debate on the choice of a Speaker, on the 31st of January 1833, he delivered his first parliamentary speech, which excited no small amount of good-humoured merriment by the homely, colloquial style in which it was couched, not less than by the originality of his remarks. On the 7th of February, he made a long speech on the moving the address, when he was a good deal annoyed by the usual cries of 'Question, question;' 'Divide, divide,' by which the House signifies that it is tired. He was not the man, however, to be put down by any such demonstrations. He told the disturbers, in a very decided tone, that the division should not take place for a couple of hours at least, unless he were allowed to give the reasons for his vote—a threat which had the intended effect of producing quietness. But although he spoke frequently, and soon made the House familiar with all his notions about the currency, the malt-tax, and taxation generally,

WILLIAM COBBETT.

his warmest admirers could not help perceiving that his influence was lessened rather than increased by his return to parliament. In a lecture or a letter to the readers of the *Register*, he could magnify whatever question he took up, so as to make it seem unanswerable for the moment. But he was not fitted for a deliberative assembly like the House of Commons. His age, too, rendered it unlikely that he could adapt himself to the political atmosphere of parliament; nor was it long before his constitution began to shew that it was unfitted to sustain the evil effects of the late hours and bad ventilation of the House.

Prior to his becoming a member of the imperial legislature, Mr Cobbett had no very exalted opinion of the House of Commons, and it is evident that his more familiar acquaintance with 'the finest club in the world,' as it has been styled, did not raise the character of its members in his estimation. The *Weekly Register* is full of the most amusing complaints, regarding the careless, undignified way in which parliament manages the business of the nation. The want of proper accommodation was also a frequent source of grumbling. 'Why,' says the member for Oldham, 'are we squeezed into so small a space, that it is absolutely impossible that there should be calm and regular discussion, even from that circumstance alone? Why do we live in this hubbub? Why are we exposed to all these inconveniences? Why are 658 of us crammed into a space that allows to each of us no more than a foot and a half square, while at the same time, each of the servants of the king, whom *we* pay, has a palace to live in, and more unoccupied space in that palace, than the little *hole* into which we are all crammed, to make the laws by which this great kingdom is governed?' Few persons, he contends, could sit in that place as constantly as he had done, without injuring their health. He had never seen a regiment of soldiers of which the private men could have kept up the regular and constant attendance which he had given, without breaking down. His own power of enduring fatigue and late hours, he ascribes to his simple and temperate habits, never dining out, and having nothing to annoy him, except the very common grievance at that period of too many letters. But it was not the number that annoyed him, so much as the cost of postage, which formed a very heavy tax. 'Twelve letters a day,' he says, 'amount to L.18, 5s. a year, which is as much as is probably necessary to maintain my house one week out of the fifty-two. I need say no more to convince any reasonable man, that all two-penny post letters should come to me post-free.' Some of his correspondents, too, were persons who had no business with him—who wrote merely to obtain his autograph. Others annoyed him by adding '*Esquire*' to his name; a title to which he considered he had no title. The worst evil connected with his parliamentary duties, however, was the necessity of spending so much of his time in the close and heated atmosphere of the House of Commons. In spite of his robust health and

WILLIAM COBBETT.

his temperate habits, the hard work at home and long hours in the House were too much for him ; and to these causes, doubtless, may be attributed the illness by which he was cut off so suddenly at last.

At the general election which followed the resignation of the Whig ministry in 1834, and the brief return of Sir Robert Peel to Downing Street, Mr Cobbett was again returned for Oldham, and resumed his regular attendance in the House in spite of an inflammatory attack from which he was suffering. When the Marquis of Chandos brought on his motion for the repeal of the malt-tax, Mr Cobbett attempted to speak in favour of it, but, owing to inflammation of the throat, from which he had not recovered, he could not make himself heard. He remained to vote on that occasion, thereby increasing his complaint. It was not till after another instance of the same imprudence, that he felt the serious nature of his illness, and saw the necessity of taking some care of himself. He resolved to go down to his farm near Farnham, and get rid of his hoarseness and inflammation. After a few weeks there, he seemed to have almost recovered his usual health, but he imprudently took tea in the open air, on the evening of Thursday, June 11, and the consequence was a violent relapse of his complaint. With a few fluctuations, he lingered for a week, during which he recovered so far as to be able to talk in the most sprightly manner upon politics and farming, and to express a wish for 'four days' rain for the Cobbett corn and the root crops.'

On the day previous to his death, he could not rest in the house, but insisted on being carried round the farm. The strong man, who had hardly ever known what illness was, seemed as if he would set disease at defiance to the very last. That night he grew more and more feeble—the journey round the farm had been the last flicker in the socket. About one o'clock on Thursday morning, the 18th of June 1835, William Cobbett expired, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

On the 27th June, the funeral took place from Normandy Farm. The procession was attended by Mr Fielden, M.P., Mr O'Connell, Mr Wakley, and several other members of parliament. By the time it had reached Farnham, it was swelled by thousands of labourers in their smock-frocks and straw-hats, who followed the procession to the church-yard, where the mortal remains of England's greatest self-taught prose writer were deposited beside those of his humble ancestors.

And now, looking back at the forty years of stern battling with abuses which he maintained so resolutely, many persons scruple not to affirm that Cobbett deserves no higher place in history than is given to a Wilkes, a Sacheverel, or any of those other self-exaggerating agitators who have disturbed society at various periods during the last two centuries, and whose names must speedily sink into well-merited oblivion. Those who form such an estimate, however, only shew their ignorance of the man, and of the powerful

WILLIAM COBBETT.

influence he exercised on public affairs, more especially in the last twenty or thirty years of his active and laborious life. Without speaking of the many admirable volumes he wrote, the *Advice to Young Men*, the *Rural Rides*, the *Year's Residence in America*, the *Cottage Economy*, the *Tour in Scotland*, the *English Gardener*, the *Woodlands*, almost any one of these would have given him a high place in literature as one of the finest painters of rural life—no one who is familiar with our political writings, and who has paid attention to the progress of the great 'Condition of England Question' since the commencement of the war, can fail to perceive that William Cobbett did more to awaken public opinion to a sense of its duty towards the working-classes, and gave a more powerful impulse to the movement for bettering the condition of the working-classes, which is rapidly becoming the greatest question of the day, than any writer of the nineteenth century. What higher praise could be awarded to a journalist!





## ALICE HOFFMANN:

### AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

#### L

**M**Y earliest recollections—and they are of many years ago, for I am no longer young—carry me back to a dark and dirty room in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane. The ceiling was smoke-stained, the paper faded and torn, and the windows, from never being cleaned, admitted no prospect and scarcely any sunshine from without. There was a battered pianoforte in one corner, of that old-fashioned kind I knew afterwards was called a clavecin. This was crowded with heaps of yellow dusty music. There was also a bass viol, several violins, and my father's music-desk, No. 67.

ALICE HOFFMANN : AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

he was a musician, and played in the band of Drury Lane Theatre. I also recollect that a portrait of Mrs Billington, and a print of David Garrick were suspended on the walls, and that my father's easy-chair was generally occupied by a large black cat, the dearest playfellow of my childhood. I was a lonely, motherless, neglected little creature, without amusement and without education. I could not read. There were some dusty volumes lying about, with curious frontispieces, and portraits of a past generation of actors in strange dresses, scattered at long intervals amid their pages. These I used to look at day by day with hopeless admiration and perplexity, and turn over leaf after leaf of those mysterious printed characters which had no meaning for my eyes, till I wept for very ignorance and shame. I used now and then to see my father reading the newspaper on a Sunday morning, and sometimes smiling over its contents. I never dared to ask him if I might learn to do the same, for he was harsh and cold, and seldom seemed aware even of my presence; but I have sat for many a silent hour and watched the motion of his eyes along the lines with inexpressible longing.

I have said that these are my earliest recollections; but I seemed even then to have dim remembrances, broken and shadowy enough, of a time long before. They were not so much remembrances, either, as reflections from a faded light, like images mirrored dreamily in water. Fragments of old rhymes and fairy stories floated in my mind, mingled with the tones of a soft voice; and these I used to strive to summon back again, and loved to connect the scattered links with the weavings of my own fancy. Sometimes too, when I was lying in my bed, with the moonlight streaming in through the uncurtained window, I woke from pleasant dreams in which I seemed to see a gentle face, forgotten, yet familiar, and then slept to dream again.

I was very young at this time; not more, I should fancy, than seven years of age; but I never knew the exact date of my birth, nor do I now. The house in which we lived was let out from kitchen to attic. The ground-floor and shop belonged to a Jew, who made up clothing for the stage, and kept all kinds of hideous masks, glittering dresses, swords, and fearful things, for hire. If ever I went out into the street, I hurried past his door with uncontrollable terror. I cannot even now recall, without a shudder, the hideous laugh with which he used to greet my flying steps, and the way in which he lay in wait for my return, thrusting his yellow face through the half-opened door, and asking me if I would not give one little kiss to old Soloman!

I had a beautiful voice. I used to sing for hours in the day, and delighted, in my father's absence, to repeat, in my clear childish treble, the airs and brilliant variations I sometimes heard him practising upon the violin. From daily exercise in this amusement, I attained to such proficiency that I could warble the most difficult bravura passages with perfect fluency.

ALICE HOFFMANN : AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

One morning as I was singing thus, the door opened slowly and softly, and a gentleman looked in.

'Go on, my dear,' said he with the kindest smile in the world ; 'go on, and sing that pretty tune again for me.'

I was silent.

'What! quite dumb?' said he, coming over and taking a seat opposite to me. 'Well, if you will not sing, tell me your name.'

The gentleman's voice and eyes were so pleasant, that I contrived to stammer : 'Alice Hoffmann.'

He looked surprised, and told me that he knew my father quite well, but had never supposed he had a little girl like me. And then he took me on his knee, and kissed my cheek, and shewed me his watch ; and so winning my confidence with gentle words, persuaded me to sing to him again. He listened to me very attentively ; and when I had done, asked me to repeat it. My childish vanity was pleased for the first time, and I sung one of my father's brilliant pieces.

'Thank you, Alice,' he said at the close of my second performance ; 'you are a good child, and now I will sing you a song in return.' And instantly the gentleman assumed the most comical expression I had ever seen, placed his hands on his knees, and began to sing. I have now no recollection of the words or the air, but I remember dancing and rolling about in ecstasies of mirth. He seemed to tie up every feature into knots, his mouth extended itself from ear to ear, and his words poured forth as if he had a dozen tongues.

In the midst of a torrent of volubility on the part of the gentleman, and my shrill peals of laughter, the door opened suddenly, and my father walked in. The stranger started, and his face became instantly transformed to its previous mild good-natured repose : the merriment died away upon my lips ; my father looked sternly amazed ; and as he advanced towards the visitor, reddened, and bowed with some formality.

'You are surprised to find me here, Hoffmann,' said he, blushing also ; 'but I came to see Solomon down stairs about some properties, and hearing your child's voice singing overhead, I stole up stairs to listen to her.'

'It is a poor place for you to enter, Mr Grimaldi,' said my father, proudly.

'Poor, with this little treasure in it!' exclaimed Mr Grimaldi, taking me by the hand : 'I should think my home rich if I possessed her! What a magnificent voice the child has !'

'Indeed?' said my father, with a glance of cold surprise. 'I never heard her sing a note !'

The strange gentleman whistled and stared, and looked from my father's face to mine with a curious expression of bewilderment.

My father turned stiffly towards me : 'Can you sing, Alice?' he asked in a harsh tone.

ALICE HOFFMANN : AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I faltered, and looked down ; but my friend answered for me.

‘Sing now,’ said my father peremptorily.

I felt as if I could not utter a note, if I were to be killed for it the next moment ; but the gentleman saw my embarrassment, and kindly whispered some words of praise and encouragement in my ear. I began the air I had last been singing ; but, alas ! at the fourth or fifth bar, my voice and memory failed ; I trembled, stopped, and burst into a passion of tears.

‘Pooh,’ said my father contemptuously, ‘the child can’t sing. She has no more voice than my cat.’

The driving wind and rain beat pitilessly that night against my chamber-window, as I lay shivering upon my little bed, and sobbed myself to sleep.

II.

I know not how it happened, but my father shortly after this discovered that I could sing. I imagine that he must have listened at the doors, and returned to the house some time or other in the middle of the day to do so ; for I soon, alas ! had a terrible proof of his confidence in my powers.

It might have been perhaps three weeks after Mr Grimaldi’s visit, when the following events took place :—

It was winter-time. My father was out as usual. I had a scanty fire burning in the grate, which the old woman who waited on the lodgers from time to time replenished. I never was permitted to have a candle, so I used to sit singing, or strumming on the old clavecin by the faint firelight, till I felt tired or sorrowful enough to go up stairs to bed. This night I happened to be very weary, so I raked the ashes out somewhat earlier than usual, crept up softly to my room, and soon fell into a profound and dreamless sleep.

I might have been there some three or four hours, when I was roused by a heavy hand laid upon my shoulder, and a bright light before my eyes.

‘Alice,’ said a stern loud voice ; ‘Alice, get up directly !’

I was so terrified and confused, that I scarcely understood a word ; I did not even know where I was, and I began to cry.

‘Stop that noise, child,’ said my father in a deep smothered voice that I used to dread ; ‘get up and dress directly. Do you hear ? Be quick !’ And giving me a parting shake, with a half-uttered threat, he laid the candle down, and left the room.

Breathless, weeping, and frightened, I obeyed his directions. The night was very cold, and seemed to pierce through me on leaving my warm bed. I strove to wash the traces of tears from my cheeks, and glanced at the window. All without was intensely black, and a thick mist was drizzling against the panes. I heard my father’s step upon the stairs.

7

ALICE HOFFMANN: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

'Are you ready?' asked the imperious voice.

I was ready; so I went down stairs, and there I found my father and another person. The stranger was a large man with a red, cross face, and a coarse voice; and I felt afraid of him.

'Is this the child?' said he. 'She's very small.'

'So much the better, sir,' said my father; 'the greater wonder.'

'What may be her age now?' asked the stranger.

'Six or seven, I suppose,' replied my father with an odd smile; 'but we'll call it five, Mr Smith, or four if you like best. No one will be likely to search the register.'

And then they both laughed; but I was ready to cry again, for I felt so apprehensive. I believe my fears were chiefly that I was going to be sold and carried away, so mere a child was I then!

'Well, Hoffmann, let's hear her first,' said the stranger when he had done laughing.

'Sing a song, Alice,' said my father; 'and mind, if you behave now as you did the other day, I'll turn you out of doors into the street!'

The alarm which this threat occasioned me had the effect of giving me a sort of desperate courage. I sang, I know not what; but the stranger nodded his head and rubbed his hands, and my father, instead of scolding me, began talking earnestly with him in an under-tone for some minutes.

'Then it is settled, Smith,' said my father triumphantly; 'and when shall we begin?'

'No time like the present,' said Mr Smith: 'let her begin to-night.'

'To-night!' exclaimed my father; 'but it's past eleven!'

'No matter—they never go till three or four in the morning.'

'Put on your bonnet, child,' said my father; 'we are going out.'

O how wet, and cold, and slippery it was out in the dark streets! Not a shop was open—scarcely a creature stirring, save now and then a solitary watchman. I remember that dreadful night as well as if it were yesterday: the standing pools of water in the pavement—the long dark streets—the pale flickering oil-lamps—the misty rain that clung to my hair, and wet my clothes nearly through—the cold raw wind, and the coaches that once or twice rattled past us on the way. It was a long, long distance that we went—down so many streets and turnings that my limbs ached, and I thought we never should arrive. Then we crossed a long bridge over a broad bright river, with the rain misting down upon the water, and stopped at last before the door of a large shop, with all its shutters closed, and a lamp hanging outside. Mr Smith knocked heavily upon the door, and a sleepy-looking man opened it and admitted us. The moment we were inside, I heard a great noise of people talking and laughing, a jingling of glasses, and a sound like beating upon wood.

'Alice,' said my father, stooping down and putting his lips close to my ear, 'you are going to sing presently. Do your best,

ALICE HOFFMANN: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

and you shall have a doll; break down, and'—— He said no more, but his voice and look were enough.

In another moment I found myself in a room full of company, and brilliantly lighted. At first, the noise, the heated atmosphere, the glare, the clouds of tobacco-smoke, and the terror I experienced, deprived me of all powers of observation; but when some moments had elapsed, I began to look round and examine the features of my audience. My father had taken a seat near the end of the table, and I was placed beside him. Mr Smith was a long way off at the head of the table, and his appearance was welcomed with a great thumping and the rattle of glasses. All the company consisted of men, and most of them looked merry and good-natured.

Then Mr Smith stood up, and said something about my father, and a great deal about me, and I was called upon to sing. I distinctly recollect an old gentleman lifting me up, and placing me standing on a chair, that I might be seen and heard. In doing so, he found how cold and wet I was, and gave me something to taste out of his glass. Whatever it was, it did me good at the time; the faces around me looked smiling and pleasant, and I sang as well as I could. Then there was such a shouting and jingling and clapping, that I was almost frightened at first, and thought the gentlemen were angry; but I found, instead, that they wanted another song. Then I sang again, and, having another sip from my friend's tumbler, felt very merry and warm indeed, and became quite happy. I do not know how many times I could have sung that night, but at last my father said I should not go on any longer, and I was carried into another room, and laid upon a sofa, with a covering of heavy coats to keep me warm, where I soon fell sound asleep. Almost all the gentlemen had given me money when I was taken away, and many had kissed me, and said: 'Good-night, little one;' and my heart was lighter and my pocket heavier than I had ever known either before.

The next morning, very early, my father took me home, and at night we went again. He was now kinder to me in his manner, though I was not permitted to keep the money I nightly received in the way of presents; and I never had the doll. I cannot tell how long I continued to sing at the tavern. The first night seems burnt into my memory, with its hopes and fears, griefs and pleasures; but of the succeeding evenings my recollection is very imperfect. They seem all blended confusedly together; but I imagine, from the seasons of the year, that I must have been in the regular habit of going there for at least six months, when an event occurred that changed the whole course of my life.

It was summer-time. I was at home in the middle of the day, when Mr Grimaldi, whom I had never seen since the first time he came, entered the room abruptly, and sat down beside me.

'Little Alice,' said he, and his kind face was pale and troubled, 'you must put your bonnet on and come out with me.'

Alice Hoffmann: An Autobiography.

I timidly said that I dared not, for I had to go out with my father at night.

'Ah, yes—I know—poor child, poor child,' he muttered; 'what a life—what degradation!—But, indeed, you must come, Alice,' he continued; 'I am going to take you to my house, and we have no time to lose.' I longed to go with him; but I was afraid my father would be angry.

'No, Alice,' he replied very gravely, and kissing my forehead, 'your father will not be angry, my child.'

So I went. There was a chaise at the door into which he lifted me, and then drove rapidly away. As we turned the corner of the street, I saw a crowd coming along, surrounding four watchmen, who were carrying what seemed to me to be a sleeping man upon a narrow board; but Mr Grimaldi laid his hand suddenly over my eyes, and I felt the hand tremble. When he removed it we were in another street, and the crowd had disappeared. I asked him why he did so; but he made no reply. We then went along through many streets and roads, out into the country, among green fields, and lanes, and cottages, to a pretty house, where a lady came out and welcomed us. She seemed surprised at seeing me, but her husband whispered in her ear, and then she kissed me too, and took me into the garden, and seemed very kind, but very sorry for me; and that I could not understand. I was very happy indeed, and delighted with everything I saw; but every moment I dreaded to hear my father's angry voice inquiring for me, and this fear damped all my enjoyment.

But I never heard that voice in praise or blame again. My father was not angry with me for going away with Mr Grimaldi into the green fields, for he was dead, and that was his body I had seen borne along the streets, on its way home from the theatre, where he had expired.

III.

Although my father had never shewn me affection, I was as much grieved at hearing of my loss as any child can be that does not understand the meaning of that strange word—death. But Mr and Mrs Grimaldi were such kind and gentle friends, that I fear I soon forgot him. At first, too, I am ashamed to say, I regretted the nightly excitement of the tavern—the cakes, the presents, the applause.

Mrs Grimaldi was the first to discover how utterly ignorant I was; and I often heard her speaking with her husband on the subject. One day when he came home after a morning rehearsal at Drury Lane, he called me to him, and taking me upon his knee, said: 'Little Alice, you are going to school.'

'Away from here?' I cried in terror, for I was perfectly happy now, and never wished to leave my adopted home.

ALICE HOFFMANN : AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

'Yes, Alice,' said he kindly; 'a long way from here. Don't cry, my darling; people must learn to read and write; and I have been speaking about you at the theatre among your poor father's old friends, and they have all offered to pay for your going to a beautiful school, where music is taught, and where you will learn to make good use of that pretty voice of yours, little Alice. Don't cry, Alice'—for I was sobbing as if my heart would break. 'You will be very happy, Alice, for there are many learners in this school, all of whom will be players and singers by and by; and so will you; and it is in a beautiful country called Germany.'

'But can't I come and see you every Sunday, Mr Grimaldi?' said I, clasping my arms about his neck, and weeping still. My friend laughed, and told me that it was impossible, for Germany was a great way off across the sea; and then he told me about the vineyards and castles, and the river Rhine; and soon made me forget my grief at the prospect of departure.

However, when the time came that I must go, I was almost distracted with sorrow. I was taken in a coach from Finchley, where Mr Grimaldi lived, back to London, and through some dirty streets to a dark gloomy wharf, where was a trading-vessel, with its busy sailors, bales of goods, and thronging porters crowding all the deck. My kind friend put me on board, kissed me a great many times, and with tears in his eyes bade me farewell.

I was very unhappy; and when we set sail, very ill. I remember lying in my berth, and crying for grief and sickness through many days and nights. At length the motion of the ship grew less uneasy, and one morning, when I awoke, the vessel was quite still. We had arrived at Rotterdam.

There was a great noise on board, for the vessel was unloading; and when I ventured up on deck, the captain told me rather gruffly that I had better keep down in the cabin till he could take me on shore. Once a gentleman, with an account-book in his hand and a pen behind his ear, came down and asked me what I was doing there, and if I were not going to my friends on shore. And I cried, and said I did not know. So he looked at the direction on my box.

'Schwartzenfelden!' he exclaimed; 'why, that is a long way from here, little traveller. Who is to take care of you across the country?' But I could only say I did not know; so he shrugged his shoulders, and walked away again.

By and by the captain came down for me, and we went across a plank on a large quay, where there were a great many people, and more bales of goods, and sailors, and warehouses, and cranes, and high houses, and a city with steeples, and a river, and ships, and a confusion of voices all speaking a strange tongue, so that I was quite frightened, and clung to the captain's hand. Then he took me to a tavern, where we dined, with a number of other people, at a long table; and he told me it was a table d'hôte; but I did not know what that meant, unless it had something to do

ALICE HOFFMANN : AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

with the dinner, where we had jam with our meat and vegetables, and thin soup and sour cabbages, none of which I could like at all.

After this we went to a coach-office, where he paid some money for me; and then into a yard, where a great unwieldy vehicle was standing, and horses were being harnessed to it. There the captain gave me a ticket, which he said secured my place all the way; a paper in a little case, which he told me was my passport; a purse with some money; and a bag of sweet biscuits. Then he put me into a comfortable corner inside the coach, and shaking my hand very kindly, bade me good-by, and went away.

Now I was more lonely than ever. It was getting evening; two or three other passengers took their places inside, but not one spoke a word of English; the hostlers and postboy shouted; the horses made a great clattering, and away we went. I soon fell asleep, waking only now and then to find that it was dark night, and that all my companions were asleep likewise. The next morning we got out at a dirty inn, in a dirty village, and had breakfast. Then we went on again for weary, weary miles, over a flat dull country with canals and windmills, and great herds of cattle, over and over again. So with the same routine we travelled for some days; when one morning we all had to shew our passports, and allow our boxes to be opened by a company of soldiers. I afterwards knew that we then passed the frontier, and went into Germany; but at the time I could not tell what it all meant, and discerned no difference in the strange language.

The scenery from that period became more beautiful, and for the first time I beheld mountains, vineyards, and waterfalls. But the perpetual travelling by night and day wearied me so much, that at last I scarcely heeded where we went. After passing through many towns and cities, we came one evening to a pretty town with churches and white buildings, at the foot of a steep acclivity; and here they made me understand that I was to alight, for I was at Schwartzenfelden.

I was put down at a large hotel, my box was deposited by my side, the coach rolled away through the narrow streets, and I was left alone. Presently a waiter came out and spoke to me; but finding that I could not reply, he examined my boxes, and seeing my name and the subjoined address, smiled and nodded, and led me into the house. In the entrance-hall I found a man in a kind of livery, who took my box in one hand and me by the other, and so went out and along the streets. We stopped soon before a high wall, where there was a large wooden gate, or rather, two folding doors, with two enormous knockers. This was opened to us by a second man in the same livery, and I found myself in a square courtyard, leading to a large white mansion. I was shewn into a spacious parlour, where an elderly lady and eight young girls were sitting at needle-work. The lady rose and took my hand between both of hers. 'And so you are our little new friend, Alice Hoffmann, my dear?' she said in good English.

ALICE HOFFMANN : AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

though with a foreign accent: 'welcome to your new home. Try to like it and be happy, and we shall all love you.' And then the lady kissed me on both cheeks, and led me up stairs to a room like a long gallery, with a row of ten little bedsteads, with clean white draperies and coverlids. Here, she said, the eight young girls whom I had seen slept at night; and my bed was the last one next the window. She then helped me to change my dusty travelling-clothes, and took me back to the sitting-room, where we supped.

When the meal was over, the youngest of the party read prayers aloud in German, and the lady handed me a book: 'There is an English psalm-book for you, my child,' she said kindly, and I blushed and trembled, for I could not read, and I was ashamed to say so. I saw her glance keenly at me, and then at the book, and I felt that she had guessed my secret, but she said nothing. When we rose from our knees, she kissed us all upon both cheeks, and we went to bed. There was only one in the room who could speak a little English, and this young girl occupied the bed next to mine. She told me that the eldest scholars slept in this dormitory, but that I was placed with them because I was a foreigner, as it was feared that I might be teased by others of my own age, who could not understand a word of my language. She told me, also, that the academy held twenty boys and twenty girls; that pupils came from the most distant parts of Germany, so high was the musical reputation of the school; that our matron's name—the lady whom I had seen—was Madame Kloss; that we lived in the dominions of the Grand Duke Leopold of Schwarzenfelden; and—and—a great deal more, but I fell asleep.

IV.

It would be superfluous to dwell very minutely on those years of education, school pleasures, and school griefs, that, like a bridge, unite child-life to womanhood. The sketch of a day, of a week, would suffice for the picture of years. Time passed gently on; and amid the same round of occupations, the same friends, the same teachers, and, with few exceptions, the same schoolfellows, I grew in age and knowledge till the lapse of ten happy years found me in the first bloom of youth, hope, and ambition. My voice, from the first, had been highly esteemed by Herr Schnieder, our singing-master. Ten years of skilful tuition had developed it into a soprano of such sweetness, flexibility, and compass as, it was said, had never before been heard within the walls of the academy.

Nor, though the education afforded by the academy was expressly musical, were the more plain and not less necessary branches of knowledge neglected. French, English, and Italian were taught in the best manner; together with writing, arithmetic, and geography. On Sundays, we all went hand in hand, two by two, to the neighbouring church, and with our youthful voices

swelled the solemn hymns and sweet responses. In the evening, we read aloud by turns from the Bible, or perhaps some pious discourse translated from Isaac Milner, and sometimes a few pages from Klopstock's *Messiah*. On Wednesdays, we had a half-holiday, when we made little excursions to the forest or the river-side; and at night we had cream-cake for supper.

Such was the school when I entered it—a lonely, ignorant, fatherless child, sent out by the bounty of strangers. Such was it at the time when I resume my narrative, when I was perhaps seventeen or eighteen years of age. I had heard at long intervals during this period from my kind friend and patron, Mr Grimaldi, and always with the same unwearied kindness and paternal solicitude. His letters, coming seldom, told of many changes—of domestic sorrow, of sickness, of a checkered and a fatiguing life. At last they ceased altogether; and after a time I heard that he was dead. I grieved much for him, and often. To this day, I think of him with love and gratitude. So ended all my connection, for life, with the country of my birth.

Herr Stolberg was the first musician of our quarter of Germany. He held the appointment of chapel-master to the Grand Duke, examined the classes of the academy in harmony every month, and we were all in great awe of his celebrity, his red ribbon, his quick black eyes, his harsh voice, and his impatient temper. His compositions were singularly affecting; as a contrapuntist, he was, perhaps, not excelled even by the greatest masters; he had studied under Beethoven, won the golden medal at the Strasbourg Festival, and had lately produced an oratorio on the anniversary of the Grand Duke's wedding-day.

I was sitting one morning in the class with some of my elder schoolfellows, when the door opened suddenly, and Herr Stolberg walked in, accompanied by Madame Kloss. He laid his hat on a table, and drew a paper from his pocket. 'Ladies,' he said in his quick, decisive tone, 'I have the honour to inform you that, in consequence of the departure of Mademoiselle Uhden for Berlin, there will shortly be a vacancy for a first soprano in the choir of the Chapel Royal. It is the gracious pleasure of His Highness the Grand Duke to select a lady from this academy to fill the situation; and I am therefore directed to announce to you, that as many as desire to compete will be heard on this day week in the music-room of the institution. A selection from the *Messiah* of Handel and the *Creation* of Haydn has been appointed for each candidate to sing; and His Highness will attend in person at your performance'—and Herr Stolberg laid the list of music on the desk of Madame Kloss, bowed once more all around, and left the room as abruptly as he had entered it.

I need not say what an excitement raged among the soprani of the Schwartzenfelden Academy Royal of Music, during the week that succeeded this announcement. Many of the girls said that it was useless to compete with me, since I had the finest voice there.

ALICE HOFFMANN: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

But they practised, nevertheless; and nothing was heard from morning till night but the selections from Haydn and Handel. For my part, I scarcely sang a note. I felt that rest and thought would aid me better in that moment, which I knew was the most eventful of my life.

The week passed by, and the day of trial came. In the morning, I went out and wandered by myself in the pathways of the wood that lay beyond the town. Here all was so still—so holy. Confidence and peace passed suddenly into my breast. I wept. I could have sung then, and sung as I had for days but faintly pictured to myself. But I would not break the enchanted silence of the place. I hastened back to the academy, and remained in the library alone till I was summoned to dress for the evening. There were five competitors besides myself. Three sang very well, and the other two indifferently. The best was a young girl named Rebecca Leo. Her father was a Jewish merchant and money-lender in the town, and was reported to be wealthy. Rebecca was not so happy in the school as most of us, for I regret to say that many of the pupils avoided the Jewess, whose father they called *Der Wucherer*. We had often done each other little kindnesses. She was lonely. I pitied her, and she was grateful for my attention.

At six o'clock we were in the music hall. Herr Stolberg sat at the piano; the students occupied benches at the extremity of the room; Madame Kloss and the teachers were ranged along one side of the platform, and we, the performers, at the other. At a quarter past six the Grand Duke entered with his suite—the list of our names was placed before him, and we began. My name was the fourth in succession, so I had some little time to wait. The first candidate began—I strove in vain to recall the feelings of the morning—I felt my breath flutter and my whole frame trembling. I tried to read the words, in the vain effort to abstract my thoughts to their exalted sense. Alas! the letters swam before my eyes, and it was with difficulty I could restrain my tears. A gentle hand was laid upon my arm: 'It is your turn, Alice,' said Rebecca.

I rose and crossed to the piano—the Grand Duke looked up and scrutinised me attentively—I thought I should have fallen, and laid my hand upon the instrument for support; a hand was laid upon it and instantly withdrawn. I turned involuntarily, and saw Herr Stolberg gazing at me with an unwonted cordiality in his dark eyes. He pretended to be arranging some music near where my hand was laid.

'Fear nothing, Fräulein Alice,' he muttered in a low voice; 'you alone are capable of the part.'

This strange encouragement from the formidable *maestro* almost took away my breath with surprise; in a moment he had commenced the symphony, and I began. I was so terrified that I know not how I sang the opening bars; indeed, I have no

recollection of singing them at all. I was in a whirlwind—concert-room, Grand Duke, music, all vanished from before my eyes. After a few moments, I seemed to hear the silver notes of my own voice rising above the accompaniment, like a bird from the forest—as if it were some other person, and I were listening to them. Gradually this sensation left me; I fancied myself once more in the still wood, the sense and majesty of the words seemed again unfolded to me, and the full tide of deep religious enthusiasm rushed over my soul, and poured itself forth in the superhuman gladness of that inspired song in which the people of Zion are bidden to ‘rejoice greatly!’

When I had concluded, and resumed my seat, my heart was beating, it is true, but no longer with apprehension. The other five looked from me to one another, the eyes of Madame Kloss were full of tears, and a burst of half-uttered bravos proceeded from the end of the hall where the male students were seated.

‘Was I not right, Fräulein Alice?’ said Herr Stolberg, as he came over to me, after speaking for a moment with the Grand Duke. ‘Take my arm, that I may introduce you to his Highness. He says it is unnecessary for the two other candidates to sing, for he has selected you.’

## V.

With the appointment of first soprano to the Chapel Royal, I also received that of sub-professor of singing to the academy, and was next in authority to my former master, Herr Schnieder. I was, consequently, removed from the pupils’ dormitory, and allowed a separate bed-chamber with a sitting-room attached. In the latter, a small piano was placed for my accommodation, and that of any private pupils whom I might obtain, and whom I was henceforth permitted, by the laws of the academy, to instruct. I had five or six before three weeks had elapsed. This unusual good-fortune was the result of my chapel situation; for, on the departure of Mademoiselle Uhden, three families, where she had been a teacher of singing, had instantly transferred their patronage to me, as her successor.

Life was now all happiness, and fate seemed smiling upon me. His Highness repeatedly honoured me with his approbation, and the Grand Duchess frequently sent for me when the evening-service was concluded, to sing her favourite *morceaux* from the oratorios of Handel, and the masses of Mozart. They were a most unassuming and domestic couple—dignified, it is true, but glad to lay aside the ceremonies of royalty, and in private, to place everybody around them at ease, and even ready themselves to take a part in a glee or a motett. At last, it became the rule for me to attend in the drawing-room every Sunday evening; and as Herr Stolberg was likewise invited, we went together. Thus we came to be—I had almost said friends, but that is not

ALICE HOFFMANN: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

the word; for though the great *maestro* was, in his abrupt way, kind and even familiar, I could never forget his fame, his superior position, and the authority of his appointment in the palace. Besides, he was forty years of age, and to a girl of seventeen that appears no inconsiderable seniority. But there is another person whom I have hitherto delayed to name. I would break off even now, rather than—— But it is useless, and I can avoid it no longer.

The Baron von Bachhoffen, master of the horse to his Highness the Grand Duke, was the youngest nobleman in the little band who composed the royal suite. I never sang in the chapel, but I saw him there; my attendance was never commanded at the palace, but he was there also. The families where I taught were of the first importance in the state, and frequently invited to the royal circle: I seldom went to their houses, but I encountered him either going or coming; and sometimes he would visit them when he knew that I was giving the lesson. It would be useless for me to deny that these silent attentions dwelt more upon my mind than I would then confess even to myself. I tried not to think of them; I left myself no idle moments—I read, practised, conversed more than ever with my young friends in the academy, and fancied I succeeded. The baron was very young—not yet of age. His face was the most beautiful I have ever beheld, and I have seen many since that time. It was fair, boyishly fair, and his clear blue eyes wore an expression of tenderness, that sank strangely into my heart. Besides, he was the most accomplished gentleman of the court—the best rider, the finest shot, the most graceful dancer in the minuet, the readiest wit, the sweetest singer. It is no wonder that he should win the heart of an obscure foreigner, whose only recommendations were her youth, her innocence, and her voice.

At the palace, it was found that his voice harmonised deliciously with mine; and when but a few were present, and the evening was very private, his Highness used to express a wish, which was interpreted as a command, that the baron would sing a duet from the *Creation*, or the *Mount of Olives*, with Mademoiselle Hoffmann.

O the bright, bright dream of my youth! One day he took my hand in his and kissed it, as we stood in a recess half hidden by a curtain, looking over some music in an anteroom at the palace. I felt that kiss upon my hand for days; and that night his face and voice were with me in my dreams.

The time came at last when I found it was of no avail to endeavour to banish him from my thoughts; I might as well have tried to separate the daylight from the day. His looks, his gentle acts of tenderness and devotion, his low voice, all told me that he loved me; and, once assured of this unspoken attachment, I gave up my whole heart without reserve to the fascinations of first love. First love! it is but a word; but O what a world of meaning it contains for the heart! To me there seemed a double life

and beauty in every created thing. I drank in joy from every sight and sound—the spring-flowers wore a brighter hue, and exhaled a sweeter perfume; the morning air breathed a thousand scents and sounds unknown before; the songs of the birds spoke a new language to my ears! I used to sit and think for hours on the last words he had whispered, on the last pressure of his hand. I would close my eyes, and strive to recall every feature of his beloved face. Life was a dream—and dreams in which he was present were dearer still than life.

About this time, Herr Stolberg's manner became sensibly altered to me: he was not less friendly, but he was more polite. An appearance of constraint was evident in his looks, in his manner, in the very tones of his voice. I thought of it frequently for hours, and taxed my memory for some grounds of displeasure, but I could discover nothing. Once or twice I had fancied that he looked upon me with an expression almost of pity in his eyes, and one morning I could have believed that they were full of tears. I would have given the world that I could have said to him: 'Friend, how have I angered you?' but his perfectly cool and polite manner would not admit of this question.

The Grand Duke's birthday came round, and a festival and concert were held at the palace in the evening. I was engaged with one or two others from the choir of the chapel, and the pupils of the academy attended to sing the choruses. The concert-room opened into the grounds by a beautiful marble terrace, and a broad flight of steps. Sitting on the platform, and surrounded by instruments and voices, I turned my eyes often and wearily towards the garden beyond, and longed to escape amid its quiet alleys. A long cantata, composed by the Grand Duke, and listened to with courteous attention by his guests, constituted the musical entertainment of the evening. It was dull and uninteresting; and by the time the last notes of the royal composition had died away, I was thankful to retreat to an inner room till the audience had dispersed. When all were gone to the ball-room at the other side of the palace, I wrapt a shawl around me, and stole out into the dark night.

It was autumn, when leaves were golden on the trees, and a warm odorous breeze filled the still night with beauty. The moon and stars shone brightly overhead, the air fanned my burning cheeks, and I took a shady turning amid the trees, and wandered slowly on. That night the gardens were like a fairy scene; lines of many-coloured lamps hung like fruit upon the branches of the acacias, which, formed into long alleys, seemed to stretch away far into the dim distance. I went dreamily forward; the strange calm and beauty of the place lulled me into a reverie, and I heard not the step that came behind me down the pathway.

'A lovely night,' said the dearest voice in all the world, close at my side—'a night for poetry and love.' I felt the hot blood fly to my face and then retreat again. I knew that I became

ALICE HOFFMANN: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

very pale, but he could not see it; I trembled, but he should not know it.

'A lovely night, indeed, your excellency,' I said as firmly as I could. He heard the tremor I struggled to conceal.

'You are ill, mademoiselle?'

'I thank your excellency. I am well.'

'I have been seeking you, mademoiselle,' he said in a low earnest voice—'I have been seeking you all through the palace and gardens; I wished to speak with you. I have looked forward to this night for many weeks in the hope of doing so.' He paused, but I remained quite silent. I could hear the throbbings of my own heart in the stillness; but he heard it not, and he continued: 'I would say three words, mademoiselle, that must long since have been written too plainly on my face—have mingled too audibly in the tones of my voice—have spoken too visibly in my every action to need a more distinct avowal. Here—here let me speak them—here, amid darkness and silence—here, amid the whispering trees, beneath the everlasting sky—here, before God and the stars! I risk my peace, my future, my happiness, my all, and say—I adore you!'

Again he paused for a moment. He approached nearer to me; his voice, which had been soft and low, became quick and passionate: 'Alice, I have spoken—but not all. One question remains to be asked—my life hangs on your answer. Will you be mine? . . . . Not a word?—not a token? Speak to me, dearest, speak!' I could not speak; but his arm was round me, and his burning kisses were on my lips.

'Answer me—answer me!' I withdrew myself from his arms, I took his hand between both of mine, bowed down, and kissed it. It was all my answer, but he understood it.

VI.

He was my sovereign—my king! My love for him was almost a religion. He was so high above me in his rank, his noble blood, his youthful beauty! Sometimes it seemed to me that such happiness and honour could not be true. I feared that all was but a dream, and shuddered to awake. My love became an idolatry. He gave me his portrait, and I knelt praying with it in my hands. I would not have changed life then for paradise. I lived, thought, dreamt, and prayed for him—him only. Could I have forgotten God in so worshipping His creature, and was I chastised for it?

It was soon known throughout the town that the Fräulein Hoffmann, who sang in the chapel, was betrothed to the young Baron Theodore von Bachhoffen, master of the horse to his Highness the Grand Duke Leopold. In the academy there was a great excitement. Madame Kloss was as proud and happy as

ALICE HOFFMANN : AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

though she had been my mother ; the pupils brought me flowers, gifts, and copies of verses ; the masters offered me their formal congratulations. Herr Stolberg alone was silent. He seemed as if he neither saw nor heard anything of the event. When Madame Kloss, one morning, thinking that he must yet be in ignorance, told him in a half-audible voice of the betrothal of her dear Alice, he replied drily, that he was already aware of the circumstance, and turned away. I will not deny that I felt grieved and slighted ; but I was too happy to be otherwise than transiently affected by any circumstance of outer life.

Thus it went on, and the winter season arrived. He would be of age in the early spring, and our marriage was appointed for the day of his majority.

During this interval, I received one morning a short and formal note from Herr Stolberg, requesting leave to wait upon me immediately. He followed my permission in a few moments ; and as he entered my little parlour, I observed that he looked pale, and that he held a letter in his hand. I rose and placed a seat for him ; but he muttered a few unintelligible words, placed the letter open before me, and began pacing nervously up and down the room.

It was written in French, and purported to be from one of his oldest friends, now the manager of the Italian Opera in Paris. He was in need of a first soprano—a prima donna—to commence the season till the arrival of Madame Malibran from London. Herr Stolberg had mentioned my singing in his letters ; he felt that he could rely on his friend's judgment ; he requested him to communicate with me ; and he offered to pay me 8000 francs for the season.

The characters swam before my eyes ; I could scarce believe in so much good-fortune ; I read the letter, and laid it down again several times before I could speak a word.

'Does the Fräulein Hoffmann accept or refuse?' asked the chapel-master, stopping suddenly in his walk, and standing before me.

'I accept !—accept most gladly—if—if'— The thought that Theodore might object to my appearance on the stage rushed suddenly over my mind ; a strange feeling of reluctance to speak his name made me hesitate and blush. Herr Stolberg turned very pale, and made a movement with his hand for me to continue.

'I must have a day to consider,' I said falteringly.

'Yet, one moment since you were decided !'

'True ; but—but'— I felt it must be said ; so turning partly aside—'I must consult other wishes than my own,' I replied ; 'I must mention it to'—

'To the Baron von Bachhoffen !' exclaimed the chapel-master in a hoarse voice. 'O Fräulein Alice, you have this day called me your friend. If you believe in my friendship, if you would requite it, do not, I entreat of you, mention the letter to the

baron till after nine o'clock this night. It is the first favour I have asked of you; I implore you to grant it!

His voice was agitated, and his utterance rapid; he seized one of my hands between both of his own, and crushed it in an iron grasp that almost betrayed me into an expression of pain; his black eyes shone with a wild light into mine, and he trembled visibly. I was frightened, and almost weeping at his strange vehemence.

'Promise me Fräulein—promise me!'

His look was so beseeching, and so earnest, that I said: 'Well, I promise; but only till after nine o'clock to-night.'

'Be here in readiness to receive me,' said the chapel-master in the same hurried tone, but lower, as if he feared to be overheard—'be here at six or seven o'clock. I will then call upon you again. I must find you alone, and you must suffer yourself to be guided by me: place yourself in my hands for a single hour. Speak no word of this or of the letter till the time promised. Be silent. Farewell!'

I bowed my head in assent. In an instant he was gone. The day dragged heavily on, and every hour seemed longer than the last. It rained, and the rain was mingled with snow. At six I repaired to my own apartments, to receive him when he should arrive. I tried to read; but it was in vain. I could only pace the room, and look out from the blurred windows on the dark wet gardens, and listen to the sweeping wind and rain. A sensation of vague terror crept over me; and when the town clocks chimed the hour, I listened to their harsh tongues as they had been the tongues of fate. Another dreary half-hour crept away; I heard the bell rung, and the courtyard gate half opened—a familiar voice spoke my name—a quick foot sounded on the stairs.

'I am late, Fräulein Alice,' said the chapel-master, as he entered hastily and closed the door behind him; 'and there is no time to be lost. You must go out with me for an hour.' He was pale, very pale; the snow and rain were trickling from his cloak upon the floor, and his black locks hung in wet masses upon his sallow cheeks.

I wrapt a heavy shawl round me, and drew a close bonnet and veil over my face. 'I am ready,' I said.

We went down the stairs, and passed the door of Madame Kloss's room. 'Shall I not tell madame?' I asked, as we went by. He shook his head, hurried me on across the wet courtyard, and through the gates into the street. The porter stared inquisitively, and touched his hat as we passed by.

Although it was so early, none were stirring in the streets save a few soldiers and market-women. The churches looked tall and dim, and the thick rain came steadily down. Through many dark by-ways and narrow turnings we went. The chapel-master walked fast, unheeding the pools of water that lay upon the path. My feet were cold and wet through; I thought of the night when I had so gone through the streets of London—a night as

inclement as this. I almost fancied I was acting it again, and under the same circumstances, when we stopped before a low door, with a fantastically carved overhanging porch. The house was small, not a light was visible from any of the windows; three gloomy trees, stripped of their foliage, swung their arms mournfully before the door; and a dog began barking furiously within. Herr Stolberg knocked gently with his hand upon the window; there was a sound of chains and bolts, the door opened slowly, and a female form stood in the entrance. She took me by the hand, and led me along the passage, while Herr Stolberg, who seemed to know the way, followed softly behind. It was profoundly dark; she guided us to what seemed a room, and saying that she would bring a light, went out and closed the door. I shook convulsively from head to foot.

'Fear nothing, Fräulein Alice,' said my friend, taking my hand gently in his own—'Heavens! you are ill!'

'I am cold, nothing more,' I replied faintly.

'Cold—cold and wet,' he exclaimed in a suppressed and broken voice. 'My God! You will be ill—ill, and through me!'

'Hush!' I replied; 'it is nothing. See, here comes the light.'

A bright line of radiance streamed under the door, the woman entered with a lamp in her hand: it was Rebecca Leo! She placed her finger on her lips to stay the exclamation that was rising to mine, and pressing my cold cheek to hers, whispered: 'Yes; this is my father's house, Alice. Would that you had never crossed its threshold for this purpose! You must stand here, in the window. I will draw the curtains before you, and there you will hear all without the chance of discovery.'

'What does this mean?' I cried. 'What horrid secret am I to listen to? Let me go—let me go!'

'It is too late,' said Rebecca, turning suddenly away and listening earnestly; 'there is my father's ring at the door—hide, hide quickly! for my sake, Alice—for my sake!'—and she half led, half dragged me into the recess.

Herr Stolberg came and stood beside me, and Rebecca drew the heavy folds, so that they fell from ceiling to floor, and shrouded us utterly from sight.

'Stay there; move not, breathe not,' she said, as she turned to go. 'God help you, my poor Alice!'

The kiss she gave me covered my lips and cheek with tears. Rebecca weeping, and for me! I pressed my hands rigidly upon my breast, and stood still waiting, as if for death. My companion spoke no word, and for some minutes I heard but the sound of his breathing. Then the opening and shutting of distant doors, the tread of feet along the hall, and the sound of a low querulous voice, as the persons entered the room in which we were concealed.

'More money—more money! always money!' said the voice, with a Jewish accent and an impatient sigh. There was a

rustling of papers on the table, and a sound like turning the leaves of a book. 'I cannot do it, excellency—I cannot do it. The estates will not bear another groschen. They are mortgaged to their full value, excellency. It cannot be.'

'Der Teufel! I must have it, Leo,' said another voice in reply.

O that voice, that voice! And had I come hither for this! I shrunk back into the recess, and felt the paternal arm of my friend pass round me in support.

'You must go to some one else, excellency, for your money,' said the Jew. 'I am a poor man, and I cannot give.'

'Give! did a Jew ever give?' said the other. 'No, friend Leo, I ask no gifts—the gentleman does not beg from the money-lender. I must have further loans. I want a thousand florins.'

O the harsh, cold, mocking voice! How unlike the gentle tones of love I had been used to hear from those dear lips!

'A thousand florins, excellency!' cried the usurer. 'Mein Gott! your estates are not worth a thousand kreutzers.'

'I don't ask it on my estates; I offer better security.'

'Security! good—good!' said the Jew eagerly. 'On what security, excellency?'

'Listen, my very kind and respectable friend Isaac, and I will satisfy the delicate scruples of thy coffers, for conscience thou hast none. I am going to be married in the spring.'

'I know it—I know it, and to a penniless singer, excellency.'

'Precisely so, friend Isaac. To a penniless singer, who will be to me one of the greatest fortunes in Germany.'

'Hein!' exclaimed the Jew, drawing a long breath between his teeth.

'Art thou aware, my friend, that this girl has the finest voice in Germany?—that she will create a madness, a furor?—that she will be worth, at the very least, a hundred thousand florins a year to me, her husband and your debtor?'

'And is this your security, excellency?'

'Truly it is: can you wish a better?'

'Bah! it is a folly. The girl may fail, may change her mind, and refuse you. I cannot lend my florins upon the phantom of a security.'

'But I tell you she loves me, as only girls and women love, friend Isaac. She would die—toil—lose her very soul for me. She is entirely mine. Your money is as safe as though it were in your own strong-boxes. Name your own rate of interest, and take my bond at once. Money I must and will have. Without it, I cannot even marry suitably, and the stake is worth the trust. Come, Isaac—a thousand florins at two hundred per cent., to be paid in six months! Can you refuse?'

'A thousand florins! it is a great deal, excellency.'

'I have not ten left to keep me from now till then. The cards and colours have been against me lately. It is fate. Die Höll, Isaac, you must give it to me!'

'But you will be here again, excellency, before a week is past. The gaming-table will swallow every stiver. I dare not lend.'

The answer was low and indistinct; the Jew seemed still to remonstrate, Theodore to asseverate and entreat. Then there was the rustling of more papers, the quick scratching of a pen, the ring of gold—

'Friend Isaac, thou art a treasure of a money-lender,' said the mocking voice and the cruel laugh—'a very demigod to a lover in distress. Cupid himself smiles on thee for this.'

'You a lover, excellency!' said the Jew with a short hard cough. 'The lady of *your* affections must have charms indeed! I have heard of her from one who knows her, else I should not have trusted your version of her talents. She is pretty, I am told.'

'I do not come here to talk of beauty and fair dames, friend Isaac,' laughed the creditor, chinking some coins together in his hand. 'She is young, credulous, and clever—that is enough for our purpose. Pretty!—know'st thou the complexion of my mistress, Isaac?'

'Not I, excellency!'

'Red and black, friend Jew—*rouge et noir*! Good-night! ha, ha! good-night!'

Their steps died away along the passage; doors shut and opened again; the room was left in darkness; and all was still. I did not weep; I did not speak; I did not die. My hands were locked and cold; my lips were stony; my brain burned. I stood still—still and speechless. The world seemed crumbling away beneath my feet. Life—death—love! what were they all but words? I felt my hands grasped, and my brow kissed twice or thrice; I heard an anguished voice cry: 'Alice, Alice, my friend, my sister, look up—speak—weep! Do not stand thus; it drives me mad!' I heard it; but it fell dully on my ear, and woke no echo in my soul. Then there came a light; a withdrawal of the curtains; a woman's gentle voice, that sobbed forth sweet consoling words; a woman's gentle hands, that drew me from the arms of him who held me, to a sisterly embrace. Her tears wept down upon my cheeks, and then the deadly frost all suddenly gave way: I uttered a low moan, and fell in an agony of despair upon the floor.

How long I continued thus, or how I was removed, I know not; but I suppose I must have fainted, for my next consciousness found me again in the academy, with Madame Kloss and Rebecca bathing my hands and brow, and with Herr Stolberg bending earnestly above me. For some time I could not recall the dreadful past, but when I did, that memory was mercifully accompanied by tears. They were so good to me, so gentle! For hours and hours they never left my side, and it was nearly day-dawn before they thought me calm enough to be left alone. I felt as if all were night—past, present, future. Nothing around me, nothing before me but darkness; darkness unlighted by a single star.

And through all this there reigned one feverish desire, which

ALICE HOFFMANN: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

gained every moment in intensity—a restless craving to escape from the scene of my wo, from the face of the traitor! A longing to be far, far away from—oh, not my misery! but the place where its cross was inflicted upon me. Away! away! from the scenes of my youth and my false happiness. What was that youth now to me? what that brief sunshine? I was deceived, broken-hearted, sold! I had taken him for an angel; I had set him as a saint upon the altar of my inner world, and blindly worshipped him! And now—what was left me but to die?

I was sitting, fixed and tearless, as these thoughts formed themselves in my mind; my eyes fell upon a folded paper on the table. Ha! the letter—the letter from Paris! My resolution was taken in an instant: a fresh energy, the energy of despair, came to my assistance. ‘I will go,’ said I firmly. I took pen and paper calmly from my desk, and wrote to Herr Stolberg, acquainting him with my resolution; sent for Madame Kloss, and told her what I had done; wrote a formal resignation of my appointment in the ducal chapel, and went to my bed-chamber and commenced packing.

‘When wilt thou depart, my child?’ asked Madame Kloss tenderly.

‘To-night, madame, when the diligence passes through the town.’

VII.

Alone, alone upon the road! Night and darkness around. No moon, no stars. Rain—driving, pitiless rain, streaming down the narrow windows of the coach, and dimming the pale light of the lamps outside. Not a sound save the howling wintry wind among the woods, the hoarse shouts of the postilions, the creaking vehicle, the heavy wheels, and the monotonous trampling of the horses.

There was no passenger inside the diligence but myself; no human friendly voice to breathe one comforting word to the weeping desolate singer crouched and trembling in the corner. Herr Stolberg had seen me to the coach-office, and had ridden perhaps a mile with me on the road. But he had scarcely spoken to me all the time, and as he bade me farewell, and got out to walk back again in the dark, wet night, his voice was broken; and my hands, where he had kissed them, were wetted with his tears. True friend! true, noble, and sincere! How lightly had I estimated that heart; how little had I appreciated the deep feeling and chivalric tenderness that lay beneath that rough exterior! The voice might be harsh, but it was capable of framing tones of gentlest consolation; the eye might be stern, but it could weep for pity. When I needed him not, he had been proud and cold to me; in the day of danger, he had rescued me; in the time of trouble, he had aided and comforted me.

O fearful journey! I seem now to remember little of it, save

ALICE HOFFMANN : AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

a long succession of weary stages ; the changes of day and night ; the arrival and departure of many passengers ; the toilsome, unresting motion ; the heavy weight of unconquerable distress. At last came the passing of frontiers, the transition from German to Dutch, from Dutch to French. Then a difference, scarcely observed by me, in the aspect of the country—towns, villages, rivers, hills, and forests ; then a city with long narrow streets, and high white houses ; soldiers, customhouse-officers, the examination of passports and luggage. I was in Paris.

The hotel was vast, and my rooms overlooked a handsome street, whence I gazed out for hours in a state of dreamy melancholy upon the throngs of vehicles, soldiers, and gaily-dressed foot-passengers, without seeing a single face, or hearing a single sound, that could claim any fellowship of old association with me. I was alone in my grief in the great city. The language was unfamiliar, though not unknown to me ; and my heart yearned again for the studious seclusion of my old home in Germany, and the sweet sounds of my adopted tongue.

The manager of the Opera House, M. Lecroix, waited upon me the day after my arrival. He was a Frenchman, but had been educated in Munich with his friend the chapel-master of Schwartzefeldten : he spoke German fluently. It was so pleasant to me to hear him utter it ! He was grave, polite, and even friendly. He did not remain long, for he could see that I was suffering ; and attributing it to the fatigue of my long journey, withdrew very shortly, after having arranged with me to visit the theatre on the morrow for the first rehearsal.

It went off favourably. The novelty and excitement of the scene revived me for a time. I returned to my hotel, and applied myself earnestly to the study of my part. Thus a fortnight passed away. We had daily rehearsals ; my time and my mind were occupied, my former ambition was aroused, the heavy weight still lay upon my heart, but its sting was not so sharp. I could think of Theodore now with pity, and with less despair. I grew daily paler and thinner ; but by degrees I found that I entered more immediately into the events and scenes around me. The night of performance was at length announced, and my name appeared in the bills and daily journals as the new prima donna. The opera was *Gustavus*.

When the day came, I was strangely excited ; not with grief, not with terror, but with a kind of wild delight that was half misery. I felt within myself a strong foreboding of success ; I longed to win fame and riches, not for myself, ah, no ! but that Theodore might hear of my triumph, might lament the heart he had lost, might blush for his own baseness ! As the hour of performance neared, my emotions became almost uncontrollable. I seemed to tread upon air ; my cheeks were flushed, my heart beat high, my pulse throbbed rapidly, my breast seemed to dilate, and my voice to strengthen within me.

ALICE HOFFMANN: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

'Ah, mademoiselle, you must succeed,' said the manager with a glance of delighted surprise as I entered the green-room to await my call to the stage: 'you have the air of Jeanne d'Arc going forth to conquer.' I smiled at the compliment: I conversed with those around me; I felt myself transformed into another creature, and utterly unlike the silent singer who had passed through the rehearsals in cold reserve and absent melancholy. I saw the others look from one to another with amazement, and then back again to me. I caught a glimpse of my face in a mirror as I passed, and I scarcely recognised the glowing cheeks, the flashing eyes, the haughty carriage and triumphant lip for my own countenance.

The first act passed away with moderate applause. Rubini, as Gustavus, was received cordially; but the audience was quiet, and the whole of this act is somewhat uninteresting. There was a pause; the second act commenced; and it was now my turn to appear as Amelina, the wife of the courtier Ankaström, who seeks the abode of the prophetess to purchase from her a philter which may quench her unhappy attachment for Gustavus.

'Mademoiselle is called,' said M. Lecroix.

I went. I had no sooner appeared in the far gloom of the apartment, than a burst of applause seemed to shake the very air around me. I advanced, and bowed; it was repeated again and again, in three distinct rounds. I trembled, but I did not fear. The footlights blinded me; they seemed to interpose a curtain of light between the audience and myself—I could not see an inch beyond the stage. The stage!—it was the first time I had ever appeared there, yet I scarcely seemed to feel it strange. I breathed freely, I felt glad and strong; but I assumed the trembling tone and shrinking attitude of the high-born lady in the fortune-teller's murky den. I implored her aid; my changing countenance depicted alternating terror, love, courage, despair. The prophetess declares that I must seek that dreadful spot beyond the city-walls where stands the scaffold, and there gather a certain mystic herb. I dread, I waver, I consent. The crowd rushes in, and I fly from the scene.

There was another burst of applause, but the chorus instantly began, and my share in that act was concluded.

Another brief pause, and the curtain rose again. It was a strangely solemn scene, and marvellously painted: a black desert heath near Stockholm, treeless and houseless. Two mossy columns, united at the top by an iron bar, rise darkly in the midst of the stage; these answer the purpose of a gibbet, and the ghastly chains yet hang from them in which the criminals are suspended. I come slowly forward to seek, in that terrible solitude, the plant whose virtue is oblivion. The house was silent from a feeling of awe; and in the opening recitative, the first notes of my voice, imploring courage from Heaven, seemed to wander tremblingly round the space, and then to die away in

ALICE HOFFMANN: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

grief and terror. I advance, recede, advance again, and stoop to pluck the fatal leaves from the foot of the column. The distant clocks tell the hour of midnight. I cannot pluck the herb—I love! Yet, great Heaven, guide and strengthen me! I *will* gather it. I turn again, and see the king!

Then that deeply-wrought scene of doubt and passion—the struggle of honour, friendship, fidelity, and wildest love, on which the curtain falls!

Another long roar of approbation from the house; I am led forward; bouquets fall around me; the dazzling effect of the lights has worn away. I see a vast crowd of upturned faces, and many are in tears.

‘Ah, mademoiselle,’ says M. Lecroix, kissing my hand in a frenzy of delight, ‘I never knew so splendid a success.’

Then came a magnificent scene, representing the ball-room with its flowers, its myriads of variegated lamps, its vistas of gilded columns, and its crowds of dancers with their joyous voices, their rich costumes, and black velvet masks. The giddy *galop* whirled them on to its mad merriment; all was confusion, splendour, intoxication. I advanced from one side, Gustavus from the other.

But the king was closely followed by a figure in a black domino. My eyes were suddenly rivetted on this man. I had not seen him before, and yet—— He held his plumed hat in his hand, and his light curling masses of hair contrasted strongly with the sable vizor. Some strange feeling came over me; my heart stood still, my breath failed me, I felt suffocated.

It was now my part to address Gustavus. The prompter gave the word, the whole stage waited for me. I tried to shake off the feeling that bound my utterance—I compelled myself to advance. The stranger stepped suddenly to my side, and removing his mask, ‘Alice!’ he said in a suppressed stern tone, ‘I love you—I cannot live without you. Were it to the end of the world, I must follow you!’

O God! that voice—that voice again! I saw his pallid face, and wild bright eyes! The crowded stage, the glaring lights, the throng of faces in the theatre—all swam round before me. I uttered one piercing cry, and fell senseless to the ground.

VIII.

For many days after this event, my life remains a blank. The destruction of all my hopes, the rapid journey, the false excitement, and the shock I had received upon the stage, had been too much for my physical and mental strength. I was seized with a raging fever and delirium.

After an interval that seemed to me as many months as it was days, I woke one morning, as if from sleep, and found myself in

bed. At first I had no recollection of what had passed ; I fancied myself once more in Germany. I tried to rise, but I found myself without the power to move ! I was alarmed ; I looked round ; the room was strange, and yet I had seen it before. There was a table near the bed, with some medicine phials and wine-glasses ; a fire burnt in the grate, and the blinds were drawn carefully down, subduing the apartment to a pleasant darkness. I saw I had been ill. I closed my eyes, and suddenly it came again before me—the theatre, the Opera, all were remembered. Silent tears stole gently down my cheeks as I lay thinking.

By and by the door opened gently, and a woman entered. I opened my eyes ; her face was young and kind, and I tried to force a smile. 'I am better,' I said in French. 'Are you my nurse ?'

'Ah, thank Heaven !' she cried, 'madame is recovering ! Mais il ne faut pas parler !' she continued earnestly, as she saw me about to speak. 'It is forbidden by monsieur the doctor.'

'At least tell me how long I have been ill,' I said.

'Madame has been three weeks in danger. If madame will rest tranquil till monsieur the doctor has seen her, I will tell her all I know on his departure.'

With this assurance I was forced to be content. Pierrette, for that was the name of my attendant, bathed my hands and face with tender care, and then sat knitting quietly beside me for some hours. At last I fell asleep again, lulled by the monotonous movement of her busy fingers. I woke with the entrance of some person into the chamber. It was the physician. He spoke gently and softly ; said that I was now free from all danger ; and, promising to call again upon the morrow, left me.

It was now evening. Pierrette lighted a small lamp, drew the curtain to shade the light from my eyes, recommenced her knitting, and began : 'And now, if madame will promise not to speak or to excite herself, I will tell her all about her illness.'

I promised earnestly, and she continued.

'Eh bien ! Madame was taken ill upon the stage, after making a success altogether enormous. Madame fell, nobody knows why ; and shrieked, nobody knows at what. She was ill, under the influence of fever : voilà tout. She was brought hither in a carriage, and placed in bed. Madame was delirious—her ravings were terrible. This lasted three weeks, and madame's life was nearly despaired of. To-day, madame is saved, and her friend is happy !'

'Friend !—what friend ?' I asked with eagerness.

'Silence, madame—not a word ! Madame's friend, the gentleman who has called three or four times every day to inquire of her health. Ah, the poor monsieur ! he tried, while madame was in danger, to seem firm and strong ; but to-day, when he heard the happy news, he wept as if his heart would break with joy !'

I was dumb with surprise and happiness. Could it then be that

he truly loved me after all? Pierrette glanced round, and saw the expression of silent thankfulness upon my face.

'Ah, madame,' she said archly, 'my little history will do more good than the medicines of monsieur the doctor! But it is not all: madame will not blame me very much if I acknowledge that I have once suffered the gentleman to see madame during her illness? This poor monsieur, he prayed me so wildly for one glance at the face which we all believed he might never see again! And so I brought him to the threshold of madame's chamber, and entreated him to go no further; but he was not then to be controlled: he rushed forward, and knelt beside the bed, and kissed her burning hands, and sobbed—ah, c'était affreuse! But madame must not weep: I will say no more if madame excites herself!'

Could I help weeping? Ah, blessed tears, how sweet and joyful were they! Theodore, my own Theodore! I had wronged him: he might be extravagant, thoughtless; but false—— Thank Heaven! that grief was spared to me, and I felt that all the rest was forgiven. That night I slept long and dreamlessly. It was the sleep of health; and the next morning I felt calm and much stronger. Days passed pleasantly away; Pierrette was attentive and affectionate: she told me of the visits of 'that poor monsieur;' and constantly brought me flowers and books, which he had left for me at the porter's lodge. It was winter-time; yet violets and exquisite camellias were laid every morning and evening upon my dressing-table.

I recovered very slowly, and three weeks elapsed before I could leave my bedroom. One day, Pierrette came smiling into the chamber. 'There has been another gentleman this morning inquiring at the gate for the news of madame! He trusts that madame will receive him le plus tôt que possible!'

'What kind of appearance had the gentleman?' I asked.

'Eh bien! I did not see him; but Auguste told me that he was a fair, pale gentleman.' M. Lecroix was pale and fair; it was doubtless himself.

'I shall be well enough to-morrow, I think, Pierrette,' was my reply. 'Leave word with the concierge, that I shall be happy to receive the gentleman at two o'clock in the day.'

So it was the manager, wishing, of course, to have me resume my engagement. I was sorry to be the cause of such confusion and loss as my illness must have occasioned, and I felt desirous of resuming my duties as soon as I dare venture. I could not resist the impulse that came upon me to try my voice once more, and for the first time in six long weeks I left the sick-chamber and entered the salon. I sat down to the instrument, and played the opening symphony of a little German song that *he* had often loved to listen to. I tried to sing. Could it be weakness? could it be emotion? not a note came! Again I tried; again, again! Alas! *it must be so!* my voice, my glorious, my beautiful voice was

utterly, utterly gone! My head dropped upon my hands; I leaned forward upon the instrument, and sobbed aloud.

It was a great sorrow; but I had Theodore still; and that night I prayed for strength and comfort, and felt that what I had lost was more than compensated to me in his love.

'I have been deprived of it but a little sooner,' I argued with myself. 'Age must have brought this calamity, though more slowly. It is but a few years less—a feverish dream of fame from which I have awakened ere it reached the end—God is just and wise—His will be done!'

In the morning I felt calm, nay, almost cheerful.

'Auguste tells me, madame,' said Pierrette, 'that the fair gentleman has called again, and when he received your message, said that he should kiss your hands punctually at the time appointed.'

'And the other gentleman?' I asked, for there had been no bouquet for the last two mornings.

'The other monsieur has not called, madame, for two days. When he last called, Auguste told him that madame was greatly better, and would soon receive; but monsieur only sighed, and turned away hastily. He has not called since.'

'And he has never left either card or message?'

'Never, madame.'

This delicacy touched me more nearly than all his devotion. Poor Theodore! he feared, then, to approach me; he dared not to intrude his love, or even his repentance, upon me!

Two o'clock approached. I almost dreaded the visit of M. Lecroix, for I shrunk from telling him that my career was closed; that I had no voice to sing for him!

Pierrette came hastily in: 'He is approaching, madame—the fair monsieur who called yesterday! I see him in the courtyard.'

There were steps on the staircase—a low tap at the door—Pierrette opened it, and admitted—THEODORE!

I fell back upon the sofa from which I had partly risen. He flew to me—he covered my hands with kisses—he knelt to me—he clasped me in his arms, and breathed his passionate vows and protestations on my lips!

For some time I was passive, motionless, dumb. Surprise and disappointment seemed to overwhelm me. Not disappointment at the sight of that still beloved face; but bitter disappointment that his had not been the anxiety, the haunting visits, the eager inquiries, the tears shed at my bedside when I was near to die! Who, then, had been that one whose life so appeared to hang upon mine! 'Alas!' I said bitterly, 'then it was not thou!'

He asked my meaning, and I told him all. He had for some moments no reply to give. With downcast eye and teeth that gnawed his lip, he heard me through in silence, and then strove to stammer some faint excuses. He also had been ill—his fortunes were embarrassed, and he had been occupied in law matters—he had repeatedly inquired for me; but, doubtless, the porter had omitted

ALICE HOFFMANN: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

to name his visits. I looked steadily at him, and in that look the truth became plain to my eyes, and the love passed away from my heart. I doubted him, and distrust cannot dwell with love; for love is all-believing! I felt myself become steeled to him, and I resolved to put his protestations to the proof.

‘And do you still love me, Theodore?’ I said.

‘Heaven is my witness,’ he exclaimed, ‘that you are dearer to me at this moment than you ever were before.’

‘And you love me for myself and my heart only?’

‘For thyself, for thy gentleness, for thy woman’s heart!’

‘And if I were poor—poor of my only advantages—if I had even no voice to recommend me—no voice wherewith to delight your ear and to earn riches for my husband?’

‘Then wouldst thou be dearer still, my own love! dearer in thy privation, dearer if dependent solely on my arm.’

‘It is well, Theodore,’ I said very calmly, as I fixed the same unwavering glance upon him, ‘for such indeed is my condition. The fever has dealt hardly with me. I have lost my voice!’

He was once more kneeling at my feet; but when I said these words, he rose, and turned deadly pale. He could not believe me; he looked at me, yet I seemed grave and in earnest. He tried to force a smile. ‘You are jesting with me, my love.’

‘Indeed, no,’ I replied; ‘my voice is irrevocably gone. I shall never sing again.’

He dropped into a chair; the very power of dissimulation seemed to leave him; his cheeks and lips became livid. I could almost have pitied his dismay, but for the scorn with which his baseness inspired me.

‘I fear,’ said I haughtily, ‘that your excellency is disappointed.’

He started, rose, and pressing his hand to his forehead, pleaded a sudden illness, and begged permission to retire for a few moments till he should feel recovered. He advanced as if to embrace me. I drew back with undisguised contempt; but he seized my hand, touched it with his lips—and they were icy cold—bowed profoundly, and hastened from the room.

Traitor that he was! I felt too much indignation to be moved either to grief or to compassion. My pride was wounded, but my heart untouched. I sat down and wrote instantly to M. Lecroix. My letter was brief and decisive. I told him all—how my voice was gone, and my theatrical career consequently ended. I expressed my regret for his disappointment, and announced my intention of speedily quitting Paris.

I rang for Pierrette, despatched my letter to the manager, and then turning to her, ‘Pierrette,’ I said, ‘I wish to go into the country for a few months. Will you accompany me?’

‘To the country, madame? At this time of the year? Ah, the country in February is so triste!’

‘Not to me. I have been used to see it, and love it in all changes of season. Will you go with me or not, Pierrette?’

'O with you, ma chère madame—with you anywhere!'

So we consulted about the best place to choose. She named many in the neighbourhood of Paris—Ville d'Avray, Asnières, Argenteuil, St Germain; but it ended in my leaving the choice to herself, and she was to go out the next day and seek some retreat for me.

Evening came. I sat beside the fire, and formed a plan for my future life. I resolved to spend some months in the country till my health was thoroughly restored, and then to seek the situation of governess in some French or English family.

'A letter for madame,' said Pierrette, entering and disturbing my reverie.

I opened it, and read it by the firelight. Theodore's writing!—what had he to say to me? I was to be duped no longer by false — But no—this ran in a different strain. He regretted my loss and his own poverty: he had no wish to drag me down to want; he felt that the most generous part would be to resign me. I was free—he was for ever unhappy; he wished me all forgetfulness of my devoted servant, Theodore von Bachhoffen.

Generous! generous indeed! And so this was the end—the end of that golden dream of truth and love! One tear fell on the paper: it was the last lingering weakness of my heart. I crushed the letter in my hand, and cast it into the flames. It blazed and writhed, turned to a black charred substance lighter than the very air, and fell away in dust. I looked up, and saw Pierrette still standing there, and gazing fixedly upon me. There was a curious meaning in her face. 'You are waiting to say something to me?' I asked.

'No—yes; that is—I have heard of a residence for madame.'

'Indeed!' I said, 'and where is it, Pierrette?'

'At Bellevue, madame, near Sévres. I have a cousin there who owns a house in a charming situation—and—and it is at madame's service for as many months as she may please to reside there.'

'This is indeed delightful, Pierrette,' I said smiling; 'and when may we go there?'

'To-morrow, if madame pleases, or the next day.'

So I fixed the next day, as I thought I should then be stronger for the journey. During all the time that intervened, Pierrette was in a state of uncontrollable excitement. She laughed, danced, chattered, and seemed beside herself with joy. She seemed frequently on the point of saying something, and as often checked herself. When I questioned her, she parried my inquiries by saying that she had prepared a little surprise for me at Bellevue—but she would not tell—no, not for the world! The morning came at length. I had thought much of 'this poor monsieur' of whom Pierrette had told me; but since the evening I had received the letter from the baron, she had remained unaccountably silent whenever I had spoken of him. Before we left the hotel, I gave

ALICE HOFFMANN: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

her a card with my address at Bellevue written upon it, and desired her to leave it with the concierge in case he should ever call again; for I had a haunting desire to see and know this man. 'And so he never came again, Pierrette?' I said as I gave it to her.

'O no, madame, no.'

'Can you not describe his appearance, his complexion, his height?'

'Me, madame! Ah ciel! not I! I do not observe gentlemen.'

So it was of no avail; and as we left the card and rolled away in the fiacre, I sighed to think that I might never know him.

I was still weak, and the noise of the carriage, the sight of the crowded streets, the glittering shops, the thronging vehicles, distressed and fluttered me. I leaned back in the corner, and closed my eyes. When I again opened them, we were out of the gay city, and passing along a country road bordered by barren fields and leafless trees. The air was fresh and clear, and there was a look of awakening spring in everything around. I felt a great peace and resignation steal upon me, and, though I was very silent, I felt happier. We passed many pretty country-houses; a thick wood green with wintry firs; then down a lane arched overhead by trees—a perfect bower in the summer season. The coach stopped suddenly before a garden-gate, in the front of an exquisite little country-house, all overgrown with dark glossy ivy, and fenced in by trees. Here we alighted. Pierrette gave me her arm, and led me through the house—all was new, charming, and complete.

'Is madame content?' asked Pierrette smiling.

Content! It was but too good—and the rent I feared—— But Pierrette laughed, and shook her head. 'Would not madame now wish to walk through the garden?'

So we went out from the windows of the salon, and down a flight of stone steps upon the grassy lawn. Even at this season the place looked beautiful. The tiny crocuses and snowdrops were just blossoming forth above the mould; the laurel, the fir, the laurustina with its pink clustering blossoms, and the thick ivy, lent a green like spring-time. There was a summer-house at the end, with a tiny fountain in front.

'Madame must rest in the summer-house for a few moments,' said Pierrette, as she made me take a seat.

What was there in so simple a thing as a bouquet of camellias to make me start, and blush and tremble as I did, to see it lying there upon the little rustic table? I rose, half terrified, as if to go—there was a footstep on the gravel-walk—Pierrette clapped her hands, and ran away.

'Pierrette! Pierrette!' I cried, and was about to follow, when a dark form interposed, a gentle hand took mine, and led me back into the arbour. I did not look upon his face, but my heart told me who it was, even before he spoke to me. Blind as I had been before, I knew all now! 'Alice! Alice!' said

ALICE HOFFMANN: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Herr Stolberg as he placed me in the seat and stood before me—  
‘I love you!’

I made no reply, and he went on.

‘Alice! I have loved you for the last ten years—even since you were a little child. When you were a child, I was a man; I have now reached middle life, and you are in the bloom of youth. Can you love me?’

I was silent, but the tears slowly filled my eyes and dropped upon my cheeks.

‘I never left you, Alice,’ he said in the same low tone, ‘since that night when you departed in sorrow from your German home. On the roof of the same coach I travelled with and protected you. In Paris, I have watched over you; and when death threatened to remove you from my care, I was ready also to die!’

I looked up into his dark eyes, and standing there in his noble truth and generous love, to me he seemed beautiful—it was the beautiful of the soul.

‘I have prepared this summer-home for you. Be my wife, Alice, and let us share it together! When the autumn comes, we will return to Germany, and to our art.’

And I smiled sadly through my tears. ‘But I have no voice,’ I said softly.

‘I know it; still you have voice enough to say: “I love you”—and that is all the melody my heart asks from thine.’

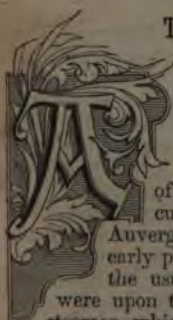
And so, reader, I said it.

The words were spoken fifteen years ago, and I have not repented of them yet.





## TOUR IN AUVERGNE.



LONG with a party of friends, in the summer of 1844, I was able to make a tour in Auvergne and some other parts of France not ordinarily visited by the English; the principal object of our excursion being to see some of the more curious geological phenomena, for which the Auvergne country is celebrated. Our route, in its early part, by Boulogne and Paris to Orleans, was of the usual common-place character. At Orleans, we were upon the Loire, and descended that river by a small steamer, which drew only two or three feet of water. To Blois was our first day's performance, and having landed there, we next day proceeded, by means of a hired calèche, to Vierzon, a town now reached by railway direct from Paris. At Vierzon, which is a small town on the Cher, where we stopped for the night, the country was observed to alter in

## TOUR IN AUVERGNE.

character from extensive alluvial plains to undulating hill and dale, and here commenced on the roadsides those long continuous lines of walnut-trees which extend in various directions through the centre of France. Orchards also became numerous; and occasionally we had glimpses of uplands warmly clothed in vegetation, and dotted with villages. Whatever may be said of the intelligence of the people in this part of France, no one will deny that they are patterns of industry. Not an idle man, woman, or child—or, I may add, cow—is to be anywhere seen. The men and women were busily engaged in rural labour; and the girls, while tending a few sheep, employ themselves in knitting or spinning with the distaff. Yet, although the people work hard, and are to all appearance their own masters, they do not seem to be in the enjoyment of many worldly comforts. They were universally barelegged, and wore wooden shoes, while their cottages appeared to contain little furniture. The beasts of draught we met were principally cows and asses, the former yoked in pairs by the horns, and forming a dismal picture of poverty and oppression.

Bourges, one of the most ancient towns in France, has nothing of interest to detain the stranger except an old cathedral, locally celebrated for its painted glass windows; which, however, did not strike us as worth more than a transient notice. We were, therefore, glad to quit the place on the day after our arrival, and proceed to Moulins, a distance of sixty miles, which a diligence with five horses spiritedly achieved in nine hours. Approaching Moulins, we find ourselves entering the fine flat vale of the Allier, rich in tall trees and the most luxuriant vegetation. Artificial grasses likewise make their appearance in the fields; and although it is only the 8th of July, bands of reapers are already busy cutting down the grain.

Moulins has a vastly superior appearance to Bourges. The streets are generally open, and pretty well paved; there are several spacious airing-grounds, adorned with trees, both within the town and in the environs; and the houses of the opulent classes are numerous and elegant. The Allier, which forms one of the principal tributaries of the Loire, is here crossed by a long stone-bridge; but though broad, it is a shallow stream, full of sand-banks, and of little value in inland navigation.

From Moulins we proceeded by diligence to Vichy, a fashionable resort in central France, and celebrated for its hot mineral springs. After remaining here a few days, we departed on our way to Clermont, or more correctly, Clermont-Ferrand. We had now entered the territory which is locally known as the Limagne. Crossing a ridge of hills, we have this fine country before us, spread out in all the glory of summer. We have the garden of France at our feet. The morning on which we reached this interesting spot was one of the most brilliant of the season, and our eye had an opportunity of taking in the whole plain—rich in orchards, vineyards, bright green fields, and yellow crops of

#### TOUR IN AUVERGNE.

grain—as far as its mountain boundary, formed by the range of Puys, or volcanic peaks, which it was our object to visit. A white cloud rested on the top of the central peak, the Puy-de-Dôme, marking its superior height and grandeur.

In the course of our ride across the plain, we passed through the small towns of Aigueperse, Riom, and Mont-Ferrand, the last situated on the summit of a rising ground, and consisting of heavy buildings of a dark-coloured lava.

At length we reached Clermont, favourably situated on a flattish low hill, sloping gently in all directions, at the verge of the Limagne. The ascending approaches to this ancient capital of Auvergne are described by old travellers as so vile and offensive, that we were pleasingly disappointed in finding them much improved, and that the town generally had in recent times undergone numerous reparations, so as to be now one of the neatest and best built in France. As at Mont-Ferrand, the houses are built of lava, and the streets paved with the same material. The lava-stone of Clermont is grayish-black, and full of small holes, like the cooled cinders of furnaces; but it is excessively hard, and so impervious to the weather, that the stones of the cathedral, which is built of it, though hewn 600 years ago, are as sharp in their angles as the day they were fashioned by the builder.

Leaving the examination of the town to a future opportunity, I was anxious to take advantage of the settled fine weather to pay my visit to the range of adjoining puys or peaks. To be done properly, this requires a guide, and the use of a car; for about five miles must be passed over in ascending the braes, or low hills, before we reach the base of the principal mountains. A car was accordingly hired, well provisioned for a day's excursion, and, accompanied by a geological friend from Edinburgh, who was fortunately on the same errand, and had already procured a guide, our party drove out of Clermont, on an expedition the most interesting in which we had ever been engaged. While pursuing our way beyond the barriers, let us consider for a moment what it is we are going to see.

In the year 1751, two members of the Academy of Paris, Guettard and Malesherbes, on their return from Italy, where they had visited Vesuvius, and observed its productions, passed through Montelimar, a small town on the left bank of the Rhône. Here they were surprised to observe that the pavement of the streets consisted of masses of basalt, brought from Rochemaure, on the opposite side of the river; and they were, moreover, told that there was a mountain-tract in that direction which abounded with similar rocks. Incited by a love of science, they proceeded in search of the basaltic hills, and, step by step, reached Clermont in Auvergne, discovering every day fresh reason to believe in the volcanic origin of the mountains they traversed. At Clermont, all doubts on the subject ceased. The currents of lava in the vicinity, black and rugged as those of Vesuvius, descending uninterruptedly

#### TOUR IN AUVERGNE.

from some conical hills of scorïæ, most of which present a regular crater, convinced them of the truth of their conjectures; and they loudly proclaimed the interesting discovery. On their return to Paris, M. Guettard published a memoir, announcing the existence of volcanic remains in Auvergne, but obtained very little credit. The idea appeared to most persons an extravagance; but the obstinacy of ignorance was finally forced to yield to conviction, and the investigations of Demarest in 1771 put an end to all doubt on the question.

The more recent inquiries of our indefatigable and ingenious countryman Scrope, and others, French and English, have brought the volcanic region of Auvergne prominently into notice as a field of geological study. Nor is it without interest to ordinary travellers. A great cluster or chain of conical mountains, each an extinct volcano, left very much in the form it possessed at the moment when it ceased to act—which may have been ten thousand years ago, for what anybody can tell—is not a thing seen every day, or in every situation. Vesuvius, Stromboli, and Etna, smoke and rage, and from time to time vomit forth their currents of liquid lava, and their showers of scorïæ. Here are dozens of volcanic heights once equally active, but now dormant, and covered with the soil and herbage of accumulated centuries—a region of fire and smoke transformed by time into a tranquil sheep and cattle walk. It was the central point of this once extraordinary scene of commotion that we were going to see.

Our way lay along a road which wound itself in a singular and picturesque manner up the acclivities of the hills, in a direction westward from Clermont, every turn of the path revealing some new and striking prospect. The lower ridges, consisting of calcareous stratified rocks, were chiefly covered with vineyards; but to these succeeded small fields of grain; and these, in their turn, gave way to heathy uplands, through which projected masses of bare rock, either lava or granite. These features of the country around us were, however, for the time, less attractive than its human inhabitants. Nearly all the way, from the gates of Clermont to the summit of the plateau on which the peaks appear to rest, a distance of several miles, we encountered and passed a seemingly continuous band, or series of bands, of mountaineers proceeding with cars of firewood to market. This was my first introduction to the descendants of the ancient Gauls, as they are supposed to be, and it was with something more than mere curiosity that I examined their garb and personal appearance, as they descended the successive slopes towards the plain. The cars, rude in their construction, and piled with chopped brushwood, were each drawn by two cows or oxen, bound together by a yoke across the forehead, to which the pole of the vehicle is attached. No reins were employed. Before each vehicle stalked its saturnine conductor, having a long rod over his shoulder, with which, by a touch, he guided his docile and downcast charge in any required

#### TOUR IN AUVERGNE.

direction. The garments of the men were coarse, and wild in aspect: a black hat slouched over their grim features and long matted hair; while the bulk of the person was concealed under a cloak of striped woollen, confined like a woman's petticoat round the neck. Pouring down almost in a continuous line from the summit of the hills, the eye caught them at different points of the zigzag declivity, and was charmed with the picturesque effect of the scene. These mountaineers, as we were informed, speak a peculiar dialect, not understood by the natives of the towns, though they generally possess a sufficiency of the vernacular French to transact their business when coming to market with their rural produce. Persons competent to form a judgment, have declared that the patois of these mountaineers contains a number of Celtic words; and if so, there could not be a more convincing proof of their direct descent from the original inhabitants of Gaul. Their language, however, from the specimens of it printed in Clermont, appears to possess a much greater resemblance to Italian than any other tongue, from which a fanciful investigator might with equal plausibility assign to them a directly Roman origin. Like the rest of the French nation, they are doubtless Romanised Celts, only less changed and cultivated than their more highly-favoured countrymen. In character, they are rude and uninstructed; and I was assured that the crimes of a savage people are not uncommon amongst them.

Having attained the brow of the eminence, we found ourselves pursuing a slightly inclined plain, keeping the village of Orcines on our left, and observing on both sides tracts of land little better than a wilderness of scattered rocks and stones, and broken ground. At the distance of a mile further on, our journey with the car terminated. Alighting at an auberge by the wayside—a gloomy abode with a vaulted roof—we placed the haversack of provisions on the back of the guide, requested the driver of our vehicle to proceed round to the other side of the mountains to await our return, and forthwith betook ourselves to the serious business of a pretty long and toilsome walk through the heather. Our object was to reach the Pariou, the nearest hill on the south, a kind of stepping-stone to the chief of the puy. Fortunately, the ground and herbage were dry; the heath was blooming like a garden; wild thyme and lavender scented the air with their fragrance; bees hummed merrily in the sunshine; and happy little lizards of various hues ran in and out beneath the bushes.

The base of the Pariou is gained; and now commences the ascent. The hill is a singularly perfect cone, regular all round, and rising with a slope of about 35 degrees to a height of 738 feet above the plateau on which it rests. Taking advantage of every slip of path formed by cattle to fix our footing, and every bush to hold by, and sitting down to rest at least a dozen times during the journey, our party, ladies and all, at last gained the summit of the cone. It was an agitating moment. 'Le cratère!' exclaimed

## TOUR IN AUVERGNE.

Guillaume—'le voilà, mesdames et messieurs;' and sure enough there was before us the crater of the volcano. We stood on a rim of about twenty feet in breadth; behind us was the exterior of the cone which we had climbed, and before us was a perfectly formed basin, 300 feet in depth, and with a circumference of 3000. The inward inclination of the sides of the crater appeared to be the same as the exterior declivity, and terminated in a flat bottom of perhaps forty feet in diameter. The whole was covered with grass and small bushes, the bottom of the basin being the most fertile. Although having no outlet, the great deep dish, as it may be called, was quite dry, the porous subsoil absorbing all the rain which can fall. We sat down within the brink to eat our first luncheon, and contemplate the interesting spectacle. The spot, from the shelter and fresh bite of herbage which it yielded, was evidently a favourite resort of the mountain herds. Round the shelving sides were narrow footpaths formed by the cattle, resembling the steps of an amphitheatre, conducting to the flat bottom of the basin—the closed orifice whence burst forth the loose material which formed the mass of the cone. The rim or upper edge I have stated as being about twenty feet in width; but it varies somewhat in its proportions, and is a little higher on the south than the other sides.

It appears from minute investigation, that the Pariou has been formed by successive discharges at distant intervals. On the north and north-west, a segment of a former crater encircles the cone, the broken part having been carried away by a vast current of lava, which has flowed in streams towards the plain on the east, intruding on the granitic rocks and calcareous deposits, and forking off in branches, which, having cooled and become hard in the course of ages, now form those valuable quarries whence the building-stone of the Limagne is partly dug. To these streams of lava, chiefly, as is believed, from the Pariou, the phenomenon of bare basaltic rocks and loose stones on the surface of the declivities and adjoining parts of the plain is likewise due. The rock, where it assumes a ridge-like form projecting from the ground, is called by the French a *coulée* of lava; and *coulées*, as well as vast quantities of fragments, encumber the vineyards in the lower slopes of the hills.

Whatever may have been the early eruptions of the Pariou, those at the conclusion of its career have consisted of scoriæ, puzzolana, and volcanic sand; where the turf happens to be broken, a reddish loose soil of granular particles is exposed, and of materials of this nature the entire cone seems to be composed: indeed, no other than loose matter, falling in showers about the mouth of the crater, could have formed the elegant and regular cone which now exists.

From the crest of the hill a fine view is obtained of other conical mounts on the north-west, beyond the line of road by which we had approached with the car; but as the view is still better from the grand puy, we spent little time in its contemplation, and

#### TOUR IN AUVERGNE.

pushed off in quest of fresh spots of investigation. Our way still lay southwards, and it was in this direction we descended the Pariou, a feat considerably more difficult than that of its ascent. At the end of half an hour, the southern base of the cone was gained, and we found ourselves again on a heathy tract, open to the eastward, and rising towards the south, where, before us, at the distance of a mile, rose the high but unshapely mass styled the Petit Puy-de-Dôme, to which another walk, and frequent rests among the bushy heather, at length brought us.

The ascent of the Petit Puy is almost half accomplished ere we reach the steep part of its sides, for its base is spread considerably out from the main protuberance of the hill. On attaining the more abrupt part of the ascent, the path which we had to pursue was up a kind of ravine or gash, formed by the washing away of the loose matter, and by the continual abrasion of the mountain cattle. The tracks of wheels, also, shewed us that this formed a road for the rude cars of the mountaineers in their visits to these high pasturages. The broken sides of the ravine were composed altogether of puzzolana, a reddish material almost as loose as rough sand or gravel. The embarrassment of our journey up this awkward pathway was in due time rewarded with the same pleasurable sensations we had experienced on reaching the top of the Pariou. We were landed upon a broad but irregularly shaped abutment—a stage, as it may be called, from the loftiest protuberance—and here, to our satisfaction, we had before us the crater whence the matter composing the sides of the mountain had been ejected. This crater is somewhat less in its dimensions than that of the Pariou, but is equally regular in form and beautiful in surface. Its depth is 292 feet, and its diameter nearly the same. The only difference between it and the other perfectly formed craters is, that, instead of having only a narrow rim at top, it lies imbedded in the shoulder of the hill, having to all appearance been overtopped by later protrusions. From, as I imagine, its neat form and sheltered situation, it is called by the people of the district, *Le Nid de la Poule*, or *Hen's Nest*. At the time of our visit, a herd of cattle, under the charge of a ragged Flibbertigibbet, came leisurely round the corner of the hill, and descended the sides of the crater in quest of the pasturage with which it was covered; and we left them grazing on its flat and verdant bottom.

At the point we had attained on the Petit Puy-de-Dôme, we were at an elevation of about 3600 feet above the plain of the Limagne, but were still from 700 to 800 feet lower than the top of the Puy-de-Dôme itself. Another and much more toilsome ascent was therefore yet to be performed, and as we had already been several hours on our feet, it was proposed, and unanimously agreed, that the ladies should not attempt to climb the impending height, but, selecting a pleasant spot below the rocky knoll of the Petit Puy, lay out dinner, and remain at rest on the heather till our return. These and other grave matters being arranged, we

#### TOUR IN AUVERGNE.

proceeded to climb the gigantic Puy; an account of which may now be given.

The direction by which we had approached the Puy-de-Dôme brought us to its northern base, whence it is most easily ascended, because on this side you have already attained a considerable altitude by easily sloping paths, before reaching its more abrupt part. Towards Clermont on the east, it presents a front of nearly 2000 feet in height, whereas from the shoulder of its parasitic appendage, the Petit Puy-de-Dôme, it rises only from 700 to 800 feet. The ascent on the north is likewise aided by a gash, or ravine, reaching nearly to its summit, partly caused by the soft and friable nature of the soil, and partly by the scrambling of cattle going to and returning from the high pasturages of the mountain. By means of this broken and frequently perplexing tract, we were able to make our way up what may be called the neck of the hill; sometimes rounding the corner of a projecting rock, which left but slender footing; at others sitting down to rest on masses of turf, in the course of dislodgment by torrents; and occasionally standing to look about us and examine the material of which the mountain appears to be composed.

The crowning point, however, was at length attained; the ascent of the zigzag ravine bringing us to a broad landing-place, where a herd of cattle were browsing, whence, by climbing up the back of the protuberance forming the summit, we placed ourselves on the topmost height of the Puy-de-Dôme—a height of 4842 feet above the level of the sea.

We were fortunate in finding the summit of the mountain free of the clouds which so frequently rest upon it, and distinguish it from others of the group. This tendency to put on and retain a fleecy cloud upon its top, in certain conditions of the atmosphere, has made it in some measure a weather indicator to the good folk of the Limagne. 'The settlement of the cloud,' observes M. le Cocq, a geologist of Auvergne, 'is a spectacle frequently presented to the inhabitants of Clermont; for it is seldom that twenty-four hours pass over without a mist gathering, more or less, on the top of the puy. At first, nothing more is observed than an extremely rarefied vapour, or light gas, which envelops the upper part of the mountain, and which does not conceal the verdant clothing that covers it. This vapour shapes itself to the outlines of the hill, gradually augments in density, and finally forms itself into a convex cloud, which surrounds the summit. For this reason, it is commonly called the *Cap of the Puy-de-Dôme*. The vapour appears most frequently during the fine evenings of spring, and may properly be called a "night-cap," for it remains on till the succeeding morning. Then its density is seen to diminish; it becomes translucent, presently transparent, and disappears as it had been formed. This cap, following so exactly the outlines of the peak, demonstrates the attraction exercised by the puy on this singular cloud, the thickness of which is everywhere the same.

## TOUR IN AUVERGNE.

Sometimes two caps are observed, one over the other, but always preserving the form of the summit on which they rest. The feeble rays of the sun, as they disappear beyond the plains of the Creuse, often tinge this dome of vapour with a golden tint; presently, a light gust of wind will spring up, and the whole will be distributed with inconceivable rapidity.

But we must turn to the more immediate object of our visit to this remarkable mountain. Our first consideration was to examine the spot around us. There was no crater. The summit of the conical knoll was a plateau of forty to fifty feet in diameter, somewhat broken or disturbed by art; for in early times it had been the site of a hermitage, long since destroyed, and scattered in fragments down the precipitous face of the mountain; and now, in the centre of the bare and broken surface, is erected a tall pole, serving probably as a landmark in trigonometrical surveys of the country. There being no remnant of crater on the top of the Puy-de-Dôme, and its entire mass, so far as observable, being trachyte, a species of granular rock, different theories have been formed respecting its origin. I believe it is now pretty well understood that the mountains of this nature were formed by the upward propulsion of trachyte in a state of liquid lava; the liquid, however, not being so thin and fluent as the basaltic lavas, and therefore, instead of flowing in streams, it remained chiefly in heaped-up masses, ultimately shaped by the weather into rounded protuberances. The puys of domite or trachyte are much less numerous than those of scoriæ, there being only three small ones lying north of the Puy-de-Dôme, and one rising at its south-western base, called the Puy-de-Gromanaux; but this exhibits the wreck of a crater formed by irruptions of scoriæ forcing their way through the already deposited cliffs of trachyte. Further to the south, domitic puys do not occur nearer than Mont d'Or, which is of the same material as the Puy-de-Dôme, and most likely of the same era. There are as many as seventy in number, the height straggled in and out over a heathy upland, and varied alike in size and altitude.

The finest sight was unquestionably towards the north, for in that direction the cones were most numerous and thickly set. The Nid de la Poule, on a low shoulder of the Petit Puy, was at our feet. Further on was Pariou, standing well out of the heathy plateau. Between these two, but more to the left, were the Great and Little Suchet; and on a line with them to the north was the Puy-de-Come, the most bulky of all. I must stop a moment to describe the Come. It is a finely formed conical mount, rising to a height of 900 feet, and having on its summit two craters, a larger and smaller, close to each other. The depth of the largest is 250 feet. The craters do not expose an even orifice, but rather yawn a little on one side, as if part of the rim were carried away. The hill stands so much west from the line of the Pariou, that it is over the ridge of the plateau, and the land, instead of inclining to the plain of the Limagne on the east, has an easy slope towards the

## TOUR IN AUVERGNE.

valley of the Sioule on the west. In the latter direction, a stream of basaltic lava had burst from the side of the Puy-de-Come, and rushing over the granite rocks in its path, had flooded the lower region beyond, filling up the ancient bed of the Sioule, and otherwise effecting great alterations in the configuration of the country. The tracing of this stream of lava, now an irregular sheet of darkish coloured rock, exposed in many places to the eye, forms one of the most interesting objects of inquiry to the geologist in Auvergne. To the general observer, the view of the country on the west, though extensive, embraces no distinct object of interest; and we are naturally attracted towards the south, in which direction we have a prospect of great grandeur. In the more immediate vicinity are a number of cones, of one or two craters, and one with three, disposed like the leaves of a trefoil. The name of this hill is the Puy-de-Monchié; and its largest crater, which lies nearest us, is 340 feet in depth. Further on, and more to the east, are several cones, one of which, the Puy Noir, has a vast crater of 590 feet deep, but is broken down on its eastern side. Another cone near it, the Puy de la Vache, has likewise a crater broken away in the same direction. The destruction in both cases, as is supposed, was caused by the overflowing of the lava which rose in the crater, and broke down the weakest of its sides. From the vent so made, long continuous streams flowed into the lower grounds on the east, and in the present day they can be traced with perfect accuracy down the respective valleys of two brooks, tributaries of the Allier. That along the winding valley of Thieux extends a length of ten miles.

Our view, including these interesting cones, is arrested at the distance of seven or eight miles by Mont d'Or, a huge dark mountain, which, with its parasitic hills, like itself, of volcanic origin, closes the scene. Could we look in the far distance beyond, still should we see hill after hill, forming a wild mountain-tract almost to the borders of the Mediterranean. Shut out in this direction, we turn our faces towards the south-east, in which we have the Graviénère, an imposing volcanic cone, composed principally of a blackish coloured puzzolana, called by the natives *gravier-noir*; and hence the name of the hill. Beyond the Graviénère are two hills not less interesting in their nature and history. One of these, a conical mount, is topped by the ruins of a feudal castle—Montrognon; and another immediately beyond it, of a shape altogether different, was the site of Gergovia, the most impregnable city in Gaul. It is needless, however, to speculate on these hills at present, for they afterwards became an object of special pilgrimage during our stay in Clermont; and we pass on to the next step in our panorama. We have now, in facing the east and north-east, the great plain of the Limagne, studded with gray old towns, rich in vegetation, and hemmed in by the belt of rugged hills which divide the vale of the Allier from the head waters of the Loire. Rising chiefly on the eastern side of the plain, there are likewise

#### TOUR IN AUVERGNE.

visible several conical mounts or puys; but they do not at present call for particular notice.

Having now taken a comprehensive view all round from our lofty station, we thought it time to descend, for we had a toilsome afternoon's walk yet before us. Much of the latter part of our way down the precipitous eastern face of the Puy-de-Dôme was effected in the dry bed of a torrent; and our carriage, for a mile after we reached it, had to perform a most awkward journey over broken masses of puzzolana and gravier-noir. There was so little ease or safety in the vehicle, that we dismissed it, with directions to take us up at Royat, a small town at the foot of the Val de Fontanat, an exceedingly romantic valley which we purposed to perambulate on foot. Instead, therefore, of going straightway home to Clermont, we struck into a cross-road to the right, by an umbrageous green lane, which conducted us to a scene of surprising beauty to a draughtsman, and of the deepest interest to the geological inquirer.

The Val de Fontanat, which runs due east from near the base of the Puy-de-Dôme, commences at its upper extremity with a natural curiosity. Emerging from a mazy and rude pathway, you are suddenly introduced to a cluster of cottages, with a mill picturesquely placed at the head of the glen. Approaching the brook, we find that beneath our feet, and all around, the water is gushing from beneath the rocks, and in such volume, that, within a space of a few yards, it possesses sufficient force to move the mill. The water, fresh and sparkling, is to all appearance a rivulet that has been submerged by a stream of lava from an adjacent volcano, but which, in the course of ages, has found its way into open day, forcing away the rocky materials that impeded its course. A natural excavation, sixty-five feet in depth, attests the force of the current, and the thickness of the basaltic lava which has poured into the valley.

The rivulet, augmenting at short intervals by new contributions from beneath the rocky banks of the glen, soon becomes a stream of considerable local consequence. As we descend along its left bank, the valley expands and deepens, reminding us of the romantic glen of the Esk at Roslin. There is a charm about the valley, however, which is wanting in our Scottish ravines. The sloping sides, disposed chiefly as orchards and meadows, are of the brightest green. An originally thin soil, through which here and there protrude crags of granite, has been rendered highly fertile by a process of artificial irrigation, of which I know no example among the hill-lands of our own country. Wherever a thread of water can be diverted from the descending channel it would naturally adopt, it is conducted along the winding braes, always inclining downwards, for the sake of fall, but zigzagging, meeting with and separating from other threads, running this way and that way for miles, so that the whole vale, from the top to the bottom of its lofty banks, may be described as a great net-work of rivulets,

#### TOUR IN AUVERGNE.

producing the richest crops of brilliantly green herbage. As running-water is charged with similar beneficial properties in all countries, there is no valid reason why the rivulets, which now dash almost uselessly down our mountain ravines, should not similarly be turned aside to irrigate and fertilise the sides of adjacent hills. Yet it is long ere a foreign custom, whatever be its excellence, meets with acceptance. More than half a century ago, Arthur Young recommended the irrigation of Auvergne to the notice of British agriculturists, without effect; and the present hint, coming from a much less weighty authority, has no chance of being more successful.

We pursued our way along a road the most picturesque, but also the vilest in creation. In some places, the track was impassable from large boulders and ruts full of water; nevertheless, it is used by the cars of the mountaineers, and a few of these we met drawn by cows, in pairs, or what may be called four-in-hand, the wretched animals pulling the wheels over stones that threatened the jangling apparatus with destruction. In the course of the journey, the most fatiguing and perplexing which we had encountered, we peeped into a few of the cottages of the peasantry, or small proprietors; for I was told that most of them own the fields they till. But such dens of darkness, dirt, and poverty, I never before beheld, although I believe there are as bad in the remote parts of the British islands. Some of the huts appeared to be nurseries of infants. In one, with a floor no better than a stable, there were half-a-dozen cradles, each containing a sickly-looking baby. The ladies of our party, as may be supposed, were greatly affected by such an unlooked-for exhibition; and did not rest till they had ascertained that to these loathsome hamlets many children belonging to Clermont are sent to be nursed.

The sun was declining behind the mountains when we reached the town of Royat, near the outlet of the valley. Here we stopped a few minutes to examine a cluster of bath-houses erected over a thermal spring of great volume. The temperature of the water we ascertained to be 88 degrees Fahrenheit. A bathing establishment was erected here by the Romans, and at the time of our visit, part of the old walls was in the course of removal, to make way for improvements—a necessity, if it was one, which I could not but regret. To Royat forms a favourite half-hour's excursion, by cars, from Clermont. The small town, old and confined, is no way deserving of attention; but the situation is sequestered, and abounds in natural beauties. The road to Clermont is also pretty, being environed with handsome villas and luxuriant gardens. Driving along it in the carriage, which had waited for us at Royat, our fatigues were almost forgotten, and when set down in the Place de Jaude, in Clermont, one and all acknowledged that the day had been one of the happiest of their existence.

Sitting at the open windows of his hotel, at the north side of the Place de Jaude, in Clermont, the traveller will be interested

## TOUR IN AUVERGNE.

in observing, clear over the tops of the houses on the south, and at the distance of four to five miles, a hill singular in its shape and appearance. All the other hills in this part of Auvergne are less or more conical, but this one resembles a huge table, its rugged sloping sides appearing to terminate in a plain, level with the rounded tops of the neighbouring mountains. Thousands of travellers doubtless bestow only a momentary attention on this strangely shaped mass, and there ends the matter; but others, inquiring its name, perhaps learn that few mountains in France have obtained such celebrity, and accordingly spend a day's excursion upon it before leaving the country. I wish to say a few words respecting this hill.

Anciently, Gaul—modern France—was inhabited by a number of independent tribes, each in itself a little nation; a few of these nations only uniting on occasions of common and extreme danger. Taking advantage of this weakness of organisation, the Roman Republic despatched Julius Cæsar with an army to effect the conquest of the country. Successful everywhere he went, this sagacious general was baffled by the heroism of the Averni, the tribe who inhabited what we now term the Auvergne mountains. Although a rude and uncultivated people, these mountaineers displayed considerable ingenuity in defending themselves, by means of fortifications of earth and beams of wood. When Cæsar, at the head of six legions, entered the territories of the Averni, he was brought to a pause before Gergovia, a city strongly fortified in this manner, on the flat top of the hill which we behold from our windows in Clermont.

According to Cæsar's own account of his attack on Gergovia, he found it one of the most difficult of his enterprises. The gallant Averni, headed by Vercingetorix, and assisted by detachments from other Gaulish tribes, had a complete command of the hill; and with enormous stones, darts, and arrows, they destroyed the besiegers when they attempted to approach. The Roman general secured a favourable position, as he tells us, on a neighbouring height, and by various stratagems tried to circumvent the Averni. As a last resource, he led on an attack by the back part of the hill, where the ascent is less abrupt, and was able to attain a footing within an outwork of stones; but he found it necessary to retreat from this dangerous position. The Gauls, inspired by the cries of their women, who appeared with dishevelled hair on the ramparts, drove the most impetuous of the legions back with great slaughter. Seven hundred Romans fell in the engagement. After spending several days fruitlessly in manœuvring on the plain, with a view to seduce the Gauls from their vantage-ground, Cæsar was forced to abandon the siege.

Interesting from the figure which Gergovia thus makes in ancient history, as well as from its geological character, my friend and I resolved on making it the object of a day's pilgrimage. We accordingly hired a car for the purpose; and one morning pretty

#### TOUR IN AUVERGNE.

early, along with Guillaume as guide, sallied out on the proposed journey. Our way lay almost due south from Clermont, and conducted us along a series of miserable narrow roads, ascending between the rude walls which bound the small vineyards and fields on the lower slopes. Ere we reached the limits to which the car could advance, the day became intensely hot. Gadflies flew about us in swarms, and lighting on the poor hack which dragged our vehicle, drew blood at a thousand points. Near the village of Cevrat, we abandoned the car, and took to clambering the ugly broken path, which was not particularly easy; for, while one hand was engaged in holding an umbrella overhead to intercept the rays of the sun, the other was busy keeping the flies at a proper distance.

Our first object was to ascend Montrognon, whose western flank we had already gained. This is a hill remarkable among many remarkable hills. It is a tolerably regular cone, broad at the base, and terminating in a small plateau, on which stands the tall and picturesque ruin of a castle. Unlike the puys we had formerly visited, it is a mass of columnar basalt resting on calcareous matter, the basalt to all appearance being the relict of a stream of lava which had flowed over the fresh-water limestone of the plain, and been subsequently raised to its present position. Having scrambled across the uppermost vineyards, we reached a steep slope, an entire tract of loose basaltic stones, and on this we climbed to the top of the eminence. Although considerably lower than the range of puys at a distance of a few miles in the north-west, the view from the apex was charming, for it immediately overlooked on all sides fertile rural scenes. The ruin, so conspicuous for many miles across the Limagne, occupied the whole plateau, and must at one time have been a massive keep, with outworks—the stronghold of one of those Auvergnat barons whose oppressions led to their extirpation in the reign of Louis XIII. The walls remaining, built of the blue basalt of the hill, measured eight feet in thickness, and may yet endure the returning blasts of a hundred winters.

To get to Gergovia, it was necessary to descend the hill on its south side, and from the valley below climb another eminence towards the east. Two hours were consumed in this intermediate journey—heat awful, and the shade of every walnut and cherry tree thankfully accepted. Guillaume's flask of *vin-ordinaire* and water, cooled at a fountain by the way, was in frequent requisition. The road conducted us by what must be called the back of Mount Gergovia—supposing the side next Clermont to be its face—and most likely by the direction in which Cæsar made his attack. Shaped, as I said, like a table, its upper edge for a space of forty to fifty feet is a crag, bristling with rocks and splinters; and when one struggles his way over these barriers, he finds himself on a plain covered with about as many stones as blades of grass—an arid stony waste—which, however, at the time of our visit, afforded a scanty pasture to a flock of sheep.

#### TOUR IN AUVERGNE.

And here stood the city of Gergovia. We walked about to discover if possibly any remnant were visible; but not a remnant, nor the faintest outline of a remnant, can be discovered. The plain seemed to be from two to three miles in length from east to west, by from a quarter to an eighth of a mile across. The ground having been ransacked by antiquaries, has yielded up a number of Gaulish medals, weapons, utensils, and other objects. The remains of a cavern have also been discovered. The exterior defences having been constructed chiefly of timber, time has long since swept them from existence; and the same agency has destroyed the interior buildings, which in all likelihood were of the same rude and simple materials. Along the verge of the plateau, the heaps of stones are more than usually numerous; and these may have been concerned in giving strength to the walls, from which the Gergovians committed such havoc on their enemies.

Satisfied with an inspection of the plateau, we proceeded down the steep fronting Clermont, with the view not only of returning homeward, but of examining the geological structure of the mountain. The north side, which we descended, is peculiarly favourable for this kind of scrutiny. The torrents of winter have hewed a ravine of considerable depth, from the higher to the lower grounds, and in which the various strata, one above another, are exposed to the prying curiosity of the tourist. From an observation of the ravine, as well as of the upper part of the hill, it appears that the whole protuberance is an alternation of currents of basaltic lava with the calcareous strata of the fresh-water formation. First, on a level with the plain, we have a bed of yellowish white limestone, full of the organic remains which distinguish the general substance of the Limagne. Then comes a thick covering of lava, which had flowed from a neighbouring volcano, and inserted itself into all the irregularities of the soil over which it poured. Above this hard rock come calcareous or fresh-water strata again, here and there blended with another stream of basaltic lava which had flowed over all, and formed what may be called a top-dressing to the heap. What countless ages must have elapsed before this curious alternation of sedimentary and volcanic matter could have been effected—ages to which the historical period—Cæsar's visit, for example, 1900 years ago—is but a day!

Gergovia is not singular in its constitution. A number of other hills in its vicinity exhibit similar appearances. The probability is, that the whole originally formed one mass. By the washing away of the softer intermediate parts, an ancient plateau has been divided into separate hills. Alternate upheaving and depression by subsequent subterranean agency have, in all likelihood, helped to complete the phenomenon. That everything has been very much as it is—cold, hard, and fixed—here and in other parts of Auvergne for 2000 years, is beyond a doubt. Cæsar saw the country as it now appears to the tourist; nor does it seem that he was at all aware that the mountains over

#### TOUR IN AUVERGNE.

which he led his legions had once smoked and raged like Vesuvius.

It would be reasonable for an inquiring mind to ask, if there be no expiring manifestations of the heat which once found vent in the volcanoes of Auvergne. The only existing symptom of this ancient combustion is found in the hot springs of Vichy, Royat, and Mont d'Or. The high temperature of these waters is, with probability, traced to the same agency which in former times produced the puy's we had been visiting.

These hot mineral waters, however, are less singular than another kind of springs not uncommon in Auvergne, two of which, and by far the most remarkable, rise within the outskirts of Clermont. These waters, which gush in considerable volume from the ground, are called Fontaines Pétrifiante; but this is scarcely correct. Calcareous in their nature, they only cover with a yellowish fawn-coloured crust any object with which they are long in contact. Being conducted by artificial channels from their source, the water drops from them, and forms vast stalactitic aggregations of limestone.

Led by a damsel, the naiad of the fountain, we are conducted through the garden to an erection of boards, a rude hut, into the roof of which we observe the water precipitated from its conduit. Opening the door, we perceive a house full of spray. The water, diverted into sub-rills, is dashed and splashed about on the floor, and on tiers of shelves, in a very odd sort of way, being permitted, after performing this service, to escape by a channel beneath. Looking through the spray from the multitude of cataracts, we perceive that, scattered all over the place, on the floor and on the shelves, there lie moulds of medals, and other objects, all in the process of receiving an incrustation. The spray falling in showers, deposits minute particles of the substance held in solution in the water, and which are so fine, that the water appears clear to the eye. In about three months, a mould, an eighth of an inch deep, is filled with the deposit, and yields a cast as exact and beautiful as if cut from a piece of polished stone. The casts are of two varieties. Those produced by the spring to which we were first conducted are of a yellow tinge, and as uniform in the grain as a piece of bone. The other spring, which dashes into a different receptacle, yields casts containing crystalline particles, and have a glittering mixed appearance; they are also less fine in their outlines. After satisfying our curiosity with the operative part of the establishment, we entered by invitation the *salle de commerce*—a store for the sale of products of the springs, where we purchased some articles as a remembrance of the place.

Having visited mountain tops and puy's to our hearts' content, and seen some of the most interesting parts of Auvergne, we departed on our journey, taking the road by way of Thiers and Roanne to St Etienne. At this last-named place, we were within the threshold of the central manufacturing district of

#### TOUR IN AUVERGNE.

France. The articles produced in St Etienne are firearms and ribbons—the latter alone, I believe, employing 40,000 workmen. Wherever one turns his eyes, he observes on the fronts of the tall houses the sign-boards of ‘Fabricants de Rubans;’ while many of the shop-windows are as gay as a parterre of flowers with specimens of this interesting branch of industry. At a bold venture, we asked one of the fabricants to shew us his atelier or workshop, and were politely conducted by him to a suburb on a hill adjoining the town, composed of rows of houses used as dwellings and work-places by the weavers. The atelier consisted of a front apartment, in which was a female winding silk thread on small reels, and a room behind, lofty in the roof, in which were two ribbon-weavers at work on their respective looms. In each loom there were twenty ribbons in process of weaving, of the most beautiful designs and colours; and the ladies of the party declared they had never seen anything so elegant. The men spoke cheerfully of their labour, and the woman, who had abandoned her reeling at our entry, hung about us, and seemed gratified to answer any questions concerning the mode of life among the ribbon-weaving population. She said that, with industry and economy, they had nothing to complain of—an acknowledgment which, I believe, could be made with propriety by the bulk of the manual labourers of every country.

After spending a day in this sort of loitering observation, we proceeded by a railway, provided with locomotives, but execrably managed, to Lyon.

The first glimpse of the Rhône, which we had on emerging from a vale down which the line of railway descends on its way to Lyon, was interesting, but failed in the magnitude which we had anticipated. The scene, however, improved as we approached Lyon, and crossed by a newly formed viaduct the river Saône, where it unites its waters with the Rhône. We were now landed on that flat triangular peninsula on which Lyon has been built, everything about us betokening that we had arrived in a busy and opulent city. With the Saône flowing past it on the south, and the Rhône on the north, both uniting at a point on the east, it may be said to possess a peculiarly favourable situation for commerce. Nor is it unsuitable as a place of agreeable residence. On the opposite bank of the Saône rises a long hill dotted over with mansions, which command a lovely prospect of the town and rivers; across the western part of the peninsula there is a similar hill, also covered with masses of building; while, on the further bank of the Rhône, long lines of new buildings, forming an elegant suburb, are starting into existence. The old town, consisting of a dense Parisian-looking cluster of streets, alleys, and places, is the great theatre of business, and the whole being faced with fine broad quays, suitable for barges and steam-vessels, Lyon may be said generally to exhibit a fair picture of a large and prosperous provincial town.

#### TOUR IN AUVERGNE.

Lyon, as everybody is aware, is the centre of the silk manufacture in France; and in the occupation of weaving and otherwise preparing, as well as selling this article, a great number of persons are employed.

The pleasure we had experienced in our visit to the atelier of the ribbon-weaver at St Etienne, made us anxious to see silk-weaving in this its chosen seat. Having an introduction to one of the leading master manufacturers, this was not difficult. By this gentleman we were despatched, under the charge of a clerk, a young Englishman learning the profession, to an atelier in which some of the finest fabrics are produced. Before describing what here came under our notice, I may say a few words respecting the method of manufacturing in Lyon. The manufacturer, who is the capitalist and employer, keeps no factory of his own. He gives out the silk to be dyed to one class of men, and to be woven by another. The individual, however, with whom he deals is not the actual weaver. He is a person who, by his skill and industry, has attained a position half-way between a workman and master; he owns two or three looms, which stand in an apartment connected with his dwelling, and he takes in work to be executed, partly by himself, and partly by men whom he employs. His chief duty, a most onerous one, demanding great patience and ingenuity, consists in putting the web into the loom, and arranging all the Jacquard and other apparatus necessary for producing the required pattern; after which, he superintends the operations of the weaver, who is a workman of inferior standing and capacity, and consequently receives inferior wages for his labour. The title universally given to the agent who undertakes work on this principle is that of *chef d'atelier*—chief of the workshop, or foreman.

It was the establishment of one of these manufacturing agents or chefs that I was taken to see. Having been led to a narrow street behind the Place Bellecour, I was conducted to the fourth story of a large building by a stair, precisely resembling one of those common stairs in Edinburgh which give admission to the different floors of tall edifices. The atelier we were to visit occupied part of a floor, the looms working at a height of about sixty feet from the ground, over the heads of several strata of families, and under two or three strata still higher up the building. The scene was curious. We had never seen any mechanism half so intricate, and apparently unintelligible. The process was by Jacquard cards, but the patterns to be wrought embraced such variety of detail, that the apparatus was an inextricable maze of bobbins, strings, and other parts incomprehensible to a stranger. The chef, doffing his cap, received us with great politeness, and took pains to explain—vain thought!—the *mécanique* of the looms under his charge, three in number. Lifting up a piece of paper carefully pinned over the parts woven of the fabrics in hand, he shewed the beauty of their designs. One of the pieces was

#### TOUR IN AUVERGNE.

magnificent. It was a gorgeous assemblage of colours finely harmonised in tone, with gold and silver thread in different combinations, and was intended, he said, for church banners. Another piece, the groundwork of which was white satin, interwoven also with gold and silver, was designed for priests' vestments in the church service. The chef mentioned, that such was the complexity of one of these pieces, that he was occupied three months in arranging it in the loom, and that the workman employed upon it could not weave more than a yard in the week. The price which it would cost the manufacturer was to be a hundred francs per yard. The operatives engaged in weaving such articles realise from twelve to fifteen francs for their weekly labour.

On the whole, we had reason to be much pleased with the courteous and intelligent answers, not only of this respectable chef d'atelier, but of the ribbon-weavers whom we conversed with at St Etienne, and took care not to confound them with the mass of inferior workmen whose dissoluteness keeps them poor, and whose outbreaks have done so much to injure and drive away the trade of Lyon and its neighbourhood. No higher proof of the superior ingenuity and prudence of this class of men could be given than the single fact, that among a hundred persons who received prize-medals for articles in silk, shewn at the late Parisian Exposition, as many as ninety were manufacturers who had originally been chefs d'atelier, and consequently sprung from the ranks of the people.

Lyon having been an important provincial capital of the Romans after their conquest of Gaul, the town and its neighbourhood have yielded a plenteous crop of antiquities to the archæologist. The town museum, which we spent half a day in roaming over, is an extensive quadrangular edifice, with its central court, arcades, and galleries filled with as many Roman altars, stone coffins, inscriptions, mosaic pavements, and other relics, as would set up a dozen museums in England. In the same handsome square which contains this palais des beaux arts, is the Hôtel de Ville, a large and elegant building of the Renaissance, where the Revolutionary Tribunal under Couthon and Collot d'Herbois held its infamous sittings. This structure, and the Hôtel-Dieu on the quay fronting the Rhône, are the finest public buildings in Lyon. The Hôtel-Dieu, which occupied us an afternoon in walking over, is an hospital of great antiquity, for the reception of all kinds of poor patients, whether sick or hurt. Besides the façade which overlooks the river, the house consists of several diverging lines of building behind, lighted from interior courtyards, the whole divided into floors centering at one point in an octagonal chapel. In the midst of this chapel stands an altar, which can be seen from the further extremity of each diverging gallery, and here divine worship is performed within sight, or at least within hearing, of the numerous patients early every morning. At the time of our visit there were 1500 patients in the

## TOUR IN AUVERGNE.

house, all of whom, as far as I could see, were under a careful and comfortable superintendence. The most remarkable thing in the economy of the establishment is, that it is under the entire guidance of Sisters of Charity, of whom 150 are constantly on duty, without fee or reward. How frequently, abroad, has one reason to admire the diligent and practical piety of this wonderful sisterhood! We found them in detachments, and in different parts of the house, performing the most varied functions. While certain sets attended in the sick-wards, others were occupied as cooks in the kitchen, and some acted as apothecaries in weighing and dispensing drugs in a large laboratory surrounded with bottles, jars, and retorts.

We spent about a week in Lyon, every day making an excursion to some spot of interest or beauty in the neighbourhood; among others, to L'Île Barbe, a small island in the Saône, situated a few miles above the town. The banks of this river are much more beautiful than those of the Rhône, being generally steep, and well clothed with woods and vineyards; they are likewise ornamented with a number of white and pretty villas. The Saône, a broad and massive stream, crossed by numerous suspension-bridges, is comparatively slow in its current, and permits the daily navigation of steam-vessels as far as Chalons, a stage onward to Paris. The Rhône, into which this fine river falls immediately below Lyon, is very different in appearance. About twice the size of the Saône, it flows hurriedly past the quays of Lyon, as if fearful of losing a moment in the long journey before it; and this busy headlong character it seems to possess from its cradle in Switzerland almost to its grave in the Mediterranean.

My previous acquaintance with the Rhône had been made upon Lake Lemán, where its waters, as they escape past Geneva, are beautifully blue. At Lyon, and all the way downward, this remarkable tint has disappeared, giving place to a dirty white colour, arising most likely from the chalky bottom over which it occasionally rushes in its course. Although augmented by the Saône, it still falls short of the Rhine in point of size, and is not to be compared with it in commercial importance. Its great misfortune is its rapidity of current, by which a regular traffic to and fro is greatly retarded. Steam-vessels go down from Lyon at a high rate of speed—sixteen miles an hour being common—and they are consequently well laden with passengers; but in coming up, their engines have a weary drag against the stream, and the passage is so tedious, that few travellers adopt it.

Desirous of visiting some places of interest in the lower parts of the river, we went on board of a steam-vessel which plied from the quay of Lyon, and started at the convenient hour of eleven in the forenoon: as the greater number of boats set out at three in the morning, in order to reach Marseille at night—a run of about 200 miles—we considered ourselves particularly fortunate in our choice. It being only about fifteen years since steamers

#### TOUR IN AUVERGNE.

plied on the Rhône, and as they yet remain a monopoly in the hands of two or three companies, the vessels have little to recommend them as comfortable means of conveyance. That in which we started was, as is usual in France, somewhat dirty, and crowded with a miscellaneous company, occupied in drinking coffee, smoking, and spitting. Fortunately, we succeeded in securing seats on deck, under an awning, and, with the assistance of an obliging steward, made ourselves tolerably comfortable during the day's journey. The mild air, from the rapid motion of the vessel, was pleasant; the sunny banks flew past us like an evershifting picture; and the hope of what we were to see in the south, added a relish to our sensations. Here and there we came abreast of a town, and after a short stay, shot again ahead. Occasionally, also, the vessel passed beneath the extended platform of a suspension-bridge; and the number of new bridges of this description we saw in the course of the voyage, shewed that here, as almost everywhere else in France, improvement is steadily advancing. The banks of the river, though considerably less romantic than those of the Rhine, are not by any means spiritless. Besides a few old-fashioned towns, there are some castles on peaked heights, as rugged and ruined as an artist could desire: there are likewise some good snatches of precipice in the immediate vicinity of the river; and over the heads of tall poplars on the left bank, are obtained striking prospects of the hills of Dauphiné, and beyond them, rising in Alpine grandeur, the snow-clad mountains of Savoy.

At Valence, about half-way down the river, we left the steamer, and stopped for the night at a little unpretending inn—the *Hôtel du Nord*—where an old woman, the hostess, never seemed tired of shewing us acts of kindness. Departing in the morning from this agreeable hostel, we were again on the river, in another steamer bound for the south, and were by it carried through fully more picturesque scenery than on the preceding day. Towards the afternoon, however, the banks shrunk in altitude. We had left the Cevennes on the right and the hills of Dauphiné on the left, considerably behind, and were entering upon a new tract of country, in which mulberry-trees began to make their appearance, conclusive evidence that we had reached the southern division of France, in which silk is one of the staple products.

Interested as we should otherwise have been with these and other novelties, the circumstances in which we were involved unhappily contributed to destroy everything like gratification. The vessel, though large, and not without elegance in some of its furnishings, was a scene of filth and confusion. No attempt was made to preserve order. High and low, irrespective of fares, were commingled according to fancy in all parts of the vessel; and luggage and merchandise were strewed about in every direction. All this hubbub, however, was only a little droll. The terrible thing was the heat. The deck had no awning, and the sun glared

#### TOUR IN AUVERGNE.

down upon us like a consuming fire. Seated on boxes and carpet-bags, our only shelter was our umbrellas, which we managed to hold up in the throng, and beneath which, as I found from a pocket thermometer, the heat was 88 degrees. As we advanced, shooting along from point to point, the vessel seemed as if leaving behind all that was fresh, green, and beautiful, and entering on a hot and suffocating desert.

It was with no small pleasure that we anticipated the termination to this terrific torture by a speedy arrival at Avignon, which was announced to be at hand. Certain ancient and well-baked gray turrets were seen on the horizon, over the heads of some drooping willows; and, turning into a branch of the river towards the left, we were, to our great joy, brought in front of Avignon, or, more properly, an old decayed wall, within which it was said the town would be found. In a few minutes, by the aid of a calèche in waiting, we were conducted within the walls of this curious old city, and had dived into the comparatively cool recesses of what we discovered to be one of the best inns in France. There was then, after all, yet a spot in the world where one could freely breathe. After our lengthened sufferings in the intense sunshine, the darkened apartments of the Hôtel d'Europe were taken possession of with unbounded delight.

Six hundred years ago, when kings were at liberty to give away portions of their dominions to please a momentary fancy, a king of France made a present of a district in the south-eastern part of his kingdom to one of the popes; and these half-priests half-princes contrived some time afterwards to acquire from a distressed princess of Naples an adjoining district, including Avignon. Thus the popes, about the beginning of the fourteenth century, had established their civil sway in this quarter of France, of which they were not deprived till the Revolution, fatal to so many privileges, in 1790. Throughout the greater part of the fourteenth and part of the fifteenth centuries, Avignon was the metropolis of the Christian world, and a scene of ecclesiastical magnificence. On the top of a low hill within the verge of the city, the palace of the popes was erected, and the remains of it are usually visited by tourists in their passage down the river.

Desirous of seeing this ancient edifice, as well as some other objects of interest, we ventured out on the morning after our arrival; though not till, by a short reconnoitre from the vestibule of the hotel, I had ascertained that the streets offered a tolerable shelter from the renewed fiery intensity of the sun overhead. The thoroughfares, as we found on issuing out on our excursion, consisted entirely of lanes environed by tall and substantial houses, many shewing the remains of fallen grandeur, but for the greater part prison-like in appearance, from their well-stanchioned windows, heavy portals, and the dreary dulness which prevailed in their precincts. Running in various directions, so as almost to be an inextricable maze, these lane-like streets offer a pleasant retreat

#### TOUR IN AUVERGNE.

from the noonday heat, and are therefore, like the narrow avenues of eastern cities, in perfect adaptation to the climate. In the streets chiefly devoted to business, and where a few people were moving about, the excellent expedient was resorted to of extending sheets of canvas between the top stories of the houses on each side; and under these awnings, which were of different colours and sizes, you walked in a covered and cool avenue, in defiance of the raging heat beyond. Favoured by these grateful shades, and crossing sunny patches of street only when unavoidable, we reached the rocky height we were in quest of, and from which we had a momentary glance over the limestone region around, scorched wherever the land rose into protuberances, and green only where the madder-plants and mulberry-trees could draw nourishment from the artificially irrigated meadows. The surface of the irregular rocky height on which we stood was bare, and nearly as white as chalk. Not a vestige of vegetation was visible upon it. A broken stone-cross rose out of a limestone crag, a picture of desolation. The stones around were lime, the dust lime, everything lime. What a spot to be chosen for a palace! We first visited the cathedral, that being nearest the summit of the hill. It is a clumsy structure of different styles, with some portions said to have originally belonged to a temple of Hercules. The interior possesses some good paintings and carved monuments, and, like most of the churches I have visited in France, is at present in course of repair. The palace, a short way down the hill to the south, is a building of vast dimensions, and so irregular in character and shape as to admit of no useful description. It is, indeed, more like an old castle than a palace, and has stood several sieges. Much of the upper part is an open ruin; and here dungeons, halls, and oubliettes were pointed out to us as scenes of former oppression. One of the brokendown apartments was described as having been the seat of the Inquisition; and adjoining it are holes down which prisoners could be precipitated into gloomy abysses beneath. Possibly, the tales told by the modern conductress over the building partake somewhat too much of the marvellous to be altogether worthy of credit; but it is historically true that the Inquisitionary tribunal was established in Avignon in the thirteenth century, and that a sufficient number of acts of tyranny were perpetrated to insure the infamy of the spot. The lower wing of the building, extended by some new structures forming an inner court, is now employed as a barrack, which can accommodate 1000 soldiers. We ascended by broad flights of stairs to the higher floors, to see some pictorial remains on the walls and ceilings of the barrack-rooms, but they were scarcely worthy of the trouble. The whole place, at the time of our visit, was a hive of military, undergoing, I should imagine, an apprenticeship in being baked, previous to being sent across to Africa.

Among other public edifices which we visited, was the museum of the department of which Avignon is the capital. As it is rich

#### TOUR IN AUVERGNE.

in antiquities and curiosities, I could here say much in the way of description, were I not aware that all such descriptions must necessarily be uninteresting; and I confine myself to once more offering a tribute of admiration to the French government for its encouragement of these provincial collections. In Clermont I saw one of great extent, abounding in natural and artificial objects illustrative of the locality; as, for example, specimens of every kind of rock discoverable in the department, and pictures and busts of distinguished natives. Here, at Avignon, the same kind of collection is found; and if any stranger is desirous of knowing what men famous in science, literature, or art, the district has produced, he has only to visit the picture-gallery of the town, and there he has them all before him. The library attached to the museum consists of upwards of 40,000 volumes, with some hundreds of manuscripts, the greater part the antique vellum-covered tomes of suppressed monasteries.

Few travellers possessed of a day's leisure quit Avignon without performing a pilgrimage to Vaucluse—the Vaucluse of Petrarch—situated at about eighteen miles' distance, in an easterly direction, from the town. Two motives present themselves for undertaking such an excursion—veneration, real or affected, for the memory of Petrarch; and a love of what is peculiar and interesting in natural scenery. Influenced by feelings of a mixed nature, we devoted a day to the journey, which, being performed in a covered calèche, promised to be exempt from any serious annoyance from the enemy.

We were to set out at six in the morning, but it was eight before the horses were trotting with us out at one of the old gateways of the town, and taking the road across the plain. Shortly after quitting Avignon, we had the satisfaction of riding within the shade of long rows of mulberry and willow trees, which bounded the well-irrigated and green fields, the irrigation, as far as we could judge, being by narrow rills conducted from the Durance, a river tributary to the Rhône. Further on, we ascended a height thin and rocky in the soil, and able only to give nourishment to the vines and olives with which it was covered. We now descended to another plain, well irrigated like the former; in this case the water-courses being from the Sorgue, whose fountain we were about to visit.

In the course of our journey, we passed through several villages, one of which exhibits a busy scene of water-wheels turning in the different branches of a stream, and being shrouded in trees, has a pleasant rural aspect. A ride along a cross-road now brings us to the valley of the Sorgue, up which we are conducted for the distance of a mile, the land gradually closing on each side till we reach the bosom of a vast dell in the range of hills. Hills rise on each side, bare and craggy, with projecting ledges, beneath which several dwellings have been venturously built, the roofs being large masses of flat rock adhering to the face of the precipice.

#### TOUR IN AUVERGNE.

We have, in the bottom of the vale on our right, the beautifully clear river Sorgue, employed here, as further down, in driving mills, and the sight of which is refreshing in this land of heat and gray limestone rock.

As the carriage advances, we seem as if entering the bowels of the mountain; and this is indeed the case. In times long past, masses of the hills have fallen down and been washed away, leaving a great rude gap environed by precipitous acclivities, whose bare sides are only at intervals ornamented with fig and olive trees, or straggling vines. At the inner extremity, where the carriage-road ceases, we arrive at the village of Vacluse, consisting of scarcely a dozen houses on both sides of the river, including two or three mills, one of which is used for a paper-factory. Somewhere on the slip of garden-ground beneath the mills, on the left bank of the stream, stood Petrarch's house; and on the top of a bare knoll above, are the ruins of what is called Petrarch's castle, though it certainly never belonged to him, but was only the residence of one of his friends.

Just where the carriage draws up, in the centre of the small group of houses in the village, has been erected a monument, of the common-place pillar form, to Petrarch, which, it may be consolatory to the English to know, is as effectually hacked and cut by visitors, as if it had been placed in Westminster Abbey. Passing this memento of the poet, we walk by a narrow winding path up the right bank of the Sorgue, ascending and descending till we arrive at the bold front of the rock, beyond which there can be no further intrusion. We are, indeed, at the head of the glen; limestone cliffs, jagged like the pinnacles of a cathedral, impend overhead, while beneath, to the verge of the water, is a universal wreck of stones and rubbish. That which attracts our attention, however, is a wide yawning gulf at the base of the rock, the principal fountain of the river. Where the water comes from, no one can tell; but it is evidently delivered by the hill, and gushes out at many different points, cold, pure, and delicious. At the time of our visit, the weather having been for some time dry, the water only half filled the grotto in the rock in which it lay, as still as a mirror; and it is chiefly in winter that it rises to the point of overflowing. Occasionally, as we saw by the stones and rocks in its course, it pours forth impetuously, and in great volume. Now, that the river received none from this head fountain, the water welled out from beneath divers rocks, a little lower down the glen, and almost immediately formed a stream of twenty feet in breadth.

The fountain of Vacluse is one of the few things which does not disappoint the expectations of a traveller. The savage scenery of the hills, the quiet little village in the bosom of the dell, the variety of rare plants growing in the lower cliffs, the pretty and unsophisticated river just come so oddly into existence, a magnificent blue sky overhead, and into all the air of romance communicated by the long residence of Petrarch on the spot—all gave

25

## TOUR IN AUVERGNE.

the place a peculiar charm. The poet's house, as I have said, was beside the stream adjoining the village; and here, he tells us in his Epistles, he lived while he wrote his sonnets to Laura, in that species of solitude which poets frequently dream of enjoying, but so seldom realise. Writing to a friend, he observes: 'You have often heard me speak of my warfare with the Nymphs, who reign at the foot of the rocks that lose themselves in the clouds. It is from these that the Sorgue, transparent as crystal, rolls over its emerald bed; and by its bank I cultivate a little sterile and stony spot, which I have destined to the Muses; but the jealous Nymphs dispute the possession of it with me; they destroy in the spring the labours of my summer. I had conquered from them a little meadow, and had not enjoyed it long, when, upon my return from a journey into Italy, I found that I had been robbed of all my possessions. But I was not to be discouraged: I collected the labourers, the fishermen, and the shepherds, and raised a rampart against the Nymphs: and there we raised an altar to the Muses; but, alas! experience has proved that it is vain to battle with the elements. . . . Here I please myself with my little gardens and my narrow dwelling. I want nothing, and look for no favour from fortune. If you come to me, you will see a solitary, who wanders in the meadows, the fields, the forests, and the mountains, resting in the mossy grottoes, or beneath the shady trees. I detest the intrigues of courts, the tumult of cities, and fly the abodes of pageantry and pride. Equally removed from joy or sadness, I pass my days in the most profound calm, happy to have the Muses for my companions, and the song of birds and the murmur of streams for my serenade.' Happy Petrarch!

We roved about for an hour or two in the spot consecrated by these outpourings from one of the most eminent men of letters of his time; and having, as we thought, exhausted Vaucluse, retraced our way to Avignon.

We were left in a broiling heat at Avignon, our only chance for fresh and somewhat cool air being a walk at dusk upon the long suspension-bridge which here crosses the left branch of the Rhône. On the third day, finding no vessel descending the river at a convenient hour, we departed from this ancient city by means of a voiture for Tarascon, another town about eighteen miles further down the Rhône.

The journey was destitute of general interest, and to us only amusing from the nature of the road. Having at two or three miles' distance from Avignon crossed the Durance by a long temporary bridge, the principal suspension one having been destroyed by a torrent some time before, we got into a tract of country apparently resting on limestone, of which the road was composed. The stones, ground by heavy roulage, formed a fine whitish brown dust several inches deep, and this, raised by a breeze which had arisen, swept in clouds over the face of nature. Hedgerows, trees, fields, houses, were universally covered, as if under a snow-

#### TOUR IN AUVERGNE.

storm. The drift drove in the faces of men and horses, shrouding them with its odious particles. Suffering the melting heats of summer, we appeared to be wandering in a dreary waste in the heart of winter. Never till now did we feel the force of the observation made by travellers, that in the southern parts of Europe there are, practically, two winters in the year—the winter of winter, and the winter of summer, in either of which work out of doors is unpleasant or impossible.

In due time we got into Tarascon, a poor old town, whence we crossed the Rhône, by a suspension-bridge of magnificent proportions, to Beaucaire, another town equally old and dull, but now the scene of an annual fair, the largest of its kind in Europe, which we proposed to see before going further. This, however, we soon discovered to be no easy matter. Imbosomed still more in the limestone district of the south, the town was at present retired from public observation. It lay concealed in a cloud of the everlasting dust, and to get into its streets, one required to walk backwards and sideways with his face carefully buried in his handkerchief, feeling his way all the time with his feet! By dint of edging ourselves along in this curious fashion, we were enabled to reach a point on the quay, where numerous booths and tents were pitched for the accommodation of tradesmen with their goods. Here, from the general shelter afforded by these erections, as well as the concourse of people, the dust had comparatively little scope for its vagaries, and we were now permitted to look about us.

From the boulevard or quay adjoining the Rhône, we wandered into the heart of the town, everywhere finding the streets and lanes choked with people and merchandise. The scene was striking, and unlike anything we had seen before. Across the narrow streets were stretched gaudy *sign-boards* of yellow, red, and blue cotton, forming a brilliant perspective of colours; while above, from the tops of the houses, coverings of white linen were placed, to shelter the passengers and goods beneath, alike from the sun and the dust blown from the environs. Much of the merchandise was out of doors, ranged along the walls; and the fronts of the shops being quite open, like booths, everything was exposed to view. From flaunting signs overhead, we perceived that there were merchants from places in France hundreds of miles distant—cutlers from Thiers, jewellers from Paris, wine-dealers from Bordeaux, drapers and haberdashers from Lyon, booksellers from Limoges, gunmakers from St Etienne, and so on; tradesmen bringing their wares from the most remote localities. There were also not a few foreigners—Turks, Spaniards, Italians, Swiss, Greeks, Armenians—but not, so far as we could see, a single Englishman. Some streets were apparently devoted to wholesale dealings, and there carts were loading and unloading, and porters busy packing and carrying goods to and fro. Others were laid out for retail, and classified according to trades. One booth

#### TOUR IN AUVERGNE.

contained nothing but small spinning-wheels, such as were used by our thrifty grandmothers before factory-spinning unsettled and uprooted domestic manufactures. It was interesting to observe, from the exhibition, that the housewives and maidens of the south of France were only beginning to use that which had been forty years ago thrown aside in the greater part of Scotland. To these good dames and demoiselles the spinning-wheel, antiquated as we are disposed to think it, is an engine greatly in advance of what it supersedes—the distaff—which, till the present moment, is as common in France as it was 200 years ago in England. The spectacle of a country girl carrying home a spinning-wheel from a fair would now be considered an oddity in our own country.

The fair of Beaucaire is of great antiquity, and keeps its ground among many declining usages. Yet it is considered to be falling off, like other assemblages of the kind. Commencing on the 1st of July, it lasts the whole of the month, and attracts 100,000 persons from all surrounding and many distant places to make purchases. The heaviest part of the business is transacted, I was told, two or three days before the fair commences. The day of our visit was almost at the close, yet the bustle was considerable, and without any external appearance of soon abating. When finished, and all trace of the concourse removed, the town subsides into little else than a city of shut and empty houses; and were its fair extinguished, it would speedily fall into a state of neglect and ruin. The advantageous situation of Beaucaire for this great annual market, on the lower part of the Rhône, has been improved by the opening of a canal which leads from the Rhône immediately below the town across the country to the Garonne. On the banks of the canal and of the river, the traffic of barges, from the glance we had of it, seemed to be on an extensive scale.

It being useless to attempt remaining in a town during such a paroxysm of trade, our party gladly took advantage of a steam-boat whose boiler was hissing at the quay, and by it we were carried rapidly down the Rhône towards Arles, which we designed should be our quarters for the night.

In descending the river from Beaucaire, the country on both sides begins to assume the character of a flat and marshy delta. The stream, hitherto impetuous, slackens in its speed, and winds through a region destitute of any object of interest, and in some places the view from the steamer is shut in by clusters of willows which flourish on the banks of the river, and on large flat islands round which the vessel toils its way. At the distance of about twenty-five miles from Beaucaire the river parts in two, a lesser branch going off on the right, called the Petit Rhône, while the larger keeps on its way to Arles, now near at hand. Our approach to the venerable city is indicated by the emerging of certain old gray buildings from behind the willowy bank on our left, and amidst which is observed rearing its gigantic form the ancient Roman amphitheatre, for which Arles has obtained such

#### TOUR IN AUVERGNE.

distinction. The town generally being situated on a low rocky protuberance, near the summit of which the amphitheatre is placed, the approach from the river is favourable for taking a comprehensive view of the place.

Arles, once the Roman capital of Gaul, and afterwards the chief city of Trans-Jurane Burgundy, is now a poor old provincial town of France; but, possessing an abundance of magnificent ruins, the spectral relics of former glories, it is still impressive in its decay, and commands our respect as well as our commiseration. While Avignon is alone distinguished for the degenerate remains of middle-age architecture, Arles exhibits some of the grandest specimens of the best ages of Rome—magnificent and more perfect than almost anything of the kind in Rome itself.

We spent a day at Arles roaming amidst its ruins; but an antiquary, who did not mind modern discomforts, might well spend a month. That which attracts one the moment he arrives is the amphitheatre. Wending our way through some narrow and crooked alleys, in a direction eastwards from the central Place of the town, we came upon this remarkable edifice, which, by some recent alterations, has been liberated from contiguous and mean buildings, and now stands aloof, surrounded by an iron railing. It is difficult to know how to describe such a vast and curiously constructed mass. Exteriorly, we have before us a gray sandstone structure, oval in form, consisting of two stories of pilasters, with windows or openings, the whole rising from the ground a height of seventy to eighty feet. The lower story is Doric, and the upper of the Corinthian order, and being mostly composed of large blocks of stone, the surface is wonderfully entire. Where time or violence has seriously damaged the pilasters or arched openings, the French government, greatly to its credit, has effected repairs by the introduction of new stones. Neither the large arched openings in the lower story, anciently used as the vomitoires or outlets, nor the openings above, point inwards in a direction parallel with each other. It is remarked that all the arches are concentric—that is, proceed towards the centre of the oval—an arrangement which must have been accomplished with much additional trouble to the planner and builders. Although now liberated, as I have said, from clusters of parasitic edifices, the building is not approachable on every point, for one side rests on an elevated part of the rocky knoll, which mars the general unity of the exterior wall.

The only entrance now in use is at the western extremity, and by this we were admitted through a lofty arched passage to the interior of the structure. Walking forward, we are in the middle of a flat space, the original though partially broken floor of the arena; and around us, from the top of the podium or bounding parapet, to the summit of the outer wall, are seen gradually ascending rows of stone seats. The rows, however, are greatly broken in some places, and in others they are entirely gone, shewing the

#### TOUR IN AUVERGNE.

ghastly fragments of arches which once supported them. The whole interior area, including the space covered by seats, measures an oval of 459 feet in length, and 338 in breadth, and accommodated 25,000 spectators. There never was any roof. All is open to the sky; but, from poles fixed in the upper part of the outer wall, awnings were drawn across, to shelter the spectators from the sun.

The ascent to the seats was by stone stairs leading from different entrances, and several stairs still remain. The visitor of the ruin, however, gains the top by arched doorways in the podium opening on the arena, through which the wild beasts were wont to be ushered from dens in the interior of the building. We were conducted into these dismal recesses, where were pointed out the dingy vaults in which these ferocious beasts, and also the unfortunate beings whose doom it was to encounter them in the arena, were separately confined. From these gloomy passages we ascended by one of the stairs to a part of the amphitheatre the least decayed. Here, sitting down, we could estimate the imposing scene which the place must have presented when filled with spectators. From the front, or lowest, to the topmost seat, we reckoned, as nearly as possible, thirty rows of stone benches, each from sixteen to eighteen inches broad, by about the same in depth; by which means every block or bench, while serving as a seat for one party, accommodated the feet of the party immediately behind. What seemed a little puzzling, no two rows were alike in dimensions, though quite regular in general aspect. Probably the accommodation was suited in some degree to the different ranks of spectators.

The spot on which we had seated ourselves was in the southern side of the oval, midway from the front to the upper extremity. Here the seats seemed most entire, and we were able to count at least twenty rows together in a nearly undamaged condition. So huge are the square blocks of stone forming the seats, that great violence must have been employed to uplift and destroy them. In all probability, they were abstracted as building materials for the numerous churches and convents which were erected in the town during the middle ages, or for the walls and towers raised in defence of the place.

At present, all cumbrous rubbish being removed, leaving the ruin clear, we are enabled to note with perfect accuracy the internal organisation of the structure. Except, indeed, that large patches of the seats are gone, exposing the tops of the arches which bore them up, everything is much in the state in which it was left by the Romans, although 1500 years have elapsed since they set their foot within it.

It is only, I imagine, by a visit to such a place that one can fully realise an idea of the barbaric amusements of the Roman people. Here the thing is before us, an undoubted substantiality. The stories of gladiators fighting against each other in the arena—

#### TOUR IN AUVERGNE.

of unhappy Christian captives being set upon by savage beasts of prey—of slaves and malefactors condemned to wrestle in deadly struggle, all for popular amusement, are felt to have been no fictions, but sad realities. From the bench whence we now looked down on the arena, doubtless had been shouted the horrid *hoc habet* which signalled the death-wound of the unfortunate combatant, accompanied by the ominous turning downwards of the thumbs, which bade the conqueror despatch his victim. Realising by a small stretch of fancy the spectacle of such barbaric amusements, a visit to the amphitheatre of Arles likewise affords a vivid notion of the greatness of the Roman state of that privileged class usually called 'the people,' but in reality a burghal aristocracy. Amphitheatres were erected for the amusement of this class in Nîmes; and other places comparatively of a provincial character, and all the entertainments were provided at the public cost. The only restriction consisted in taking the seat which was assigned, and this was regulated by rank and other circumstances. In the front, next the podium, were placed the senators, ambassadors of foreign nations, and also, in a particular seat, the emperor, or his representative the prefect. Next were seats assigned to the judges and ordinary magistrates; these, as well as the seats in front, being provided with cushions. The next higher rows, styled the *popularia*, were of right taken by 'the people;' and the uppermost and most distant benches, like the galleries of modern theatres, were appointed to the inferior orders and slaves.

Not to dwell unnecessarily on these slight illustrations, we may now quit the spot where we have been a few minutes ruminating, and ascend the sloping rows of steps to the top of the building. Here a more commanding view is obtained; but we may go still higher, and look without as well as within the amphitheatre. Conducted by our guide, we were led up a narrow stair to the top of a massive square tower on the outer wall. This tower, which is a comparatively modern excrescence, is matched by another on the opposite side. Both are understood to have been erected about a thousand years ago, when the building was used as a fort either by the Saracenic intruders in this part of France, or by the native powers who expelled them. Other two similar towers—four having been erected—are now gone.

From the lofty situation we had gained, we had a wide and uninterrupted view over the town immediately below us, and of the great marshy plain beyond, which stretched southwards to the Mediterranean, and through which the branches of the Rhône were threading their way amidst groves of willows—the whole a dreary flat, whence the heat of the sun was raising an unwholesome mist. On descending to the arena, we looked round for

#### TOUR IN AUVERGNE.

some kind of inscription, but were not more successful in the search than hosts of antiquaries who had gone before us. Faint traces of characters are alone visible on the broken marble slabs which face the podium. It is understood that the building was erected in the reign of the Emperor Titus, nearly 1800 years ago.

Our next visit was to a singularly beautiful relic of art, which has lately been exposed to view at a short distance from the amphitheatre, on ground a little more elevated. This is the fragment of a Roman theatre, which had for centuries been partly buried in rubbish, and partly engrossed in some mean domestic structures. The principal objects now standing exposed in the midst of the excavation are two marble columns of the Corinthian order, surmounted by a portion of elegant entablature. These had formed pillars of the scene, others for a similar purpose being destroyed, and lying in pieces on the ground. Part of the flight of stone seats for the audience is also entire, with some portions of walls used for the orchestra and the support of the stage.

After visiting some other antiquities in Arles, we embarked in a steamer on the Rhône, and ascended to Beaucaire, whence we took a railway-train to Nîmes. Here the remains of a Roman amphitheatre, fully more complete than that at Arles, engaged our attention. The whole town and neighbourhood abound in relics of antiquity of a stupendous class. The sight of one object, the Pont du Gard, being the remains of a Roman aqueduct across the river Gard, alone repaid us for much discomfort in travelling through the hot lime-dust region of Southern France. It is situated on the road from Nîmes to Avignon; the highway being carried along a modern bridge attached to the ancient structure. Having, as we thought, done ample justice to these interesting classical memorials, we returned up the Rhône, and in due time arrived safely in Paris.





## SHIPWRECKS.

'Ye gentlemen of England who live at home at ease,  
How little do you think upon the dangers of the seas.'

**T**HIS, like many other sing-song statements or implications, is not quite true. The gentlemen who live at home at ease *do* think frequently of those dangers, and they do that which seamen too often neglect—they try to devise means for warding off or lessening them. Sailors are a peculiar class of men; they have a sort of Mohammedan fatalism about them which gives them a dislike to talk of impending perils, and somewhat paralyses their preventive measures. Captains and seamen are annoyed at any questions about danger put to them by passengers; and they would rather hide than exhibit such things as life-buoys and life-boats, &c.

## SHIPWRECKS.

lightning-conductors. In so far as this springs from a desire not to foster nervous terror, it is a judicious plan; but the jolly tars cannot be quite acquitted of a little recklessness, in respect to the adoption of preventive or curative measures in moments of wreck; while shippers and shipowners are still more to blame in the matter.

It is no part of the object of the present tract to harrow the feelings of the reader by a successive series of shipwreck narratives. The taste for that class of reading is somewhat morbid, and requires rather to be checked than encouraged. Every one is familiar with the details of a greater or lesser number of celebrated shipwrecks. There was the wreck of the *Méduse* French frigate off the coast of Senegal in 1816, when 140 men died out of 150 who attempted to escape on a raft. There was the wreck of the *Alceste* British frigate among the Philippine Islands in 1817, when the crew were so wonderfully saved by the admirable discipline maintained by Captain Maxwell. There was the loss of the *Royal George* at Spithead in 1782, when Admiral Kempenfeldt and 900 other persons were drowned. There was the loss of the *Kent* Indiaman, and the miserable sufferings of the crew. Instead of dwelling on such calamities as these, we think it may be more useful to connect the details in some way with a description of various means of rescue or prevention, now available to 'those who go down to the sea in ships.' Life-boats, life-buoys, buoyant garments, boat-lowering apparatus, life-rockets, cliff wagons, lightning-conductors—all are worthy of our notice, to the extent that they become practically available; and all are undergoing gradual improvement. If we give a few shipwreck narratives, they will be associated in some way with the want of these provisions.

Among the lamentable proofs that large steamers are no more exempt than sailing vessels from the perils of the sea, is that afforded by the wreck of the *Queen Victoria* steamer; just as she was reaching the end of her voyage from Liverpool to Dublin. This sad event occurred in February 1853. The steamer arrived within sight of the light-house at Howth in the dead of the night, with 120 persons on board. There are two light-houses at Howth; but a thick fall of snow obscured the view; and under a feeling of doubt concerning the identity of one which was visible, the officers ran on towards shore at a higher speed than was prudent, and the ship struck with fearful violence. The passengers, some of whom were in bed, were roused in the wildest confusion; and one of those heart-rending scenes ensued which we are unwilling to dilate upon. Nearly seventy persons were drowned. The starboard-quarter boat was speedily laden with people; but from some ill contrivance or management of the suspension ropes, the boat tilted over, and all on board perished. The larboard-quarter boat was then laden and lowered, and this would have been swamped also, for a plug-hole had been left

#### SHIPWRECKS.

open; but a lad on board thrust a finger into the hole, and kept it there until the boat safely reached the shore. In this, as in too many other cases, the boats and their tackle were ill fitted for the services required of them—a matter on which we shall say more presently.

If we needed proof that the finest ships, and vicinage to our steam-ship basins, are no bars to the wrecking power of a high sea, the sad disaster of the *Duke of Sutherland* would furnish proof indeed. This vessel, as many of our readers will well recollect, plied to and fro between London and Aberdeen, with speed and regularity; it was built of iron, and was furnished conveniently and elegantly. On the 1st of April 1853, the steamer arrived at the harbour of Aberdeen, after a successful voyage from London, bringing twenty-eight crew and twenty-four passengers. She arrived in broad daylight; but as the harbour of Aberdeen is difficult for ships coming from the south, she waited outside or off the harbour until a signal was given that the state of the tide permitted her to enter. A heavy flood from the river Dee, and a stiff breeze from the south, baffled the captain in his endeavour to enter at the right point, and the hapless ship struck with tremendous force against some rocks lying seaward at the head of the pier. Turning broadside on to the waves, the steamer lay a helpless log on the water. In a few minutes, the pier was crowded with thousands of spectators, some of whom reached within a very few yards of the vessel. She had grounded midships, and being built of iron, she began to break up within ten minutes after having struck. Several of the crew lowered one of the paddle-box boats, got into it, were capsized, and were pulled ashore one by one by the spectators. A life-boat, meanwhile, went out to the sinking ship, but could not get close to it on account of its swaying so fearfully to and fro. The wretched passengers endeavoured to jump from the ship into the boat; some fell into the sea and were drowned, some jumped into the boat and were brought to land. The boat tried to make a second venture, but was beaten back by the waves and surf. A fishing-boat next tried to render aid, but the terrible sea swamped it, and seven additional lives were sacrificed. One of Captain Manby's machines (described in a later page) being near at hand, it was hauled out; and after a few failures, a rope was shot athwart the yet remaining portion of the poor ship, and most of those still on board were rescued. No persons are believed to have been actually drowned in the ship itself, but many lost their lives in the varied attempts to reach the shore. Much comment was made at the time on the insufficiency of the various life-preserving contrivances at Aberdeen, and on the want of heroism displayed by most of the crew; but this is a matter on which we will not touch. No one can tell, unless he has shared the calamity, how the mind becomes unhinged in a moment of sudden danger, and how cool determination becomes overturned.

#### SHIPWRECKS.

The statistics of our shipwrecks are startling, far beyond what most persons would imagine. During the year 1850, there were 692 vessels, of 127,188 tons burden, wrecked belonging to Great Britain, or nearly two per day; of these, only four were steamers. The number 692 relates to British vessels wrecked in every part of the world; but if we change the point of view, and consider the vessels of all countries which were wrecked on the British coasts, we find the number to be 681. Of these, 277 were total wrecks; 84 were sunk by leaks or collisions; 16 were abandoned; and 304 were so stranded and damaged as to require them to discharge cargo. About 780 lives were lost in these wrecks. The sad story differed very little from this in 1851. There were in that year 701 vessels wrecked on the British coasts, involving a loss of 750 lives—351 were total wrecks; and 153 of the wrecks occurred in the month of September alone, which happened to be very stormy. The year 1852 gave a still worse account. There were no less than 1100 wrecks, and 900 lives lost. The three years 1850-1-2 present, then, this gloomy picture—that in 1095 days there were 2482 ships wrecked within the British seas, and 2430 lives lost by these wrecks: more than two ships and two lives every average day throughout the three years. Nor do the numbers for 1853 afford any room for congratulation. The busy scenes of our ports, owing to the Australian excitement and other causes, have been quite unexampled, and have been accompanied by a full measure of calamities.

Some particular gales have strewed our coasts with wrecks. On the 31st August and 1st September 1833, 61 British vessels were lost on the sands in the North Sea and on the east coast of England. In the gale of 13th January 1843, no less than 103 vessels were wrecked on the coasts of the United Kingdom. In the gales of 1846, as many as 39 vessels got ashore in Hartlepool Bay alone. In the single month of March 1850, not less than 134 vessels were wrecked on our coasts. In September 1851, the monthly number was increased to 153, or more than five a day. But all this was fearfully excelled by the catastrophes of October and November 1852; within thirty days, 300 vessels were lost or damaged on our coasts, with a loss of 217 lives. If we take collisions and slight accidents into account, the numbers are much higher. In 1851, a parliamentary paper was published, giving a list of all the wrecks, accidents, and collisions recorded on the books at Lloyd's during the four years 1847-48-49-50: four years of calamities to British ships on the high seas and on maritime coasts. What a list it is, occupying 193 folio pages! The number considerably exceeds 13,000—not, of course, all shipwrecks; but an aggregate of wrecks, collisions, and other accidents, of which, however, two-thirds may be regarded as of a serious character. If distributed equally, they would amount to nine per day, or one in less than three hours—a ratio certainly deserving of national attention. The tremendous snow-storm, preceded and followed

#### SHIPWRECKS.

by high wind, in the first week or two of 1854, produced a most lamentable loss of life and property on our eastern coast.

After all that may be and has been said, shipwrecks partake more of the character of *moral* events than we are generally in the habit of supposing. Captain Fitzroy, who was examined before a Committee of the House of Commons in 1843, used the following remarkable words :—‘ I think the principal cause of the losses of British ships has been the neglect or incompetency of those in command of them. It is very rarely that any vessel is lost except in consequence of neglect or mismanagement. In saying neglect, I mean not attending sufficiently to the position of the ship, to heaving the lead, to taking all those precautions which ought to be taken by a good seaman anxious for the safety of his ship, and knowing how to take care of her; and incompetency from not knowing how to make proper observations for ascertaining the ship's place, and not being practical seamen acquainted with their duty, and not having had sufficient experience either as masters or mates of merchant ships to entitle them to take under their charge not only the ship and cargo, but the lives of all who are embarked on board.’ The education of nautical men has occupied a good deal of attention, both from the government and the legislature, in the ten years which have elapsed since Captain Fitzroy made these observations; and we believe there is ground for the opinion, that captains, masters, and mates, are becoming more competent and sober men than they were some years ago.

Many shipwrecks illustrate, or rather serve as warnings against, a laxity of watch when approaching an island or coast. Such, so far as seems to be known, was the case with the *Meridian*, wrecked on the island of Amsterdam on the 24th of August 1853. The *Meridian* left Gravesend for Australia on the 4th of June, with a crew of twenty-three persons, a large cargo of merchandise, and eighty-four passengers. We have spoken above of a laxity of watch; but if the accounts be correct, there was something more than this, for, a few hours before the wrecking, the *Meridian* passed another vessel bound for Sydney, and the captain, wishing to maintain his advantage, was induced to steer in such a way as to run too close to the island of Amsterdam. The weather was boisterous, and the shock occurred when the crew seemed to have imagined the vessel to be some miles distant from the island. On looking out it was found that the ship had struck on a reef of rocks, about a quarter of a mile from the island of Amsterdam; and shortly afterwards she was driven from the reef right upon the desolate and inhospitable shore of the island. At the first crash, the stern posts and rudder were washed from their places, admitting the water into the hinder part of the vessel; but this proved a source of safety to the passengers; for many tons of water poured into the cabins through the broken sky-lights on deck, and this water, instead of drowning the persons who were cooped up in the cabins, found an exit through the

#### SHIPWRECKS.

fractured shell of the poor ship. The second-class passengers, who had scarcely time to get out of their cabin—the water suddenly rising between decks up to the neck—were brought into the cuddy, where the whole of the passengers passed a wretched night, of eight or nine hours' duration. About the middle of the night, the vessel parted in two; the hinder half, containing the passengers, being separated from the front half. As soon as daylight appeared, the passengers prepared to leave the vessel: the main-mast had fallen so as to form a sort of bridge from the cuddy door to the shore, and along this formidable bridge they scrambled to the island.

One very special cause of shipwreck is the existence of icebergs floating about in the North Atlantic. It is difficult to see how human foresight can avoid these, except by taking a more southerly route altogether. The following is one among many examples of disaster so occasioned:—On the 10th of May 1849, the *Maria* was sailing from Limerick to Canada, with a crew of 10 hands and 111 emigrants. She seems to have been an old vessel, and was very probably unseaworthy, like too many other emigrant ships. When about fifty miles from the American coast, she ran into an iceberg with terrific force. The whole of her bows were stove in, and the next moment the sea was rushing into the hold with the violence almost of a cataract. A piercing shriek was heard from below, but it was only of a moment's duration, as the ship went down almost immediately. It being the mate's watch, he, with one seaman and a cabin-boy, succeeded in saving their lives by one of the boats which floated from the wreck as she foundered. About twenty of the passengers managed to reach the deck just before she went down, some of whom jumped on to the ice, while others clung to the floating spars. Nine only, however, could be preserved, together with two women and a boy, who had got on to the ice. Nothing was seen of the master or the rest of the crew; they all perished with the remainder of the passengers. Exposed in the boat to the most inclement weather, the survivors remained the whole of the next day, until relieved by a passing ship.

Some of the calamities on shipboard must be attributed, it is evident, to a want of due proportion in the various parts of the vessel. Such, in the opinion of many persons, must have been the case in respect to the *Dalhousie*, wrecked off Beachy Head on the 18th of October 1853. The *Dalhousie* was a fine Indian teak-built ship, of 800 tons, launched at Moulmein in 1848. She became one of the 'White Horse' line of Australian passenger ships. Happily, as matters turned out, the passengers on the intended voyage in question were very few in number; but the freight was valuable, and the crew consisted of sixty-one persons. A steam-tug towed the vessel down from London to the Downs, where, after a brief shelter from a rough sea, she set sail, and reached Dungeness on the way towards Beachy Head. About four

## SHIPWRECKS.

in the morning, when Beachy Head Light-house appeared about eight or ten miles distant, the man at the wheel observed that the ship began to lurch deeply, going a long way over on her broad-side, and being scarcely able to recover herself after a roll. Shortly afterwards, the starboard-quarter boat was carried away by a sea; and at about five o'clock, the crew commenced throwing overboard water-casks, sheep-pens, and other lumber. While this was going on, the ship gave a violent lurch to starboard, and a heavy sea at the time going over her, washed away the long-boat. The weather was then getting worse. The ship continued to lurch violently, and at half-past five she rolled right over on her starboard beam-ends, and remained in that position with her mast-head in the water, lying at the mercy of the sea, which then made a clear breach over her, and washed away the larboard-quarter boat. A great many of the crew took refuge in the maintop; while Joseph Reed, the seaman at the helm, and the only survivor of the catastrophe, got outside the ship on the weather-quarter gallery. To stand on deck was an impossibility. Captain Butterworth, the commander of the vessel, together with the chief and second mate, the carpenter, the cook, and some of the crew, dragged through the gallery window four passengers. Reed and another seaman succeeded in getting out of the water a young lady who had come out of one of the poop-cabins; they lashed her to a large spar, and placed her with the rest of her party on the gallery. Immediately afterwards, an enormous wave broke over the ship, and washed off a gentleman, his wife, and their four children—all of whom at once found a watery grave. As it was evident that the ship could not remain afloat many minutes longer, Joseph Reed cut the lashings of the spar to which the young lady had been made fast, in order to give her a chance for her life; but as the spar went adrift, the captain, one of the mates, and one or two seamen proceeded to cling to it; and in a brief space of time the whole were washed away and drowned. At the time when the hapless *Dalhousie* actually went down, Reed was standing with the cook and the carpenter on the quarter, and a few others were holding on to different parts of the wreck. As the ship sank lower and lower, Reed and the surgeon climbed one of the masts higher and higher, until they reached the top; and when the top finally sank, Reed swam off to some planks near him. Hour after hour passed; poor Reed was repeatedly washed off his plank, but as repeatedly gained his position again: he saw many vessels pass each way, but received no aid from them—he being an almost invisible speck upon the water. He saw his companions drop off one by one from the floating fragments to which they had clung, and sink to rise no more. At length, about four in the afternoon, he was observed by the crew of a brig, who picked him up, and landed him safely at Dover. Reed believed that he was the only living being who escaped the wreck: he had been ten hours on his frail bit of

## SHIPWRECKS.

wood, and had been washed off at least a dozen times. There was much newspaper narrative at the time concerning the remarkable escape of many persons who had taken their places by the *Dalhousie*, but had preferred going on board at Plymouth; and concerning the conduct of the crew of a schooner, who, it is alleged, might have aided the hapless ship, if so minded. But these are matters on which we need not comment; it concerns us only to know that the catastrophe is by many persons attributed to the vessel being top-heavy, and also crank, from the stowage or shifting of the cargo. It is an opinion entertained, that if Captain Butterworth had cut away the masts while the ship remained on her beam-ends, both vessel and crew might perchance have been saved, since there does not appear to have been any rent in the bottom.

But let us now proceed with our more immediate subject, taking up first the life-boat question.

The first life-boat, professedly intended as such, was built in 1790. In September of the preceding year, the *Adventure* collier was wrecked near the mouth of the Tyne; the crew were seen to drop from the rigging, and perish in presence of thousands of spectators, who watched them from the shore, but could render no assistance. The mournful event made a great impression in the neighbourhood, and a committee soon afterwards offered a reward for the best model of a life-boat. The prize was awarded to Henry Greathead, a boat-builder of South Shields. The boat which he made, in conformity with his plan, was 30 feet long, 20 feet in length of keel, 10 feet broad,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  outside depth at the waist, and  $5\frac{1}{4}$  feet high at each end. It was like a steamer's paddle-box boat, with stem and stern alike. There was a thick cork lining running along the upper part of the interior of the boat, and a cork fender on the outside. The boat was very buoyant when in its right position; but it had no means of freeing itself from water, nor of righting itself if upset. From 1790 to 1798 this was the only life-boat; but it saved, during this interval, the lives of six wrecked crews, and the inventor received rewards from parliament, from the Trinity House, and from Lloyd's. In 1798, Greathead built a second life-boat, which the Duke of Northumberland stationed at North Shields; and by the year 1803, he had built upwards of thirty.

Ship-builders, boat-builders, seamen, mechanics, amateur inventors—all from time to time made new life-boats. If ingenious novelties could save endangered seamen from destruction, we should surely hear very little of shipwreck. It would hardly be credited, except by persons who have watched the progress of mechanical invention, how numerous are the boats which have been contrived as safeguards against drowning. We have said that Mr Greathead's was the first real life-boat; but it was not the first boat intended for some such purpose. He was preceded by a Mr Lukin in the construction of a boat rendered buoyant by air-tight cases; and

## SHIPWRECKS.

he has been followed by a string of inventors so numerous as to defy all calculation. In the year 1807, the Society of Arts gave a prize-medal to Mr Wilson for the invention of a life-boat, the chief peculiarity of which consisted in having the air-cases separated and isolated, inasmuch that the disrapture of any one might not affect the others. One inventor after another put forth new inventions for life-boats, often ignorant of each other's doings, but in most instances depending on the use of cork or of air-tight cases. When the era of India-rubber and gutta-percha commenced, a new field for the exercise of ingenuity was found, by the employment of these materials in boats. Mr Macintosh, in 1839, suggested the employment of a sheet of India-rubber cloth, so sewn as to assume somewhat a boat shape, and having air-tubes at its edges to form buoyant gunwales; this was not actually a boat, but an apology for a boat, available on emergencies. Mr Salt, in 1841, brought another agent to work—the paddle; he proposed that a life-boat, ballasted with water, which could be let in or out at pleasure, should be provided with paddles worked by hand. Mr Holcroft's pontoon or safety-boat was so curiously formed of a framework covered with India-rubber cloth, that although forming a convenient boat when open, it could be folded up flat like a portfolio into one-sixth of its former bulk. Dr Patterson contrived a boat with a bottom so constructed, that any water which washed into it might find an exit through valvular openings. Captain Smith's paddle-box boats, for steamers, were not recommended so much for any peculiarities of construction, as for their adaptation to the tops of paddle-boxes, which they could be easily turned over and lowered to the sea. When Lady Franklin fitted out an expedition in search of the gallant old man who left our shores eight years ago, Captain Forsyth, who commanded it, took out with him a gutta-percha boat, or rather, a boat having a skeleton of wood and a covering of India-rubber. The boat behaved so well, that he gave the appropriate name of Gutta-percha Inlet to a place which he discovered with its aid: it bore all the bumps and thumps of the huge blocks of ice, and the sharp cutting action of the smaller pieces; and, in short, it got over difficulties which no other material could probably have surmounted. This success has led to the employment of gutta-percha in many of the experimental life-boats produced within the last few years.

When the wonders of the Crystal Palace were attracting all eyes, persons could scarcely understand how or why so many models of boats made their appearance. Fifty-four models of life-boats, by fifty-four inventors, were sent by one committee or society alone; while a large number were sent by other persons. One of them excited almost as much amusement as if it had been a joke instead of a sober stern reality. It had as many deep circular boxes, and as many covers to them, as it was calculated to carry persons; and we could never look at that strange array of boxes, without thinking of the oil-jars in which Morgiana put the

## SHIPWRECKS.

**Forty Thieves.** But we must proceed to notice the circumstances under which life-boat projects became so popular in 1853.

During 1849 and 1850, one life-boat was upset and all the crew drowned; many of the life-boats had been unable to reach the wrecked vessels; many others were in a very defective state; many dangerous parts of the coast were unprovided with them of any kind; and there were defective arrangements for manning many of those which did exist. Under these circumstances, the Duke of Northumberland, in October 1850, offered a prize of 100 guineas for the best model of a life-boat. It was stated in the advertisement, that the chief defects found in the then existing life-boats were—a deficient power in self-righting, deficient means of emptying when flooded with water, and too great weight for transporting along shore; these matters being attended to, the competitors were left uncontrolled in all that concerned form, construction, and fittings. No fewer than 200 models and plans were sent in for competition; and the arbitrators or judges commenced their somewhat formidable task. These judges were five in number: Captain Washington; Mr Watts, assistant-surveyor of the navy; Mr Fincham, master-shipwright at Portsmouth; Commander Jerningham; and Mr Peake, assistant master-shipwright at Woolwich. Sir Baldwin Walker, surveyor of the navy, also gave the decision and report his approval.

The system on which the judges sought to compare the several schemes was a remarkable one, resembling somewhat the mode in which a scientific man calculates each separate force, in order to arrive at the total or resultant force, in astronomy and dynamics. They first put to themselves this question—what are the required qualities in a good life-boat? They got up a list of fifteen qualities; namely—good in rowing; good in sailing; good in launching through a surf; small internal capacity for water; easy riddance of the water; special means of buoyancy; power of self-righting; aptness at beaching; roominess for passengers; lightness for transport along shore; protection of the bottom from injury; nature of the ballast; access to stem or stern; facilities for attaching ropes, &c.; and arrangement of fenders, &c. They next sought to determine which of these numerous qualities is the most indispensable, the most valuable; and they resolved to attach a high number or numerical figure to that particular quality, reserving lower numbers for qualities a little less important than this; insomuch that each quality should have its numerical figure or representative. In the next place, it was determined that *every* model should be examined in respect to *every* quality, with a view of settling its position among its compeers step by step.

This plan of operation being agreed to, the examination commenced. It was found that, in the general principles of construction, every model might be placed in one or other of five groups. Thus, there were several models in the form of pontoons; catamarans or rafts formed a second group; a third group had for its

#### SHIPWRECKS.

type a troop-boat or steamer's paddle-box boat; a fourth more nearly resembled the north-country coble; while a fifth group was composed of the ordinary boats in everyday use, slightly modified, according to the nature of the coast for which they were intended. The award of the prize was not, however, to depend on a preference for any one of these groups over the others, but on the whole of the fifteen qualities before adverted to. It was agreed that power as a rowing-boat in all weathers should be ranked as the highest quality, that this should be called No. 20, and that the best model in respect to this quality should have 20 attached to its name. It was next agreed that efficient power as a sailing-boat should be ranked second, that this should be called 18, and that the best among the 280 models as a sailing-boat should have 18 attached to its name. So they proceeded; examining all the models successively in respect to some one quality, determining the order of excellence in respect to that one quality, and then proceeding to another. There were, in effect, fifteen prizes to be competed for by 280 persons; and he who obtained the greatest number of these prizes, or rather the highest aggregate of numerical figures, was to win the ultimate reward. There was considerable ingenuity shewn in the concoction of this plan: whether the valuation of the separate items was correct, can be determined only by practical men. The total value of all the good qualities was represented by 100; each quality had a conventional percentage of this amount; and the competitor whose percentages amounted to the largest aggregate, was to be awarded the prize.

When all the models and plans had been examined in respect to all the different qualities, the numbers or prizes were added up; and the highest was found to be attached to the name of Mr Beeching of Yarmouth. This number was 84, implying 84 per cent. of good qualities; his boat had all the good qualities to which the highest numbers had been attached. His nearest competitors obtained the numbers 78, 75, 72, and 70. The reward of 100 guineas was hence paid to Mr Beeching.

It would be tedious to describe any considerable number of these boats; but a few words may consistently be said relating to that one which gained the prize. The body of the boat is shaped something like a whale-boat. The extreme length is 36 feet; length of keel, 31; breadth of beam,  $9\frac{1}{4}$ ; depth,  $3\frac{1}{4}$ ; depth of keel, 8 inches: it is worked by twelve oars, double-banked. It has buoyancy given to it by cork and air; the cork, 6 inches wide by 8 inches deep, runs round the outside of the boat; the air is contained in cases, placed in various parts of the boat. It has ballast given to it by water and iron; the water,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  tons in weight, is placed in a flat tank in the bottom of the boat; the iron, 10 hundredweights, is in the form of a keel. As a means of freeing the boat from water, there are twelve tubes conveniently placed. The total weight, with all its gear, is 67 hundredweights; and it will carry seventy persons in all.

#### SHIPWRECKS.

The committee or judges did not confine themselves simply to the making of this award. They gave descriptions of about thirty of the competing boats, they prepared drawings for fourteen engraved plates, they made lengthened comments and suggestions on the whole subject of life-boats, and gave many narratives and statistics relating to shipwrecks. The drawings and manuscript descriptions they caused to be bound up in five folio volumes, for future reference. When they had delivered in their report to the Duke of Northumberland, his Grace caused it, with all its appended plates and documents, to be printed, for private circulation, in a handsome folio volume. The whole transaction was conducted in a munificent spirit, and it will be hard indeed if good results do not attend the endeavour. Besides giving fair-play to all the competitors, the committee requested one of their number, Mr Peuke, to suggest a form of life-boat which should combine the good qualities of many of the others: he did so; and the Admiralty caused a boat to be built on his plan at Woolwich.

It has not been left simply to individuals to lay plans for relieving wrecked ships. Associations—which in England effect so many of those objects done on the continent by governments—have taken up the cause of humanity in this direction. These efforts deserve a page or two of notice.

The Shipwreck Institution, or, to give it its full name, the 'Royal National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck,' was founded in 1824. It grants funds in aid of building life-boat houses, of providing life-boats and other safety apparatus, and of making models for the use of constructors; it assists, by funds and advice, in training boatmen and coast-guardmen to the use of the various kinds of apparatus; it gives and receives the fullest available information concerning shipwrecks and shipwreck prevention; and it rewards meritorious services by votes of thanks, by sums of money, and by award of medals. The committee of the Institution meet once a month, to transact the requisite business. Between 1824 and 1851, they awarded 77 gold medals, 500 silver medals, and gratuities to the amount of L.8457, for services connected with the objects of the Institution. These medals and rewards were given to persons who had been instrumental in saving no less than 7378 lives, exclusive of the crews of several vessels, the numbers of which were not ascertained. By the end of 1852, these numbers had risen to—78 gold, and 523 silver medals awarded, L.8790 granted as rewards, and 8153 lives saved, exclusive of several unascertained numbers of crews saved. It is a great thing to say, and one that tells much for the usefulness of the Institution, that during the year 1852, no less than 773 lives were saved by persons who became recipients of the society's rewards.

The society are either actually possessors of, or have control over, a considerable number of life-boats and boat-houses. This number amounted, in April 1853, to thirty-four life-boats and

## SHIPWRECKS.

thirty-two boat-houses. The expense had been borne in one case by the Admiralty, in three cases by the Duke of Northumberland, in many cases by local subscriptions, but in the majority by the parent institution. The boats thus belonging to or controlled by the Institution, vary from 17 to 32 feet in length, from 6 to 9 feet in breadth, from  $2\frac{1}{4}$  to  $3\frac{1}{4}$  feet in depth, from 18 to 53 hundredweights, from five to twelve in number of oars, and from L.60 to L.200 in expense. If we strike an average among all these numbers, we may give the following as something like a general representative of an English life-boat:—24 feet long,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  feet wide, 3 feet deep, 30 hundredweights, eight oars, L.120 cost. The weight of an average life-boat being thus  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tons, the conveyance from place to place along the coast, the launching from its boat-house into the water, and the re-housing when not in use, are matters of considerable importance; and all the prizes and commendations have had relation to this as well as to other services which life-boat apparatus is expected to render.

It may be interesting to describe the regulations determined on by the Shipwreck Institution for the management of a life-boat, and the station at which it is deposited. These relate, in the first place, to the stores, and in the second place, to the men; or, if the convenient French terms might be used, the *matériel* and the *personnel*.

First, for the *matériel*. Besides the life-boat itself, there must be provided the following adjuncts:—an anchor and cable; a grapnel 25 poundweights, to retain the boat for awhile near the wreck; a spring for the cable; a boat's painter; a set and a half of short fir-oars; two steering sweep-oars; three boat-hooks; a hand-grapnel, with heaving-line; a sharp axe and two small sharp hatchets, stowed in appointed places in the boat; two life-buoys, with lines attached; short knotted life-lines to hang over the side; a boat binnacle and compass; a lamp kept trimmed; a supply of oil and matches; a spy-glass; a lantern; a fisherman's white light or port-fire; hand-rockets for throwing a line to the wreck; a sounding lead and line; a cork life-belt for each of the crew; a vessel of fresh water, and a drinking-cup; various tools and minor stores; and a few articles, the nautical names of which would not be understood by readers generally. Such are the boat's contents.

Next for the *personnel*. Each boat's crew consists of a cockswain-superintendent, a second cockswain, and the rowers. There are twice as many men enrolled for each boat as are required for one crew, to be prepared for exigencies. The enrolled men consist of sailors, fishermen, and coast-guardmen. The captain, or cockswain-superintendent, receives a small yearly salary, and all the men receive certain gratuities every time they go out either to exercise the life-boat or to render service. There is a local committee at each life-boat station; and from this committee the crew receive guiding orders, one of which is, that exercise shall be

#### SHIPWRECKS.

taken with the boat at intervals in rough blowing weather. The local committee reports to the Shipwreck Institution, occasionally, concerning the state of the gear and the conduct of the men. Full instructions are given to the cockswain for the management of his boat and crew in time of service: the boat is always to be kept on its carriage in the boat-house; there are to be three keys to the boat-house, that the missing of any one may not cause delay; the cockswain is to assemble his crew by flag-signal during the day, and rocket-signal during the night; if he can reach the distressed vessel, he is to attend only to the preservation of life, disregarding luggage, merchandise, and everything else; he is to keep a watch on the weather, and make partial preparations for usefulness whenever a storm seems brewing; and he is to familiarise himself with the methods adopted by the Royal Humane Society for the recovery of persons apparently drowned.

The Institution has a journal to aid its cause. The humble periodical called the *Life-boat* has been founded with such a laudable object, that we cannot do better than say a word in its favour. The first number appeared in March 1852—an octavo sheet of sixteen pages, at a charge of 1½d. Five numbers were published at monthly intervals; but in September—either because the supply of materials was small, or because the demand for the work was small, or both—the plan of publication was changed: it was determined to publish at longer intervals, to give twenty-four pages in each number, and to charge 2d. Five numbers have been published on this later plan—down to about the commencement of the year 1854. The report of the Northumberland life-boat committee appears to have suggested the idea of this little work; a new interest had been awakened, and it was wished to keep it awake. The desire is, to bring the work within the scope of boatmen, fishermen, and sailors, and to induce them to read it. It is to tell them all about new life-boats, new line-rockets, new boat-stations; narratives of shipwrecks (the events to be prevented); examples of heroic gallantry among life-boatmen (the means of prevention); the proceedings of the Shipwreck Society; the establishment and proceedings of local societies in connection with it; the award of medals for distinguished services; and voluntary correspondence on all these topics. It thus becomes a journal of the society itself, and also a magazine of interesting gossip relating to such matters as the society takes under its cognizance. The work is, of course, somewhat gloomy and painful in its character, as judged by ordinary standards; but the very object in view prevents it from being otherwise; and it may be that those who live near our coasts, and witness such sad disasters among shipping, may forget the gloom of the book in the brightness of the attempts to alleviate the miseries on the sea-board.

A dash of disappointment has been given to the life-boat committee by the fact, that a boat built by the successful competitor has since been overturned, and the crew drowned. Whether the

## SHIPWRECKS.

boat was actually built in conformity with the model, and whether blame rested chiefly with the builder or with the hapless boatmen, are questions which have given rise to much controversy; we will not offer an opinion on these matters; but it is evident there is much yet to be done among life-boat contrivances.

Who can fail to see that life-boat enterprises call forth the best energies of a man's mind—to do good to others? What the men undergo is frequently terrible: raging storms, fearful darkness, crashing thunder, destructive lightning, howling winds, wet, cold, fatigue—all have to be borne, and all are borne in a brave spirit. As to the pittance they receive, it is quite insignificant; and on this account, they ought the more to receive public commendation for the services rendered. The life-boat is, indeed, the symbol of heroism, and is connected with the names of many daring and courageous men. The late Sir William Hillery, of the Isle of Man, was as fully a life-boat hero as Wilberforce was an anti-slavery hero. Sir William went to reside in the Isle of Man in 1808, and soon had gloomy evidence of the frequency of wrecks on the coasts of that island. After many years, he sought to organise some definite system for the aid of wrecked vessels; and he was the first proposer of the Shipwreck Institution. When that had been established, he set about the formation of a local committee among the Manxmen. By the year 1829, four life-boats were stationed at the four harbours of the island; and Sir William fully shared with the crews in their humane but hazardous achievements. In 1825, he aided in saving sixty-two lives from the wrecked steamer *City of Glasgow*; in the same year, he and his men saved eleven persons from the *Leopard* brig, and nine from the *Fancy* sloop; in 1827, he lent similar aid in saving seventeen from the *Fortroindet* Swedish bark; in 1830, seven from the *Eclipse* sloop, five from the *Fancy* sloop, nine from the *Anne* sloop, and twenty-two from the *St George* mail-steamer; and in 1832, no less than fifty-four from the *Parkfield* merchant-ship. In all these cases, Sir William went out in the Douglas life-boat, and on one of the occasions he had six ribs fractured. One of these exploits was very exciting, as the reader will immediately see. On the 29th November 1830, the steamer *St George* struck on St Mary's Rock, near the Douglas coast of the Isle of Man. The captain cut away the main-mast, in hopes to make a raft which would save the crew; but in this he failed, and he then made signals of distress. Sir William Hillery made one in a party of eighteen men who immediately set off in a life-boat to the ill-fated ship. The attempt to reach the ship was rendered so dangerous by the tremendous surf near the rock, that the rudder of the life-boat was beaten off. Six oars were broken or lost, some of the airtight cases were injured, and Sir William and three other persons were washed overboard. These four were saved, at the expense of fractures and bruises; but the life-boat had by this time become helplessly jammed in between the wreck, the fallen mast and

#### SHIPWRECKS.

rigging, and the rock. The twenty-two crew of the ship joined the eighteen crew of the boat, and the whole forty were for two or three hours at the mercy of the waves, for the boat was by this time nearly unmanageable. At length a huge sea fairly drove the boat out of its mesh of difficulty, to a spot so near the shore that other boats could come to its assistance. The whole of the forty men safely reached dry land.

Others have not been so fortunate as this crew. The life-boatmen of Shields, at the mouth of the Tyne, look back with great regret to an accident which occurred on the 4th of December 1849; because, independent of the sad loss of life, it broke the chain of success which had so signally attended their endeavours. This success has been more marked near the mouth of the Tyne than at any other part of the coast. In the nine years 1842-50, there were 466 persons saved from sixty-two vessels stranded near the entrance of that river, by the resolute services of the life-boatmen. On the day above named, a salt-laden ship called the *Betsy* was stranded on a shoal near the river's mouth; and although the state of the tide and the sea was very unfavourable, a life-boat, manned with twenty-four pilots, immediately went out to her assistance. Two ropes were fastened from the ship to the boat, and the ship's company were about to descend into the latter, when a furious wave tilted up the boat at one end, broke one of the two ropes, hurled the crew to the other end of the boat, and then upset, consigning to a watery grave twenty of the twenty-four brave men on board. The whole of these distressing events were seen from the shore; a second life-boat was sent off, which picked up the remainder of their poor brethren; while a third life-boat saved the whole crew of the ship.

The beautiful episode furnished by the life of Grace Darling is intimately connected with the present subject, although the boat in which she achieved her noble enterprise was not professedly a life-boat. Her story is so well known, that a few lines will suffice to refresh the reader's memory concerning the facts of the case. The *Forfarshire* steamer, on the way from Hull to Dundee, struck on one of the Farne Islands on the 5th September 1838. These islands, twenty-five in number, lie off the coast of Northumberland. On one of them, about a mile distant, is a light-house, of which Grace Darling's father was keeper. When the ship was quite broken, and the greater part of the crew and passengers drowned, nine persons were seen clinging to a bit of rock. No one was in the light-house but Grace, and her father and mother. She entreated him so earnestly to go off in a boat to the rock, that he at length yielded, although his long experience told him how fearful was the danger. The mother helped to thrust the boat into the water; the father and daughter each took an oar, and they rowed with all their energy. The peril was most imminent; yet they succeeded in reaching the rock or islet. What was then the astonishment of the wrecked

## SHIPWRECKS.

people, to see that one of their two deliverers was a young woman! All were taken off the rock, and conveyed safely to the light-house.

There is a very important matter connected with boat aid in shipwreck, which has been painfully impressed upon public attention on many recent occasions. One of the most wretched and annoying failures to which life-saving apparatus is subject is this—that when a life-boat, or a boat of any description, is about to be lowered from a ship, some kind of hitch or obstruction frequently occurs to frustrate the object in view. The boats are generally suspended over the sides of the vessel by chains or ropes which pass over a windlass; and the boat will descend by its own weight when the windlass-rope is loosened. But there are numerous minor matters to be attended to, which, in a time of danger and excitement, are very likely to be overlooked; and hence, frequently a whole boat-load of people are precipitated into the sea in their attempt to leave an endangered ship. After the sad disaster to the *Amazon* West India steamer, in 1852, where many lives were lost through the mismanagement of the boats, Mr Lacon devised a new mode of lowering boats, and published a pamphlet relating to it. A description of the apparatus would involve the use of too many technical nautical terms to be interesting or even intelligible to ordinary readers. In respect to the terrible calamity just alluded to, when the magnificent *Amazon* was destroyed by fire in the course of a few hours, the boats were signally unfortunate. We will quote a few words from Mr Vincent, a midshipman who afterwards described what had occurred under his own notice—simply premising that mail-boat, pinnace, cutter, dingy, and gig, are the names of five kinds of boats with which the ship was provided:—‘The mail-boat, when lowered, was immediately swamped, with about twenty-five people in her, all of whom were lost. The pinnace, when lowered, sheered across the sea before the people in her could unhook the fore-tackle. They were thereby washed out, and the boat remained hanging by the bow. While clearing away the second cutter, a sea struck her, raised her off the cranes, and unhooked the bow-tackle; the fore-end immediately fell down, and the people in her, with the exception of two, who hung doubled over the thwarts, were precipitated into the sea and drowned. Sixteen men, including two passengers, succeeded in clearing away and lowering the life-boat on the starboard side; they used every endeavour to save those in the water, but were swept past so rapidly, that their exertions were without avail. At about the same time, I, with the chief-steward, one passenger, and two seamen, got into and lowered the dingy, and were picked up by the life-boat about half an hour afterwards, when we immediately took the small boat in tow, and stood down for the ship; but the wind and sea increasing, and the dingy being upset, and ourselves being nearly swamped, we were obliged to let the small boat go, and keep the life-boat with her head to the sea. There

#### SHIPWRECKS.

was now on our quarter a boat with five men in her (supposed to be the gig), but we could not, from the severity of the weather, render her any assistance; about an hour afterwards, we suddenly lost sight of her.' Of the 115 lives lost by this appalling catastrophe, very many were unquestionably owing to the defective boat-lowering apparatus.

When the legislature insisted that every ship should have boats enough to contain the whole crew and passengers, it made no provision for the mode of managing these boats; nor ought there to be any need, if owners and captains did their duty, for legislating on such a matter at all. The fate of the *Amazon* drew public attention very strongly to this subject, and many suggestions were made bearing upon it. Mr Lacon's plan, just noticed, was one of the novelties; and another was soon after proposed by Mr Jeffreys. His intention is, that the boat may be filled with people while yet suspended; that it may be lowered by one man within the ship; that it may be loosened from the tackle by two men in the boat itself; and may then float away free from the ship. The efficacy of the plan can be pronounced upon only by practical seamen; but this kind of facility of action is unquestionably desirable, if attainable. Another inventor, Lieutenant M'Killop, also, in 1852, proposed a plan of stowing life-boats *outside* instead of *upon* the paddle-boxes of steamers, with such an arrangement of ropes and tackle as to permit the speedy lowering of the boat. Other plans have been suggested in considerable number, and we would fain hope that success will attend some among them. In this, as in other matters, what we require is—to have the right thing in the right place at the right time: a very simple proposition, perhaps, but wonderfully difficult to realise; certainly a ship's crew ought so to approximate to it as to have the ship's boats always ready for safe launching.

An extraordinary voyage from Liverpool to London was made in 1852, on a sort of life-raft, invented by Messrs Richardson, two gentlemen residing in North Wales. The raft consists primarily of two iron cylinders or pontoons, 4 feet long by 2½ in diameter; they are placed side by side, at a distance of 3 feet apart; and as their ends are tapered, curved, and turned inwards, they meet in a point at head and stern. They are divided into water-tight compartments, and are made strong and rigid. On the top of these pontoons, narrow beams are laid crosswise, and battens on the beams lengthwise, thus forming a platform about 30 feet long, with beams and battens so open as to let water pass between them. Above the platform are the necessary fittings for oars and sails. There are seats for sixteen rowers, and the raft will contain eighty persons. The whole weighs about 2½ tons, and draws only 11 inches of water. The water-tight compartments contain—some, inflated bladders, and the others, cork-shavings, to give buoyancy. This singular raft experienced some rough weather on the circuitous coast-voyage from Liverpool to London; but it

## SHIPWRECKS.

behaved well, and rose buoyantly on the waves. It has not, so far as we have heard, been tried in pulling off shore against a gale of wind to a wreck; but it has frequently beached and rowed off again in a strong breeze.

This curious raft, midway between a boat and a buoy in construction, leads us to a notice of the buoyant contrivances which are intended for the safety of persons actually immersed in the water, whether through shipwreck or any minor accident. We may call them life-buoys, or life-rafts, or life-pontoons—the name matters but little. It is provoking to think how heedless sailors are of life-preserving plans and efforts. Whether we were right in saying that they have a superstitious dread, a kind of Mohammedan fatalism, in respect to any provisions against accidental death, we may at any rate say, that there are many simple life-preserving contrivances which captains and sailors might adopt, but do not. The Rev. James Bremner, of Orkney, proposed in 1792 a plan by which an ordinary ship's boat might have a self-righting quality given to it, analogous to that of a life-boat. He proposed to place two small water-tight casks parallel to each other near the head of the boat, and one near the stern, firmly lashed down; and he also proposed to attach about three hundred weights of iron to the keel of the boat. Sixty years have since elapsed, but nothing has shewn that this is other than a simple and sensible plan. It is remarked in the *Life-boat*, that 'Mr Bremner's great object was to shew, that each collier that sails along our coasts, and, we may add, each emigrant ship, troop ship, or steamer that crosses the Atlantic, has the means on board for fitting the boats of the vessel as life-boats in a simple and inexpensive manner; and so it undoubtedly has, yet none, we believe, adopt it. Why, when a light collier starts on her homeward voyage—for it is chiefly light colliers that are wrecked—should she not secure an empty tight-water cask into the head and stern sheets of her principal boat? It would not be half an hour's work, when the lashings were once prepared and the ring-bolts in her keelson; and if not required, ten minutes would remove the whole on reaching her port. The materials are always on board, and any sailor could fit them to the boat; and then in case of need, there would be a life-boat that could not sink, even if filled with water, always ready to land the crew in case of wreck.' There is another reason why a boat *from* a distressed ship might be better circumstanced than one *to* the ship: 'Vessels are frequently cast upon a coast where there is no life-boat; and on many occasions a ship's boat would drive ashore before the wind, when, owing to the fury of the gale, no life-boat could get off from a lee-shore to her assistance.'

Newspaper readers will remember an exciting account of a wreck in the Pacific a few years ago, in which the crew constructed a raft, while on a desolate island, on such fragments of the wreck as happened to drift that way. They made it as large and as strong as they could; they stowed upon it all the provisions and

## SHIPWRECKS.

stores which they could gather up among the floating reliquies; they placed themselves upon it, men, women, and children; they navigated it to a considerable distance; and they were ultimately picked up by a ship which espied the frail bark and its nearly starved burden. Such a raft is a type of a large class, from Robinson Crusoe's downwards.

The buoys, or floating objects to which a man might cling in moments of danger, are so numerous and varied, that one might think all hazard of drowning to be dissipated; but, unfortunately, in this as in other important matters, the precious safeguard is not always at hand in the place and at the time when it is wanted. It is, of course, not necessary to describe an ordinary buoy: it is a light floating body which serves as a mark or signal in rivers and harbours; but anything which is buoyant may be deemed a buoy, and it may be shewn in a few words how such buoyant objects are proposed to be used as life-preservers. Captain Gordon, about thirty years ago, formed a buoy of a series of bamboos of different lengths fastened together; the uppermost piece was the longest, the others diminished gradually to the lowest, which was the shortest of all; thus forming a triangle, which was covered with pieces of sound cork, strongly fixed to the bamboo rods; two of these triangles to be attached to a boat, to render it buoyant. Another contrivance, invented by Mr Boyce, was intended to be kept at a ship's stern, to be dropped into the water when wanted: it was composed of two hollow wooden cylinders, made air-tight, and connected with a wooden grating to form a sort of raft; it was furnished with a rudder, mast, and sail. Captain Lillicrap, in 1830, proposed to render ordinary warping-buoys more useful, by nailing battens from end to end along their surfaces; the battens to serve as handles or holding-places to any persons who might be capsized near the buoy: and the crew of a small vessel has actually been saved by this means in the harbour of Portsmouth. Lieutenant Cooke has invented a buoy which is much used in the navy: it consists of two hollow copper globes connected by a horizontal rod, from the middle of which rises a vertical stem containing a fuse at the top; this is lighted, the buoy is lowered from the stern of the ship, and any person in the water clings to the buoy, attracted towards it at night by the light. Captain Beadon has suggested a life-buoy consisting of a metal cylinder eight feet long by one in diameter, having a keel, a kind of saddle on which a man may sit astride, a staff on which a light may be kindled, and a paddle to work the buoy. Lieutenant Irvine's life-buoy is a veritable portmanteau, so closely made that neither air nor water can enter it, and so buoyant that even when filled with clothes, two persons may float upon it; while it can easily be thrown into the sea from a ship. Captain Henvey's life-buoy consists of a light wooden frame, shaped like a horseshoe, but sufficiently wide to admit a man's body, and rendered buoyant by plates and disks of cork. Mr Taylor has devised a sort of

## SHIPWRECKS.

deck-chair, capable of being quickly converted into a water-tight boat-shaped vessel, fit to hold and support one person. The great display in Hyde Park shewed us a multitude of novelties belonging to the life-buoy class—such as Spencer's buoyant and water-tight trunk, 'capable of sustaining fifteen persons in the water;' Hely's catamaran, or life-float, composed of waterproof canvas cylindrical cases, filled with bedding, clothing, and any useful articles of less specific gravity than water; Lavars' buoyant settee for passenger steamers, capable of being converted into a raft; Clark's buoy, which is a cot for a ship's berth in one form, and a safety-boat in another; Taylor's deck-chair, just described; and many others. One of these contrivances, by Mr Silver, consists of a buoyant mattress; there are numerous waterproof tubes, partly distended with horsehair, woollen flock, or cocoa-nut fibre, in such a manner, that in case of accident happening to one or more of the tubes, the others may be sufficient to sustain the required weight on the water. The tubes, when stuffed with any of these materials, are made up into mattresses and pillows; when thrown into the sea, they will float, and immersed persons may lie upon or cling to them. It is calculated that such a mattress, weighing 17 pounds, will sustain a weight of 284 pounds on the surface of the water. Some of them are prepared expressly for emigrant ships, and are sold at 9s. each; one such has been kept floating on the water, and bearing a weight of 96 pounds, for five days, without giving entrance to the wet, or losing its buoyancy. Mattresses such as these, would certainly be useful appliances in all passenger ships.

Until the manufacture of waterproof cloth had become common, buoyant garments were but little attended to among life-preserving contrivances. The chief attempts of earlier date were by means of corks and air-tubes, attached in some way to the person. One of the oddest novelties was an *air-hat*: the hat was so made that air could be blown into a space behind the lining; and such buoyancy was hence attained, that, according to the inventor's account, a man might be supported by clinging to the hat in the water. Messrs Macintosh have introduced a life-cloak or cape, made of waterproof cloth, and capable, by blowing air through a stop-cock into a vacancy formed by a double thickness of cloth, of supporting a man by its buoyancy. Mr Reece, in 1843, contrived an inflated pad or cushion of India-rubber, so attached to the back, that the wearer might float with his face uppermost; while there was a wire-gauze protector to fix over the mouth and nostrils, sufficient to admit air for respiration, but to expel water. Those who remember Class 8 at the Great Exhibition of 1851, will call to mind the strange compound of oddities and utilities among the life-preserving apparatus. There was Mr Clayton's 'swimming glove,' designed and formed on the model of the web-foot; there were Mr Light's 'ladies' and gentlemen's yachting-jackets,' to support the body in case of accidental immersion; there was

## SHIPWRECKS.

Mr Reeks' nautical cap, which can be immediately converted into a safety swimming-belt; there was Mr Vicker's life-belt, made of sail-canvas, stuffed with cork cuttings, and forming a comfortable cubical seat when on shipboard; there was Mr Hely's life-girdle, composed of spherical floats strung upon an endless elastic band; there were Mr Carte's 'self-adjusting' cork life-belt and Mr Laurie's 'self-inflating' life-float; there was Mr Caulcher's life-preserving elastic cork-jacket, 'capable of being worn unobserved under a coat or a mantle;' there was Lieutenant Halkett's *multas in parvo*, which is a boat-cloak when uninflated, a cloak-boat when inflated, and a bed if you choose to employ it as such; there was Mr Walker's hat-case, 'answering the purpose of a safety life-buoy float, or as a foot-bath, and many other useful purposes;' and there were Mr Cox's 'swimming-stockings, and safety swimming-swan, to assist persons in escaping from shipwreck!'—It would almost seem as if persons might plunge into the water, for the very pleasure of using such benevolently intended contrivances.

Would it not be better that our arctic navigators should wear life-belts of some kind when on their perilous journeys? Might not the estimable and brave Lieutenant Bellot have been saved from a watery grave, if he had been provided with some such safeguard? Let us shortly narrate the sad story of his loss, and endeavour to derive a lesson from it.

In August 1853, Commander Pullen, in the *North Star*, sent dispatches by Captain Inglefield to Sir Edward Belcher, who was in another part of the icy regions. In a letter to Sir Edward, he states that, on the 12th of that month, Lieutenant Bellot of the *Phoenix* volunteered to conduct a party with dispatches to Sir Edward's ship; but that the brave young officer had lost his life in the attempt so to do, in Wellington Channel. The four men who accompanied him returned to the *Phoenix*, two on the 20th and two on the 21st, worn out with fatigue and exhaustion. From the narratives of the men, it appears that the journey was a perilous one, mostly among ice which was neither firm enough nor loose enough to be depended upon. On their third day—they encamped by night on the ice—they passed a crack about four feet wide, running across the Channel. This danger over, Lieutenant Bellot wished to make a temporary landing near a cape which came full in view; and he tried to get on shore in an India-rubber boat with which they were provided. They conveyed three boat-loads of stores on shore from their sledge. While two of the men were on shore, and the other two men, with the lieutenant, were on the ice, the ice began to move under them, and speedily the connection between the two parties was broken. The two men on shore had the grief of seeing their three companions gradually float off from land, being borne away by the moving ice beneath them. They watched and watched for six hours; but after two hours they lost sight of their floating comrades: when they last saw

#### SHIPWRECKS.

them, the lieutenant was standing on a hummock of ice, and his two companions were standing by the sledge. After waiting six hours, the two men who were on land made the best of their way back to the ship.

Now for the narratives of the other two men, who were on the perilous ice-islet with the young officer. William Johnson, one of the two seamen, has deposed as follows:—‘ We got the provisions on shore on Wednesday the 17th. After we had done that, there remained on the ice David Hook, Lieutenant Bellot, and myself, having with us the sledge, macintosh awning, and little boat. Commenced trying to draw the boat and sledge to the south, but found the ice driving so fast; left the sledge, and took the boat only; but the wind was so strong at the time that it blew the boat over and over. We then took the boat with us under shelter of a piece of ice; and M. Bellot and ourselves commenced cutting an ice-house with our knives for shelter. M. Bellot sat for half an hour in conversation with us, talking on the danger of our position. I told him I was not afraid, and that the American Expedition were driven up and down this channel by the ice. He replied: “ I know they were; and when the Lord protects us, not a hair of our heads shall be touched ! ” I then asked M. Bellot what time it was. He said about a quarter-past eight A.M. —Thursday the 18th—and then lashed up his books, and said he would go and see how the ice was driving. He had only been gone about four minutes when I went round the same hummock under which we were sheltered to look for him, but could not see him: and on returning to our shelter, saw his stick on the opposite side of a crack, about five fathoms wide, and the ice all breaking up. I then called out: “ Mr Bellot ! ” but no answer. At this time blowing very heavy. After this, I again searched round, but could see nothing of him. I believe that when he got from the shelter the wind blew him into the crack, and his south-wester being tied down, he could not rise.’ The men ultimately reached the ship after much peril and suffering.

Again we would ask—ought not persons placed in the situation of this gallant young officer to be provided with a life-belt? The ‘ south-wester tied down,’ of which Johnson speaks, could not act as a buoy, for it was not inflated with air; and it may, as Johnson surmises, have hastened poor Bellot’s destruction.

A mode of rendering service to ships in distress, differing widely from any of these hitherto noticed, is that in which a rope is conveyed from the shore to the ship. It may be that a vessel is stranded so near the coast as to be within reach of help by this agency, either as a substitute for, or in addition to, the aid furnished by life-boats. Sometimes a boat cannot be used at all when most wanted, as is the case where there is a perpendicular cliff with no path for descent to the sea-side. An instance of this kind occurred about twenty years ago, a little to the south of the Tyne: the *Wilhelmina* was wrecked almost close to the coast, in sight of



edge of a cliff, and remained there by cramps and ground; a kind of seat is slung from a projecting end of the platform, and is raised or lowered by pulley, three or four men may be lowered to the beach by life-buoys, &c., to render such aid to a distressed vessel as may be practicable.

But a more practically useful apparatus is Cayley's life-rope. This gentleman, while filling an office at Yarmouth, conceived the plan of throwing a rope to a ship by means of a shot. After many experiments, he found the rope might be fastened to the shot by means of a plaited hide, and then fired from a howitzer; he next planned a plan for conveying the whole apparatus easily from shore. He very soon had the satisfaction of saving the lives of a crew by means of his invention; and a large number of vessels have since had reason to bless the invention and the contrivance, by Mr Carte of Hull, employs a rocket instead of a cannon-ball. The action of this rocket apparatus is rendered intelligible by the following description:—When a ship is about to be discharged to a stranded ship, a high stand is fixed steadily upon the ground; this supports a frame, so poised that the rocket may be discharged in any direction and at any angle. The rockets vary from 3 pounds each; they carry a length of line or rope varying from 10 to 32 pounds; and they will carry this line to a distance of from 180 to 380 yards. The rocket is discharged from its mouth a lighted port-fire, which burns about the rocket succeeds in carrying a line to the ship, thus forming a kind of pathway, along which ropes and life-buoys, baskets and belts, may be conveyed to the ship. Life-rockets act in a manner very similar to this. The rockets are about 15 inches long, and are attached to a five feet long to guide their flight.

## SHIPWRECKS.

rises sixty or seventy feet out of the sea, about a mile from the bluff headland of Cape Cornwall at the Land's End. The ship was utterly wrecked; all on board but three were washed away after taking refuge on the rock for some hours; one of the remaining three floated on a fragment of the wreck sufficiently near the shore to be saved; and the other two, the captain and his wife, were left on the lonely rock. Mr Forward, in the revenue-cutter *Sylvia*, went out to their rescue, and tried to reach the rock in a boat manned by four men; but the furious sea drove them back, and nearly capsized their boat. The cliffs were lined with spectators, whose good wishes and prayers were all they had to offer; the two poor wrecked sufferers were left to pass the night on the isolated bit of rock—without fire, covering, food, and almost without hope. On the following morning, which was Sunday, the edge of the cliff was lined with thousands instead of hundreds of anxious watchers, and several boats set out to make a second attempt. Captain Davies, of the coast-guard, took out with him a nine-pounder life-rocket. The sea still ran high, so high, indeed, that no boat could venture within 100 yards of the rock. Captain Davies having arranged his boat and rocket in the best way which the tempestuous sea permitted, fired, and the rope reached the rock; but unfortunately it fell on a sharp ledge, and was cut in twain, so that the end slipped off into the sea. Distress at the failure was felt both by the two unfortunates and by the spectators on shore; but Captain Davies renewed his attempt, and shot a second rope so accurately, that the man was enabled to secure it. The poor wife, having the rope well fastened round her, jumped into the sea, and was pulled on board the boat. A third shot enabled the man to secure the friendly rope which was to bring him also to the boat. While this was doing, the sea often rose to such a maddening height as to conceal man, woman, rope, boat, and all, and the spectators on shore were wrought up to a high pitch of excitement. The man and his wife both reached the shore; but she had undergone more than her strength could bear: she was dead by the time the boat touched the beach. In this instance, there was no life-boat at hand; but it illustrates in a valuable way the possibility of sending a safety-rope from a boat even during a high sea. The life-boat and the life-rocket are evidently fitted to render service under different and often incompatible conditions.

One of Carte's rockets was on one occasion the means of aiding a poor shipwrecked crew in a remarkable way. Off the Durham coast, a rocket was fired to an unfortunate ship; the crew caught the rope, and tried to work it properly; but the poor fellows were so benumbed and exhausted, that the rope fell from their hands. One of the spectators on shore suggested the happy expedient of sending a *stone bottle of hot coffee* to revive them. This was done; the bottle was warped along the rope, which already extended from the shore to the ship; and the men, revived and

## SHIPWRECKS.

heartened by the beverage, aided in working at their own deliverance. This was one of those happy thoughts which, occurring just at the right place and the right time, are veritable jewels beyond all price.

The coast-guard, appointed for very different purposes, render more service than all other persons combined to vessels wrecked on the coast. They are familiar with the use of the mortar and the rocket; they are always on the watch; they are always ready to act; and their organised discipline gives them a great advantage over the brave but unsystematic efforts of fishermen and sailors.

There is one more peril of the deep which our space enables us to notice—*lightning*; and one more mode in which humanity has led men to seek the means of saving their fellow-men from destruction.

Many of the narratives of ships struck by lightning are very exciting and remarkable. We will notice a few among the mass which have been recorded. In 1840, a government cruiser, the *Chichester*, was struck with lightning off the Irish coast. The masts, and part of the deck and bulwarks, were destroyed. A ball of fire seemed to descend from the mast, and broke through the deck; it knocked down several of the crew, leaving a sensation as if a solid piece of timber had fallen upon them. The captain was seated with his two daughters at dinner in the cabin when the accident occurred; the ball of fire passed over the table, shivering in pieces the whole of the dishes and glasses, without injuring any of the persons present. The sky-lights were thrown up, the whole deck in the centre of the vessel was raised off the beams, and the patent-lights were all thrown out. The electric fluid passed through the bottom of the vessel, in many places along the copper bolts, and tore off the copper sheathing opposite to them and under water. The vessel was filled with smoke for some time afterwards, but no part actually caught fire.

Captain Fitzroy has given a good description of a lightning-stroke suffered by a government ship. 'I was a lieutenant on board the *Thetis* when her foremast was shattered by lightning in Rio harbour, and shall not easily forget the sensation. Some of the officers were sitting in the gun-room one very dark evening, while the heavens were absolutely black, and the air hot and close to an oppressive degree, but not a drop of rain falling, when a rattling crash shook the ship. Some thought several guns had been fired together; others, an explosion of powder had taken place; but one said: "The ship is struck by lightning!" and that was the case. The top-gallant masts were not aloft, but the fore-topmast was shivered into a mere collection of splinters, the hoops on the foremast were burst, and the interior as well as outside of the mast irreparably injured. From the foremast, the electric fluid seemed to have escaped by some conductor without doing further damage; yet it filled the forepart of the ship with a sulphureous smell, and the men who were there thought

## SHIPWRECKS.

something full of gunpowder was blown up. No person received injury. . . . I should say that the electric fluid shook rather than shattered the fore-topmast, for it did not fall, but resembled a bundle of long splinters, almost like reeds. It twisted round the head of the foremast, instead of descending by the shortest line, went into the centre of the spar, and then out again to the hoops, every one of which above the deck was burst asunder.'

A terrible fate was that of the *Tanjore*, a fine East Indiaman, which was struck by lightning off Ceylon in 1820. At eight in the evening, the horizon became suddenly dark and lowering, and a severe squall of wind ushered in a most terrific storm. A flash of lightning appeared, and destroyed two men in an instant—literally tearing open their bodies; many others were struck; and all the rest received an electric shock. The lightning struck a cargo of brandy, ignited it, and thus set the ship on fire. So instantaneous were all these events, that the crew were only able to liberate two of the boats; forty-eight persons descended into these boats, taking with them a binnacle-compass, some ship-papers, and a box of dollars, but not an atom of food or a drop of water; they had only three oars for the two boats, and had at first enough to do to keep clear of the burning ship. The hapless vessel sank in about six hours; but the crew, after being fourteen hours at sea, and forty miles from land, were fortunate enough to meet with a native vessel, which rescued them.

Enough of these horrors. That lightning will strike a ship as well as a building on land is obvious; and there are many circumstances which render the visitation still more terrible. A ship, with its whole contents, is a unit, a complete item separated from all other items; it has a peculiar degree of helplessness from without, and should all the more be provided with protecting appliances from within. If a ship be lightning-struck, assistance from other quarters is truly of remote probability, on account of the fire often produced. Regarded as a question of statistics, the amount of loss to British ships by lightning-strokes is almost inconceivably large. More than 250 ships of war were so struck in forty years from 1793, or something like six every year. In 150 cases, occurring mostly between 1793 and 1815, nearly 100 lower-masts of line-of-battle ships and frigates, with a corresponding number of topmasts and smaller spars, together with various stores, were wholly or partially destroyed. One ship in eight was set on fire in some part of the rigging or sails; upwards of seventy seamen were killed, and more than twice this number wounded. Besides the actual destruction of life and property, the mere detention of a large ship for repairs is a serious item—an average line-of-battle ship costing the country full L.100 per day for current expences, superadded to the capital sunk in building and storing it. The ships engaged in commerce being so much more numerous than those engaged in war, the above numbers give but a feeble idea of the total aggregate cost to the nation from these perilous lightning-strokes.

## SHIPWRECKS.

The question that arises, then, is—can lightning-strokes be averted; or, if not averted, can they be rendered harmless? The resulting answer is interesting, and even scientifically beautiful; for it is now known that, though we cannot keep away the lightning, we can take the dread out of it—remove the sting.

Like all other useful contrivances, lightning-conductors have been perfected by very slow degrees. The ancient Thracians were wont to shoot arrows at a thunder-cloud, under an impression that they would disperse the dreaded lightning. Some of the early nations entertained an opinion, that lightning will not act to a greater depth than five feet below the surface of the ground, and they used accordingly to seek shelter in caves and deep pits. The Japanese are said by Kämpfer, to covet a retreat in a cave containing a pool of water, the water being expected to put out the fire of the lightning. The Romans believed that seal-skin was a preservative against lightning; and the shepherds of Avennes are said to this day to wear snake-skins in their hats as a safeguard. The emperor Tiberius, when a thunder-storm approached, was accustomed to put on a circlet of laurel leaves, to ward off the lightning's power. In Alberti's treatise on architecture, written about 1480, occurs the following bit of lightning philosophy:—'There are some things in nature which are endued with properties by no means to be neglected; particularly that the laurel-tree, the eagle, and the sea-calf, are never touched by lightning. There are some, therefore, who suppose that if these are enclosed in the wall, the lightning will never hurt it.' It was at one time customary to place thick balls of glass on the projecting points of buildings, ships, and light-houses; there was a glass-ball of this kind on the vane-rod of Doncaster church so late as 1836. There have been instances known of a small chamber of glass having been made for persons overcome with dread of lightning. In some countries, two exactly opposite plans are adopted during a thunder-storm, both influenced by religious motives: the Esthonians close their doors and windows as completely as possible, to avoid leaving an entrance for the evil spirit whom God is pursuing during a thunder-storm; whereas the Jews, in some countries, open their doors and windows that their expected Messiah may come in the thunder-cloud.

While so much difference of opinion prevailed concerning the action of a lightning-stroke, it is not to be expected that any efficient plan could be laid down for the preservation of ships; but as soon as it became established—chiefly through the experiments and reasoning of Franklin—that the lightning simply requires an easy path along which to travel to the earth, a clue was afforded which led to successful results. It is found that the electric discharge falls upon those bodies which tend to assist its progress; that if any damage is done, it is in places where the line of ready passage is broken; and that in order to protect buildings and ships, it is useful to provide a continuous line for the electric fluid to

#### SHIPWRECKS.

follow in its descent to the earth—a single line of rail for this most rapid of all locomotives. It has been abundantly ascertained that metal is better than any other substance for this rail, this line of communication. When metallic rods began to be actually attached to buildings, in the eighteenth century, the superstitious terrors of the people led them to deem the innovation a presumptuous one. Guyton de Morveau had much ado to appease the people when he set up a lightning-rod on the house of the Academy of Sciences at Dijon; it was only when he stated that the gilded points of the rods had been purposely sent by the pope from Rome, that they ceased their opposition. A man in armour is safer than a man in ordinary dress, and an iron ship is safer than a wooden ship, because the metal is more continuous, the path for the lightning less broken. It may seem at first a frightful thought to attract lightning towards the armour or the ship—which we really do—but in truth it is better that that resistless agent should travel along a good road purposely prepared by ourselves, than take an erratic course hither and thither, knocking down everything in its way. Like many other powerful things which we meet with in daily life, we cannot stop it; but we can ward off a little of the roughness of the blow by bending the line of travel.

In the actual use of a metallic conductor, to convey lightning through a building to the earth, or through a ship to the sea, there may be strips of metal, or wires, or rods, or tubes—any form so long as the metal is continuous; and any metal would suffice. But experience has determined that particular forms and particular metals are preferable to others. Tin conducts electricity better than lead, iron better than tin, zinc better than iron, and copper better than zinc; and, consequently, other things being equal, tin is the worst, and copper the best of these five metals. Copper and iron are the metals generally used—copper in all cases where the wise economy of employing the best material is adopted. The forms found to be most serviceable are flat bands and thin tubes, to expose a large surface in proportion to the quantity of metal. In respect to a building on land, it is comparatively easy to apply a long metallic rod, the upper end of which shall be above the highest part of the house, while the lower end shall be immersed in the damp earth below; but in a ship the difficulties are much greater. The masts, and yards, and rigging, are formed in numerous pieces, liable to be shifted in position very frequently during the working of the ship.

In the early attempts to protect ships from lightning, short rods of copper were united end to end by means of eyes or loops, so as to form a sort of chain; this chain was fastened to a rope, the upper end of which was attached to the mast-head, while the lower end hung over the ship's side into the water. Dr (afterwards Bishop) Watson recommended this plan to the Admiralty about ninety years ago; it was adopted, and every ship in the royal navy was provided with such a chain, packed in a box. But herein

#### SHIPWRECKS.

consisted the insufficiency of the plan; the very circumstance of the chain being packed in a box took away a woful percentage of its usefulness. The intention was, that the chain should be kept in the box until a thunder-storm was approaching, when it should be quickly adjusted to its required place. But seamen, as we have before remarked, have a great dislike to think about, or talk about, or provide against dangers at sea; and the chain was very seldom in its proper place in the time of need. Sometimes the box was packed away so effectually, that the thunder-storm had done its work before the protecting chain could be liberated. Besides, it is found that all the masts must be attended to, since the lightning may capriciously fix upon either of those which are unprotected. A plan introduced into the French navy, about thirty years ago, was to twist copper wire into the form of rope, and apply this rope as rigging from the vane-rod to the ship's side, where it was connected with a plate reaching to the water; but these movable conductors were as uncertain as the chains used in British ships.

It is now more than thirty years ago, that Sir W. Snow Harris began to impress on the Admiralty the propriety and duty of providing better lightning-conductors for the royal navy. Himself an accomplished experimenter in electrical science, he was enabled fully to appreciate the scientific bearings of the question; while his residence at Plymouth familiarised him with ships and their requirements. Against all those official obstacles which are so well known to stand in the way of improvements in government matters, he struggled year after year, battling under discouragements which would have defeated a man of less resolute mind. He brought before public notice the startling list of ships struck every year by lightning; and he cleverly made use of the £ s. d. argument, to render John Bull conscious of the magnitude of the loss occasioned by so trifling a neglect as a few bits of copper. His pertinacity met with due reward; he had the satisfaction to receive a knighthood and a pension from government, to see that his improved lightning-conductors were gradually being adopted in the royal navy, and to know that his contrivances have saved to the country many times the amount of the reward which the country has given him. Luckily for Sir William, his own private means were sufficient to back him up during his tough contest with official personages; if he had been a poor man, he would probably have 'gone to the wall' long before—leaving, as in so many other cases, the nation to be enriched by that which enriched not him.

The plan invented by Sir W. S. Harris, and adopted by the Admiralty, consists in effect in converting the masts themselves into conducting-rods. There are incorporated with the masts a double set of copper plates, so fixed to their surfaces as to form a continuous metallic line, and yet allow the mast that freedom of movement to which it is subject. These plates are connected with bands of copper leading through the side under the deck-beams, and with

#### SHIPWRECKS.

large bolts leading through the keels and keelson. All the large metallic masses in the construction of the ship are brought into connection with these copper plates and bands; insomuch that, wherever the lightning may strike, there shall be a path of metal along which it can travel into the sea, leaving the wood-work untouched by its terrible force. The strips of sheet-copper for applying to the masts are about four feet long, varying in width from one and a half to five inches, according to the size of the mast. A shallow groove, equal in depth to twice the thickness of the copper, is formed along the hinder or stern side of each mast, from top to bottom; and in this groove the plates are secured by copper nails. There are two thicknesses of copper plates, so placed as to 'break joint,' and thus render the metallic connection all the more complete. At the lower part of each mast, the copper plates are connected with the copper bands running under the deck-beams, which bands find their way outside the ship into the water. Thus there is no waiting to fix up the apparatus when a storm is approaching; the apparatus is always fixed, always in its place. As the hollow columns in Paxton's Crystal Palace were always ready to carry off rain-water from the roof above to the earth below, so are the copper plates on Harris's masts always ready to carry off the electric fluid from the clouds above to the sea below.

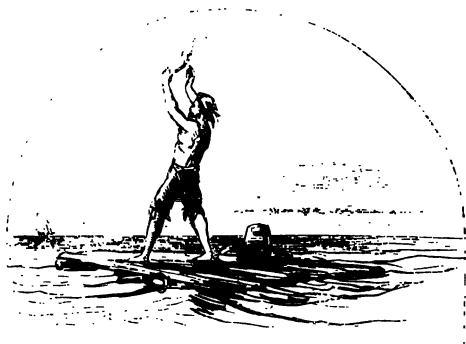
The inventor, in a treatise on this subject, presents the advantages in the following light:— 'The cost of a first-rate, with all her stores, is not less than L.170,000; she carries full 900 men; and she is intended for the defence of one of the greatest maritime nations which has ever existed. Now, the protection of this splendid machine against one of the most fearful calamities to which she is exposed, may be attained at a cost of less than L.100; that is, the expense of labour in fixing the conductors to the ship, and the loss upon the wear of the copper material, which is always reconvertible and of a constant value. Her Majesty's navy once furnished with such conductors, as an integral part of the ship, little or no expense will be requisite, as the hulls will be always ready to receive masts fitted with the same conductors which have been already used in other ships whose services have for the time ceased; it is hence a mere affair of transfer from ship to ship.'

The success of these lightning-conductors has been very complete: it is known that many ships have been attacked by lightning while protected by these copper plates; but the metal has invariably carried off the perilous enemy, leaving the vessel unscathed. The following is one among many narratives corroborative of this success. Captain Sullivan has described what befell Her Majesty's ship *Beagle* off Monte Video a few years ago:— 'Having been on board Her Majesty's ship *Thetis*, at Rio de Janeiro a few years since, when her foremast was entirely destroyed by lightning, my attention was always very particularly directed to approaching electrical storms, and especially on the occasion now alluded to, as the

#### SHIPWRECKS.

storm was unusually severe. The flashes succeeded each other in rapid succession, and were gradually approaching; and as I was watching aloft, the ship became apparently wrapt in a blaze of fire, accompanied by a simultaneous crash, which was equal if not superior to the shock I felt in the *Thetis*. One of the electrical clouds by which we were surrounded had burst on the vessel, and as the main-mast at the instant appeared to be a mass of fire, I felt certain that the lightning had passed down the conductor on that mast. The vessel shook under the explosion, and an unusual tremulous motion could be distinctly felt. As soon as I had recovered from the surprise of the moment, I ran below to state what had happened, and to see if the conductors had been affected; when just as I entered the gun-room, Mr Rowlett, the purser, ran out of his cabin (along the beam of which a main branch of the conductor passed), and said he was sure the lightning had passed along the conductor, for at the moment of the shock he heard a sound like rushing water along the beam. Not the slightest ill consequence was experienced; and I cannot refrain from expressing my conviction that, but for the conductor, the results would have been serious.'

Among those whose efforts tend towards a humane assistance to their fellow-men in distress, let us gratefully remember the inventors of life-boats, life-rafts, life-buoys, life-garments, life-mortars, life-rockets, lightning-rods—all those who lend a helping-hand to the hardy sailor.





### THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTERS.

**M**IDWAY between the market-town of T—— and the pretty village of Lisbourne, in a large red brick-house with some pretensions to the Elizabethan style of decoration, dwelt a family named Norrys, consisting of a brother and four sisters, the children of an opulent banker deceased, who had carried on business at T—— with considerable profit and éclat for nearly half a century. A very substantial and pleasantly situated dwelling was Lisbourne House, surrounded with paddocks, orchards, and walled gardens, sloping to the Lis—a clear shallow streamlet, from which the village derived its name, winding through rich pasture-lands, and shadowed by tall old trees, the habitations of ancient cawing colonies. And the oldest authorities said, that Lisbourne was older than the old trees which had been cut down before these grew up; old trees, beneath whose spreading

#### THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTERS.

branches strange scenes were enacted, when battlement and tower arose beside the peaceful Lis, and the warder's thrilling voice re-echoed afar on the still evening air. On the site were now only ivy-covered ruins, affording shelter for bats and owls.

These picturesque ruins were the pride of the village and surrounding neighbourhood, the resort of the artist and antiquary, and the shrine at which Mr Norrys worshipped; for besides being on the Lisbourne property, they were regarded by him with a species of veneration on their own account; and the worthy gentleman had written and published a neat little book about them; and being a wonderful collector of rare and antique coins, he had bestowed unexampled labour and patience in exploring underground—boring and burrowing like the native conies. His researches had been rewarded by the discovery of a small iron coffer, containing the gems of his museum; but not contented with this, it had become the passion and sole business of his existence to delve about the ruins; and during whole summer days he would sit beneath the shade of some crumbling archway, absorbed in thought as to where his next efforts ought to be directed—for tradition had handed down many curious legends concerning the treasures buried there by the warriors of by-gone times. It was not for the gold as gold that Mr Norrys yearned; no, he had enough of that and to spare, but it was the rare and ancient coins he coveted, wherewith to enrich his already valuable collection.

The two elder Misses Norrys had attained that age which is pronounced uncertain; and being the seniors of their brother by a year or two, they were always much annoyed if he openly mentioned birthdays and such-like data, that led to disagreeable calculations. They were formal and precise in disposition and manner, plain in person, and with an inflated idea of their own social importance, which is frequently to be found in those who have not had their minds expanded by travel, or association with their superior, in point of acquirement or worldly position. The Misses Norrys had always been the first people in T—, consequently, they never looked beyond T—, and still considered themselves of paramount and exclusive importance; and this conceit was fostered by the deference with which they were treated by their neighbours at Lisbourne, from the clergyman to the doctor—the latter, however, being a most worthy and popular personage, whose frequent services were needed at Lisbourne House. There were several medical practitioners at T—, but Mr Medicott, the village apothecary, had secured the good graces of the Norrys family in preference to them all; and the third Miss Norrys being a confirmed invalid, whose health required constant supervision, Mr Medicott had become quite necessary to their comfort, and they regarded him more as a friend than as a mere paid attendant. His wife, too, despite her want of pretension and refinement—despite her fat cheeks

#### THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTERS.

and hearty laugh, was well received by the stately ladies of Lisbourne House; and they often condescended to rest in Mrs Medicott's nice parlour, when tempted by a fine day to stroll over and see 'how the villagers got on.' But somehow, nobody *could* patronise little hearty Mrs Medicott—she was so simple and unpretending, and good-natured and humble; there was nothing obtrusive about her but her pleasant laugh, and that was absolutely infectious.

There was a merry twinkle in Mr Medicott's eye, a furtive humour, which, however, was veiled beneath an exterior scrupulously respectful and polite, yet having no tinge of obsequiousness. Mrs Medicott was a great reader of romances during her spare moments; it was a weakness of hers; she loved romance both in books and in reality, and a love-tale always excited her readiest sympathy. Notwithstanding a good and regular practice, Mr Medicott did not amass money as he might have done; nobody knew exactly why he continued in almost poor circumstances; but it was whispered that near and needy relatives were a constant drain upon his purse, and a source of vexation to his heart. It was a hard, toilsome life the village doctor's; but Mr Medicott was a healthy and contented man, and if he could have enjoyed a little more of his own dear humble home, he would have been very grateful and glad; but he made the best of necessity, and went on his way beloved and respected by all. But though the good doctor did not possess much of the current coin of the realm, he was a professed admirer of ancient coins; consequently, with Mr Norrys he was a man of judgment, and a prime favourite; and when the marriage of the fourth Miss Norrys was celebrated at Lisbourne House with much pomp and ceremony, Mr and Mrs Medicott were among the bridal guests. To be present at a marriage, and such a marriage, was the greatest felicity that could be afforded to Mrs Medicott. Lisbourne was not a place given to matrimony, and T—— was a dull town in that particular line, and, moreover, the Misses Norrys had always been set down as old maids in Mrs Medicott's private cogitations; so that it became a doubly delightful surprise to have a marriage in such a quarter. Nor was it a matter of surprise to Mrs Medicott only, when Miss Adelaide Norrys accepted young Mr Brandon, a London merchant, at the head of the old-established firm of Brandon & Co. Mr Brandon and Miss Adelaide Norrys first met at the T—— race-ball, and being mutually pleased with each other, and afterwards meeting more frequently at the house of mutual friends, the liking ripened into an affection, which speedily terminated in matrimony. It was one of those common-place marriages which happen every day—the bride was not interesting, or very young, or very pretty; the bridegroom was merely well dressed, and well to do in the world; and the Norrys family neither withheld consent nor bestowed any warm approval. Mr Brandon was rich and

#### THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTERS.

respectable, and Adelaide seemed glad to exchange the monotony of Lisbourne House for a town-life; the elder sisters hoped it would turn out for Adelaide's happiness, but for *their* parts, it seemed wiser to remain content at home; but if Adelaide was determined to marry, why then, indeed, there appeared no positive objection to Mr Brandon. There was one who looked on and said nothing, and that one was the sick and suffering Anna Norrys; but then it was not her way to offer many remarks on the passing occurrences of daily life, although she was a keen observer and a sound reasoner. Anna's observation and judgment were much respected by her brother and sisters, and they often appealed to her for advice and direction when uncertain how to act; but Anna disliked such appeals, and had seldom been known to express her opinions, except in cases where she could materially assist others. And in the case of her sister's marriage, Anna seemed to think it a matter of course, that when Mr Brandon proposed he would be accepted; and after congratulating Adelaide in her usual quiet manner, she relapsed into the silent and thoughtful mood induced probably by her frail state of health. It was a well-conducted handsome ceremonial from first to last, the marriage being duly celebrated with feasting and ringing of bells, and the happy pair setting off on their bridal tour in a carriage-and-four.

Twelve months passed away, and Mr Brandon was left a widower with a little daughter, named after its deceased mother. This was a heavy blow doubtless; but Mr Brandon was immersed in the cares of business, and scarcely knew how to realise the stunning fact until called upon to think of the delicate baby. And when Anna Norrys proposed to her sisters that they should take charge of the poor motherless infant, she was listened to with attention; it was a 'serious responsibility,' the elder Misses Norrys contended, and Anna candidly allowed it was; but then what a comfort for Adelaide's child to be brought up at Lisbourne House by *them*! So, when the matter was finally arranged amongst themselves, and Mr Norrys had given his consent, it only remained to ascertain Mr Brandon's sentiments, and if he would be willing to part with all that remained to him of his lost love. Being an active and indefatigable manager of his own vast concerns, Mr Brandon felt really grateful to his sisters-in-law for taking the baby off his hands, and willingly confided it to their care; they had seen very little of him since his marriage, though Adelaide had always boasted of her perfect happiness, poor thing! And as Mr Brandon had mourned her death with all due outward decorum, good feeling existed between his late wife's family and himself, notwithstanding his readiness to part with the infant—a readiness he took no pains to conceal, for Mr Brandon was not gifted with fine sensibility. He promised, indeed, to visit Lisbourne frequently—as frequently as his avocations would permit; and during the two following years he kept his promise faithfully,

#### THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTERS.

and had the pleasure of seeing his little daughter daily improve in health and vigour, and grow so like her mother, that the Misses Norrys declared, that when contemplating the graces of their pretty Adelaide, they hardly felt as if they had lost a sister.

For two years the Misses Norrys declared Mr Brandon to be an exemplary and pattern father—so regular and frequent in his visits to the little motherless child, even extending his patronage to Mr Medicott, and holding dissertations in Mrs Medicott's parlour concerning the numerous ailments to which little children are liable. This was very amiable and paternal; but somehow Mr Norrys the coin-fancier and his brother-in-law did not get on together so cordially as might have been expected; whether it was that Mr Brandon looked with contempt upon *all* coin save that in his own coffers, or from some other unknown cause, only the fact is certain, that Mr Norrys did not welcome the widower so warmly to Lisbourne as he had been wont to do in former times. At the end of two years, Mr Norrys alone expressed no surprise at the turn of affairs; he dug and groped in his beloved ruins more sedulously indeed than ever, and told his sisters they must have been blind not to have seen what was going forward. At the end of two years, Mr Brandon publicly announced his intention of entering a second time into the holy estate of matrimony, and with whom?—Ah, there was the blow and the puzzle—to choose Mary Ringles, the humble niece of Mrs Medicott, for a successor to the proud bride who had condescended to change the name of Norrys for the less ancient one of Brandon!

But so it was; and the elder Misses Norrys too late discovered that Mr Brandon's regular visits to Lisbourne had not been so entirely disinterested as they, in their simplicity, had imagined. However, there was no preventing the marriage; Mr Brandon had a right to please himself; and all the injured ladies did, was to look cool on Mrs Medicott and her offending niece, and to gain Mr Brandon's promise not to remove little Adelaide from their care in order to place her with a step-mother. This promise, after some trifling demur, Mr Brandon gave; he thought of his daughter's interest in a pecuniary point of view, and besides, his heart was not particularly twined round the child, though he did not say so, and no one knew it. The Misses Norrys had fine fortunes at their own disposal, to bequeath to whom they would; Mr Norrys, too—there was small likelihood of his marrying now, for Mary Ringles had helped him to sort his old coins, and they had looked bright beneath her smile, and her gay laugh had made the old ruins of Lisbourne seem alive again. No wonder Mr Norrys had looked askance on the young widower, for he was thinking of falling in love with Mary himself. His energies, however, slumbered, and he thought there was time enough to come forward; but Mr Brandon, meanwhile, secured the prize, and Mrs Medicott, in a flutter of joy and bewilderment, though very sorry to offend the 'Lisbourne House folks,' did all she

#### THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTERS.

could to reconcile the worthy doctor to Mary's good-fortune. Mr Medicott, however, would rather things had not gone so: his services were too valuable to be dispensed with at Lisbourne House; but he felt himself more tolerated than sought for, under the existing circumstances, and this unsettled a little his equanimity.

It was about a year subsequent to Mrs Brandon's death that Mary Ringles came to reside with the Medicotts. It was generally reported that Mr Medicott had been a loser to a considerable amount by a brother of this young lady's, the said brother being Mary's senior, and of a speculative turn. Both were orphans; and when Aspinax Ringles, as a last resource, determined to seek his fortune in another hemisphere, no shelter offered for poor Mary, his only sister, but that of the worthy doctor, whose means were crippled through the imprudence and selfishness of others. But Mr Medicott had loved Mary as a child; and besides, she needed aid and protection, and the claim of the fatherless and friendless was enough to warm his tender heart. So when Aspinax, whose character and disposition peculiarly fitted him for toilsome adventure, sailed away from his native land, Mary came to Lisbourne, and found a happy home with the worthy couple, who, however, were not destined long to retain the fair girl beneath their roof. Mr Brandon first beheld Mary by the side of the suffering Anna, with whom she was ever a welcome visitor; he was struck with her beauty and cheerful winsome manner; he soon found his way to Lisbourne.

After his second marriage, Mr Brandon seldom visited Lisbourne House, probably feeling he was no longer a welcome guest; while Mary, who had made several efforts to win favour and affection, particularly on account of the little Adelaide, received such decided repulses from the Misses Norrys, that even her gentle nature shrank from further appeal. With Anna Norrys, indeed, Mary continued on friendly terms, so far as correspondence went; but Mr Norrys had not forgiven Mary for the slight she had put upon him, in preferring Mr Brandon; and all things considered, perhaps it was the best and wisest course for the two families to hold as little intercourse as possible. Mary, moreover, presented her husband with a daughter, whose appearance aroused the jealousy and ire of little Adelaide's two aunts, who declared 'it was a shame of Mr Brandon to bring forward a second family, and rob *their* niece; but Adelaide should be cared for, that she should.' Mary heard many of these details through Mrs Medicott, and it pained her kind heart, to think that Mr Brandon's eldest born, and her own Fordyce, the daughters of one father, should be brought up not only as strangers to each other, but, she feared, with an admixture of animosity on one side at least. Fordyce, who continued to be an only child, for Mary had no more little ones, required the most watchful and tender care during her childhood; but as years glided on, so did health and loveliness increase, and

#### THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTERS.

Mrs Medicott rapturously declared, that 'Fordyce Brandon beat her sister Adelaide all to nothing in looks and cleverness!' Not that Mrs Medicott said this at Lisbourne House, but she said all she *dared*, and hinted more; so that a constant feeling of rivalry and pique was kept up in the bosoms of the irritated Misses Norrys, who, whenever they heard of Fordyce being tall and beautiful, and clever and gay, considered a comparison was drawn with their niece, who, as the elder sister, ought to be far more considered than the daughter of a mere Mary Ringles. No such unamiable feelings were cherished by Mrs Brandon, who heard with regret that her step-daughter inherited the pride, and coldness of heart, and forbidding demeanour of her aunts. Her personal attractions, too, were of an inferior order; but then she was brought up as the heiress of Lisbourne, the idol of the whole family; and Mrs Medicott said, 'Miss Adelaide carried herself like a duchess.' As to Mr Brandon, he never troubled his head about his eldest daughter—*she* was provided for in every way, he knew; and, in short, he was immersed in the cares of business, and had small leisure to devote to other thoughts. As Fordyce grew strong and tall, so did Mrs Brandon's motherly heart yearn to bring the alienated sisters together; and through the intervention of Mr Medicott, she determined to effect her wishes. She wrote also to Anna Norrys on the subject, earnestly petitioning her to use all her influence and persuasion to induce the aunts to consent that Adelaide might come and pass a few weeks beneath her father's roof. Fordyce had an accomplished governess and first-rate masters, and the country girl might share and profit by these advantages, and the sisters might learn, too, the sweet lesson of love. But vain were Mrs Brandon's pleadings. The wrath of the Misses Norrys was greatly kindled at the idea of their niece leaving Lisbourne House and all its glories, to sojourn, even beneath a father's roof, in the vast Babel, where vulgarity jostled rank on every side. No indeed! They did not wish to keep the girls apart, as they told Mr Medicott, and they hoped that Mr Brandon would be equally liberal to *both* his daughters—though Adelaide needed it not, Heaven be thanked!—as they heard on all sides the great merchant was a millionaire. So taking this fact into prudential consideration, the Misses Norrys condescended to express a wish, that Fordyce might sojourn at Lisbourne with Adelaide, instead of Adelaide staying in London with her. Mrs Brandon was too unselfish, and too eager for the meeting of the sisters, to suffer her own private feelings to interfere with this arrangement; though with a throbbing heart and tearful eyes, the fond mother parted with her only treasure. It was but for a time, and it was on the path of duty; but Fordyce was a sensitive, timid child, and she, too, wept at going among strangers, and almost unnerved Mrs Brandon. It is but justice to the Misses Norrys to say, that they strove all in their power to be kind, and to render the sweet girl's absence from home a summer holiday;

## THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTERS.

but all would not do; and had it not been for Anna Norrys and Mr and Mrs Medicott, Fordyce would have pined herself thin. She had been a star at home, all in all to her doting mother; she had never heard a cold word or seen a reproving look; and Adelaide was cold and hard—Adelaide, who was a star at Lisbourne, where there was not room for the two little suns to revolve without coming in contact. But how different they were! Fordyce, absent from her mother's side for the first time, affectionate, gentle, confiding, truthful, and unselfish, like her own dear mother; Adelaide, on the contrary, dictatorial, self-conceited, the conscious heiress of Lisbourne, regarding her sister with dislike, because every one spoke of her beauty; and because she herself discovered that Fordyce was her superior in knowledge and accomplishments. Fordyce was but a child, and Adelaide three years her senior; but the former had a little bit of pride notwithstanding her sensitive timidity, and she could not endure to be patronised at Lisbourne by Miss Brandon, so that a sort of coolness grew between the girls imperceptibly; and ere this *first* visit ended, Fordyce had written a letter, all blotted with tears, to her dear mamma, praying it might be the *last*, and begging to come home. Her happiest moments had been those passed beside the silent, suffering Anna, to whom she would read aloud, and prattle all about the wonderful sights she was sometimes allowed to visit in the great city—the pictures, the flowers, the birds and beasts, and the music; 'not but that I could not be happy anywhere, if papa and mamma were with me,' always added Fordyce. Anna Norrys studied this sweet child's character; it seemed a study which well repaid her; and there was something prophetic and searching in the gaze with which she dwelt on the fair and rather melancholy beauty that distinguished Fordyce; the child having one of those faces which seem to tell of coming sorrow, for, says Richter, 'either the future or the past is written in every face.' Such contemplation it might be which made Anna Norrys one day exclaim involuntarily to Mr Medicott, when the latter had dismissed Fordyce from the sick-chamber, previous to the daily medical examination: 'O Mr Medicott, I have had strange misgivings lately—dreams maybe, but sad and singular for all that. I hope—I fervently hope that my brother-in-law, Mr Brandon, has secured a *sure* provision for Mary and this sweet child. Merchants are sometimes unfortunate, as we know—sometimes ruined.'

'Nay, nay, my dear Miss Anna,' replied Mr Medicott smiling; 'you are weak and low. What puts such thoughts into your dear head? Why, Mr Brandon is reputed to be worth hundreds of thousands.'

'Oh, that may be, my dear doctor,' sighed Anna; 'so have many others that have died in poverty. Mr Brandon is speculative, and I cannot help wishing and praying that he may have secured a provision for Fordyce. I cannot help these feelings. But she is such a sweet, affectionate, unworldly child, that were

#### THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTERS.

reverses to come—were she to lose, for instance, both parents and fortune, and to be cast on the wide cold world, how would such a tender plant endure the storm?"

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, my dear Miss Anna," replied the doctor seriously; "but may He grant such contingencies as you allude to never may happen in the case of these dear ones! No doubt Mr Brandon will take all proper care of his wife and child; but there never has been any settlement made, that's true, and I'll make a memorandum of the fact; and when I next run up to town to see our dear Mary, I'll speak openly of it to Brandon over our wine; for he's a good fellow in the main, and very fond of Mary, as he ought to be, for she's been a good, loving wife to him, prince-merchant though he be!"

And the good doctor did speak to Mr Brandon over their wine; and Mr Brandon laughed and pooh-poohed, and declared he intended to follow Mr Medicott's advice on the very first opportunity. Fordyce at length returned home, and her mamma promised her that they should never be parted again.

"Never to be parted again?" that fond mother and idolised child! Yes, parted again, and parted for ever on earth. Fordyce had scarcely completed her sixteenth year, when a short illness deprived her of the beloved parent who had been to her all that a mother can be to an only daughter—tender friend, sympathising companion, judicious counsellor, and wise instructress. Poor Fordyce! Stunned by the heavy and sudden calamity, she remained for many weeks in a state of mental exhaustion and bodily prostration, from which it seemed almost impossible she would revive; but youth triumphed, though she came forth from her sick-chamber as one who has looked long and closely on death. During this trying and terrible crisis, Mrs Medicott had taken up her abode at Mr Brandon's magnificent house, and with simple earnestness, strove her best to comfort him, and to tend the poor stricken girl who mourned so deeply her irreparable loss. But whenever she saw the time had arrived for Fordyce to benefit by necessary though painful exertion, then Mrs Medicott gradually withdrew her support, and by degrees endeavoured to reconcile the young mistress of the house to her new position at the head of her father's table. Fordyce had a vast fund of sound practical sense and a high standard of duty; and when the first outburst of sorrow passed over, and she clearly comprehended what was required of her, and that to indulge her own grief would be selfish and reprehensible, when her surviving parent needed cheering and companionship, then Fordyce, by a strong effort, conquered self; and at an age when girls are seldom out of the school-room, became the sole directress of the household and the sole guide of her own actions. Mr Brandon, more inextricably engaged than ever in great commercial concerns, rarely interfered with his daughter's arrangements; so that she appeared at breakfast and dinner, the rest of the day was entirely at her own disposal.

## THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTERS.

With time came healing—healing, but not forgetfulness; and Mr Brandon, preoccupied as he was, observed the pale cheek and attenuated form of his lovely child with alarm and anxiety. He had great faith in Mr Medlicott—and Mr Medlicott prescribed change of air and scene—and what change of air and scene was so natural as that proffered and pressed on their acceptance by the Misses Norrys? Adelaide wished so much to see her sister again—they urged; and they were so desirous of doing all in their power for Adelaide's sister, and for Mr Brandon, that even if Fordyce had wished to decline the invitation, it seemed like ingratitude to do so. But Fordyce was indifferent where she went, so that she could often see her father; and the fresh terrible sorrow had eradicated from her memory the remembrance of that former visit to Lisbourne, when she had prayed it might be her last. Home was so dreary now, though she tried to bear up bravely for her father's sake: it was desolate to walk out in the dull square, and it was desolate to return, and the large rooms looked so gloomy, and she started at the sound of her own footsteps. At Lisbourne, too, she would see so much of the kind, dear Medlicotts, and of Anna Norrys, who had always corresponded with her departed mother, and called that dear mother one of her most valued friends; so, upon the whole, Fordyce felt rather more inclined to be at Lisbourne than elsewhere; and oh, what a comfort it would be if she found a sister in heart, to fill up the dreary void which a mother's loss had occasioned!

But there was no change in Adelaide Brandon. At nineteen, she resembled the child—cold in manner, supercilious, plain in person, but vain and perfectly self-possessed. Adelaide entertained so high an opinion of her own qualifications in general, that she could afford to extend patronage towards a younger and less-favoured sister, whose ancestry on the maternal side did not equal hers—a fact which had been impressed on the mind of Adelaide Brandon since she could comprehend anything. Her mother was a Norrys—a Norrys of Lisbourne House; but as to Fordyce, she could claim alliance only with poor Mrs Medlicott—a nobody! Mr Brandon's reputed wealth gained for his daughter a prestige and consideration; though the Misses Norrys disliked her beauty, or rather, would not allow it existed: as to her sweet yielding disposition, they were prejudiced against the mother, and extended the prejudice to the daughter; but the wealth—that was not to be overlooked—that placed Fordyce Brandon more on an equality with Adelaide. In the congenial society of Anna Norrys, the young mourner found so much comfort, that she did not experience the chill which otherwise might have fallen so painfully on her warm, confiding heart. Adelaide was distant and polite; but Fordyce thought it might be only her outward manner. The Misses Norrys were very considerate and courteous; and Mr Norrys betrayed some agitation when he first beheld her, Fordyce had grown so like Mary Ringles! Mary Ringles, who had never, as Mrs Brandon, been invited to

#### THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTERS.

Lisbourne House, and whose name was never spoken, seemed now to revive in her daughter. Little love they had had for the mother, and less for the child; but there was a powerful shield around that fair girl; and if she was not quite unconscious in what the shield consisted, she yet did not attribute to its magic influence all the toleration and urbanity evinced towards her by the proud and heartless family.

Mr Brandon was glad to obtain a respite from the cares of his career of anxious money-making, or money-losing, and to snatch a breath of pure air at frequent intervals during Fordyce's stay at Lisbourne. And so well did the visit go off, so affable were they all, that Mr Brandon readily promised that it should be often repeated, and expressed a sincere hope that his daughters would learn to love each other as sisters ought. Fervently was this hope cherished in secret by poor Fordyce, but her mind misgave her that it might never be so: every advance she had made to Adelaide was coldly though politely received; but then, thought Fordyce, she would try again and again—it was her duty to do so—and Adelaide might be hard to win; but if once won, what a depth of sisterly love might be hers! It was worth trying for; and Fordyce determined in her own mind that it should not be her fault if opportunities were wanting for their becoming better known to each other.

'And so you are soon coming to us again, dear Fordyce!' said Anna Norrys when the time of parting arrived: 'old Lisbourne has attractions for you, I see.'

Fordyce blushed deeply, and turned away.

Anna, though generally confined to her own room, knew everything that went forward, and her intuitive knowledge was wonderful, as if she could see through thick walls, and possessed the power of rendering herself invisible. She rested quietly and silently on her sofa in a darkened room, yet her words were listened to like oracles, and went straight to the hearer's heart, as if she had read everything that passed within.

'I know you will often be with us, Fordyce, my dear!' continued Anna, holding the young girl's hand fondly in her own: 'your father's house in that great square must be lonesome and dreary to you now. And how do you like the Arlingtons?' she added suddenly, as Fordyce turned away in tears. Again another blush and a pause, and the question was repeated: 'How do you like the Arlingtons?' ere Fordyce in a low voice replied:

'Very much: the Misses Arlington are so very elegant and accomplished.'

'And their brother Frederic; do you like him, too, very much, Fordyce, dear?' asked Anna in a careless tone.

Fordyce released her hand, and turned to the window, pretending to be busy examining some flowers, as she hastily said: 'Yes, of course, I like them all.'

But Anna had caught a glimpse of her face; and Anna sighed

## THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTERS.

to herself: 'Poor child, there is no fear of her not coming to Lisbourne now'—then adding aloud: 'Frederic Arlington is considered very handsome and talented, though a little overindulged, perhaps, as only sons too often are to their bane; he has just returned from the continent after leaving college, and you have not had time to judge of him yet: I forgot that, Fordyce, dear.'

'Oh, I have seen Mr Frederic Arlington two or three times—four times, I think,' said Fordyce hesitating, and striving to look unconcerned, and then she immediately began to talk of something else.

Anna laughed, and Anna's laugh was very soft and sweet; and Fordyce broke away from her side, half smiling and blushing more deeply than before, when Anna repeated the words: 'Four times! what a true account you have kept, Fordyce!' But Anna was privileged, and loved to joke in her own quiet way, when the silent mood was not on her, and the pain had relaxed in intensity.

But Anna's words were true; there was no fear now of Fordyce Brandon disliking to visit Lisbourne.

Sir Roger and Lady Arlington were near neighbours of the Norrys, Sir Roger having succeeded to his uncle, the late baronet, who had for many years resided abroad, leaving the patrimonial estate to take care of itself. The Arlingtons were a great acquisition to Lisbourne; for Lady Arlington was a gay, bustling personage, and the two young ladies were dashing equestrians, and pleasant spoken; and their brother Frederic, as Anna Norrys had said, was handsome and talented. Their house, so long shut up and deserted, was now usually filled with company; and the Arlingtons, when not entertaining visitors at home, were out visiting themselves. Lady Arlington, since her arrival at Lisbourne, had evinced a predilection for the society of the Misses Norrys, and had bestowed marked attention on Adelaide. Sir Roger was a harmless sort of person, and not much regarded either by his wife or daughters; seldom in anybody's way, and seldom thought of by anybody.

When Fordyce first came to Lisbourne House, after her mother's death, the Arlington family had been absent; but they returned in order to receive Mr Frederic Arlington on his arrival from abroad. Fordyce at once became the object of her gay ladyship's notice. Adelaide, with concealed scorn and vexation, felt this, though she could not but confess that her gentle sister shrunk from the rather obtrusive admiration which Lady Arlington openly expressed. 'Hers was just the style of beauty to captivate Fred—Fred was *so* fastidious!' The Misses Norrys looked displeased and stately; but Lady Arlington had a way of her own, and she rattled on, unheeding the cross old maids, as she designated the majestic ladies of Lisbourne House.

It was rumoured, indeed, that Sir Roger's affairs were involved—that he had an expensive, reckless family—and that her ladyship was on the look-out for a wealthy bride for her son, and ~~and~~

#### THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTERS.

husbands for her daughters. They were really good-natured; merry creatures; and the contrast was so greatly in their favour, when compared with Adelaide, that no wonder Fordyce liked them, as she declared, 'very much.' They were very kind and attentive to the fair mourner, for they loved their own mother, and sympathised in her loss; and altogether they were so much heartier and more agreeable than her connections at Lisbourne, that Fordyce felt as if they were quite old friends, whom she had known for years. Mr Brandon was delighted with Lady Arlington, and with the free and foreign air which distinguished both herself and her daughters; and when her ladyship volunteered to be Fordyce's chaperon in town, his gratitude was unbounded; and when Mr Brandon expressed his desire that Adelaide should share in this advantage, the Misses Norrys no longer refused their sanction.

Fordyce, as she had told Anna Norrys, had seen Frederic Arlington only 'four-times' ere she left Lisbourne for her father's house; but those four times had been sufficient to secure him an interest in her thoughts. The young man appeared greatly struck with her surpassing beauty; and the mourning attire, which suited its melancholy or pensive character, even rendered her more interesting. There was no affectation of grief; Mrs Brandon had scarcely been dead twelve months, and the child's heart was still in the mother's grave, and *her* days of mourning had not expired. Mr Brandon, however, thought differently; of late, he had betrayed a degree of restlessness and avidity for society, which had never before been observed in him; and he constantly alluded to the necessity of his daughters being well introduced, and intimated that he meant to turn over quite a new leaf, and to render his house as attractive and gay as possible. This was a pleasant hearing for Lady Arlington and her young people; and as Fordyce was the ostensible head of such charming arrangements, and Miss Brandon would be only a guest, it behoved them naturally to shew deference to the merchant's heiress, whose will, no doubt, was law in her father's house. Adelaide, with cold hauteur of manner, but real pleasure, looked forward to the gaieties of a London season, rendered more peculiarly delightful by the chaperonage of such a person as Lady Arlington; nor did *she* forget that Frederic Arlington, in consequence, would be oftener thrown in their way. But the young man had scarcely appeared to heed the presence of the plain elder sister—his eyes and ears had been all for the lovely young Fordyce. This admiration was extremely flattering, his taste being reckoned immaculate by the world in general—at least by *his* world—and Lady Arlington and her girls took care to tell Fordyce so. Fordyce was not perfect; on the contrary, she inherited her full share of woman's weakness and love of approbation. Frederic Arlington's voice softened when he addressed *her*, his dark eyes spoke a language which made *her* heart throb faster, and all his attentions were most delicate and refined; he seemed to try and win her from her sorrow by means which had never been tried by

## THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTERS.

others, and which she could not analyse, but which she felt so grateful for, that when he left her side, sunshine seemed to leave it too.

There was one of the family who did not extend a very cordial hand of welcome to Mr. Frederic Arlington, and on more than one occasion had been heard to mutter the word puppy: this was Mr. Norry, whose antiquarian researches continued unabated through winter cold and summer heat, and whose head for some years had been running on Queen Anne farthings, to the exclusion of most other ideas. He wanted one to make his collection complete; and whenever he encountered a stranger, the subject uppermost on his mind was sure to be broached forthwith. Frederic had been guilty of an ill-suppressed smile of ridicule, and while he voted the old gentleman a bore, the coin-collector voted him an ignorant puppy.

Mr. Brandon, with feverish haste, redecorated his house, and requested Fordyce to appear in brighter colours; he was sick of black, he declared, and wanted cheerfulness. A great change had come over Mr. Brandon: there was a flush upon his face, and an unsteady light in his eye, which perplexed, and yet pained his daughter; he was irritable too, even harsh in his manner sometimes, and seemed to seek for perpetual excitement abroad, if they had not company at home. But Adelaide came on her promised visit, and Lady Arlington and her family established themselves in a convenient house, quite near, though seldom were they found there, but more frequently at Mr. Brandon's. Lady Arlington planned numerous entertainments, to be given on a scale of expense and elegance that Fordyce thought *almost* unnecessary; but as Mr. Brandon defrayed the expense, of course her ladyship was profuse in ordering and advising, playfully telling Fordyce, 'she must not be stingy—she, a prince-merchant's heiress!'

Frederic Arlington was rarely absent; he attended Fordyce with unremitting devotion; he had not yet *spoken* words of love, it is true, but he *looked* and acted them; and Fordyce was well content he should not *speak*, she was so dreamily happy, so supremely blest in his silent love. She trembled lest the blissful spell should be broken by a word. In crowds they were alone; she saw only him; she forgot Adelaide's hauteur and coldness, which increased instead of diminishing; and, in short, Fordyce saw all things through a bright medium. She knew *his* footstep from all others when he approached her, she felt *his* eyes were on her; and, enthralled and captivated, the spoken word was only wanting. But the spoken words were still withheld; why, it seemed not easy to guess. Mr. Brandon was a looker-on, and encouraged the intimacy between his daughters and the Arlingtons, more particularly he encouraged and noticed Frederic's devotion to Fordyce; there was no pretext for silence, but still he spoke not. Lady Arlington was a keen woman of the world, and Frederic, her son, was not a whit behind his mother in

#### THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTERS.

observation and acuteness, where their own interests were concerned. Certain rumours—faint, distant, strange rumours—had reached the ears of Lady Arlington and Frederic—rumours so indistinct and incredible, that they were almost inclined to disbelieve their own sense of hearing. But there was no harm in *waiting*—that could do no harm to any one, argued her ladyship, for Frederic was secure of the young creature's heart; and the heart—oh, that was a bagatelle—the heart of young ladies was easy to bend and easy to heal.

'Do not commit yourself by speaking, Frederic,' said his prudent mother; 'wait till the season is over: there is a crisis at hand, I am sure; for do you not notice Mr Brandon's odd, absent manner, and almost wild expression sometimes? The reports that are flying about of his reckless speculations, which must either ruin him or make him a Cræsus, are no doubt based on truth; and he has cause enough for anxiety. You cannot marry a penniless girl—you know that well, Frederic; it would, therefore, be cruel to speak just yet—besides, she is so young, and you are but a boy yourself.'

Frederic smiled, paid his mother a gallant compliment as to her youthful looks, and added with a half-sigh: 'As to the cruelty, mother—go how things will, she *knows* I really like her better than any one else, and I am sure she returns my preference.'

'Ah, Fred,' sighed Lady Arlington with a shake of her head, 'you're a sad fellow, and have many broken hearts to answer for, I'm afraid. However, you have two strings to your bow; for even if Mr Brandon's fortunes fail, there is Adelaide, independent of her father, and the heiress of her three aunts' wealth, and old Norriss's, too, if she marries to please him. I don't know whether Adelaide wouldn't have been better for you, after all,' mused Lady Arlington, as if speaking to herself.

'She's such a plain girl,' remarked Frederic quietly, 'otherwise I am not sure that I altogether dislike the hauteur and stateliness of her manner: she has rather fine eyes too; but who could look at her when the lovely Fordyce is nigh?'

'She is a sweet girl, certainly,' replied Lady Arlington; 'and for your sake, Fred, and for hers too, poor young thing, I'm sure I sincerely hope all may go well with her father's money affairs. But have you ever had a suspicion, Fred, my dear, that Adelaide is not so cold to you as to others?'

'Well, perhaps I have, mother,' rejoined Frederic, looking at his handsome form in the glass with much complacency; and the youth walked away, followed by the eyes of his admiring and partial mother.

And it was to *him* the innocent, ardent Fordyce had given her heart! But there were depths in that heart, and a strength in her character which Frederic Arlington could not fathom or understand. The woman's hour had not yet come for exaltation through suffering and endurance.

## THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTERS.

'Who can that big awkward-looking fellow be who is talking to your sister, Miss Brandon?' said Mr Frederic Arlington one evening to Adelaide, raising his eye-glass with a supercilious air in the direction signified. 'If good Mr Brandon was not so choice in his guests, I should think there was some mistake in his being here. I have never spoken to the fellow, though I've seen him here before.'

There was something Adelaide did not quite relish in this speech of the baronet's son; for Mr Brandon was her father, and consequently, she upheld his pretensions and dignity; so she answered with considerable haughtiness: 'He is one of my father's clerks, and greatly valued by Mr Brandon, I believe, on account of his many good qualities—at least, so I have heard my sister Fordyce say. Indeed, he has lately been promoted, and manages the business in some measure; nor can I think him awkward, as you describe, but particularly gentlemanlike in his movements, though very ugly certainly.'

'He seems to know your sister very intimately, upon my word,' pursued Mr Frederic Arlington, scrutinising the pair with his eye-glass; 'and what is the name of this worthy clerk, pray?'

'His name is Timothy Bedford,' replied Adelaide, still coldly—for could it be possible Frederic Arlington was jealous?—'and he is some distant relative of Mr Medicott's, the surgeon at Lisbourne. My sister's mother, you may remember, was a relative of Mrs Medicott.'

This was said with a very slight degree of spite, which did not escape him to whom it was addressed. 'Yes,' said Frederic, slightly colouring, 'so I have heard: they are worthy souls the Medicotts. And Mr Timothy Bedford is a relative of theirs! Now I look at him nearer, he seems very care-worn and anxious—tied to a desk, poor devil, I suppose, from morning to night.'

'Yes,' replied Adelaide; 'he has worked his own way, and is most industrious, my sister Fordyce says; and Mr Brandon has him here as much as possible, he is so fond of him.'

'Humph!' exclaimed Mr Frederic Arlington. 'Mr Timothy is at home, I can see;' and he went up to Fordyce, who was conversing in a low tone with her father's clerk, and looking rather pale and jaded. 'I am sorry to interrupt an apparently interesting conversation, Miss Fordyce,' said Frederic, 'but the harp is vacant, and I am dying to hear you this evening.'

Irresolutely for a moment she looked towards her companion, and then hastily taking Frederic Arlington's offered arm, she said in her sweetest tone: 'Mr Bedford is so fond of really good music, that we must persuade my sister Adelaide to sit down; it is indeed a treat to hear her performance;' but Mr Bedford looked as if he would far rather hear Fordyce; and there was something about his honest face so pleasing despite its plainness, and something about his whole bearing so dignified, quiet, and unpretending, that Frederic felt as if he began to hate him from that moment.

#### THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTERS.

and his whole aim was to turn the unconscious offender into ridicule.

He whispered to Fordyce, as she sat down to her harp, in an ironical voice: 'Your friend Mr Timothy being a musical amateur, no doubt appreciates Italian; therefore favour us with that, will you?'

'Oh, Mr Bedford doesn't care for Italian, unless executed in first-rate style,' replied Fordyce with perfect simplicity; 'and I always sing our own dear old ballads to him, for he would be sorry to hear me expose my poverty both of voice and accompaniment.'

'Upon my honour, Miss Fordyce,' said Frederic Arlington in a tone of pique, 'you study Mr Timothy's taste more than he deserves, if he accuses you of poverty either in voice or style.'

'Mr Bedford is all truthfulness,' replied Fordyce; and glancing at Frederic with an arch smile—'he never condescends to flatter.'

'You entertain a vastly high opinion of your father's clerk,' exclaimed Frederic coldly. 'I think he might be well content with whatever music you selected for him to have the honour of listening to: it is not often servants are treated with such consideration in their master's house.' The speaker waxed warm as he concluded this speech, and began to turn over the leaves of a music-book in a hurried manner.

'Servants! masters!' cried Fordyce in amazement. 'Who are you speaking of, Mr Arlington? Mr Bedford is a gentleman of education, though he is my dear father's clerk, and my father's friend, too, as well,' she added with emotion.

'Was it of your father you were speaking when I interrupted your tête-à-tête with Mr Bedford, then?' asked Frederick in a low voice, bending over her, and gazing tenderly on her flushed cheek.

Fordyce looked up, met his impassioned glance, and with a trembling lip whispered 'Yes;' then commenced immediately the prelude of an Italian air, far too difficult for her to attempt with any hope of success.

Mr Bedford had drawn near, and when the last chord was vibrating, he alone kept silence, while all around were repeating their thanks to the young hostess for her exertions. She looked towards him, and shook her head, faintly saying: 'I have failed!' and in return he smiled, shewing most beautiful white teeth, certainly, and shaking his head in return.

'Confound the fellow's impudence!' muttered Frederic as he stalked away in high disdain. 'What a self-possessed puppy he is!'

'Puppy' to be applied to the manly, straightforward, good Timothy Bedford! Fordyce with quick tact—the tact in which her sex are so seldom deficient—at once saw something had gone wrong with Frederic; and partly divining the cause, and—oh, strange enigma of woman's heart!—not disliking her proud lover for this display of temper, though she was herself the kindest—



economy. Mr Bedford watched her movements  
time, and was about to seek her side, when Fred  
with a sheet of music-paper in his hand, for the oste  
of asking her to decipher the manuscript. Tim  
sighed; and when Frederic was stooping over it, s  
both apparently engrossed with the study, with  
look at the fair girl, whom he secretly loved with  
and passion of his manly heart, Timothy Bedford c  
room and the house. Beneath the stars in the o  
seemed to recover breath, for he had felt suffocation  
him; and pressing his hand on his throbbing brow  
the hat from his head, an inward prayer found vent  
'God grant he is worthy of her, and that he may  
the hour of trial comes! and it is not far off from  
I could avert the ruin, and save her!'

Great was the crash and general the dismay whe  
Brandon & Co. fell to the ground, and people exclai  
uncertain tenure of worldly wealth. Many were d  
vortex of ruin, and the downfall spread bewilderr  
sternation far and wide. Poor Timothy Bedford's  
which he had embarked in the vast concern, were  
and forgotten as a drop of water in the ocean. He  
reproaches or complaints, however, though his a  
been followed by his principal; who had become  
with the love of commercial gambling, the result  
so disastrous. Yet Mr Bedford had to begin life  
an aged, helpless grandmother totally dependent on  
for support, and he had toiled in Mr Brandon's serv  
mitting energy. It was hard on him, poor fellow,  
others besides for Mr Brandon had latterly played a d.

#### THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTERS.

have touched a less warm and feeling heart than his. It is true the Norrys of Lisbourne sent condolences in formal letters and also pecuniary gifts; but they did not come in person—perhaps that was too much to expect—for they were greatly shocked and surprised at the turn of affairs. Adelaide also sympathised by letter with her sister; and Fordyce was grateful for all this kind feeling; but there was something more wanting. Where were the Arlingtons? Before the crisis, they had escorted Adelaide back to Lisbourne; and their names were never mentioned now, except once by Adelaide, who merely said that Mr Frederic Arlington had gone to Paris for a short time with his mother and sisters. No sympathy from them—no notice; and yet her father's munificence had but lately anticipated their most extravagant whims and wishes, her brilliant home had been at their service to go and come as they pleased. But it was an old story, and often told, yet read by Fordyce for the first time; and she was so entirely engrossed with her father, that excepting a certain chill which crept over her when she thought of Frederic Arlington's desertion in her deep distress, there was no outward sign of disappointment or despair.

Prepared for Mr Brandon's death, regarding it as a release from earthly suffering, Fordyce with silent resignation knelt beside her expiring parent; she never forgot the hand that gently raised her when all was over, and Timothy Bedford never forgot that on his sympathising bosom she shed the first flood of uncontrollable tears that came to her relief. With the respect due to a queen, he ever approached the lovely mourner—no word, no sign, no look, betrayed the passionate emotions of his soul; and Fordyce was accustomed to consider and to call him the 'best creature in the world,' and 'good Timothy Bedford.' Even beside her father's coffin, she was prepared to make excuse for her lover's silence. It could not be his fault, O no! Frederic was a dutiful son, and it was his parents who had intervened, and probably considered it not decorous that he should intrude his presence under the circumstances. But then he might have written: even that omission Fordyce tried to believe was not meant unkindly. She recalled his parting gaze, his half-whispered words, the ardent pressure of his hand, and a thousand other trifles remembered only by love; and the poor girl's bright day-dreams returned, again to fade into the dim mists of uncertainty.

But Lisbourne House was to be her refuge for the present; there was no other shelter to which she could resort with such propriety; and the Misses Norrys, with conventional decorum, had signified as much. The circumstances of Mr Medicott had not improved as time progressed; and besides, it would not have been decorous that Miss Brandon's sister resided with the Medicotts, excellent folk as they were! Then as to governessing, which Fordyce hinted at in her strong desire for active independence, it was quite an insult to hint at such a thing; the bare idea of Miss Brandon's sister being a governess almost caused the grand old



whispered that Frederic Arington must see her; but as it was impossible they could meet without explanation—  
Poor Fordyce, what a lesson you have yet to learn!

‘You will come and see me sometimes at Lisbourn,’ said the best Mr Bedford,’ sobbed Fordyce when they parted, holding his hands in her own, and wondering why he trembled away; ‘and I shall see you, too, at the dear Medlicott’s,’ she continued; ‘for I know you often run down to me from Saturday till Monday.’

Timothy muttered something about his grandmother not wanting him to leave her; but Fordyce said he could come, and he must come; so Timothy promised he would. When Fordyce was alone, she fell into a reverie, and suddenly up, exclaimed aloud: ‘I must be a vain creature!’ She blushed beautifully too, though alone, and looked at herself; but what the ‘that’ was of which she was not transpire; and as Fordyce was so young, and brought up as an indulged only child, which means a spoiled one, it is possible her thoughts were not always clear or her reasoning perfect.

There was an elaborate politeness, a palpable coldness in the Misses Norrys’s reception of the orphan, which spoke more plainly than words: ‘We are determined to do our duty, however disagreeable it may be.’ Stiff and repellent they were by their nature, and they could not help it; but their coldness and repulsiveness were more endurable than the forceful humiliating condescension with which they greeted the shrinking Fordyce. She turned from them to Adelaide, the father’s daughter; but Adelaide’s face wore a triumphant expression, which ill accorded with her sombre garb of mourning; it was not understood by Fordyce—that revelation of

## THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTERS.

bright, clear intellect of the patient sufferer, invested her with an interest and an influence that was quite apart from worldly pursuits. The Misses Norrys regarded Anna as a saint, as a martyr; but then she was a Norrys, and where was the wonder? Mr Norrys pronounced Anna to be a woman of profound learning, because she knew the whole history of the Lisbourne ruins, even better than himself, and to her he always applied for dates and information. But Anna could not change the nature of her sisters; she could not instil grave and high purposes into her brother's mind; and all she could do was to amend and ameliorate, where amendment and amelioration seemed requisite. Adelaide always felt uncomfortable and awed in her Aunt Anna's presence, consequently her visits to the sick-room were made as seldom as decency permitted. Anna rarely inquired for her, and, indeed, coveted solitude so much, that it was esteemed quite a boon by all the family to be asked for by Anna, and permitted to pass a little time by her side. An hour's conversation with the guileless Fordyce, and Anna knew her heart's history; unconsciously Fordyce laid open the wounds, unconsciously she betrayed the hopes, unconsciously she revealed the deep passionate affection garnered in that heart. Anna knew she must probe ere the cure could be effected.

'I must break the truth to her, poor child,' thought she; 'it will be more merciful than to let her learn it from Adelaide, who would exult, I much fear, in the agony she inflicted: it would be cruel kindness to spare her now.' She led Fordyce to speak of her father, of the good Timothy Bedford, and of the silence of the Arlingtons, but Frederic individually Fordyce could not be induced to name; she avoided that name, so inexpressibly dear, and Anna felt her self-imposed task was a bitter one. By degrees, Anna told of Sir Roger and Lady Arlington's wish to be allied to the Norrys family, and the necessity of Frederic having a bride whose portion was ample. Fordyce started as Anna spoke, but for a moment, and then all was still—a feather falling might have been heard. Anna proceeded to tell of Frederic's expected immediate return from the continent with his mother and sisters, and as the accepted suitor of Adelaide, though the marriage was not to be solemnised yet. He had written to make the offer of his hand, and Adelaide had accepted it, with the full concurrence of Mr Norrys and the Misses Norrys—Mr Norrys having been propitiated by the gift of a *bond fide* Queen Anne farthing from 'the puppy' Frederic Arlington, now no longer 'the puppy,' but 'the connoisseur.' When Anna ceased speaking—and she spoke as if detailing common-place occurrences, in which her hearer had no vital interest—there was profound silence. Fordyce sat in deep shadow, a little behind Anna, and her face was hidden from observation. She did not sigh, or moan, or move; but she felt very cold, and a shiver ran through her frame. 'You do not make any comment on the

#### THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTERS.

tidings I have communicated, my dear,' said Anna, raising herself on her elbow and moving uneasily: 'to me you may be silent, but remember, you will be expected to offer congratulations to my sisters and your sister ere many hours are over.'

Fordyce essayed to reply, but words failed her; she felt certain that Anna knew her heart's history, and deeply sympathised in the agony she had inflicted—inflicted in mercy, forewarned being forearmed. Anna clasped the cold hand which sought hers; 'Fordyce, dear child,' she said, 'I could have wished that your sister Adelaide had made a different choice: there is small prospect of happiness for her.' Fordyce winced, but Anna resolutely proceeded: 'Frederic Arlington is not a man to make any woman happy; he is thoroughly selfish, heartless, and unprincipled, and actuated solely by mercenary motives. Fordyce,' continued Anna, changing her tone abruptly, 'when I was your age, I had a dream of love. Did you ever hear your mother speak of an only brother who left friends and country before her marriage with your father?'

'Yes; but she seldom named Uncle Aspinax Ringles,' whispered Fordyce. 'She told me he had occasioned great distress and trouble to all his family and connections.'

'Alas! he did indeed,' sighed Anna; 'but, self-exiled, his memory has passed away. From these windows, Fordyce, I used to listen to his flageolet among the old ruins—for we were romantic then; afterwards came sorrow and sickness—a life-long sickness for me, and pain of body cures romance. But the hour of everlasting rest draws nigh, and the shadows deepen towards the west.'

Fordyce listened in breathless attention, and Anna's kind aim was accomplished: Fordyce was drawn from the contemplation of her own misery and cruel disappointment; and in the confidence bestowed by Anna Norrys, she knew her own crushed heart had found kindred sympathy and companionship.

Forewarned and forearmed—Fordyce, hitherto a timid, shrinking girl, suddenly felt herself transformed into the decided, observant woman, ready to encounter difficulty and emergencies with a quiet but courageous spirit. Frederic coming to Lisbourn as the accepted lover of Adelaide! How would he greet her whom he had deceived and deserted? Fordyce was astonished at her own composure, when she reflected on the painful and trying position in which she found herself placed; it was a composure founded on scorn for the offender, though Fordyce would have disavowed such a feeling as bordering on resentment. But it was not resentment—it was simply a calm and lofty disdain, mingled with bitter anguish. Years had been added to her age in a few moments; and from the height of that pedestal on which her feet were firmly planted, Fordyce looked down with innate superiority on the false and mercenary being to whom she had so readily given her first sweet affection. Yet was her poor heart a sad ruin; she had set up an idol there, and had found the shrine defaced, and

#### THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTERS.

the image shattered, while at the same time arose the conviction in her mind, that she had wasted her energies on false worship. With the conviction came desolation of spirit, when the whole world seemed a vast howling wilderness. She could not then see, far away, a rosy sheltered pathway, whither her footsteps might stray when the strength of the wintry storm had expended its fury on her defenceless head.

Adelaide was greatly astonished at the composure and unaffected self-possession of her sister's demeanour, when the Misses Norrys, with considerable pomposity and perspicuity, acquainted her with the important fact of Mr Frederic Arlington's engagement to their niece. They knew nothing of his former attentions to Fordyce Brandon, consequently, they regarded her short and merely conventional congratulations as a matter of course. But with Adelaide the case was far different; with triumph and ill-concealed malignity expressed in her forbidding countenance, she had watched and waited for a display of agitation or passion on the part of Fordyce, which came not: her triumph was not half complete without this. She could not be mistaken in her belief that Fordyce had loved. Adelaide had admired and liked Frederic Arlington too well herself to be deceived in another. Fordyce had loved him then; and what stuff was she made of, to receive thus calmly and dispassionately the tidings of his betrothal to Adelaide? The stuff was such as Adelaide could not see through—genuine, strong, unyielding, and yet delicately pure and fine. Fordyce felt she was closely watched; but the worst was yet to come when he arrived: he, too, perhaps, would note her looks, and she shrunk from encountering his piercing eyes. What a fiery trial would be hers! how could she dare hope to pass through it unscathed? How great, then, was her surprise, her relief, when the fashionable Mr Arlington, with high-bred, careless nonchalance addressed her as a mere common-place acquaintance, evidently intending, by his own ease, to make her feel at ease too, and at once and for ever to annihilate any presumptuous hopes she might have entertained concerning him or his former attentions. He did not display one moment's awkwardness, although he had certainly a difficult part to play; but Frederic Arlington was at home in his part—he had learned it by rote, and felt confident and sure of success. Beyond his most sanguine hopes, Mr Frederic Arlington succeeded with one of his audience at least. Fordyce Brandon had no fear for herself now or evermore. Had he shewn one particle of heart, of embarrassment, of annoyance, at finding her domesticated there, she would have distrusted her own strength; but as it was, how completely the idol was shattered! The Misses Norrys admired Frederic's Parisian elegance; how charmingly he paid his devoirs to Adelaide, his affianced bride; how delightfully amiable and clever he was; never was such a paragon as Mr Frederic Arlington!

With anxious tenderness, Anna Norrys had watched the

#### THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTERS.

effects of this dreaded crisis on Fordyce: she felt satisfied so far, that the dear girl had conducted herself nobly; but even Anna Norrys, keen as her perceptions were, failed to discover if the wound inflicted was incurable. 'I think not,' she murmured to herself. 'Had death, or any hopeless barrier, separated Fordyce Brandon from the object of her love, then had the wound proved mortal. But the unworthiness of Frederic Arlington she will survive, and happily too, or I am much mistaken.'

Continual excursions were planned with the Misses Arlington—Adelaide shewing to much advantage on horseback, and Frederic as attendant cavalier always at her side. Lady Arlington and her daughters received Fordyce in the same style as Mr Frederic Arlington had done, with an ease and carelessness excellently well acted, and with an evident determination to avoid any reminiscences, or any approach to a scene. They were polite and cheerful, but nothing more; they did not wish to mortify her, but any approach to intimacy must now be avoided. This was all well for Fordyce—it was all healing—painful while the smart lasted, it is true, but still good, substantial, wholesome healing!

A favourite topic with Anna Norrys was Timothy Bedford's excellences of disposition and character: she never tired of descanting on his goodness and sterling abilities; Mrs Medicott had told her so much about him, and Fordyce spoke of him as of a dear brother too. With Anna Norrys and the Medicotts, Timothy Bedford was a perfect hero; his unselfish, dutiful devotion to an aged, helpless grandmother; his generous disposition, truthfulness, probity, and warm affectionate heart, were all discussed in turn. Fordyce loved to listen to these praises, and she had her own peculiar tale to add of his kindness and generosity to her father and to herself; but of herself, Fordyce liked not to speak—she always dwelt on Mr Bedford's forbearance and goodness to her lost parent. Timothy had called two or three times at Lisbourne House, and his reception by the Misses Norrys had been condescendingly gracious, swayed by the opinion of Anna. They pronounced him to be 'wonderfully genteel for his position.' Adelaide did not recognise her late father's clerk, or pretended not to do so; but, with supercilious impertinence, stared in his face, and turning to Mr Frederic Arlington, who was present, began a whispered conversation.

Timothy Bedford did not appear in the least disconcerted or annoyed by these vulgar slights; he looked very happy and contented, despite his loss of fortune and the toilsome uphill work before him. Indeed, his happiness and contentment had commenced since Mrs Medicott informed him of Adelaide's approaching marriage with Frederic Arlington; and it had increased after each succeeding interview with Fordyce. He came so often to see the good Medicotts, that Mrs Medicott seriously told him, she 'hoped he was not neglecting his grandmother, for that was not like him!'

#### THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTERS.

Timothy laughed, and replied that old Mrs Bedford urged him to get a breath of pure Lisbourne air whenever he could ; 'but if you're tired of me,' added Timothy smiling, 'why, that's another thing.'

'Tired of you, my dear boy !' exclaimed Mrs Medicott. 'Ah, Tim, you know better than that. But I suspect the attraction which draws you here ; only remember, my dear boy, that you have nothing, and your old grandmother, moreover, is a heavy drag on you ; and that Fordyce Brandon belongs to a proud and mercenary race, and there is little hope for you in that quarter.'

This was said very gravely, for Mrs Medicott was glad of the first opportunity of 'warning' Timothy, as she said ; but the warning came too late, as such warnings generally do ; and Timothy Bedford would not have lost one smile from Fordyce to recall his lost thousands.

'A little hope supports me,' said Timothy smiling—he had a habit of smiling, perhaps to shew his resplendent white teeth ; 'and if I dared hope to win Fordyce Brandon for my wife, it is of small account to me that her race, as you call them, are proud and mercenary. I have youth, health, energy, and some talent for business, and we are young enough to wait ; and if I might presume to entertain the faintest hope of calling her mine at the end of many probationary years, there is nothing I could not undertake and succeed in ; for when one is determined to succeed, failure seldom ensues. To give her a happy home, to remove her from the ungenial atmosphere of Lisbourne House, would indeed be the summit of earthly felicity.'

Mrs Medicott listened and approved, and finally melted into tears at Timothy's vehemence ; and she took every pains to facilitate his views, by endeavouring to throw the young people in each other's way. Fordyce passed her happiest hours in Mrs Medicott's sunny parlour : genial kindness and sincere love rendering doubly cold the grand home, to which the poor girl always returned with a sigh. It is true Anna Norrys was a refuge from the cutting slights and cold civilities of the others ; but, then, Anna could not endure the presence of any one for long together, and the refuge in her quiet chamber formed a mere exception to a general rule.

Who may fathom the change wrought in that young creature's feelings and character during these months of trial and endurance ? As gold purified in the furnace, so she came forth elevated and more precious from the fiery ordeal ; the petted, indulged, wayward child of prosperity, gradually became the self-relying, much-enduring, patient, heroic woman. Adelaide's marriage was fixed to take place in autumn, it being now early spring ; the lawyers, of course, were tardy in drawing out the settlements, and besides, the Misses Norrys could not make up their minds to part with the 'darling angel' before that period. Adelaide inherited her mother's fine fortune, and the fortunes in expectancy

## THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER

of uncle and aunts; no wonder the settlements or that the Arlingtons were charmed with dear Adelaide paraded before Fordyce all the gloriously kind and affectionate manner might have the good-will of any save a jealous woman. And of her sister's beauty, accomplishments, and but a thousandfold more jealous of Frederic's devotion, when Fordyce reigned a queen in his magnificent mansion. 'She's a poor-spirited thing,' Brandon: 'I am sure I wouldn't bear what she And yet those blue eyes of hers haunt me as something so mournful and holy in their expression, too, as if she pitied me and my failing indeed! However, Frederic's treatment of her is enough, and serve her right, too, for ever daring to *him*.'

'Who the deuce, Medicott, is that queer-looking fellow seen lately prowling about the ruins?' asked Mr. Medicott in rather an excited manner. 'He avoids me—and he's like a wild Indian more than being, so covered with hair, that scarcely an inch of skin is visible. A queer fellow—very: do you know anything of him?'

'By your description, sir,' returned the doctor, with a covert humour in his twinkling little eyes—'I think it must be a Doctor Hooliloo, who is staying at Lisbourne, and, I believe, is a connoisseur in antiquities, and a great coin-collector.'

'A coin-collector!' vociferated Mr. Norrys; 'you inform me of this fact before, Mr. Medicott, have you paid my respects to Doctor Hooliloo? I much admire his poking about on my property, the ruins are public to all; but as he is a coin-collector, he has motives for searching about, and no doubt he will find the prize I discovered years ago. I shall make a point of visiting him, next time I find this Doctor Hooliloo in the neighbourhood.'

'He's a very shy man,' returned Mr. Medicott; 'he introduced himself to me a few days ago for professional advice. He has been many years among savage tribes, and hence his wild unprepossessing appearance. Doctor Hooliloo has a vast contempt for civilisation, which he denominates hollowness and vanity.'

'Ah! he's a philosopher, I see, Mr. Medicott,' returned Mr. Norrys. 'Has he any rare coins?'

'I rather think not,' replied Mr. Medicott. 'I don't think it is safe to be carried about with him; he deposits his treasures in a secure place.'

#### THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTERS.

'Upon my word, Mr Medicott,' said Mr Norrys, 'your acquaintance, Doctor Hooliloo, is worth my knowing. We brother-collectors have a kind of free-masonry among us, which soon draws us together in the bonds of fellowship.'

'He's a very shy man, as I before remarked,' said Mr Medicott. 'I get him to my house, for my old woman has a kind way with her, which makes him at ease and comfortable; but I doubt your getting him into Lisbourne House, sir—the grand ways there would frighten a man whose days have been passed among the savages.'

'Well, well, my good friend,' returned Mr Norrys, flattered and mollified by Mr Medicott's speech, 'we shall see. I dare to say, I shall meet this shy collector among my own old mounds. The memories of the past connected with the Lisbourne ruins are very interesting to philosophic minds, and I have no doubt Doctor Hooliloo is properly touched when he contemplates them.'

'I fancy, sir, he is very much touched,' observed Mr Medicott; and bidding the astute Mr Norrys good-morning, he trotted off on his rounds.

'I must know this person,' said Mr Norrys to himself. 'I may get a wrinkle from him. I'll be bound he doesn't possess a Queen Anne farthing!'

It was, however, as difficult a process to catch Dr Hooliloo as if he had been a wild squirrel, leaping from mound to mound and from tree to tree; and the dignified Mr Norrys at length gave up the attempt in despair, and contented himself with watching the movements of the stranger at a distance. These movements were neither rapid nor frequent, unless he was disturbed; for Dr Hooliloo's occupation seemed to consist in smoking a long foreign pipe, stretched at his ease on a green bank of turf; but if any one approached, however stealthily—for the philosopher's perceptions of hearing were no doubt quickened by his Indian habits—then Dr Hooliloo as stealthily, and far more rapidly, glided away to some other shelter, like a noiseless snake winding through the long grass amid the arches, and buttresses, and odd hiding-places with which old Lisbourne ruins abounded.

But Mr Norrys was not to be balked: here was a coin-collector whose treasures were so valuable that they were deposited in a secure place, and Mr Norrys not to know him! It was monstrous, absolutely monstrous. So Mr Norrys took up his walking-stick, and honoured Lisbourne village with his presence, causing unwonted commotion in the little inn when he inquired in a peremptory and sonorous voice if Dr Hooliloo was at home. Dr Hooliloo was out, and the visit was not returned; Mr Norrys waxed wrathful, and told Mr Medicott that he considered himself insulted.

'I told you, my dear sir,' replied the pacific doctor, 'that he is very shy, and wild and eccentric in his habits. He attaches no value whatever to any private collection of coins, and is as

## THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTERS.

perfectly satisfied with his own, that I do not think he would feel the least interest in yours.'

'But he hasn't a Queen Anne farthing, Mr Medicott, and do you mean to say he, as a coin-collector, would despise *that*?' exclaimed Mr Norrys, considerably piqued and excited.

'I mean to say, my dear sir,' replied Mr Medicott, 'that Doctor Hooliloo is so wrapped up in his own affairs, and is so satisfied with his own coins, that he would neither admire nor covet yours.'

'He must be an egotistical booby, then, that's all I can say for him; and I suppose his residence among the savages must excuse his want of breeding,' drily remarked Mr Norrys.

'That's just it,' returned Mr Medicott; 'though he's no fool, and has a deal of good in him, and he is not selfish either, for he talks of giving some of his coins away soon.'

'Giving away his coins!' shouted Mr Norrys, 'after all the trouble and anxiety of collecting them; then he *must* be a fool, or they must be worthless!'

'They are of the usual value,' said Mr Medicott smiling complacently, 'and he will give them to those who will take care of them.'

'Humph!' ejaculated Mr Norrys, 'I should like to have the picking and choosing of a few for myself.'

'And I am sure,' continued Mr Medicott, smiling benevolently, 'that if you needed them, sir, Hooliloo would be most ready to bestow as many of his coins as you required.'

'You speak in enigmas, Mr Medicott,' replied Mr Norrys with dignity, 'and I don't understand your joke, sir.'

'I am not joking,' said Mr Medicott with the utmost urbanity; 'but time will explain the enigma—"Time the revealer, Time the consoler," as my old woman says; and *she* thinks no harm of Dr Hooliloo, I assure you, sir.'

'I bow to the opinion of your excellent wife,' said Mr Norrys gallantly; 'but if I ever do succeed in catching hold of your hairy friend when he is fumigating the old ruins with his nasty tobacco, I'll tell him my mind, Mr Medicott, that's all;' with which terrible threat the conversation terminated.

Fordyce felt half afraid of the strange and taciturn man who sat by Mr Medicott's fireside, and regarded her so earnestly, that she became quite confused beneath the prolonged scrutiny; yet there was nothing offensive in these regards—the look was mournful and retrospective, and he listened to her words with such evident interest and pleasure, that Fordyce soon became accustomed to his wild and shaggy appearance, and would even venture to question Dr Hooliloo respecting the wonderful sights he had seen, and the wonderful adventures he had encountered, during his intercourse with the savages. Dr Hooliloo had fine expressive eyes, and a musical voice; but the eyes were shaded by a profusion of dark dishevelled hair, and a beard of unusual length covered the lower portion of his face. His speech was terse and metaphorical, as

#### THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTERS.

if he had been much accustomed to hold converse in languages whose idiom differs materially from ours; his metaphors all tended to expose the false polish and glitter of society in general, and to deprecate the social system of which we are the slaves. As to Timothy Bedford, he shared the scrutiny and observation which Dr Hooliloo bestowed on Fordyce. Timothy's hand was grasped as in a vice by the doctor's sinewy fingers—a token of approbation which Dr Hooliloo only bestowed on prime favourites; and that Timothy was a prime favourite with his eccentric friend no longer remained a matter of doubt, when the latter used all his powers of eloquence to persuade Timothy to return with him to the solitudes of savage life, or to the wilds of California. Timothy glanced at Fordyce, laughed, and said he could not leave his old grandmother. Dr Hooliloo's eagle eye detected the glance, and he said sententiously: 'The ancient mother and the fair young maiden may accompany us; there is room in my home for all, and plenty of food.'

Fordyce blushed, but said nothing; and Timothy thought he had never seen her look so beautiful.

Summer had almost begun to fade into autumn, when a sudden and alarming change in Anna Norrys caused Mr Medlicott to look anxious and grave, and to signify his wish for further advice. The physicians who were consulted at once corroborated Mr Medlicott's view of the case; and the family were gently informed that it was impossible the sufferer could survive many weeks. Anna desired to be fully acquainted with the opinion of her medical advisers, and Mr Medlicott, thus urged, tenderly divulged it. 'I am thankful the summons home is so near,' she whispered calmly. 'I am more ready to go than to stay, for rest from pain and weariness is welcome as daylight to the night-watcher.'

Adelaide pouted because her marriage must necessarily be deferred; and the Misses Norrys, with forms erect and solemn visages, consoled each other, and studied Blair's Sermons. Fordyce, in mute grief, sat hour after hour by her dear departing friend; for Anna, now her earthly days were numbered, wished to see those she loved more frequently beside her: she had much to counsel and to say during those quiet hours, and she spoke with some difficulty. The words of the dying insure attention, and enforce reverence from all; and Anna's parting words to Fordyce Brandon were almost like commands, for the orphan's future happiness was Anna's last care. She sounded the depths of the girl's heart, and with inexpressible comfort found that treasures of love and hope were still buried in its recesses, only requiring time and patience to bring them forth.

It had been a beautiful warm autumn day, and Anna's chamber-window was open to admit the pleasant evening air, which came loaded with the perfume of clematis, and many sweet garden-flowers. Fordyce watched the stars, as slowly they began

## THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTERS.

to appear in the cloudless sky; and Anna continued sleeping, for she had slept much during that day, and had been slightly delirious. Suddenly, a prolonged wailing note, as of a flute or flageolet, filled the apartment, coming from the direction of the old ruins, which bounded the garden, and on which the windows looked. Again it was repeated; and Fordyce then distinctly recognised a plaintive melody which had always been a favourite with Anna. She was wondering who the musician could be, when Anna softly pronounced her name, and on reaching the couch, Fordyce found her eagerly leaning forward in the attitude of excited attention, her eyes fixed on vacancy, and her countenance wearing the ghastly hues of death. 'Hush!' she murmured, as the sounds became clearer—'hush! that is my summons: he calls me as he used to do, and the sad dream of separation is over.' She fell back exhausted, and the music ceased. Greatly alarmed, Fordyce summoned the family, but Anna never spoke again; and that night she ceased to breathe, passing away in a quiet slumber. Anna's remains were interred in the family-vault in Lisbourne church-yard; and during the funeral obsequies, when the mourners were assembled round the grave, a bare-headed stranger stood near them, in whom Mr Norrys recognised Dr Hooliloo. His head was bowed, and he appeared deeply affected; on the conclusion of the solemn ceremony, he walked slowly away, nor was he again seen in Lisbourne, saying farewell neither to Fordyce nor Timothy Bedford, but leaving a letter for the former, to be opened and read by Fordyce in the presence of Mr and Mrs Medicott. Surprise almost prevented her from deciphering the straggling writing, and what with her tears and blushes, and agitated exclamations, it was some time ere she arrived at the end. When she did so, throwing herself into Mr Medicott's arms, Fordyce in a burst of emotion exclaimed: 'And you knew all this, and yet you never told me he was my Uncle Aspinax! O how generous, how noble of him! and may I never thank him, never see him more?'

'No, my dear child,' said Mr Medicott, trying hard to speak calmly, with a choking sensation in his throat—'none of us will see him again in this world, in all human likelihood. Aspinax Ringles hates to be thanked, and it was his wish to avoid both that and recognition. He has gone back to his life in the wilderness, and only came to the haunts of civilisation with his Californian gold, in order to make restitution to me whom he had wronged, and to ascertain his only sister's fate. You, my dear child, were her representative, and of course the handsome fortune he intended for her is yours.—And he says something else in his letter—doesn't he, my dear?' continued Mr Medicott smiling, as he brushed away a tear from off his furrowed cheek.

Fordyce blushed and stammered, and then hurriedly put the letter in Mr Medicott's hands. 'May I shew it to Timothy?' he asked demurely. Fordyce was silent; but Mrs Medicott was

#### THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTERS.

broke in : ' Of course you may, my dear John, as Fordyce doesn't say no. Silence always gives consent.'

' Ah ha ! that's orthodox, is it, in all love-matters and such like ? ' cried the old surgeon, rubbing his hands in glee.

But the contents of the letter did not explain all, for it had reference more to Fordyce and her union with ' honest Bedford '—for so the writer denominated Timothy—than to the writer himself. It was from Mr Medicott that Fordyce gathered the remaining particulars : how Aspinax Ringles had sent for him to the little inn at Lisbourne, and how Mr Medicott had promised to preserve his incognito, and to call him Dr Hooliloo, that being the name bestowed by the Indians on their great medicine, whose knowledge of the medicinal use of herbs had won for him his diploma among the aborigines ; while his musical voice, which they fancied resembled the notes of an Indian song-bird, known by some such appellation as the hooliloo, had gained for him the cognomen which he continued to adopt. Very lightly Mr Medicott touched on the early attachment of Aspinax Ringles and Anna Norrrys ; of her brother's stern displeasure ; and finally, of the misguided man's subsequent reckless course, which had separated them for ever in this world.

Fordyce remembered the episode of the flageolet, and recounted it with tears, it was such a touching trait in the disposition of that rough, toil-hardened being.

' Ah, poor fellow ! ' sighed Mrs Medicott ; ' he was faithful to Anna's memory ; and though he dared not look on her changed face again, yet he wished her to know before she died that she was well remembered. After the funeral, he destroyed the old flageolet, and took himself off in a hurry, for he said that he should never rest until far away from the haunts of civilised men. I'm sure I hope he'll be comfortable, poor dear, among the savages, now he's been home, and unburdened his mind, and paid all his debts,' added Mrs Medicott with infinite simplicity and fervour.

' Poor Uncle Aspinax ! ' cried Fordyce ; ' had I but known the truth, perhaps we might have succeeded in persuading him to remain with us.'

' No, my dear girl,' returned Mr Medicott gravely, ' you never would. His habits are too confirmed to admit of change, and he always, even in his young days, expressed a wish to lead a wild life. It suits him well, depend upon it ; and it is best as it is, all circumstances taken into consideration ; and the only thing you can do in order to please your Uncle Aspinax, is to obey the instructions contained in his letter.'

Timothy lost no time in pleading his own cause ; and Fordyce was too grateful to her Uncle Aspinax, to prove disobedient to his earnestly expressed wishes for her union with ' honest Bedford.'

Anna Norrrys left a will dividing her fortune equally between Adelaide and Fordyce Brandon ; and when the conventional term of mourning expired, Frederic Arlington led Adelaide to the

#### THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTERS.

hymeneal altar ; and shortly afterwards Fordyce became the wife of Mr Bedford. Mr Medicott gave her away, for Mr Norrys continued sulky, not altogether relishing the deceit which, he declared, had been practised on him relative to Dr Hooliloo being a brother coin-collector. Mr Medicott, however, stoutly defended himself, and boldly affirmed that he had spoken nothing but truth, for that Aspinax Ringles had an undoubted right to call himself by his Indian name if he liked ; and moreover, that he was a *bona fide* collector of coins on a large scale ; and that he had given a considerable portion to those who knew how to value them. It was a famous joke for the facetious Mr Medicott ; but the sedate Mr Norrys of Lisbourne House seldom condescended to joke. The Misses Norrys also were of opinion that Fordyce Brandon—as Adelaide's sister—rather demeaned herself by marrying an individual, however worthy and respectable, who had once been her father's clerk. Nevertheless, in process of time, Sir Frederic and Lady Arlington, who did not live together on the most amicable terms, were glad to accept invitations to the hospitable and princely mansion of Timothy Bedford, the prudent and prosperous merchant, where Fordyce presided, as radiant in happiness, kind in heart, and brilliant in beauty, as in the days of her early prosperity. Thither, too, often came Mr and Mrs Medicott, as the most honoured guests, the doctor having retired from active life, owing to the infirmities of age creeping on. With unwearied patience, and a ready smile, Timothy listened to Mr Medicott's oft-repeated joke about Dr Hooliloo ; while Mrs Medicott quite eschewed fictitious romance, and declared there was nothing like the romance of reality.





## MADAME DE STAËL HOLSTEIN:

### HER LIFE AND WORKS.

**I**F Napoleon was the greatest man of his time, Madame de Staël was no less the most eminent woman. If he, beyond all men who have ever lived, was subtle in contrivance, strong of will, and daring in exploit—she, as a woman, was the most original thinker, powerful writer, and eloquent talker, the world has yet produced. Even setting sex aside, we doubt whether they may not be said to differ less in the actual amount than in the nature and direction of their individual powers. Both were giants, both intensely desirous of fame and glory; but his was a cold-blooded egotistical ambition, that united with contempt for his fellow-men, and could take

... eagerly listened to, and had no better share in dis-  
finally undermining his empire. Unfortunately, th  
came too late for her safety. Like Macbeth with  
felt 'that in her royalty of nature reigned much t  
feared,' that 'under her his genius was rebuked, his see  
and less scrupulous than his prototype, he dared ' wi  
power to sweep her from his sight, and bid his will a  
was the over and over again struggle—the old barbar  
physical might over intellectual and moral right. A  
expressed it: she had nothing to conjure with exc  
genius, and for a time at least genius could avail li  
mounted gendarme.

A complete and faithful portraiture of Madame d  
be a desirable addition to literary biography; but the  
a difficult one. The most ambitious attempt that  
made, even in her own country, towards setting fo  
life and outward manifestations of this very remarkab  
is the sketch of her character and writings by her  
kinswoman, Madame Necker de Saussure, which wa  
her posthumous works published by her son in 1820.  
or analysis there given of her numerous literary p  
carefully and admirably executed, and contains some  
and explanations to be met with nowhere else. But  
makes no pretensions either to completeness or imp  
is an eloquent and affectionate eulogium, rather than  
impressing us throughout, somewhat too much, perh  
sincerity, elegance, and fine moral tact of the author  
resting as indicative of the large and important p  
well held through life in the hearts and minds  
the best opportunity of knowing her. Though

precision particularly unfitted for the delineation of the figure—of one so entirely out of the common mould—whose intellectual proportions seem to ‘lie floating many a rood,’ whom it may so well be said, that her ‘soul was larger than her death’

We are, however, greatly indebted to Madame de Staël for her affectionate labours. It would have been difficult, as she says with her usual elegance of expression, ‘to write Madame Staël’s history while her contemporaries were yet on the work stage, to disengage her part from theirs, to select the bright thread of her course from the delicate and complicated tissue of the history of the present time.’ But from Madame de Staël’s own works, from her *Thoughts on the French Revolution and Ten Years of Exile*, especially, we learn many additional particulars which, with the numerous and interesting notices of her by contemporary and succeeding writers, would now furnish materials for a tolerably complete biography. At present, we propose to lay before our readers as entire an outline of her eventful life and important works, as our ability and the limits of this paper will allow.

Anne Louisa Germaine Necker, afterwards Baroness de Staël Holstein, was the only child of M. Necker, the wealthy Genevese banker, and his wife, Susanna Curchod, a beautiful and accomplished Swiss lady. She was born at Paris in 1766, at the commencement of the most important era that has yet occurred in the history of civilised Europe, and was about ten years old when her father, who had been long distinguished as a financier and able writer on political economy, was called upon to fill one of the chief offices of the state, as Minister of Finance to Louis XVI. Although Mademoiselle Necker was by nature quickwitted, energetic, and affectionate, the accessories of her position and education must have prodigiously increased the power and vivacity of her natural faculties, and had great influence over her peculiar intellectual development. Perhaps there was never so excitable a child, or one so early and imprudently stimulated. Her father’s position, and the esteem in which he was held, with her mother’s beauty and talents, made their house the resort of the most intellectual society in Paris; and we have a picture of the precocious little wit at ten years of age, with brown complexion and bright black eyes, already sparkling with kindness and intelligence, surrounded by the chief men of the day, and eagerly listening to conversation on subjects far beyond her years. By the side of Madame Necker was a little wooden stool on which sat her daughter, obliged to hold herself very upright indeed. Scarcely had she taken her customary place there, when three or four gentlemen of the company came up and accosted her with the tenderest interest. One of them, who wore a little bob-wig, took her hands in his, and held them for a long time, conversing with her as if she had been five-and-twenty. This was the Abbé Raynal; the others were Messrs Thomas, Marmontel, the Marquis de Pessay, and Baron von

# MADAME DE STAEL HOLSTEIN.

de, you should have seen how she listened, and yet she seemed to be speaking, so her flexible features display. Her eyes took and motions of those who spoke, as if they were uttered. She took an interest in on political subjects, which at this time of conversation. . . .

... more company; and every one, on appearance Necker, had a word to say to her daughter or raillery. She answered all with perfect ease. They took pleasure in attacking her, embarrassing that little imagination, already so brilliant. In treatment this, it will be agreed, of a little being a painful of sensibility, that 'the praise of her parents would give her heart to palpitate!' But M. and Madame Necker, devoted parents after their respective fashions, seem to have been little prudent as they were of one mind in respect to their daughter's upbringing. The mother is everywhere described as a noble-minded woman, of fine understanding, and accomplished though somewhat formal manners. The daughter of a Protestant clergyman in the canton of Bern, she had herself been carefully trained, and had acquired so much by profound study that she had, unfortunately, become convinced that there was nothing in natural bent, and everything in a proper method. In the last degree true to her principles, she studied herself, as individuals, the art of writing, of housekeeping, and above all of preserving the purity of her principles; then reduced all to a system, and from this system deduced precise rules for the regulation of her conduct. No great wonder, then, that, as Madame Saussure allows, 'there was a stiffness in her and near her that her daughter should have respected rather than loved her.'

The father, on the other hand, though full of benevolence and practical wisdom in general, appears to have been somewhat indulgent as a family man, and even slightly capricious to his model-consort. She is said to have possessed his love, respect, and admiration in a high degree; but we suspect that a pretending woman might have suited and pleased him in a higher degree. Indeed, he confided to Madame de Saussure on that the only fault he had to Madame Necker was her faultlessness — 'that there was nothing to pardon in her.' He was solemnly reserved in society, perhaps as much from caution as from reserve; was probably tired of being always wise, and would, not unreasonably, have preferred unbending and being amused rather than edified in the leisure of his home. Instead, therefore, of showing an ardent interest in the ingenious speculations of his accomplished better-half, he rather discouraged her zeal; actually prohibited her from spending her time in composition; would not allow her to have a writing-table in the room, in case he might at any

MADAME DE STAEL HOLSTEIN.

be annoyed by the fear of interrupting her; took a mischievous pleasure in thwarting her in the education of her daughter; and, in short, shewed himself to be quite as selfish and intolerant as the most ignorant and narrow minded of men.

But from the first, there seems to have been an affinity even stronger than is usual between the father and daughter. As a child, he adored her, could not bear her to be out of his sight, or to have her contradicted; was perpetually caressing her, joking with her, and encouraging her in her wildest sallies; and afterwards took the deepest interest in her growing powers, considering her throughout his life as the best of women. And her love for him was manifested equally early. It seemed to grow with her growth, assumed the evervarying tints of her ardent temperaments and brilliant genius, and may be said to have been the ruling passion of her entire existence.

Our Gibbon, the historian, had an attachment to Madame Necker in her girlhood, and proposed to marry her, but broke off the match. We hear of him afterwards as a constant visitor and cherished friend of the Necker family in Paris. Mr Carlyle, in his *History of the French Revolution*, accounts for the marriage not going forward, by a supposition that 'his father most probably kept his own gig, and so would not hear of such a union;' and he humorously pictures the future Madame de Staël as 'romping about the knees of the Decline and Fall—Necker not jealous.' Whether she ever romped, however, seems to be doubtful. She is said to have had a premature youth instead of infancy; and, indeed, the only childish trait recorded of her, is in a proposal she gravely made to her mother at the age of ten, that she should marry Mr Gibbon for the purpose of securing to her parents the gratification of his society!

In accordance with her mother's system of education, she studied assiduously from her earliest days. She not only listened to literary and political conversations, and witnessed theatrical exhibitions of all kinds before entering her teens, but had even then begun to exercise her understanding by literary composition. She composed eclogues and portraits. At fifteen, she made extracts from the *Spirit of Laws*, with observations, and wrote a very remarkable letter to her father on his publication of the *Compte Rendu*—an account rendered to Louis XVI. of the exact state of the public funds—which he recognised from the fervency of its style. The Abbé Raynal tried to prevail on her to write something on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes for his great work.

Nor was the element of novel and romance reading wanting to complete this unique education, in the selection of which Madame Necker, more severe than vigilant, did not always preside. Nothing was so delightful to the young mademoiselle, as to shed torrents of tears over the sufferings or noble traits of fictitious heroes and heroines, many of which her lively and ardent imagination completely realised. The carrying away of *Clarissa Harlowe* always

MADAME DE STAEL HOLSTEIN.

est u to her to have been one of the real events of her youth. and lovin offer, then, that a *régime* calculated to give intense and companie activity to the intellectual and moral being, should have helping the physical powers. Dr Trouchin is called, and prescribes contin nation from study, and to pass the whole day in the open nical youthful companion. An entirely poetical life succeeds. was young ladies wander delightedly amidst the thickets of cle clothed as nymphs or muses; recite verses, compose and write and act plays. Life is saved, and bodily health e But the new *régime* offers nutriment in still greater f nce to the imagination,

‘ And pours it all upon the peccant part.’

Madame Necker was vexed and disappointed at this breach in the routine of her daughter's education. To give up the regular acquisition of knowledge was, in her opinion, to renounce all hope of distinction. She had none of the pliability which enables us to vary our means. She is said to have conquered nature too successfully, to have been much under the dominion of instinct. The charms of her daughter's infancy had, therefore, had but few attractions for her, and now that she was unable to train her reason according to preconceived ideas and rules, she could no longer take an interest in the work as her own. What was worse, she could not repress a feeling of jealousy when she witnessed the delight her husband took in their daughter's quick-wittedness and originality of expression—qualities so opposite to her own, that she could not flatter herself he was admiring and loving her over again in her off-spring. In truth, though the young lady had inherited many of the distinguished mental qualities of her mother, as nature had, in addition, lavished on her the gift of a brilliant genius, it is not wonderful that she soon outgrew her preceptress. She had the same ardent mind, strong feelings, love of the beautiful and sublime, and value for talents and eminence of every kind; but becoming every day more and more conscious of powers within herself, of which, as it seemed to her, her mother's lessons rather restrained than assisted the natural and perfect development, she grew impatient and distrustful of minute rules and methods; and though still dutiful both in conduct and demeanour, was inclined to go over to the opposite extreme in opinion, and to believe that all might be achieved by a good heart and happy spontaneous impulse. She desired, therefore, to become the representative of the natural, as her mother was that of the acquired qualities and endowments; and this idea, though but half formed and imperfectly followed out, perhaps too long influenced her judgment.

But let us try to picture our heroine, as large-hearted, sanguine, and impulsive, she now stood on the threshold of her remarkable career. Beautiful she could not be called—her features were too strong for that; but she had splendid eyes, and long dark eyelashes, a lively colour, and altogether an animated flexible countenance, in

# MADAME DE STAËL HOLSTEIN.

which her bright thoughts and evervarying emotions depicted. Wonderfully eloquent, graceful in her movements, with something peculiarly touching in the cadences of her modulated voice, her ideas, gestures, and words were all in unison. Too benevolent and generous herself almost to comprehend the nature of hatred, envy, or uncharitableness in others, she seemed to enter life with a feeling of confidence that bad fate. It was in the first bright dawn of the Revolutionary impulse had been given to thought in general, and new ideas of mankind were agitating the best and most earnest minds in their own and other countries. All Frenchmen seemed then actuated by a sincere and disinterested enthusiasm, public spirit had become general, and this brilliant creature appeared to be the very genius of the times—born of them and for them. The love of glory, of liberty, the natural beauty of virtue, and the charm of the tender sentiments, were the passions of her soul and the sources of her inspiration. Of a man so richly endowed, it might safely have been predicted that he would command the love and sympathy of every generous mind. But, alas! such remarkable gifts seem to be unsuited to the very nature of woman, and must ever carry with them the fatal destiny of unhappiness. Goethe's simile of the oak planted in a china vase, exactly fits the case: the strong spirit breaks down the delicate wall of conventionalities which environs her. And of what avail are the burning thoughts, the breathing words? Her position, in spite of herself, clings to her still, is part of her, and will ever render her powerless; for active man, from jealousy, will not listen to her, and women shrink from her as no longer of them!

It is perhaps unprofitable to speculate on the probable difference that a marriage of affection would have made in the happiness of Mademoiselle Necker's life. But her love for her father rose almost to idolatry, and she was so easily led by her affection, so ready to invest its possessor with the warm lights of her own glowing imagination, that the influence and support of a husband, the object at once of her love and perfect esteem, might certainly have altered the whole colour of her destiny. This best blessing and most powerful safeguard of woman's happiness was not, however, in the list of her advantages; she had but the ordinary chance of a *mariage de convenance*. It might have been worse; for, though twice her age, and quite unsuited to her, she was not unhappy with her husband. Her father, as it is said, *forced* her to make a judicious choice; and at twenty years of age she became the wife of a Swedish nobleman of high character—the Baron de Staël Holstein, then ambassador at Paris from the court of Gustavus III. This marriage gave her the rank and independence her father desired for her. He probably foresaw approaching troubles in France, and considered that the baron's diplomatic position there would be a protection to his household.

Though it is far from our present purpose to enter into the events

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relation, we must mention that at the time of his marriage, M. Necker had been for some years in retirement. He had lost his place by aiming at a system of economy in the courtiers of both sexes; had taken up his abode in his country-house, two leagues from Paris, and had been exiled from thence forty miles from Paris, by a decree in consequence of having defended his honour against the groundless accusation by M. Calonne, the minister, of having understated the actual amount of the national expenditure *compte rendu*. As he had done much to ameliorate the unequal taxation, and his wife had devoted herself throughout the ministry to the improvement of charitable institutions, his retirement from office had been generally regretted, and the news of his banishment very ill received. All Paris had rushed to St Ouen to condole with him, every country-seat at the prescribed distance had been placed at his disposal, and his persecution converted into a triumph. But M. Necker was a real patriot; and as he had faith in himself, he was greatly discomposed at having been obliged to resign office at so critical a time. During the seven years which elapsed between his first and second ministry, he was in a state of perpetual chagrin at witnessing the overthrow of all his plans for the improvement of France by equal taxation and a wise economy. On his recall in 1788, he had all but lost hope that the government could now be saved from the threatened complete disorganisation; and when Madame de Staël, who, in spite of her fears and clear-sightedness, fondly hoped that everything would yet go right were her father once more at the helm of affairs, eagerly flew to St Ouen to apprise him of his nomination, he received the news almost in despair. 'Ah,' he said, 'it is too late! Had they given me the first fifteen months of my retirement! but power at this crisis is only a tremendous responsibility.' He, however, obeyed the king's orders.

Burke says in one of his writings, that 'M. Necker was recalled, like Pompey, to his misfortune, and like Marius, he sat down on ruins.' He was certainly not sanguine himself; but it is Madame de Staël's fixed opinion, that at the date of his first recall, had the aristocratic party made anything like reasonable concessions to the growing spirit of the times, even agreed freely to give up its exemption from taxation, all the evils and horror of the Revolution would have been averted. The time had come when change was necessary and absolutely inevitable. Louis XVI. was weak rather than tyrannical, and but for the clamours and tenacity of the nobility, would have been content to reign henceforward like the king of England, a constitutional, and no longer an arbitrary monarch. 'A great revolution is at hand,' said Monsieur—afterwards Louis XVIII.—to the municipality of Paris; 'and the king, by his views, his virtues, and his supreme rank, ought to be at its head.'

Famine, added to long and grievous oppression, had roused the tamest spirits to the demand of immediate relief, and a better

representation of their rights ; and the king had so far attended to the signs of the times, as to consent to the doubling of the people's representatives. M. Necker, the advocate and representative of the *juste milieu* policy, came back in time to watch over the interests of all parties. At his return, he found the prisons full, the treasury empty, and the people starving. He induced the king to give up *lettres-de-cachet*. By immense exertions, and the noble sacrifice of his private fortune, he was able to restore the public credit, and in some degree to ameliorate the horrors of famine ; and he drew up a plan of constitution, which, if immediately put in operation, would have insured the gratitude of the Tiers Etat, then eager to rally round the king. But the nobles—particularly the provincial *noblesse*, were too ignorant and prejudiced to be so easily taught to recognise their true interests. Cabals abounded on all sides. The king, timid, vacillating, and unable to place dependence on the army, was privately worked on to seek the assistance of foreign troops ; and factious obstacles were thrown in the way of the meeting of the States-general. The patriot Necker is again dismissed ; the danger of anarchy grow every day more imminent and threatening ; Necker is again recalled, again dismissed, and again borne back in triumph ; but this time certainly with no hope of being able to avert the total overthrow of the throne, and of all existing institutions. We need not go on.

During this interesting period, Madame de Staël lived an excited and not unprosperous life. The fervours of her filial affection were duly responded to, and she had seen her father, if for a time overborne and misunderstood, repeatedly borne back to his high office, cheered by general applause, and his faithful services to his country warmly recognised. In spite of the harassing occupation of his mind by the most important affairs, she had the comfort of seeing and listening to him constantly, and of feeling that association with her was soothing and supporting to him. She had not expected to find that felicity in her marriage she knew so well how to picture ; but she respected her husband, and took the tenderest interest in her children. She was in the very flower of her youth. With her sociable heart, and remarkable powers of conversation, it is no wonder that she had an exquisite relish for society, or that her reception in the brilliant world of Paris should have been flattering in the extreme. Her literary reputation was rising through these years, gradually but steadily ; and as her writings, even the crude and imperfect sketches of her teens, were in their turns the depositories of her genuine feelings and convictions, we cannot but look upon them with the deepest interest. They are, indeed, the *facts* of her inner life, and accurately mark its progress. Her early taste was for poetry, embodying the finer sentiments of love, heroism, gratitude, and self-sacrifice. Sensibility and a tender melancholy, rather than violent passion, are its characteristics. Before her twentieth year, she had written a comedy in verse—*Sophia ; or Secret Sentiments* ; and several

# MADAME DE STAËL HOLSTEIN.

the dignity of the human species. She felt that the hand of fate was on the curtain, and her sanguine imagination and warm heart readily supplied the grand drama now to be enacted. And if we consider her temperament and early training, and the belief which she fondly entertained, that her adored and honoured father was largely contributing to these inestimable benefits to mankind, we shall neither wonder at her enthusiasm nor at the shock her whole moral nature received on the downfall of her hopes. With a profound hatred of tyranny, and the tenderest sympathy with suffering, the Reign of Terror was to Madame de Staël peculiarly dreadful. She seemed to experience that bitterest of pangs, 'to be wounded in the house of her friends.' 'It seems to me, as she afterwards touchingly expresses it, 'that the partisans of liberty are those who feel the most profound detestation of the atrocities committed in its name. Their adversaries, no doubt, may have a just horror of them; but as these very crimes furnish arguments for their system, they do not excite in them, as in the friends of liberty, grief of various kinds at once.'

During the reign of Robespierre, Madame de Staël was scarcely able to use her pen. Her whole faculties were absorbed in the eager desire she felt to rescue victims from impending death, and in scheming how to shelter and comfort the unfortunate. Nothing can exceed the interest of her own account of the events of these terrible days and nights. Situated as she was in the very centre of action, and elevated by her understanding to the height of those principles of liberty, in the name, but in reality in the abuse and degradation of which so much evil was poured out upon the human race, her excitement and suffering were only equalled by her exertions to rectify, sustain, and ameliorate. 'We seemed,' she says, 'descending like Dante, from circle to circle, always to a lower hell.' Her only literary exertion during these days of darkness was her tract in defence of the queen. She had never been a favourite with Marie Antoinette—her manners were probably too impulsive and direct to be successful at any court. But this made no difference, if it did not rather stimulate her generosity to greater exertions. The defence was written with the most delicate tact, yet with a force and eloquence calculated to touch even the hard hearts to which it was addressed. Soon after the death of Robespierre, Madame de Staël published two political pamphlets in favour of peace: *Reflections on Peace, addressed to Mr Pitt*, and *Reflections on Internal Peace*—the first of which received the praise of Mr Pitt in the British House of Commons. Both are important historical documents, containing much sound reasoning and some profound remarks and anticipations which seem to have been sagaciously prophetic of subsequent events.

While torn and agitated by the storms of this disastrous period, she tried to regain her composure of mind by employing her thoughts in an analysis of the passions, now so freely let loose all around her. In witnessing the blind fury with which ambition

MADAME DE STAËL HOLSTEIN.

spirit were fast overturning and treading under foot reason, and liberty under the banners of which they had ranged themselves, it is no wonder that she looked on the whole movement of the passions as a fatal and destructive one in this work—*On the Influence of the Passions on Individual and National Happiness*—she characterises them so distinctly in their infinitely varied aspects, and minutely differing shades, as to seem to have placed before us a gallery of individual traits, with which our experience is more or less familiar. Her analysis can be more masterly than the analysis; and if she goes on in condemning as inimical to true happiness such affections as those of love, friendship, the desire of glory, and filial devotion, no man any one except the renewed Christian has a right to do—it must be set down to the ravages and excess of the times, rather than to the want of human sympathy; for in general, no one had ever a finer perception than Madame de Staël of the point where the abuse of one rule impinges upon another no less important. To those who, by virtuous effort, are able to free themselves from the dominion of passion in all its forms, she holds out in this work such compensations as, a 'calm and musing disposition, a tender melancholy, and a contemplative resignation.' Cold comforts, alas! but at this time of her life, faith in and duty to God were not, as they afterwards became, Madame de Staël's sheet-anchor and principle of action; and the inconsistency, as well as the faulty morality of the book, lies in offering nothing external, no higher motive than self, for the sacrifice of self. Instead of saying, 'avoid all passion, because it will assuredly render you unhappy,' she ought to have said, 'watch carefully your passions, or they will render you criminal.'

It was not long after the publication of her book on the Passions, that Madame de Staël first saw the great disturber of her peace and enemy of her life. General Bonaparte had before this time been much talked of in Paris. He had shewn himself as remarkable by his capacity for business as for his victories; and the imagination of the French had begun to attach itself warmly to him. In the name of the Republic, he had rapidly and brilliantly conquered Italy; and though a few attentive observers even then early suspected him of the design of making himself king of Italy, he was admired and trusted by many of the zealous and sincere republicans of the Directory, who would have regarded a man's desiring to turn the Revolution to his own personal advantage as a shame and a degradation. Calculating on a reaction in the minds of a people weary of excitement and sacrifices, this able tactician wisely foresaw, that a breathing-time of peace would now be the most acceptable offering he could make to France. He therefore signed the treaty of Campo Formio with Austria—a proceeding which, as it contained the surrender of the Venetian Republic, was no less arbitrary than the partition of Poland—and arriving in Paris towards the end of 1797, may be said to have virtually begun

MADAME DE STAËL HOLSTEIN.

his reign. But his ambition was not at once apparent; there was a spirit of moderation and simplicity in his manner which inspired confidence. In the discussion of business he exhibited a certain quiet air of self-possession, which invariably commands respect, and there was a shortness as well as aptness in his conversational phrases, which gave them weight, and made them easily remembered and quoted.

In spite of her admiration of heroes, Madame de Staël seems never to have heartily liked or esteemed Bonaparte after she had made his personal acquaintance. At first, she was inclined to regard him with the utmost favour, for which she gives the womanly reasons that, 'besides his talents and bravery, he was said to be much attached to his wife, and was feelingly alive to the beauties of Ossian'—a poet for whom she entertained a violent admiration. But his cold egotism and want of generosity soon chilled her enthusiasm.

In examining the circumstances, we find no ground at all for Mr Ingersoll's ungenerous, and somewhat tardy attempt to defend Napoleon's unmanly and most unwarrantable persecution of her, by insinuations against her virtue. It is surely a little too late in the Bonaparte family to ask credence for the first time now to such an interpretation of the facts, which caused the more amiable Joseph Bonaparte so much shame and regret, and induced him to befriend Madame de Staël to the utmost of his power, while the victim of his brother's persecution. Such cruelties were not at all likely to be practised by a man towards a woman 'because she made love to him.' It ought surely to have been panoply sufficient for the 'superior chastity' Mr Ingersoll claims for his hero, that 'he treated her courtship not only repulsively, but contemptuously.' A rustic Scottish lover when roughly used by his mistress, pathetically exclaimed: 'Tho' ye dinna like a body, ye needna ding a body ower;' and even supposing Mr Ingersoll's base insinuation to have been truth-founded, poor Madame de Staël need not have been hated and hunted down to the death as she was. Even one so devoid of 'pity or ruth' as Napoleon, ought, from very self-love, to have overlooked a few symptoms of irritation in 'a woman scorned;' and he probably would; but this was not the cause: what he could not pardon in her, was her nobleness of mind, the attractions of her wit and eloquence, her true patriotism and hatred of tyranny, and greatest offence of all, that she rigidly abstained from praising him in any of her works. Meeting him frequently in society, and aware, as she appears to have been from the first, of his power for good or evil, it seems to us to give no colour to Mr Ingersoll's accusation of Madame de Staël, that 'she eagerly sought opportunities of conversing with him.' As money could not immediately be raised for the proposed conquest of distant Egypt, and he was anxious to do something without delay, calculated to keep alive the enthusiasm excited by his Italian successes, Bonaparte had then proposed to invade Switzerland. The pretext for this war was, the situation

Sweden had early acknowledged the on de Staël resided constantly at Paris as Madame de Staël's home for many years. being threatened with immediate invasion, in January 1798, and rejoined her father at Coppet in the list of emigrants, and as a positive law condemning emigrants who remained in a country occupied by the French. He was anxious about his safety, and hoped to persuade his father to let him remain at his abode. But he would not. 'At my age,' said he, 'I do not wander upon the earth.' She imputes the real cause of his refusal to his reluctance to leave the tomb of her mother, who had died there four years before, and which he had never visited day without visiting. Madame de Staël insisted on remaining to protect him, and thus describes her own terror when the French appeared, which, however, was at this time groundless:—When the entry of the French was positively announced, my father and myself, with my young children, remained alone in the chateau of Coppet. On the day appointed for the violation of Swiss territory, our inquisitive people went down to the bottom of the high road by which the troops were to arrive. Though it was the middle of winter, the weather was delightful; the Alps were reflected in the lake; and the noise of the drum alone disturbed the tranquillity of the scene. My heart throbbed violently, from the apprehension of what might menace my father. I knew that the Directory spoke of him with respect; but I knew that the empire of revolutionary laws over those who had made no use of arms. At the moment when the French troops passed the frontier of the Helvetic Confederation, I saw an officer quit his men to proceed towards our chateau. A mortal terror seized me; but at that moment he said soon reassured me. He was commissioned by the Directory to offer my father a safeguard.—*Considerations on the French Revolution*, vol. ii. p. 217.

His clemency was gratefully received by them both; and as the union of Geneva shortly afterwards, M. Necker became ally to the Frenchman he had always been in his sentiments, Madame de Staël carried a memorial to Paris from him, requesting that his name should be erased from the list of emigrants, which the Directory graciously complied with. She then tried to negotiate with the Directory for payment of the two million of livres which her father had left deposited in the public treasury. The government acknowledged the debt, and offered payment out of the estates of the clergy, which Necker, with his usual nice sense of honour, refused; not, as she says, that he meant thus to assume the colours of the party who consider the sale of that property illegal, but because he had never in any situation wished to make his opinions and interests coincide, in case there should be a possibility of the slightest doubt of his entire impartiality.

### MADAME DE STAEL HOLSTEIN.

seizing the most characteristic feature of all objects, seems able to present to us the entire spirit of the past. The second volume is filled with advice to the writers of free states, and treats of future literature, particularly that of France. The great object she had here in view, was the regulation and extension of the influence of liberty. This remarkable book is no abstract of received truths; it is a series of novel conceptions boldly seized and carefully reasoned out. She considers every subject as if she were the first person who had ever studied it, and whether we may agree with her or not, we feel that she is giving us her own, and no borrowed convictions. All her efforts are directed to one end—to shew that there is a progress; that the advance of knowledge has been real and constant, in spite of vicissitudes; that we can trace the law of the moral improvement of man through all the obscurities of time; and that the human race is tending, however slowly, towards a state of perfection.

The great subject here treated of has since been fully and ably discussed by some of the best minds of Madame de Staël's age, and that which has succeeded it; and though it is generally alleged that she pursued the fascinating idea of human perfectibility with a sanguine and assured spirit that led her sometimes into rash and questionable conclusions, it is not denied that it helped her also to many true explanations of existing phenomena, and enabled her to throw light upon much that otherwise seemed sufficiently dark and unaccountable. But her literary efforts were not confined to politics and philosophy alone at this time: her burning imagination required an outlet through fiction. From her own position, probably, her mind had long been occupied with the difficulties and suffering which beset the path of women, particularly of those who, endowed with genius and an ardent desire for happiness, are yet denied that greatest earthly felicity—wedded love. It seemed to her as impossible for such women to confine themselves within the narrow limits of their destiny, as to overstep those limits, without exposing themselves to bitter sorrows; and this idea she tried to embody in *Delphine*, a novel in letters. Of course a heroine in the position indicated, and evidently springing out of the deep heart of the author, was found sufficiently interesting, and the book was read with great avidity. Our limits prevent us from giving a sketch of the story, which is the less to be regretted, that its morality is very faulty. It is, however, full of eloquence and passion, and is enriched with many fine delineations of generosity and devotedness, which, perhaps, ought to have rescued it, even in a bad translation, from the utter contempt poured on it by Sidney Smith, in No. 3 of the *Edinburgh Review*, who begins by calling the book 'dismal trash, which has nearly dislocated the jaws of its critic with gaping over it;' and ends by saying, that 'its celebrated author would have been very guilty, if she had not been very dull!' (q)

Bonaparte had no sooner returned from Egypt, than he began to

#### MADAME DE STAËL HOLSTEIN.

manifest openly the ill-will he had long felt towards Madame de Staël. He found her enjoying a great literary reputation, her house the resort of the most brilliant society of Paris, and her conversation, the ability and eloquence of which had always displeased him, eagerly sought after, and warmly appreciated even among his own generals. He was now First Consul, and his project of seizing the empire was rapidly progressing. A party of senators and generals, headed by Bernadotte, were suspected of being opposed to the usurpation; and as Madame de Staël was in the habit of frequently receiving Bernadotte and his friends, this was an additional reason for his desiring to get rid of one who was admired and popular, quite independently of him.

Next to the welfare of her father and dearest friends, Madame de Staël had always looked on the enjoyment of Parisian society as the most desirable of earthly goods. Madame de Saussure says of her, that her liking was always loving, and her love a devoted passion; and her love of Paris seems, indeed, to have been her ruling social passion. Long before this time, on an occasion when she expressed sympathy with Benjamin Constant, in a speech he proposed to make on the new dawn of tyranny, though she encouraged him to deliver it with all the strength of her convictions, she afterwards ingenuously confesses, that she could not help dreading what might happen to her in consequence. 'I was vulnerable,' she says, 'in my taste for society. Montaigne said formerly, I am a Frenchman through Paris; and if he thought so three centuries ago, what must it be now when we see so many persons of extraordinary intellect collected in one city, and so many accustomed to employ that intellect in adding to the pleasures of conversation? The demon of ennui has always pursued me: by the terror with which he inspires me, I could alone have been capable of bending the knee to tyranny, if the example of my father, and his blood which flows in my veins, had not enabled me to triumph over the weakness.' And she makes the additional confession, that had she foreseen what she was afterwards to suffer in her banishment from the dear delights of Paris, she would not have had the firmness to refuse M. Constant's offer of renouncing his project in order not to compromise her.

It was now the summer of 1802, and every step of the First Consul announced more and more clearly his design of being Emperor. Aware of her own unpopularity with him, Madame de Staël set off to pay her usual summer visit to her father at Coppet, in a state of painful anxiety and mental depression. Letters from Paris informed her that she had no sooner departed, than Bonaparte openly accused her of seeking to bias Bernadotte against him. He remarked that people always came away from her house less attached to him than when they had entered it; and the impression of her friends in Paris was, that he meant to single her out as the only culprit—afraid of the greater popularity of Bernadotte with the French army. On her arrival at Coppet, she found that her

father's work, entitled *Last Political and Financial Views*, was already in the press. M. Necker was animated by no personal resentment against Bonaparte in the publication of this book. The death of the Duc d'Enghien had not yet occurred; many people hoped for much benefit from his government; and M. Necker was disinclined to give him any cause of offence, both because he was anxious his daughter should not be banished from Paris, where she desired so exceedingly to stay, and because his own deposit of two millions was still in the hands of the government, or rather of the First Consul. But M. Necker, in his retirement, had imposed the propagation of truth as an official duty upon himself, the obligations of which no motive could induce him to neglect. He wished order and freedom, monarchy and a representative government, to be given to France; and as often as any deviation from this line occurred, he thought it his duty to employ his talent as a writer, and his knowledge as a statesman, to endeavour to bring back men's minds towards the true object. At that time, however, regarding Bonaparte as the defender of order, and the preserver of France from anarchy, he called him 'the necessary man;' and in several passages of his book, praised his abilities with expressions of esteem. But these eulogiums did not satisfy the great man. M. Necker had touched on the point which his ambition felt most acutely, by discussing the project he had formed of establishing a monarchy in France, of which he was to be the head, and of surrounding himself with a nobility of his own creation. Accordingly, as soon as the work appeared, the journalists received orders to attack it with the greatest fury; and, after its publication, no claim for the restoration of the deposit was ever admitted. The First Consul took advantage of it also to declare, in the circle of his court, that he would not permit Madame de Staël to return to Paris any more, because she had given her father such false information on the state of France. The publication of *Delphine*, just at this time, was seized on as a further pretext for abuse and vituperation of the Necker family. It was criticised by all the court journals, denounced as highly immoral, and its author severely censured. Bonaparte himself dictated a letter to be sent by the Swiss consul to M. Necker, in which he was advised to meddle no more with politics, but to leave them to the First Consul, who knew very well how to govern France with wisdom; and the Swiss consul's letter ended by saying, that Madame de Staël was to be exiled from Paris on account of the *Last Views on Politics and Finance*, published by her father.

This letter was a great blow to Madame de Staël. It was now the beginning of the winter of 1802-3; a time when Bonaparte was popular with the opposition party in England as well as with all the great noblemen of feudal Germany. Paris, besides its ordinary agreeable society, was filled with brilliant Englishmen and other illustrious foreigners, and she had naturally the strongest desire to be among them. There was no positive prohibition of

MADAME DE STAEL HOLSTEIN.

her return in M. le Brun's letter, nor had the prefect of Geneva yet received orders to refuse her a passport ; and so ardent was her wish to be there, that she thought of going at once to try whether the First Consul, who at that time was still tender of public opinion, would venture to brave the murmurs her absolute banishment could not fail to excite. Her father, too, who reproached himself for being partly to blame for her unpopularity, offered to go to Paris to speak to him in her favour ; and she had such an idea of his infallibility, so doting an admiration of 'the fine expression of his venerable looks,' which she imagined must captivate even Bonaparte himself, that she had almost consented to his making the journey. A little thought, however, awoke her from the illusion to which she had given herself up ; she perceived how much more probable it was that the very advantages of intellect, reason, and virtue she so admired in her father, would rather weigh with the First Consul in desiring to humble their possessor ; and refusing to allow him to run so obvious a risk, she settled herself, very unwillingly, at Geneva for the winter.

It appears strange that banishment from Paris should thus have been looked upon by Madame de Staël as an evil and cause of suffering almost beyond her endurance. With her great intellectual resources, her fine heart, capable of attaching itself to whatever was lovable or excellent, and the power she possessed of interesting others, and of giving the tone to whatever society she entered ; one would have supposed that she, of all people, ought not to have depended for her happiness upon any clique or association, however brilliant. But though she viewed with deep interest and philosophical curiosity every form of human society, she only seems to have *loved* that to which she had been accustomed, and to have felt herself *at home* only in the midst of the bustle and excitements among which her life had begun. She was not yet fully alive to the beauties of nature. Like Charles Lamb, she preferred the 'sweet security of streets,' to the most magnificent scenery the world contained, and thought with Dr Johnson, that there was no scene equal to the high tide of human existence in the heart of a populous city. When guests who came to visit her at Geneva were in ecstasies with its lovely scenes—'Give me the Rue de Bac,' she said : 'I would rather live in Paris in the fourth story and with a hundred a year. I do not dissemble : a residence in Paris has always appeared to me under any circumstances the most desirable of all others. French conversation excels nowhere except in Paris, and conversation has been, since my infancy, my greatest pleasure.'

Believing that Bonaparte was too much occupied with his grand scheme for invading England, to have time to think any more of her offences towards him, Madame de Staël, in the autumn of 1803, ventured to go to a little country-seat she had at ten leagues from Paris. All she desired was to see a few of her most intimate friends there, and to go occasionally to the theatre and museum. But

she had not been quietly settled there a month, before an officious lady told Bonaparte that the roads were covered with people going to visit her, and she was immediately given to understand that a gendarme would be sent in a few days with an order for her departure. Her imagination readily conjured up a scene of terror too formidable to be braved without any support or companionship except that of her young children, and she took refuge with a friend in the neighbourhood. Even under her friend's protection, her agitation was but little lessened. She sat up all night listening at the window, every moment expecting to hear the tread of a mounted gendarme. Next morning, she wrote a letter to Joseph Bonaparte, describing her unhappiness, and begging for his intercession; and both Joseph and Lucien generously used all their efforts to befriend her, but without effect. Madame Récamier, the celebrated beauty, proposed to her to come and live at her country-house at St Brice, two leagues from Paris; and having no idea that one who took no part in politics could be injured by it, she willingly accepted the offer. There she found a delightful society collected, and for the last time enjoyed the full sweetness of what she so keenly relished.

Hearing nothing more of her banishment, she tried to persuade herself that Bonaparte had been induced to renounce the design, and in a few days again ventured to her country-seat. But the blow had only been suspended. We quote her own graphic account of its fall: 'I was sitting at table with three of my friends, in a room which commanded a view of the high road and entrance-gate. It was now the end of September. At four o'clock, a man in a brown coat, on horseback, stops at the gate and rings. I was then certain of my fate. He asked to see me, and I went to receive him in the garden. In walking towards him, the perfume of the flowers and the beauty of the sun particularly struck me. I felt how different are the combinations of society from those of Nature! This man informed me that he was the commandant of the gendarmerie of Versailles; but that his orders were to go out of uniform, that he might not alarm me. He shewed me a letter signed by Bonaparte, which contained the order to banish me to forty leagues' distance from Paris, with an injunction to make me depart within twenty-four hours, and at the same time to treat me with all the respect due to a lady of distinction. He pretended to treat me as a foreigner, and, as such, subject to the police. . . . I told the gendarme-officer, that to depart within twenty-four hours might be convenient to conscripts, but not to a woman and children; and I proposed to him to accompany me to Paris, where I must pass three days in making the necessary arrangements for my journey. I got into my carriage with my children and this officer, who had been selected for the occasion as the most literary of the gendarmes. In truth, he began to compliment me upon my writings. "You see," said I, "the consequences of being a woman of intellect, and I would recommend you, if there is

# MADAME DE STAEL HOLSTEIN.

occasion, to dissuade any female of your family from distinguishing herself." I endeavoured to keep up my spirits by boldness, but I felt the barb in my heart.' She went to a house she had hired, but had not yet been able to inhabit, in Paris, where her friends came to see her, to condole, and to weep with her over the approaching separation. Then she examined every room, lingering longest over the pretty drawing-room, in which she had pictured so much social enjoyment—the gendarme, in the meantime, coming every morning to press her to go off, and she, like poor Mrs Bluebeard, begging for yet another day's respite. On the evening of the last day that could be granted, Joseph Bonaparte made one more vain effort in her favour; and his wife had the kindness to come and propose her to pass a few days at their country-house at Morfontaine. Although it was on the way to her exile, Madame de Staël accepted the invitation most gratefully—sensibly affected by Joseph's goodness in receiving her at his own house at the very time she was the object of his brother's persecution.

At last, it was absolutely necessary she should depart, though where to go she could not at once decide. The choice lay between Switzerland and Germany. She knew that her father would have tenderly welcomed home his poor bird ruffled by the storm; but she dreaded the ennui that would probably seize her on being sent back in this manner to a country she had, even in more favourable circumstances, found rather monotonous. She decided, therefore, on Germany: she had been promised a kind reception there; and it pleased her to think she should be able to place the politeness of ancient dynasties in full contrast with the rude impertinence of that which was preparing to subjugate France. Alas! how often and bitterly did she regret giving way to this movement of self-love! Had she then returned to Geneva, she would have once more seen her father, a pleasure she never again enjoyed on earth. He was kindly anxious that she should go to Germany, and wrote cheerfully urging it, and reminding her of the harvest of new ideas she would bring back to him in the spring. Joseph Bonaparte gave her excellent letters of introduction for Berlin, and bade her adieu in a noble and touching manner; and she set off, accompanied by Benjamin Constant, who sacrificed the pleasures of Paris that he might bear her company. At Frankfort, she had a new trial. Her daughter, afterwards the Duchess de Broglie, then only five years old, fell dangerously ill. She knew nobody in that city, nor a word of the language; and the physician who attended the child had scarcely a word of French. Her father wrote to her every day, and copied with his own hand prescriptions and consultations with physicians; and the child recovered. Arrived at Weimar, her courage rose; she soon began to see, through the difficulties of the German language, the immense intellectual riches its literature contained. She learned to read German, and listened attentively to Goethe and Wieland, who, fortunately for her, both spoke French extremely well. She

MADAME DE STAEL HOLSTEIN.

comprehended the mind and genius of Schiller, in spite of the difficulty he felt in expressing himself in a foreign language. The society of the Duke and Duchess of Weimar pleased her exceedingly, and she passed three months there, during which the study of German literature gave her mind the full occupation it required, to prevent her from being devoured by her own feelings.

But the ease and repose of mind enjoyed by Madame de Staël, among these new interests, were of short duration. She left Weimar for Berlin, where she was graciously received and kindly treated by the king and queen of Prussia, and had not been many weeks there, before the news reached her of the Duke d'Enghien's barbarous murder. At first, she refused to give credence to the report. Bad as she had thought Bonaparte, and bitterly as she disliked him, she could not believe in the possibility of his committing such an atrocity. The consternation of M. Necker at this tyrannical act seemed to lay prostrate the remaining powers of a life already much enfeebled; and the last lines to his daughter, traced by his hand, were an outpouring of grief and indignation. In a very few days after this, she found a letter on her table announcing that her father was dangerously ill. He was dead, but they feared to tell her the truth at once; and she set off instantly, animated by the most intense desire to see him once again. Though informed of his death before leaving Germany, she could take no rest without going to the place where his remains lay. Her own description of this terrible crisis of her troubled life will shew, better than any words of ours could do, the wild poetry of her nature, and the true devotion of soul with which she regarded him who had been so emphatically her 'God upon earth!'

'When the real truth became known to me at Weimar, I was seized with a mingled sensation of inexpressible terror and despair: I felt that I was now without support in the world, and must henceforth rely entirely on myself for sustaining my soul against misfortune. Many objects of attachment still remained to me; but the sentiment of affectionate admiration which I felt for my father, exercised over me a sway with which no other could come in competition. Grief, which is the truest of prophets, predicted to me that I should never more be happy at heart as I had been whilst this large-hearted man watched over my fate; and not a single day since the month of April 1804 has passed in which I have not connected all my troubles with his loss. So long as my father lived, I suffered only from imagination; for in the affairs of real life, he always found means to be of service to me. After losing him, I came in direct communication with destiny. It is, nevertheless, to the hope that he is praying for me in heaven, that I am indebted for the fortitude I retain. It is not merely the affection of a daughter, but the most intimate knowledge of his character, which makes me affirm, that I have never seen human nature carried nearer to perfection than it was in his soul. \

MADAME DE STAEL HOLSTEIN.

should become mad with the idea that such a being could have ceased to exist. There was so much of immortality in his thoughts and feelings, that a hundred times when I have experienced emotions which elevate me above myself, I have felt convinced that I was still in immediate relation with him. . . . He was a truly great man—a man who, in no circumstances of his life, ever preferred the most important of his interests to the least of his duties; a man who was so good, that he could have dispensed with principles, and whose principles were so strict, that he might have dispensed with goodness.'

On her return to Switzerland after her father's death, her first desire was to seek some alleviation of her sorrow in giving to the world a faithful portrait of him she had lost, and in collecting the last traces of his thoughts; and in the autumn of 1804 she published his manuscripts, with a sketch of his public and private character. Soon after this, she went into Italy. Her health, much impaired by grief and misfortune, seemed to require that she should breathe the air of the south; and the beautiful sky of Naples, the recollections of antiquity, and the *chefs-d'œuvre* of art opened to her sources of enjoyment to which she had hitherto been a stranger. She returned from Italy in the summer of 1805, and passed a year at Coppet and Geneva, where some of her friends, and several intelligent and interesting Englishmen, were then residing; and it was during this time that she began to write *Corinne*.

This novel, the most popular of all Madame de Staël's works, might well be called 'Italy shewn by the hand of love.' Its object was twofold: to interweave with the incidents of a fictitious narrative whatever was to be found most worthy of attention in beautiful Italy; and to compare and contrast in the hero and heroine the northern and southern temperament and character: and surely never was the union of the true with the fictitious more skilfully effected, nor the extreme of civilised Europe, Great Britain and Italy, more powerfully contrasted. The plot of this highly original tale, besides being well known, is too complicated to be sketched in the few words possible to our limits. We refer those of our readers not already familiar with it, to the work itself, as one of the most interesting and affecting fictions in existence. It is a work of real genius, at once a poem and a revelation of the heart. Nothing can be more animated, lively, and even gay, than many of its scenes and descriptions; yet a thoughtful and tender melancholy is its prevailing sentiment, and scarcely a line seems to be written without deep emotion. It is supposed that Delphine was Madame de Staël herself—*Corinne*—the Muse of Italy—improvisatrice, musician, painter, and beautiful woman, was undoubtedly her ideal—what she would have wished to have been. In painting her, she probably wished to diminish the prejudices often entertained against great talents in women; and yet, in making her misfortunes spring from her genius and

MADAME DE STAEL HOLSTEIN.

enthusiasm, the idea expressed in Delphine again recurs—that a woman endowed with superior faculties who cannot confine herself to the path prescribed by public opinion, will, on deviating from it, soon fall a prey to the heaviest sorrows. There is no fault to the moral of this beautiful story. If *Corinne* be too impassioned and too fond of fame to suit her position as a woman, she affectingly confesses her errors; and the unhappiness she suffers in consequence of having been led too far by these human affections, is quite great enough, we should think, to satisfy the coldest and most conventional of censors. In her last fine improvisation, her farewell to Italy, she says :

‘I had my inspiration from the skies—  
From evervarying nature, and I deemed  
That even upon earth our hearts could find  
Celestial happiness, which only seemed  
An endless aspiration of our mind  
To noble thoughts—and constancy in love.

No! I repent me not, that generous fire  
Is not the cause that I have washed with tears  
The grave that waits for me. Ah! had my lyre  
Been tuned to sing the goodness that appears  
Throughout the universe—the power Divine,  
Mine would have been a higher destiny :  
The immortal gifts of Heaven had been mine.  
And thou, my God! thou wilt not turn from me  
The glory of thy face; the homage high  
Of poesy is due to thee alone—  
Thought only brings us unto thee more nigh.

Yes, in my prime,  
Had I but fixed my never-dying love  
On him alone—ah! had I only placed  
My youthful head on high—far, far above  
Affection’s reach—mine had not been the waste  
Of ruined hopes, nor mine the phantom-light  
That took the place of my chimeras bright.

Ah me! my glowing genius is no more!  
Or only felt in the unceasing flow  
Of my deep sorrow; yet my heart would pour  
One last farewell for thee, amidst my wo,  
My own dear country! Thou hast still a spell  
Over my being : once again, farewell !’

The success of *Corinne* was prodigious. The deep reading displayed in it; the ingenious criticisms in art and literature; the delicate observation of life and manners; the poetry, passion, and profound religious feeling; all combined by true genius into a romantic, yet lifelike whole, commanded every one’s interest and applause, and there was but one voice respecting it throughout lettered Europe. Madame de Saussure informs us, that her son, who happened to be in Edinburgh at the moment when, notwithstanding the war, a few copies of *Corinne* had reached it, wrote to tell Madame de Staël’s friends at Geneva of the inconceivable noise it made ‘in that enlightened city.’ ‘The whole body of society there,’ she says, ‘was electrified: metaphysicians, geologists, professors of every kind, stopped one another on the street to inquire how far they had got in its perusal. The picture of

#### MADAME DE STAËL HOLSTEIN.

English manners was judged perfectly faithful; and it was said, that some little country town, the name of which Madame de Staël had never heard in her life, was grievously offended, because it was supposed she had intended to turn it into ridicule.

Though there was nothing political in *Corinne*, the new literary popularity of its author highly exasperated Bonaparte against her. He was now Emperor, and intoxicated with power, he had no scruple in letting her know that her sentence of banishment was now stringently renewed. There was nothing, therefore, for Madame de Staël but to resign herself to it; and in 1807 she returned to Vienna, in order to collect materials for the great work she had long projected—a picture of Germany in regard to morals, literature, and philosophy.

It is impossible for us to give our readers any adequate idea of this stupendous effort of Madame de Staël's genius—the fruit of six years of patient examination, of careful and vigorous thinking. It is the most ambitious of all her works, and perhaps the most instructive. Those who are best acquainted with the vast intellectual development of Germany during the last seventy or eighty years, are alone able to appreciate its extraordinary merit. With the new language and society, a mode of seeing, feeling, and existing, entirely different from anything she had previously apprehended, seemed to be vividly revealed to her; and the number of new ideas she found in circulation among enlightened German thinkers, were eagerly seized on by her, and explained and illustrated with a beauty and originality of expression which gave them additional significancy, even to those who had first given them birth. It was like the purple and perfume which a deep and rich soil lends to the simple wayside violet. 'My daughter wants an initial word,' said M. Necker; and perhaps it was true; but this word was found by her everywhere and on all subjects, and her variations upon it generally contained finer harmonies and a grander and more significant music than the original theme. Sir James Mackintosh says of this work, that it is 'probably the most elaborate and masculine production of the faculties of woman;' and asks, 'what woman, indeed, or, we may add, how many men, could have preserved all the grace and brilliancy of Parisian society in analysing its nature—explained the most abstruse and metaphysical theories of Germany precisely, yet perspicuously and agreeably—and combined the eloquence which inspires exalted sentiments of virtue, with the enviable talent of gently indicating the defects of men or of nations, by the skilfully softened touches of a polite and merciful pleasantry!'

The fate of this work is well known. After it had gone through a rigid examination by censors, been passed by them, and 2000 copies of it printed, it was suppressed. On reading it, Bonaparte found its general spirit too inimical to despotic power, and gave orders that the whole impression should instantly be seized and burned, and its author banished entirely from France. One

#### MADAME DE STAEL HOLSTEIN.

passage in the minister of police's letter to Madame de Staël on the occasion, is too amusing not to be quoted. It throws light on the true reason of Bonaparte's rancour against her:—'You are not to seek for the cause of the order I have signified to you in the *silence* which you have observed with regard to the Emperor in your last work; *that would be a great mistake*. He could find no place there which was worthy of him. Your exile is a natural consequence of the line of conduct constantly pursued by you for several years past. It has appeared to me that *the air of this country did not at all agree with you*. We are not yet reduced to seek for models in the nations you admire.'

Those alone who are disposed to make light of all such persecutions as come short of chains and torture, will refuse their sympathy with Madame de Staël in what she suffered on this new act of tyranny. It was soon followed, however, by others which caused her far more poignant anguish than any merely personal suffering or contempt could have done. Persecution of herself was not enough—she must be wounded also in the objects of her affection. One after another of those who were dearest to her, were torn from her, and exiled from their country. M. Schlegel, one of the most distinguished literati of Germany, who had been her faithful friend, and the tutor of her two sons for eight years, was ordered to quit Geneva and Coppet; the excuse for which was, that some of his literary opinions were objectionable—in particular, that in a comparison he had lately made between the *Phædra* of Euripides and that of Racine, he had given the preference to the former! But the real cause was, that he was Madame de Staël's friend, and that his society and conversation animated her solitude. Next, her life-long friend, M. de Montmorenci, and the beautiful Madame Récamier, were both condemned to perpetual exile because they had gone to Coppet for only a few days to try to console her.

Our strict limits forbid us to do more than thus merely allude to the suffering of Madame de Staël during these years of Napoleon's great power, by far the most poignant part of which was in witnessing the contagion of unhappiness she diffused all around her. They oblige us, also, to pass entirely over many very interesting passages of her life—her escape into Russia, her gracious reception in that country, and her many interesting observations on its scenery, manners, and institutions; her stay in Sweden, and the publication there of her work on Suicide; her visit to England, where she was received with all the attention and respect due to her genius and political importance; and, finally, her return to France after the restoration of Louis XVIII., with the writing of her great works on the French Revolution, and *Ten Years of Exile*; which last was cut short by her death in 1817, at the age of fifty-one.

One important event of her life, however, must not be so quickly dismissed. It is that of her second marriage, in 1811, to M. Rocca, a handsome young French officer. It will be no subject of

wonder that this union was, at the time, widely censured; and if we are to think only of Madame de Staël as rich, highly distinguished, and forty-five years of age, while her bridegroom was poor, handsome, and scarcely thirty, it seems difficult to banish the idea of its having originated on her side—in a weak, foolish, *engouement* for his youth and good looks, with perhaps a still more discreditable motive on his. Madame de N. Saussure assures us, however, that this is far from being the true view of the case; that a romantic attachment had long been entertained by M. Rocca for her, before the idea had entered into her mind of loving him; and her account of the whole affair is so interesting, and at the same time so candid, that we cannot refrain from quoting it entire.

‘A young man, of good family, inspired a great deal of interest at Geneva by what was said of his eminent courage, and by the contrast between his age and his tottering walk, his paleness, and the state of weakness to which he was reduced. Some wounds received in Spain, the effects of which ultimately proved mortal, had brought him to the gates of death, and he remained ill and suffering. A compassionate word or two addressed to the unfortunate man by Madame de Staël had a prodigious effect on him. There was something celestial in her tone of voice. Madame de Tessé once said: “If I were a queen, I would have Madame de Staël to talk to me always.” This ravishing music renewed the existence of the young man; his head and heart were fired; he set no bounds to his wishes, and immediately formed the greatest projects. “I will love her so,” he said to one of his friends at an early period, “that she will at length marry me”—a singular expression, which might have been inspired by various motives, but to which the most uninterrupted devotedness and enthusiasm oblige us to give a favourable interpretation.

‘These high pretensions were seconded by circumstances. Madame de Staël was extremely unhappy, and weary of being so. Her highly elastic mind had a tendency to rise again, and required but one hope. Thus, at the moment when the bonds of her captivity were drawing more and more close, and gloomy clouds from all quarters were gathering over her head, a new day came to break upon her, and the dream of her whole life, matrimonial love, seemed capable of being realised for her. What such a union was in her eyes, is well known. That pleasantries of hers which have been quoted—“I will oblige my daughter to marry for love”—expressed a serious opinion. The idea of forming such a tie herself, had never during the ten years of her widowhood been altogether a stranger to her mind. In speaking of the asylum which she hoped one day to find in England, she has sometimes said: “I feel a want of tenderness, of happiness, and of support; and if I find there a noble character, I am willing to make a sacrifice of my liberty.” This noble character was found on a sudden close by her. No doubt, she might have made a more

MADAME DE STAËL HOLSTEIN.

suitable choice; but the inconvenience of love-matches is—that they do not originate from choice.

‘It is certain, however, that this union rendered her happy. She had formed a just opinion of the noble mind of M. Rocca; she found in him extreme tenderness, constant admiration, chivalrous sentiments, and, what always pleased Madame de Staël, language naturally poetic, imagination, even talents—as some of his writings shew—graceful pleasantry, a sort of irregular and unexpected wit, which stimulated hers, and gave her life the zest of variety. To these were added a profound pity on her part for the sufferings he endured, and apprehensions continually reviving that kept alive her emotions and enchained her thoughts.

‘She would have done better, no doubt, had she avowed this marriage; but a degree of timidity, from which the sort of courage she possessed did not emancipate her, and her attachment to the name she had rendered illustrious, having restrained her, her ideas were wholly employed in parrying the difficulties of her situation. Must we say that it would have been better for her not to have placed herself in that situation? Must we say that Madame de Staël is not to be set up as an example in every point? To this, she herself would willingly have assented; this she has said to her children, and this she has insinuated in her writings, as much as a proud mind conscious of its own greatness would permit.’

Had our space permitted it, we should like to have given a series of passages selected from Madame de Staël’s various works, as illustrative of the vigour and eloquence with which she expresses herself on every subject she handles. A few sentences must, however, suffice, and we quote first her amusing French version of the golden rule of ‘doing as you would be done by:’—

‘The French always talk lightly of their misfortunes for fear of boring their friends. They easily divine the weariness they may excite by what they are capable of feeling, and they gracefully take the *pas* in seeming careless about their own fate, that they may not be shewn the example. The desire of appearing agreeable suggests a gay expression of countenance, whatever the inward disposition of the soul may be; the physiognomy by degrees influences the feelings; and the effort made to please others, soon excites in one’s self something of the pleasure. A witty lady has said that Paris is, of all the world, the place where one can best dispense with being happy. It is in this view that it suits the poor human race so well.’

CONVERSATION EMPHATICALLY AN ART.—‘To succeed in conversation, we must possess the tact of perceiving clearly and at every instant the impression made on those with whom we converse; that which they would fain conceal, as well as that which they would willingly exaggerate—the inward satisfaction of some, the forced smile of others. We must be able to note and to arrest half-formed censures as they pass over the countenances of the listeners, by hastening to dissipate them before self-love

MADAME DE STAEL HOLSTEIN.

be engaged against us. There is no arena in which vanity displays itself under such a variety of forms as in conversation.'—*L'Allemagne*.

THE FALSE POSITION OF DISTINGUISHED WOMEN.—'The aspect of ill-will makes women tremble, however distinguished they may be. Courageous in misfortune, they are timid against enmity. Thought exalts them, yet their character remains feeble and timid. Most of the women in whom the possession of high faculties has awakened the desire of fame, are like Erminia in her warlike accoutrements. The warriors see the casque, the lance, the shining plume; they expect to meet force, they attack with violence, and with the first stroke reach the heart.'—*Sur la Littérature*.

We despair of ever seeing a perfectly satisfactory analysis of the character of Madame de Staël. To portray to the life her gigantic lineaments; to fathom to their full depth those wonderful faculties, in their infinitely varied combinations, would seem to require the pencil or plummet-line of a genius as brilliant and comprehensive as her own. We need scarcely say, we make no pretensions to so difficult a task. We claim indulgence for venturing even to offer a few simple and obvious traits of her; and we do so, in all humility, and with the perfect conviction of their feebleness and inadequacy.

Madame de Staël's life was a phenomenon. Never before were genius and the woman, strength and weakness, energy and sensibility, so closely united as they were in her. With the most masculine of intellects, she never forgot she was a woman—nor, in her most vehement desire for fame and glory, for a moment supposed that happiness could be found out of the sphere of the affections. Her greatness and her unhappiness seemed to spring from the same source—a constant movement of the soul and heart, which, while it elevated her far above those around her, yet demanded from them sympathy and love as its necessary food. An overstimulated youth acting on a temperament naturally ardent and impassioned, had probably aggravated these tendencies to a morbid extent; for in the very prime of her life, and strength of her intellect, it would have seemed to her almost as impossible to dispense with the luxury of deep and strong emotions, as with the air which sustained her existence. And if this necessity of her nature often assisted her in acting greatly in great emergencies—in resisting tyranny, or in making sacrifices to noble opinions; it was no less powerful in suggesting that dread of ennui, that terror for the stagnation of existence which haunted her happiest moments, and made her exile seem doubly dreadful. Many of Madame de Staël's tastes were tinged by this necessity of excitement. She could better endure great defects of character in people, than merely negative virtues—*brusquerie* than apathy, oddity than mediocrity. Like Goethe, she had rather that people had the vigour to commit some absurdity, than be always timorously

MADAME DE STAËL HOLSTEIN.

correct and shallowly wise. Indifference even of manner displeased and wearied her. 'How can he expect me to attend to him,' she would say, 'when he does not take the trouble to attend to himself;' and she said one day of an egotist and caviller: 'That man talks only of himself; but he does not tire me, because I am certain that at least he feels interested in his subject.'

Though Madame de Staël's devotion to her father may be said to have been somewhat inordinate, her affection for her children was always restrained within the bounds of reason and discretion. She was a tender and affectionate mother, without being either blind to their faults or injuriously indulgent to them. 'Passionate effusions,' she truly said, 'are not valued by children; kindness and equity suit them better.' With her usual clear-sightedness, she disapproved of that oversolicitous care and devotion of parents to children which is one of the crying evils of the present system of upbringing, and pointed out the danger 'that little creatures who see everything giving way to their convenience, will be apt to become vain and selfish in consequence.' Without going to the other extreme, and treating them 'to a little wholesome neglect,' she kept her eye on their individual peculiarities of temper and disposition, treated them without artifice or deception, exercised a moderate authority over them, and expressed her will with a mild decision. Literary fame was not the first object of Madame de Staël's life. Her writings had generally a definite purpose of usefulness and instruction for others; but she often both wrote and spoke simply out of that abundance of ideas that were constantly pressing upon her, and which so readily found graceful and eloquent expression. Whatever subject presented itself, she seized it, rapidly examined it from every point of view, and set it forth on the stage with equal liveliness and perspicuity.

Though educated in the strict principles of Calvinism, she was at no period of her life either sectarian or bigot. The simple form of worship in the exercise of which she had joined with her parents, was always sacred to her imagination; and had there been no better reason for her adherence to it than its being associated with them, this would have been sufficient to prevent her from being led away by the more splendid surroundings and lofty pretensions of popery. In theology, as in everything else, she was persuasive rather than dogmatic. Through every year of her life, she became more and more convinced of the sublime truths of Christianity, as well as of its perfect suitability to the nature of man; but she contented herself by testifying in favour of the religion she professed, rather than in reasoning systematically upon it. As Madame de Saussure finely remarks: 'Such a genius as hers, and so directed, is the only missionary who could possibly succeed in doing permanent good to a world like the present—to the vain, the learned, the argumentative, and the scornful, who stone the prophets, while they affect to offer incense to the Muses!'

In correctly estimating Madame de Staël's intellectual attain-

MADAME DE STARL HOLSTEIN.

ments, we must look less at the completeness and perfection of any single achievement, than at the extraordinary variety and difficulty of the subjects on which she has discoursed. Many even among her own sex may be said to rank higher than she does in some one particular line—in finishing to the last fine touch an individual portrait, scene, or phase of life and manners—in delicately pointing a moral or in illustrating a useful and important truth. But how few *men* are there who, like her, have ranged fearlessly over the whole field of human inquiry—literature, politics, morals, religion, and philosophy—have seized on, and patiently traced out, the fine and almost imperceptible filaments which interweave and bind all these firmly together—have discussed with candour the most subtle questions connected with each, and been able with the unerring tact of genius, to throw some rays of new light upon them all!





## THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

**T**HE opinion that poetry has ceased to occupy the prominent place in the modern literature of Great Britain, which was obtained for it by the writers of the age immediately preceding our own, has now become very general. It is even supposed by some—erroneously, as we conceive—that the tendencies of our time are inimical to the free outgoings of imagination, and that henceforth the poetic must give place to the strictly practical in the operations of the intellect. It would be difficult to imagine any period in the history of a people in which the mission of the poet was no longer to be recognised, or in which the materials of poetry could no longer be found. So long as the mind of man is constituted as it has been since the beginning of the world, so long as it has faculties that tend to poetry, and are incomplete in their development without it in one form or another, such an objection as the one we have stated can

#### THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

scarcely be considered worthy of being refuted. It must be admitted, that in the age in which we live, no poet has risen to the altitude attained by some of his predecessors. This is perhaps the necessary consequence of that eminence having been previously attained. The taste, the faculty by which poetry is estimated as well as felt, has been thereby elevated; and much higher efforts are now necessary to reach the standard which that taste has set up, than were required fifty years ago. That the present, like all preceding ages, is a poetical one, will be best shewn by a reference to what it has produced; and it is therefore our object, in a brief and general review of the works of living British poets, to shew that they possess all the elements which are necessary for the cultivation of that sense of the beautiful in which consists our love of poetry. With that end in view, we need not stay to add another to the many attempts which have been made to define what poetry is. We cannot always explain, even to ourselves, the things we feel; and in connection with a subject which appeals so slightly to the reasoning faculty, and which admits of such full and forcible illustration, we deem it best to proceed upon the inference, that our readers can easily appreciate that combination of imagination and passion which constitutes a true poem. It is necessary, however, to state at the out-set, that our observations and illustrations must be confined to the poets of the present generation. A survey, which would embrace the poetical literature of the last half century, or even the last thirty years, would include works which are now familiar to almost every reader; and our object is chiefly to deal with such as are comparatively little known. We cannot even extend our remarks to all the living poets, inasmuch as some of those who were the contemporaries of Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Southey, and the writers of the last generation, still survive, and claim, in some measure, to be classed with those of the present. Strictly speaking, however, they exist only in their personality, and, as poets, must be ranked with those of the past. It will be more in accordance with our purpose, then, to limit our application of the subject before us to those who may be regarded as the rising poets of the days in which we live, or who have yet to attain to that popularity which belongs to the works of some of their immediate predecessors. If we include in this class a poet so well known as ALFRED TENNYSON, it must be to place him at the head of it. A writer not only of acknowledged genius, but of acknowledged power, Tennyson may be said to represent the highest poetical tendencies of the age. Varied as is his style, from a marked simplicity equal to that of Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads*, to a mystical romance, akin to the more obscure passages of Shelley, or the wilder ones of Coleridge, a unity of spirit pervades all his writings. His excellence is many-sided; his poetry is that of a largely receptive mind, not less than that of a deep and expansive sympathy. Subjective in the highest degree, it depends for its interest on a certain approximation on the part of

THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

the reader to the poet's condition of soul, more than that of any of his contemporaries. Hence it is probable that many of his lyrics will have not only a higher significance to some minds than to others, but will afford that gratification which a direct appeal to our own consciousness almost always yields. On the other hand, there are beauties in them which depend on no such peculiarities for their effect, but are beauties, from their possessing all the charms which elevated feeling, luxurious imagery, and exquisite music, combine to give them. *The Day Dream, The Palace of Art, Locksley Hall, The Talking Oak, and The Dream of Fair Women*, contain many of these; in proof of which, we shall extract a few verses from the last-mentioned poem, a work abounding in rich and subtle fancies:—

Those far-renowned brides of ancient song  
Peopled the hollow dark, like burning stars;  
And I heard sounds of insult, shame, and wrong,  
And trumpets blown for wars.

At length I saw a lady within call,  
Stillier than chiseled marble, standing there—  
A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,  
And most divinely fair.

Her loveliness, with shame and with surprise  
Froze my swift speech; she turning on my face  
The starlike sorrows of immortal eyes,  
Spoke slowly in her place:

'I had great beauty—ask thou not my name;  
No one can be more wise than destiny.  
Many drew swords, and died. Where'er I came  
I brought calamity.'

Wandering onward from this, the beauteous author of the siege of Troy, the poet encounters, each by each, the renowned women of the ancient world: Cleopatra—

A queen with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,  
Brow bound with burning gold;

and Rosamond with her 'low voice full of care;' Iphigenia by his side 'to her full height her stately stature draws;' and crossing his visionary path came

Her who knew that Love can vanquish Death,  
Who kneeling, with one arm around her king,  
Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath,  
Sweet as new buds in spring;

and singing

Clearer than the crested bird  
That claps his wings at dawn,

THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

comes the daughter of the warrior Gileadite. She sings :

‘ It comforts me in this one thought to dwell,  
That I subdued me to my father’s will ;  
Because the kiss he gave me ere I fell  
Sweetens the spirit still.

‘ Moreover, it is written that my race  
Hewed Ammon hip and thigh from Aroer  
On Arnon unto Minnith.’ Here her face  
Glowed as I looked at her.

She locked her lips ; she left me where I stood,  
‘ Glory to God,’ she sang, and passed afar,  
Thridding the sombre boskage of the wood  
Toward the morning-star.

The music of Tennyson’s verse may almost be said to suffice, in some cases, for our sense of the beautiful. It steals across the spirit like the first faint tones of the Æolian lyre, leaving its cadence only. Thus, in the three irregular, but most musical verses, entitled *Claribel*, the chief charm is that which melody exercises, or, rather, which proceeds from the exquisite adaptation of language to the tone :—

Where Claribel low lieth,  
The breezes pause and die,  
Letting the rose-leaves fall ;  
But the solemn oak-tree sigheth  
Thick-leaved, ambrosial  
With an ancient melody  
Of an inward agony  
Where Claribel low lieth.

And again in *The May Queen*—a poem of touching tenderness, one of the poet’s most truthful and complete productions—we have the same exquisite sense of music, though the cadence is of a livelier character :—

You must wake and call me early—call me early, mother dear ;  
To-morrow ’ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year—  
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest, the merriest day,  
For I’m to be Queen of the May, mother—I’m to be Queen of the  
May.

The reader of the poet’s works will find this same melody and deep-toned music, though of a wilder measure, in the powerful ballad of *Oriana*, and, indeed, in almost all his finer lyrics. We turn, however, to notice another characteristic of his genius—namely, his power of elaborate, and yet exquisitely light and graceful description. Akin to the inventory which *Shakespeare* makes of the chamber of Lucrece, or to that most artistic of all

#### THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

the poems of John Keats, *The Eve of St Agnes*, is Tennyson's picture of the Sleeping Beauty, in his poem entitled *The Day Dream*—a poem founded on the old Eastern tale of the enchanted palace, the inmates of which could only be disenthralled by the advent of the adventurous lover who should wake the princess from her charmed sleep with a kiss. Here is the picture of the lady in her enchanted slumber :—

Year after year unto her feet,  
She lying on her couch alone,  
Across the purple coverlet  
The maiden's jet black hair has grown,  
On either side her tranced form  
Forth streaming from a braid of pearl ;  
The slumbrous light is rich and warm,  
And moves not on the rounded curl.

The silk star-broidered coverlid  
Unto her limbs itself doth mould  
Languidly ever ; and amid  
Her full black ringlets downward rolled,  
Glow forth each softly rounded arm  
With bracelets of the diamond bright ;  
Her constant beauty doth inform  
Stillness with love and day with light.

She sleeps : her breathings are not heard  
In palace chambers far apart ;  
The fragrant tresses are not stirred  
That lie upon her charmed heart.  
She sleeps : on either side upswells  
The gold fringed pillow lightly prest ;  
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells  
A perfect form in perfect rest.

These lines are unsurpassed for their fancifully graphic power by anything which Tennyson has written. In his *Morte d'Arthur*—a far higher effort of the imagination—there are passages of still and lonely grandeur, which contain pictures of a broader outline ; in *Dora*—a simple and beautiful poem—there are more homely ones ; and from *The Princess*, many pages might be quoted illustrative of the same graces of fancy ; but in none of these do we find a greater luxuriousness and warmth. Tennyson's descriptive writing differs from what is usually styled descriptive poetry, in the success with which general features are brought out, rather than in minute accuracy of detail. His pictures are fresh and sunny as those of a Ruysdaal ; or they contain, in a few vivid images, a completeness which fills the imagination with the landscape, and displays it to the mind's eye in all its suggestive beauty. We may illustrate this by two extracts—the one affording a fine glimpse of rural

THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

peacefulness, and the other a wild Salvator Rosa-like picture, given in a few bold broad strokes. The first is from *The Gardener's Daughter* :—

Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite  
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.  
News from the humming city comes to it  
In sound of funeral or marriage bells ;  
And sitting, muffled in dark leaves, you hear  
The windy clanging of the minster-clock ;  
Although between it and the garden lies  
A league of grass, washed by a slow broad stream,  
That, stirred with languid pulses of the oar,  
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on  
Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge  
Crowned with the minster towers.

The fields between  
Are dewy fresh, browsed by deep-uttered kine ;  
And all about the large lime feathers low  
The lime a summer-home of murmurous wings.  
\* \* \* From the woods  
Came voices of the well-contented doves.  
The lark could scarce get out his notes for joy,  
But shook his song together as he neared  
His happy home, the ground. To left and right  
The cuckoo told his name to all the hills.

The other is from *In Memoriam*, and is an effort of greater power :—

To-night the winds began to rise,  
And roar from yonder dropping day ;  
The last red leaf is whirled away,  
The rooks are blown about the skies.

The forest cracked, the waters curled,  
The cattle huddled on the lea ;  
And, wildly dashed on tower and tree,  
The sunbeam strikes along the world.

The series of elegiac poems from which the above lines are taken, were obviously written at intervals during a period extending over several years. They were immediately suggested by the early death of the son of Mr Hallam, the historian, a dear friend of the poet ; but their scope and interest are as wide and varied as the thoughts and feelings arising from the writer's contemplation of the great elementary truths of life. Taken as a whole, and considered in relation to the process of mental discipline unfolded, or the progressive stages of feeling through which it brings us, *In Memoriam* is Tennyson's greatest work. More sustained and congruous than *The Princess*—a poem which he gave to the world a few years previous—it displays far higher artistic power, and

THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

contains deeper and more profound truths, while the feeling throughout is dignified, though strongly expressed. In its strict elegiac character, there is perhaps a little too much of that which appeals to the intellect rather than the feelings; but the effects of sorrow, from doubt, and gloom, and despair, up to hope and peace, and the assurance of immortality, are illustrated by beautiful imagery and touches of the purest tenderness. There are few finer things in modern poetry than this calm and pathetic suggestion of death—the death of him whom the poet mourns in the harmony of sorrow :—

The path by which we twain did go,  
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,  
Through four sweet years arose and fell  
From flower to flower, from snow to snow ;

And we with singing cheered the way,  
And crowned with all the season lent,  
From April on to April went,  
And glad of heart, from May to May.

But where the path we walked began  
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,  
As we descended following Hope,  
There sat the Shadow feared of man—

Who broke our fair companionship,  
And spread his mantle dark and cold,  
And wrapped thee formless in the fold,  
And dulled the murmur on thy lip—

And bore thee where I could not see  
Nor follow, though I walk in haste,  
And think that somewhere in the waste  
The Shadow sits and waits for me.

From this contemplation of his loss, the poet rises into a higher region of emotion, and even makes his sorrow minister to his faith :—

I envy not in any moods  
The captive void of noble rage,  
The linnet born within the cage,  
That never knew the summer woods.

I hold it true whate'er befall—  
I feel it when I sorrow most—  
'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all.

It will be seen, we think, from the brief extracts we have given, that the poetry of Alfred Tennyson is eminently of a subjective

## THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

kind—it belongs to the highest class of subjective writing, and is as remarkable in many cases for what it suggests as for what it expresses. It is the product of a fine genius, not such, so far as we can judge, as is fitted to give to the world works of sustained greatness, but certainly capable of leaving to it a rich legacy of high poetic thought in a form more artistic than that to which any modern writer has attained.

Far removed from Tennyson in almost all the characteristics of his mind, stands PHILIP JAMES BAILEY, the author of *Festus* and *The Angel World*, with whom poetry is a possessing passion rather than a gift—a frenzy, now lifting the subject of it to heights of sublime contemplation, and inspiring him with impulses ‘such as dodge conception to the very bourne of thought,’ and now dragging him down to the ridiculous, the inconsistent, and the unintelligible. As the work of a young man, *Festus* must certainly be considered one of the most remarkable productions in modern poetry. Apart altogether from its metaphysical crudeness, its wild, irregular, and often altogether absurd speculations, its lack of artistic consistency and arrangement—all the natural products of inexperienced, half-formed opinions, and an imperfect self-consciousness—there are passages in it indicative of an imaginative power rarely surpassed, an extraordinary wealth of fancy, and a daring, reckless pursuit of poetic conceptions, which render it quite unique in modern literature. The main current of the story, so to speak, has evidently been suggested by Goethe’s *Faust*; but episodic streams branch off from it again and again, bewildering the reader, who endeavours to obtain some distinct idea of a plot, and compelling him in many cases to resign himself to the impetuous whirl of the poet’s thick-coming fancies, and to dash onward with him, now through a profusion of the richest and rarest flowers of poetic diction, and now over a perfect wilderness of metrical irregularities and disjointed thoughts. Nothing but the broad and unmistakable marks of high genius in detached passages, could ever, we think, reconcile a reader of taste to this wild poem. And yet there is a fascination in its wildness—the fascination of power triumphing over the impression which its own errors make—that cannot but exercise an influence on the imagination strong enough to give it an absorbing interest. This is not the result of success in characterisation, and certainly it does not arise from an artistic unity either of spirit or design; it is the effect of the charm exercised by the materials of the poem, if we may so speak. These are of the most extraordinary kind. In one page we find commonplace distorted into the most grotesque forms, and blown out to all the fulness of bathos; in the next, we find such things as the following:—

Poets are all who love—who feel great truths,  
And tell them; and the truth of truths is love.  
Sons of the sons of God, who in olden days

THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Did leave their passionless heaven, for earth and woman,  
And like a rainbow clasping the sweet earth,  
And melting in the covenant of love,  
Left here a bright precipitate of soul  
Which lives for ever through the lives of men ;  
Who make their very follies like their souls,  
And like the young moon with a ragged edge,  
Still in their imperfection beautiful.  
Men whom we build our love round like an arch  
Of triumph, as they pass us on their way  
To glory and to immortality.  
Men whose great thoughts possess us like a passion  
Through every limb and the whole heart, whose words  
Haunt us as eagles haunt the mountain air.  
Men who walk up to Fame as to a friend.

It is impossible not to recognise in this the fire and force of genius ; and the poem abounds with such lines. There are others of daring strength which approach the very verge of the profane. Such passages as the following manifest the wild power which marks so many pages of *Festus*, redeeming the crude and abortive conceptions with which they are mingled :—

Oh ! I have dreamed a dream so beautiful !  
Methought I lay as it were here ; and, lo !  
A spirit came and gave me wings of light,  
Which thrice I waved delighted. Up we flew  
Past those bright diademed orbs which shew to men  
Their crowns to come—up through the starry strings  
Of that high harp close by the feet of God.  
The wild world halted—shook his burning mane,  
Then like a fresh-blown trumpet-blast went on—  
Past even the last long starless void to God.

In shorter passages, even in single lines, there are gems struck out as if by one stroke of the poet's genius, each of rare lustre ; thus—

The last high upward slant of sun on the trees,  
Like a dead soldier's sword upon his pall.  
Friendship hath passed me like a ship at sea.

At each glance of her sweet eyes, a soul  
Looked forth as from the azure gates of heaven.  
The startled shrink, the faintest blossom blush  
Of constancy alarmed.

Between the two extremes  
Of earth and heaven there lies a mediate state,  
A pause between the lightning lapse of life  
And following thunders of eternity.

In each of these brief extracts the imagery is of the highest, and

# THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

rarest kind—striking in its originality, and pure as it is striking. The pages of *Festus* are strewed with such gems of poetry as these, often beautifying long wastes of transcendental absurdity.

In his second poem, *The Angel World*, Bailey has scarcely realised the expectations founded upon the undoubted power which marks so many pages of the first. The beauties and defects are mingled in the same almost inextricable confusion; but there are fewer of both. The poem is of an allegorical character, and there are many fine conceptions in it; the imagination is more disciplined, and the sentiments generally less *outré*; a certain artistic plan seems to pervade it too; but as a whole, it does not give the impression of power which we obtain from *Festus*, with all its errors and irregularities. It abounds with passages of singular excellence, however; and in single lines we frequently have an image of more than ordinary beauty. Thus he describes the angels about to set out on a mission of love and divine beneficence—

Uprising then  
As 'twere a constellation, suddenly  
Seven of those gracious angels pressed around,  
Eager for friendly escort.

They leave 'the halls of heaven,' and, crossing the stream of life,  
'rear on its further shore a tower of light.'

Placed the foundation-stone, now one by one  
Masses of dazzling adamant which starred  
The shining shore, like flowers that fringe the banks  
Of woodland brook, they pile up altarwise.  
A sheaf of lightning on the head they place,  
Which with the skies innate communion held  
And burned in correspondence. Thus was all  
With the pure blessing of perfection crowned.

In lines of strength and beauty, *The Angel World* is scarcely less abundant than *Festus*. Let the following suffice as specimens of the originality which pervades them:—

The jubilant song swelled circling through the courts  
Of everlasting joy like a round wave.

\* \* \* \* \*  
And Wisdom passed among them like a thought  
Among a gladsome circle.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Morn, like a maiden gazing on her pearls,  
Streamed o'er the early dew.

The poem from which we take these fine lines is less known than it ought to be. Had *Festus* not preceded it, there cannot be a doubt that its excellences would have been more generally appreciated. That its author is destined to take a high place in English literature, when he has become fully conscious of his mistakes

#### THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

and his strength, we do not doubt; and we cannot but believe that ere long he will be enabled to surmount the obstacles which injudicious criticism has placed in his path, and accomplish something worthy of the genius which took its first flight so boldly.

Mr ROBERT BROWNING is another poet who has scarcely yet fulfilled his early promise. *Paracelsus*, his first work, evinced a maturity of mind such as is seldom manifested by a young writer, and proclaimed him a deep and sound thinker, not less than a poet, with a wide range of imagination. In some of the things he has since published, obscurities and conceits have frequently marred the effect of the beauties with which they are combined. At the present stage of his progress, he claims attention mainly as a dramatic writer. He seems almost unconsciously to cast everything he writes into the dramatic mould; he seldom attempts the descriptive, or if so, it is in the person of one of his characters. Three of his compositions—namely, *Colombe's Birthday*, *The Blot on the Scutcheon*, and *The Return of the Druses*—have much of the ordinary features of the regular drama; but his others—*Paracelsus*, *Pippa Passes*, *A Soul's Tragedy*, and *King Victor and King Charles*—may be regarded as simply embodiments of his abstract conceptions of human nature in creatures of his own imagination. All of them abound with peculiarities: it will be seen that even the titles of some of them are peculiar; but the chief feature of Mr Browning's genius, is the striking combination of the imaginative with the reasoning faculty in his productions. Each of them has a moral purpose more or less clearly defined throughout. Thus *Paracelsus* may be called a study of a highly gifted mind in its temptations, its struggles, its self-imposed misery, and its ultimate attainment of rest in goodness. The scope of the poem is to shew that neither knowledge nor love is sufficient of itself for the work of this world, and that he who aspires to know, must also learn to love. *The Soul's Tragedy*, again, has for its aim the illustration of the false generosity which springs from vanity, as distinguished from that which has its source in true benevolence; while *Pippa Passes*, a work replete with pathos as well as power, shews us conscious innocence passing untainted through the mazes of sin and folly. Among the shorter poems, which Mr Browning very properly calls *Dramatic Lyrics*, a humorous piece, entitled *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, and a more elaborate one on the madness of Saul, are chiefly noticeable. *How they carried the News from Ghent to Aix*, and one or two pieces called *Cavalier Times*, are admirable specimens of free, bold, dashing ballad melody. We give two verses from one of the latter, merely as an illustration of Mr Browning's felicity in versification:—

Kentish Sir Byng stood for his king,  
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing;  
And pressing a troop, unable to stoop,  
And see the rogues flourish while honest folks droop.

#### THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Marched them along, fifty score strong,  
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song :  
' God for King Charles ! Pym and such carles  
To the devil that prompts 'em such treasonous parles.  
Cavaliers, up ! Lips from the cup !  
Hands from the pasty ! nor bite take, nor sup,  
'Till you 're marching along fifty score strong,  
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.'

Mr Browning's latest poem, *Christmas Eve and Easter Day*, is altogether a singular production, and we shall not attempt to give any idea of it. There are many parts of it very obscure; and, as a whole, it is perhaps the least favourable illustration of his predilection for employing poetical expression as the medium of conveying abstract speculation. Poetry is, as it were, forcibly associated with metaphysical analysis, and obscurity is the result. Mr Browning will require to get rid of the tendency to indulge in this ere he can ever hope to become popular. To cultivated minds, his works present many rare excellences. Amid a good deal that is crude in his philosophy, and fantastic in poetical construction, there are vivid imaginative pictures, pure and deep streams of feeling, a playfulness of fancy, and, above all, an integrity of purpose in his writings, quite sufficient to give them vitality.

Foremost among those who have earned a literary reputation of some eminence by a refined taste, and what may be termed the graces of poetry, rather than by power or marked individuality, RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES claims some attention, and deserves to be better known than he is. Were it consistent with the design of this paper, or possible within the limits assigned to it, to trace the influence of Wordsworth's genius in the writings of the living poets, we know of none whom we could more readily select as an illustration of the effects which that influence has produced than Mr Milnes, whose poetry, as a whole, might have been classed by the author of *The Excursion* under the head of 'sentiment and reflection.' Repose and intellectual calm characterise it; and nothing could be further removed from it than the enchanted reverie of Tennyson on the one hand, and the passionate rhapsody of Bailey on the other. The almost total lack of constructive power or dramatic force in Mr Milnes's *Palm Leaves* and *Poems of Many Years*, separates them to some extent from the works of his contemporaries. But while the warmth of poetic genius is wanting, its expansive sympathy and keen sensibilities are sufficiently apparent. Hence his themes have almost all a directly reflective character, or are of a kind to affect the ordinary range of feeling.

The Rev. Mr KEBLE, and RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, professor in the university of London, may be said to occupy a position on a level with that of Mr Monckton Milnes. Keble's poetry is

#### THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

chiefly of a religious character, and is not likely ever to be popular. Professor Trench is a writer of much more originality. Though to some extent a mannerist, his excellences are very marked. Profound and intellectual as much of his poetry is, there is still a simplicity and an earnestness about it which never fails to satisfy, though it may not excite. *The Banished Kings*, and *Poems from Eastern Sources*, particularly the latter, contain many fine thoughts expressed in purity of language; and, indeed, almost all that he has written is characterised by a refined and elevated taste. Professor Trench may be said, however, to write for the few who can appreciate the intellectual element of poetry, rather than for ordinary minds and common sympathies; and hence his works are comparatively little known. Of late years, he has forsaken the domain of poetry, and applied the resources of an acute and highly philosophical mind to studies more directly connected with his vocation as a teacher, infusing into these, however, much of that clear sunshine of fancy which lights up his poetry.

While the three writers last mentioned have undoubtedly been strongly influenced by the genius of Wordsworth, the theory of poetical composition announced in the preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*, and so far illustrated by them, has produced a totally different result on another order of minds. The moral and reflective tone of Wordsworth has called forth a number of lyrical effusions, so deeply imbued with his spirit as to be in some cases merely the echo of his own thoughts; but his belief that the incidents and characters of common life were capable, even when reproduced in the most simple language and least ornate style, of awakening the emotions which poetry is designed to affect, has led to a conviction that the development of abstract truths do not limit the range of fancy; nay, that even political truths may very appropriately furnish themes for the poet. This expansion, for such we consider it, of the Wordsworthian theory, forms the basis of a large portion of such writings as those of Dr CHARLES MACKAY, or at least of his lyrics; for his *Salumandrine* and *Egeria* are of the purely fanciful order, and have as little to do with the practical as the *Undine* of La Motte Fouqué, to which the first of these two poems is in some essential particulars very much akin. Dr Mackay's earliest poem, *The Hope of the World*, evinced abilities which promised to add some notable things to our modern poetical literature; and the promise was not belied by *The Salamandrine*, a spirited and tasteful rendering of the fabled union of a semi-human nature with a denizen of our lower world. A sparkling and exuberant fancy, combined with much delicacy and tenderness, distinguish this poem. Amethysta, the heroine, is one of the sweetest and most beautiful conceptions in modern fiction, and the story has an originality which entitles it to be classed among the best of such compositions. In a subsequent volume, *Legends of the Isles*, Dr Mackay manifested a capacity for a still more vigorous style of composition; but it is through his *Voices from the Crowd*, Voices

## THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

from the *Mountains*, and *Town Lyrics*, that he is most generally known. In these little volumes, amid a good deal that is overstrained and somewhat bombastic, there are fresh fancies, and earnestness of purpose which entitle their author to high commendation. They may be said to constitute the poetry of progress, according to the ordinary acceptation of that term; for the prevailing spirit of them manifests itself in aspirations after freedom and the elevation of the masses of mankind. The well-known lyric, entitled *The Good Time Coming*, is a fair illustration of this, though hardly a poetical expression of the prominent idea running through the three little volumes. In a few lines designed to combat the opinion that science is antagonistic to poetry, that idea is brought out much more forcibly in far higher poetry. Dr Mackay pushes his argument so far as even to make the locomotive his Pegasus, contending warmly for the poetry of the railway and the giant Steam.

Blessings on Science ! When the earth seemed old,  
When Faith grew doting, and the Reason cold,  
'Twas she discovered that the world was young,  
And taught a language to its lisping tongue ;  
'Twas she disclosed a future to its view,  
And made old knowledge pale before the new.

Blessings on Science ! In her dawning hour,  
Faith knit her brow, alarmed for ancient power,  
Then looked again upon her face sincere,  
Held out her hand, and hailed her sister dear ;  
And Reason, free as eagle on the wind,  
Swooped o'er the fallow meadows of the mind,  
And, clear of vision, saw what seed would grow  
On the hill-slopes or in the vales below ;  
What in the sunny South or nipping Nord,  
And from her talons dropped it as she soared.

This is perhaps about as much as could have been said on the subject by a poet; but the author has higher strains than this, for notwithstanding his theory, it is very obvious that his finest lyrics are those which cannot be considered illustrations of it, or have at least a very remote relation to the practical.

The following stanzas, for example, are poetical in a far higher degree than any of those in which the author's 'progressive' sentiments are expressed. We quote from *Voices from the Mountains* :—

Thou who hearest plaintive music,  
Or sweet songs of other days ;  
Heaven-revealing organs pealing,  
Or clear voices hymning praise,  
And wouldst weep, thou know'st not wherefore,  
Though thy soul is steeped in joy,

# THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

And the world looks kindly on thee,  
And thy bliss hath no alloy—  
Weep, nor seek for consolation ;  
Let the heaven-sent droplets flow ;  
They are hints of mighty secrets—  
We are wiser than we know.

Thou, who in the noontide brightness  
See'st a shadow undefined,  
Hear'st a voice that indistinctly  
Whispers caution to thy mind ;  
Thou, who hast a vague foreboding  
That a peril may be near,  
Even when Nature smiles around thee,  
And thy conscience holds thee clear—  
Trust the warning—look before thee—  
Angels may the mirror shew,  
Dimly still, but sent to guide thee—  
We are wiser than we know.

Countless chords of heavenly music,  
Struck ere earthly time began,  
Vibrate in immortal concord  
To the answering soul of man.  
Countless rays of heavenly glory  
Shine through spirits pent in clay,  
On the wise men at their labours,  
On the children at their play.  
Man has gazed on heavenly secrets,  
Sunned himself in heavenly glow,  
Seen the glory, heard the music—  
We are wiser than we know.

This is a fine expression of subtle feeling, and the last verse in particular conveys a high poetical truth. Dr Mackay rises to such heights in many of the lyrics contained in the three volumes we have alluded to ; while some of them, such as *The Poor Man's Bird*, and *The Light in the Window*, are pervaded by a deep and touching tenderness—an element by which poetry is always most likely to make successful appeals to the majority of readers. To his latest work, *Egeria*, Dr Mackay has brought the maturity of his powers ; it is well entitled to be considered a fulfilment of the promise put forth in his earlier poems.

Among the most successful writers in a style somewhat similar to that of Dr Charles Mackay, we can merely mention Mr CHARLES SWAIN—a sweet and graceful lyric poet, whose compositions are deservedly esteemed—Miss ELIZA COOK, and Mrs NEWTON CROSLAND, better known, perhaps, as Miss CAMILLA TOULMIN, both ladies of undoubted genius.

Among the female writers in modern poetical literature, none has attained to anything like the eminence of those of the

#### THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

preceding age. Several of them—such as Mrs S. C. HALL, who occupies an honourable place in the world of letters, Mrs SOUTHEY, Mrs PRICE BLACKWOOD, Mrs NORTON, and Mrs DOWNING—will be remembered in connection with detached pieces of more than ordinary merit, some of which are not unworthy of being placed beside the finest lyrics of Mrs Hemans and L. E. L.; but with the exception of Mrs BARRETT BROWNING, none of them has written any lengthened work of note. Previous to her marriage with Mr Robert Browning, whose works we have already referred to, Miss Elizabeth Barrett Barrett was favourably known to the public through several poetic efforts of rather an ambitious character. Her first volume, containing *The Seraphim*, and several short pieces, gave evidence of very remarkable ability; and when, a few years after, it was followed by two volumes, containing a dramatic poem, entitled *The Drama of Exile*, a translation of the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus, three or four ballads, and a number of other pieces in various styles, the accomplished authoress evinced the power of fulfilling her early promise. Amid much affectation, and a mannerism in some cases by no means agreeable, Mrs Browning's writings abound with poetry of a very high order. Her acquaintance with classical literature is extensive; but it is displayed in remote allusions rather than in the influence which it has exercised upon her own genius. Her mind is of a deeply serious tone, and her poetry is frequently of a sad and shadowed character. There is little of the sunshine of Parnassus about it, but it is pervaded by an earnest and thoughtful spirit. *The Drama of Exile* is a fanciful dramatic poem, which may be regarded as taking up the subject of *Paradise Lost* where Milton left it, and as dealing with the first ideas and feelings of Adam and Eve when 'the world was all before them where to choose their place of rest.' Satan or Lucifer, and the angel warders of the closed gate of Eden, are introduced in dialogues concerning the fall and destiny of our first parents, while snatches of song are sung by the spirits who salute them on their entrance into the world of sorrow and of trouble. These wild Æolian choruses are in some cases very beautiful, and full of a strange fitful music; but it is in the dialogues that the finest poetry is to be found. Here, for example, is a powerful passage, descriptive of the first effects of the Fall upon inferior animal natures:—

On a mountain-peak  
Half sheathed in primal woods, and glittering  
In spasms of awful sunshine, at that hour  
A lion couched—part raised upon his paws,  
With his calm, massive face turned full on thine,  
And his mane listening. When the ended curse  
Left silence in the world—right suddenly  
He sprang up, rampant, and stood straight and stiff,  
As if the new reality of death  
Were dashed against his eyes—and roared so fierce

THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

(Such thick carnivorous passion in his throat  
Tearing a passage through the wrath and fear),  
And roared so wild, and smote from all the hills  
Such fast keen echoes, crumbling down the vales  
Precipitately—that the forest beasts  
One after one did mutter a response  
In savage and in sorrowful complaint,  
Which trailed along the gorges.

In a subsequent part of the poem, we find the following equally fine lines on the 'mission' of woman as the ordained instrument of smoothing the path of life and elevating the human nature which her temptation degraded from its original purity :—

Rise, woman ! rise  
To thy peculiar and best attributes  
Of doing good and of enduring ill—  
Rise with thy daughters ! If sin came by thee,  
And by sin, death—the ransom righteousness,  
The heavenly life and compensative rest,  
Shall come by means of thee. . . . Be satisfied.  
Something thou hast to bear through womanhood—  
Peculiar suffering answering to the sin,  
Some pang paid down for each new human life :  
Some weariness in guarding such a life,  
Some coldness from the guarded. But thy love  
Shall chant its own beatitudes  
After its own life working. A child's kiss  
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad ;  
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich ;  
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong.  
I bless thee in the name of Paradise,  
And by the memory of Edenic joys,  
And by the blessed nightingale which threw  
Its melancholy music after us.

In much of her later poetry, Mrs Browning has departed from the simplicity and clearness of the lyrics published in her first volume, and seems in many instances to content herself with a mere outline of her subject. Still, that outline is often a powerful one, from the intensity manifested in such poems as the one entitled *Crowned and Buried*, in her last publication fancifully styled *Casa Guidi Windows*, a review of the Italian revolution of 1848, and in such verses as the following, called *The Cry of the Children*—a protest against the factory-system :—

Do you hear the children weeping ? O my brothers !  
Ere the sorrow comes with years,  
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,  
And that cannot stop their tears.

# THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The young lambs are bleating in the meadows ;  
The young birds are chirping in the nest ;  
The young fawns are playing with the shadows ;  
The young flowers are blowing towards the west.

But the young, young children, O my brothers !  
They are weeping bitterly ;  
They are weeping in the play-time of the others,  
In this country of the free.

For all day the wheels are droning, turning ;  
Their wind comes in our faces  
Till our hearts turn—our heads with pulses burning,  
And the walls turn in their places.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion  
Is not all the life God fashions and reveals ;  
Let them prove their inmost souls against the notion,  
That they live in or under you, O wheels !

And tell the poor young children, O my brothers !  
To look up to Him and pray ;  
So the blessed One who blesseth all the others,  
May bless them another day !

The most complete, in an artistic point of view, though it means the most original of Mrs Browning's poems, is *The Geraldine's Courtship*, portions of which glow with powerful expressions of passion. The structure of the verse, on some extent, the nature of the subject, however, suggests comparison with Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*, which, as a work it cannot be said to equal, either in its poetry or the music of the verse.

Mrs Browning has more to unlearn than to learn, in order to render her poetry such as we might expect to receive from genius which she unquestionably possesses. Her last work which we have alluded to, is less affected by that mannerism which mars the beauty of some of her other productions, than might have been expected considering the nature of the subject ; and we therefore reason to hope that she will yet emancipate herself from it, so as to do justice to her rich endowments.

Less known, perhaps, than most of those we have alluded to worthy of notice as a strikingly original writer, Mr DOBELL, author of *The Roman* and *Balder*, claims attention for the proof of great excellence which these works afford. The first was published some years ago, under the *nom de plume* of Sydney Yee and attracted considerable attention. It was accepted as a proof of the author's ability to do greater things. A boldness of conception and vigour of expression, combined with passages of a force and dramatic character to give the impression of more than ordinary poetic power. The expectations thus excited have been

#### THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

realised in the poet's recently published work *Balder*; but though consisting of 7000 or 8000 lines, this professes to be only the first part of a poem, to the completion of which the poet will probably devote the best years of his life. Its subject and plan, so far as these are developed, are not by any means either pleasing or clear; certainly not such as to secure for it anything like popularity in the ordinary sense of the term. It abounds with passages of great beauty and power, and is marked throughout by greater maturity alike of thought and style than *The Roman*. Professedly the record of a poet's life, and the wild chronicle of all his aspirations, moods, and fancies, dark thoughts and bright imaginings, it is worthy of a place among the better known works of its class—such as *Festus* and *Paracelsus*—a class peculiar in most respects to modern poetry.

Mr PATRICK SCOTT is chiefly known as the author of *Lelio*; a work on perhaps too difficult and ambitious a subject, but studded throughout with fine passages.

We would fain make this at least a catalogue raisonnée of poets; but there are some whom it is difficult to bring in in their proper place, and this from mere mechanical reasons. To Mr ALARIO WATTS, for instance, is due an eminent niche as a lyric poet; but his gems, though exquisite, are minute, and he has as yet brought forward no long poem to challenge by its bulk as well as genius the suffrages of taste. His *Poetic Sketches* and *Lyrics of the Heart* are full of genial and touching sentiments. An almost feminine tenderness distinguishes some of the pieces in these volumes; and the versification throughout evinces not only a delicate taste, but an ear attuned to the sweetest melody. Nor are his lyrics devoid of those touches of nature, in which are manifested loftier characteristics than those we have alluded to, as witness the following stanzas on *A Child Blowing Bubbles*:—

To share thy simple sports and sinless glee,  
Thy breathless wonder, thy unfeigned delight,  
As one by one those sun-touched glories flee  
In swift succession from thy straining sight—

To feel a power within himself to make  
Like thee a rainbow wheresoe'er he goes,  
To dream of sunshine, and like thee to wake  
To brighter visions from his charmed repose—

Who would not give his all of worldly lore,  
The hard-earned fruits of many a toil and care,  
Might he but thus the faded past restore,  
Thy guileless thoughts and blissful ignorance share?

Yet life hath bubbles too, that soothe awhile  
The sterner dreams of man's maturer years;  
Love, Friendship, Fortune, Fame, by turns beguile,  
But melt 'neath Truth's Ithuriel touch to tears.

#### THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Thrice happy child ! a brighter lot is thine :  
What new illusion e'er can match the first !  
We mourn to see each cherished hope decline,  
Thy mirth is loudest when thy bubbles burst.

Mr T. K. HERVEY follows in a similar line, but his effusions are not of such universal acceptance as those of Mr Watts.

The writers who have enriched our periodical literature with poetic effusions of a marked and elevated character, are too numerous to be mentioned here, although we would distinguish among them the name of Major CALDER CAMPBELL. In the case of not a few of them, however, the Muse may be said to have been capricious in the bestowal of her gifts. Poems worthy of an established reputation, have frequently been lost sight of amid a mass of mediocrity; and only here and there could we point to individuals possessing just claims to be included in our present survey.

To the names of the female writers we have mentioned, must be added those of Miss MITFORD, Mrs GRAY, Miss JEWSBURY, Miss FRANCES BROWN, and Mrs MARY HOWITT. Miss MITFORD's poetry has been to a considerable extent cast into the shade by her other writings, but in her tragedies, *Rienzi* and the *Vespers of Palermo*, there is much that ought to be remembered; while in many of her lyrics there is the grace of poetical feeling, if not the fire of poetry in its highest sense. Mrs GRAY, whom we cannot now class among living writers, contributed, under her maiden name, MARY ANNE BROWNE, not a few pieces of striking beauty to our modern poetical literature—lyrics pervaded by the purest pathos, and often rising into strains of more than ordinary power, which the lover of what is pure and elevated in emotional expression cannot fail to admire. The volume of miscellaneous poems, into which are collected the lyrics contributed to the periodical literature of the last few years by Miss FRANCES BROWN, fully entitles its authoress to a place among the sweetest female writers of the day. Miss Brown's poetry is thoroughly feminine in its character, and its tone frequently reminds us of the tender grace which belongs in an especial measure to the works of Mrs Hemans. The themes are varied, and the versification almost always flowing and free; the language is always indicative of a cultivated mind—chaste and expressive. There are touches of feeling in some of her lyrics, too, which come to the heart with the purest influence of poetry. In the region of memory, Miss Brown seems to have found her chief if not her sole, though somewhat sad and shaded pleasures. It is of *May-day Memories*, of *What Time hath Taken*, and of the *Early Loved*, that she sings most sweetly. The themes with which she seems most familiar are those that awaken the recollections of other days, and open some long-closed floodgate of the affections. This is finely illustrated, we conceive, in one of

THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

her most simple, yet most touching poems, *My Childhood's Tune*;  
and chiefly in the following stanzas:—

And hast thou found my soul again,  
Though many a shadowy year hath past  
Across its checkered path, since when  
I heard thy low notes last?

They come with the old pleasant sound,  
Long silent, but remembered soon,  
With all the fresh green memories wound  
About my childhood's tune.

I left thee far among the flowers  
My hand shall seek as wealth no more:  
The lost light of these morning hours  
No sunrise can restore.

\* \* \*

Thou hast the whisper of young leaves  
That told my heart of spring begun,  
The bird's song by our hamlet eaves  
Poured to the setting sun.

And voices heard—how long ago!—  
By winter's hearth or autumn's moon,  
They have grown old or altered now,  
All but my childhood's tune.

\* \* \*

I greet thee as the dove that crossed  
My path among Time's breaking waves,  
With olive-leaves of memory lost,  
Or shed, perchance, on graves.

\* \* \*

A simple strain to other ears,  
And lost amid the tumult soon;  
But dreams of love and truth and tears,  
Come with my childhood's tune.

These are simple verses, devoid, perhaps, of those things by which we recognise the higher order of poetry, but they are the heart's utterances—attuned with that inner music which genius alone can give us—a music that has filled the mind of the poetess with those images of beauty on which her eyes are almost wholly closed. Partially blind from her childhood, Miss Frances Brown has been compensated for the loss of perfect vision by those gifts which are seen in the delicacy and sweetness of her poetry. The verses we have quoted are given rather to shew the prevailing tone of her mind than as a specimen of her poetry, much of which is of a far higher character.—Miss JEWsbury's writings are comparatively  
21

THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

little known ; from one of her finest lyrics, *The Stars*, we the verses that follow :—

Stars ! on your canopy of state,  
The midnight sky serene,  
How oft a passion and a fate  
Have mortals in your beauty seen ;  
From him, the first Chaldean seer,  
To her who sitteth gazing here.

Deserts of air between ye strewn,  
As by the spirit viewed,  
Far off and many, and alone—  
Alone and yet a multitude,  
Shining o'er this world drear and dim,  
A band of silent seraphim.

The dying warrior, on the field  
His blood hath helped to gild,  
Looks upward, ere his breath he yield,  
And feels his early hope fulfilled—  
In spirit mounts the victor's car,  
And speaks in death of glory's star !

Even they, the tried of many days,  
The worn with griefs and fears,  
Who little on your beauty gaze,  
Dimmed nightly by the mist of tears ;  
Even they have spiritual dreams—for ye  
To them are worlds of memory.

Although, as a ballad-writer, Mrs MARY HOWITT has few equals among her female contemporaries, it is in common with more simple themes that she is likely to be best known. Her descriptions of nature are full of a certain breezy freshness, and some even of her playful and unaspiring fancies will be better remembered than her more elaborate productions. To the best of her poems which are characterised by an airy freedom and simplicity belongs the *Birds in Summer*.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be !  
Flitting about in each leafy tree ;  
In the leafy trees so broad and tall,  
Like a green and beautiful palace hall ;  
With its airy chambers, light and boon,  
That open to sun, and stars, and moon ;  
That open unto the bright blue sky,  
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be !  
Wherever it listeth, there to flee ;  
To go, when a joyful fancy calls,  
Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls ;

THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Then wheeling about with its mates at play,  
Above, and below, and among the spray ;  
Hither and thither, with screams as wild  
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child.

What a joy it must be, like a living breeze,  
To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees ;  
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath  
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath ;  
And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,  
That gladden some fairy region old ;  
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,  
On the leafy boughs of the forest tree,  
How pleasant the life of a bird must be !

In no department of modern poetry has there been so marked a deficiency as in that of the drama. The last ten or twenty years have not been altogether barren of dramatic literature, however, for although it has in most cases been cultivated without reference to stage representation, and therefore claims our notice simply as a form of poetry, there have been several successful attempts made to give the modern drama a direct relation to the modern stage. In some cases, it is true, the most effective plays are such as have very few of those higher characteristics which distinguished the dramatic compositions of a bygone age ; while in not a few instances, poetry of a high order, and even a strong infusion of the dramatic spirit, have been found insufficient to prevent decided failures in representation. The works of Mr WESTLAND MARSTON are to some extent an exception to this. As poems, they contain passages of great beauty, and two of them at least have been brought out upon the stage with considerable success. The appearance of his *Patrician's Daughter* was hailed as an event of some moment in the modern history of the drama. It was a successful attempt to make the conventionalities and the spirit of the age available for the incidents and passion of tragedy, and as such, it was in a great measure a novelty. It must be admitted, however, that not a little of its success was owing to the histrionic ability applied to its representation ; and that, like many other less successful works of its class, its excellences will be most fully enjoyed in the closet. The plot is illustrative of a high moral truth—the dignity of the human character as contrasted with mere conventional distinctions—and dispensing, of necessity, with those melodramatic effects of which a subject chosen from a more remote period would have admitted, Mr Marston has unquestionably produced a work of a very noble and elevating character. It will be sufficient for our purpose, we conceive, to confine our proofs of this to a few brief quotations from the dialogue, without entering at all into the consideration of the dramatic action of the tragedy. The entire scope of the author's design is explained in the following fine thought.

23

THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

expressed by the hero of the piece—the impersonation of the ideal of manliness :—

There are homesteads which have witnessed deeds  
That battle-fields, with all their bannered pomp,  
Have little to compare with. Life's great play  
May, so it have an actor great enough,  
Be well performed upon a humble stage.

Other phases of the same truth are brought out in such passages as the following :—

However prond, or great, or wise, or valiant,  
The Lady Mabel's ancestors, that sun  
From age to age has watched their honours end  
As man by man fell off ; and centuries hence  
Yon light unto oblivion may have lit  
As many stately trains as now have passed—  
And yet my soul, orb of eternity,  
When yonder globe is ashes, as your sires,  
Shall shine on undecaying. When men know  
What their own natures are, and feel what God  
Intended them to be, they are not awed  
By pomps. \* \* \* \* \*  
Many a humble tenement wherein  
Great minds have wrought their task, and many a grave  
Inheriting their dust, shall be transformed  
To fanes and altars where the world shall worship.

Mr Marston's poetry is chiefly distinguished by the passionate expression of such truths as are illustrated in the above lines. It is full of strong human sympathies, and is flushed all over with the warmth of the poet's heart. There are incidents of the deepest pathos in all his works, and his dialogues abound with chaste and beautiful feeling. Here is one passage in which the poetry appears to us of a very high order :—

Had you, for sport,  
Trampled upon the earth a favourite rose,  
Pride of the garden—or in wantonness  
Cast in the sea a jewel not your own,  
All men had held you guilty of offence ;  
And is it, then, no sin  
To crush those flowers of life, our freshest hopes  
With all the incipient beauty, in the bud,  
Which knows no second growth ?—to cast our faith  
In humankind, the only amulet  
By which the soul walks fearless through the world,  
Into those floods of memoried bitterness,  
Whose awful depths no diver dares explore :  
To paralyse the expectant mind, while yet  
On the world's threshold, and existence self  
To drain of all, save its inert endurance.

#### THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Besides his dramas, Mr Marston has published a dramatic poem, entitled *Gerald*, and several miscellaneous pieces of unequal merit. In most of his later works, the idea which was originally illustrated in *The Patrician's Daughter*, may be said to have been reproduced in new forms, and in connection with new circumstances. The heart and the world in antagonism form the basis of almost all that he has written; but the impression of sameness is for the most part destroyed by the force and beauty of the poetry.

Mr TALFOURD, the accomplished author of *Ion*, *The Athenian Captive*, and *The Massacre of Glencoe*, may be said to belong to the period preceding that which our review embraces. His dramas, like those of Mr Marston, contain many passages of great beauty; but if we except his first one, *Ion*, they have not been very successful on the stage. We cannot, however, consider this the fault of the author; all the three works we have mentioned are of a high order of dramatic excellence, and as poems, we believe they will long retain the place they now occupy in our literature.—Mr HENRY TAYLOR, another distinguished writer of the same standing as Mr Talfourd, who has chosen the dramatic form of expression, will be remembered as the author of *Philip Van Artevelde*, when his later works, *The Virgin Widow*, and *The Eve of the Conquest*, are forgotten. In that poem, he put forth the matured strength of a vigorous mind, and took a place among the poets equal, at least, to that which he occupies as a thoughtful and vigorous prose-writer.—Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON also claims special notice among dramatic writers, as the author of *Richelieu*, *The Lady of Lyons*, and several other dramas of acknowledged excellence, which have been more successful in representation than those of almost any of his contemporaries. Long distinguished as a novelist, Sir Edward has published, in addition to his many works of prose fiction, and those we have named, two poems of considerable length—*The New Timon*, and *King Arthur*. The latter is unquestionably among the highest products of his genius, not even excepting the finest of his novels. Of a healthier tone than *The New Timon*, and with a subject better adapted in every respect for an enduring work of art, this poetic romance opened up a new phase of its author's mind, and exhibited something like a recoil from the misanthropic aspect in which he had previously regarded human nature. Profuse in imagery, and well sustained in the interest of its plot, *King Arthur* contains many finely conceived episodes. Here are two verses from one of them, in which the 'sire of chivalry' sees in a vision the dim outline of the present age of England's greatness:—

Mild, like all strength, sits crowned Liberty,  
Wearing the aspect of a youthful queen;  
And far outstretched along the unmeasured sea  
Rests the vast shadow of her throne serene;  
From the dumb icebergs to the fiery zone,  
Rests the vast shadow of that guardian throne.

THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

And round her group the Cymrian's changeless race,  
Blent with the Saxon, brotherlike ; and both  
Saxon and Cymrian from that sovereign trace  
Their hero-line : sweet flower of age-long growth,  
The single blossom on the twofold stem—  
Arthur's white plume, and Cerdic's diadem.

\* \* \* \* \*  
And in the heavens one rainbow cloud alone,  
Which shall not pass, until, the cycle o'er,  
The soul of Arthur comes to earth once more.

Among Sir Edward's shorter poems, there are several pieces full of high and noble thought, from one of which we give the following stanzas in answer to the question : *Is Life all Vanity ?*

Life answers me, if ended here be life,  
Seize what the sense can give—it is thine all.  
Disarm thee, Virtue—barren is thy strife ;  
Knowledge, thy torch let fall.

Seek thy lost Psyche, yearning Love, no more !  
Love is but lust, if soul be only breath.  
Who would put forth one billow from the shore,  
If the great sea be—Death ?

But if the Soul, that great artificer,  
For ends its instinct rears from life, hath striven,  
Feeling beneath its patient web-work stir,  
Wings only freed in heaven—

Then, and but then, to toil is to be wise ;  
Solved is the riddle of the grand desire,  
Which ever, ever for the distant sighs,  
And must perforce aspire.

Among the very few successful dramatic writers whom we have not yet mentioned, Mr R. H. HORNE occupies a position second to none, though his works have never, so far as we know, been performed, nor are by any means so well known as those of Mr Westland Marston, or Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. His genius is of a very high order, but of a bold and impetuous nature, which has frequently led him to disregard the requirements of art. Hence his dramatic poems are unequal, and lack unity to some extent ; they do not, however, lack power. There are few things in modern poetry equal in grandeur of conception—a fearful grandeur, which awes us by its solemn intensity—to his *Death of Marlowe*, and his *Judas Iscariot*. The latter is full of sublime passages, powerfully passionate poetry, and displays a far higher and more complete knowledge of dramatic force than the more popular works we have alluded to. Nor are his *Gregory VII.* and his *Cosmo de Medici* less remarkable. They approach more nearly to the *actable* drama ; but their chief excellences can only be fully appreciated

#### THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

through a perusal of them. That Mr Horne's works are not better known than they seem to be, has always appeared to us most unaccountable. All of them contain things worthy of the greatest poets of any age; and we have no doubt they will yet be more extensively appreciated.

Besides the works we have mentioned, Mr Horne has written an epic in three books, entitled *Orion*. The success of this, perhaps his most ambitious production, has been considerable, when its subject and structure are taken into account, for it has already gone through six editions. One of these its author published at the price of one farthing, with the view, we suppose, of testing public taste. Whether the circumstance of its having reached a sixth edition is to be held as proving the success of the experiment made at a farthing, we have no means of knowing; but certainly the poem is one worthy of a high place in modern literature. It is sustained and elevated throughout; the language is pure, and in some instances forcible; while many of the descriptions display a fertility of fancy equal to the energy which Mr Horne manifests in his dramas. There is one scene in the first book—where Orion steals in upon the slumber of his goddess love—which admits of being quoted almost entire, and is one of the finest passages in the poem. He stands at the entrance of the bower within which Artemis sleeps :—

There was a slumbrous silence in the air,  
By noontide's sultry murmurs from without  
Made more oblivious. Not a pipe was heard  
From field or wood; but the grave beetle's drone  
Passed near the entrance; once the cuckoo called  
O'er distant meads, and once a horn began  
Melodious plaint, then died away. A sound  
Of murmurous music yet was on the breeze,  
For silver gnats that harp on glassy strings,  
And rise and fall in sparkling clouds, sustained  
Their dizzy dances o'er the seething meads.  
With brain as dizzy stood Orion now  
I' the quivering bower. There rapturous he beheld,  
As in a trance unconscious of himself,  
The perfect sculpture of that naked form,  
Whose Parian whiteness and clear outline gleamed  
In its own hue, nor from the foliage took  
One tint, nor from his ample frame one shade.  
Her lovely hair hung drooping half unbound—  
Fair silken braids, fawn-tinted delicately,  
That on one shoulder lodged their opening coil.  
Her large round arms of dazzling beauty lay  
In matchless symmetry and inviolate grace  
Along the mossy floor. At length he dropped  
Softly upon his knees, his clasped hands raised  
Above his head, till by resistless impulse

## THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

His arms descending, were expanded wide—  
Swift as a flash, erect the goddess rose !'

This we conceive to be a very complete and beautiful picture, in which the warmth of life is finely blended with something of a classic chasteness of description. There are many passages throughout the poem which stand out in beautiful relief, and which the lover of what is pure and chaste in imagery cannot fail to admire. Here, for example, is a very fine personification of Morning :—

Haggard and chill, as a lost ghost, the Morn,  
With hair unbraided and unsandalled feet,  
Her colourless robe like a poor wandering smoke—  
Moved feebly up the heavens, and in her arms  
A shadowy burden heavily bore ; soon fading  
In a dark rain, through which the sun arose  
Scarce visible, and in his orb confused.

Often as Aurora has been described by the poets, we do not remember to have seen anything more original in its way than the above. This picture of Orion rising from the sea is equally effective :—

The luminous giant, clad in blazing stars  
In grandeur, like the birth of Motion, rose  
Towards his place in heaven.

Mr Horne's minor poems, with a few exceptions, are below the poetic standard which he has reached in *Orion* and his dramas. His genius does not lead him in the direction of the lyrical, and hence his shorter pieces are almost all too stiff and abstract. They want the music of his blank verse, and partake more of the character of rhymed thoughts than of pure lyrical effusions. All his excellences lie in the higher walks of poetry.

Occupying a somewhat similar position to that of Mr Horne though not equal to him in imaginative strength, Mr JOHN EDMUND READE is still less known to ordinary readers. His collected works, published in 1852, comprise several long poems which, though somewhat heavy as a whole, contain not a few noble lines. Mr Reade's sympathies are less forcibly excited by themes connected with ordinary human life than by the solitary and the remote. Although he has written in the dramatic form his forte undoubtedly lies rather in the descriptive ; and his descriptions in many cases lack that fulness of outline which we find in poetry dealing with themes similar to those which he has chosen. A lover of classic lore and of classic scenes, he lingers with evident delight in the cool grots and antique wood which the Grecian mythology has peopled with nymphs and dryads ; and some of his pictures are not unworthy of such associations. A long poem, entitled *Italy*, though treating of subjects familiar to us from the works of Byron and Rogers, is well sustained, and in some passages powerfully written. \*

THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

following stanzas on Pæstum are worthy of the subject, and afford a very good idea of Mr Reade's reflective style of description :—

Pause here ; the desolate waste, the lowering heaven,  
The sea-fowl's clang, the gray mists hurrying by,  
The altar fronting us with brow unruined,  
Mates with the clouds, the mountains, and the sky ;  
But the sea breaks no more against the shrine ;  
Long fallen from his place the ocean deity :  
His worshippers have passed and left no sign.  
The shaker of the earth no more is held divine !

Spirit of gray antiquity ! thus throned  
With solitude and silence here, proclaim  
Thou shadowing o'er thine altar place renowned,  
Who reared that mighty temple ? From whence came  
The children of the sea ? What age, what name,  
Bore they who chose this plain their home to be ?  
Arena meted for the race of fame ;  
For gods to applaud the deeds of liberty,  
Knowledge, and glorious art, that spring but from the free.

His lines on Venice are equally effective, and certainly among the best of the many descriptions of it we have seen :—

Yea, there she sleeps, while on the waters lying,  
Her spires and gilded tombs reflected shine  
Twilight's last lustre 'mid her shadows dying ;  
Silent and lone as a deserted shrine,  
Reared o'er the waves clear floating hyaline !  
Ancestral Venice ! younger powers bowed down,  
Deeming her ancient sway would mock decline.  
There still she sits, a queen without a crown,  
The fading halo of her past renown !

Mr Reade's tone of mind, or at least the light in which he surveys natural scenery and objects of historic memory such as those referred to in the quotations we have given, approaches more nearly to the spirit of Byron's poetry than is the case with any of his contemporaries. It will be obvious, however, that he has gone far beyond mere imitation. Both his faults and excellences are essentially his own ; and many of the latter will be found in such poems as the *Drama of a Life*, the *Ode to Memory*, and *Lines written on Douling Sheep Slate* ; all of which contain passages of striking beauty.

Did our limits permit, we might here notice several poets of more than ordinary merit, who should properly be included in the class to which some of those we have just referred to belong. Some of these—such as Mr J. A. HERAUD—have been long before the public, but are very little known to general readers, while others—such as Mr COVENTRY PATMORE, Mr MATTHEW ARNOLD, Mr EDWIN ATHERSTONE, Professor AYTOUN—whose *Lays of the Cavaliers*

#### THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

are full of force and spirit—and Mr R. W. JAMESON, are chiefly known in connection with single works of a striking character. *Nimrod*, a dramatic poem by the last-named writer, is perhaps the only notable work of its class which Scotland has produced for many years, and almost the only effort in the higher walks of poetry which has been recently put forth by a Scotsman, if we except the remarkable volume by Mr ALEXANDER SMITH of Glasgow, a very young man, who gives promise of high excellence when his naturally fine genius has been disciplined and fully matured. The appearance of this volume is too recent to receive the prominent place in the present sketch to which it is entitled. In Scotland, the poetry of the affections and the homelier phases of social life has not lacked its fitting representatives in such touching and simple writers as Mr JAMES BALLANTINE, Mr DAVID VEDDER, and others of the class, who have contributed several sweet lyrics to the poetry of their native land. There is one, however, who, though his writings are not of recent date, claims a more special attention than we can devote to those who are known only by occasional compositions: we refer to Mr THOMAS AIRD, one of the most original writers in modern poetical literature, to whose merits full justice has not yet perhaps been done. *The Captive of Fez*, *Nebuchadnezzar*, and, still more, *The Devil's Dream* and *The Demoniac*, are poems which the most distinguished of their author's contemporaries might be proud to own. Although Mr Aird has seldom attempted to apply his genius to the illustration of social manners, or the delineation of human character in its ordinary features, in that solitary region to which the imagination soars eaglelike and alone, he has few equals. Vastness and stern sublimity seem most to have affected him; and in breadth and vigour of conception, he stands almost alone among the living poets of Great Britain. There is a wild and terrible strength in his *Devil's Dream*, which renders it as a whole unique. The descriptive portions of it are pervaded by a severe and lonely feeling, and all the imagery is in fine consistency with the nature of the subject. The poem opens with the following lines:—

Beyond the north where Ural hills from polar tempests run,  
A glow went forth at midnight hour as from unwonted sun;  
Upon the north at midnight hour a mighty noise was heard,  
As if, with all his trampling waves, the ocean were unbarred;  
And high a grizzly Terror hung, upstarting from below,  
Like fiery arrow shot aloft from some unmeasured bow.  
'Twas not the obedient seraph's form that burns before the throne,  
Whose feathers are the pointed flames that tremble to be gone:  
With twists of faded glory mixed, grim shadows wove his wing;  
An aspect like the hurrying storm proclaimed the Infernal King.  
And up he went from native night, on holy sufferance given,  
As if to strike the starry boss of the high and vaulted heaven.

THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

'Exulting o'er the rounded earth' the Arch-fiend rests upon 'the untrodden top of Asbeck high and white,' and then follows six lines of powerful description—each full of rugged vigour:—

Winds rose ; from 'neath his settling feet were driven great drifts  
of snow ;

Like hoary hair from off his head did white clouds streaming go ;  
The gulfy pine-woods far beneath roared surging like a sea ;  
From out their lairs the striding wolves came howling awfully.  
But now upon an ice-glazed rock severely blue he leant,  
His spirit by the storm composed that round about him went.

On this lone mountain-top reclines 'the form that bore in heaven  
the morn upon his brow,' and a dream of mercy visits even him.

A sound as of the green-leaved earth his thirsty spirit cheers ;  
And oh ! a presence soft and cool came o'er his burning dream.

While Aird's originality is undoubtedly best seen in such bold  
and majestic outlines as those of which this poem is composed, his  
sketches of natural beauty are full of sweet freshness; and the  
pathos of his lines on his mother's grave is of the purest and most  
touching kind. We can only give a portion of it, and the reader  
may be reminded of Cowper's lines on his mother's picture:—

O rise and sit in soft attire !  
Wait but to know my soul's desire—  
I'll call thee back to earthly days,  
To cheer thee in a thousand ways ;  
Ask but this heart for monument,  
And mine shall be a large content.

A crown of brightest stars to thee !  
How did thy spirit wait for me,  
And nurse thy waning light, in faith  
That I would stand 'twixt thee and death !  
Then tarry on thine awful shore,  
Till I have asked thy sorrows o'er.

\* \* \*

I came not—and I cry to save  
Thy life from the forgetful grave  
One day ; that I may well declare,  
How I have thought of all thy care,  
And love thee more than I have done,  
And make thy days with gladness run.

\* \* \*

I feel a hand untwist the chain  
Of all thy love with shivering pain,  
From round my heart ! 'This bosom's bare,  
And less than wonted life is there.  
Ay, well indeed it may be so,  
And well for thee my tears may flow !

#### THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Thou car'st not now for soft attire,  
Yet wilt thou hear my soul's desire ;  
To earth I dare not call thee more ;  
But speak from off thine awful shore —  
O ask this heart for monument,  
And mine shall be a large content.

These extracts will suffice, we think, to shew that Aird possesses poetic genius in no ordinary degree, and of much more strength than that of many of his contemporaries. It is more than doubtful whether his poetry will ever be popular ; but that it will be better known and more highly appreciated by those who are capable of discerning its marked excellences, can scarcely be a matter of question.

We have thus noticed, more or less in detail—although probably with some accidental omissions—those of our living writers who are worthy of being considered the poets of the age, and from many of whom we may yet expect valuable additions to the literature of the century. Great poets, in the sense in which the term is employed to designate those who appear only at long intervals of time to mark the epochs of a national literature, those we have referred to can scarcely be considered ; some of them, however, have proved themselves capable of achieving greater things than they have yet given to the world ; all of them possess ‘the vision and the faculty divine.’





